

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 29.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

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ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

OYSTER HOUSES.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF WHAT THEY ARE. Rounder Promises to tell the Readers of the Gazette Who and What They Are.

The oyster season has opened in earnest and any one who has ten cents may enjoy half a dozen raw or if finances are better he may indulge his appetite to his heart's content. Oyster eating is a custom which prevails throughout the known world. It is not limited to any particular class. The wealthy take half a dozen on the shell for an appetizer to commence dinner on. The working man partakes of his weekly wages. There is no article of diet which is made so great a specialty of by merchants as oysters. In every city, town and village there is an oyster house or as it is generally designated a dining saloon. Large cities have chop houses and dining places which make specialties of beefsteaks, Welsh rare bits, roast beef and roasted pork, but as I before remarked oyster saloons are found in every place of more than 100 inhabitants.

People who profess to understand human nature say that mankind must have some safety valve through which the surplus energy may disappear. All men are more or less dissipated, and eating oysters is one of the mildest and safest kinds of dissipation. The man who drinks whiskey for relaxation is in danger of getting too much occasionally. He smokes too many cigars or pipes of tobacco and unsettles his nervous system. Neither is his digestion safe if he indulges too freely in his private cup of coffee, and even too much tea is harmful. But there is yet to be reported a case wherein a man has hurt himself or his digestion by indulging too freely in oysters. Everything taken into consideration oyster eating is the safest thing a man can dissipate in if he must dissipate.

St. John is well provided with oyster houses, where the delicious bivalve is served in every imaginable style, and at a sufficient variety of prices to suit all tastes. But it is not with the oyster houses I propose to deal, but with the characters one meets in them during the day, evening and late at night. In common with mankind generally, I have a liking for oysters, and being also somewhat cosmopolitan I go into all kinds of places to purchase a dozen or half a dozen of them. Oyster houses bear some resemblance to drinking places, in so far as the fact that different classes of saloons have varying classes of customers. It has always seemed strange to me that there are but few bar-rooms in the city where one meets two or more classes of people. With the exception of after night places where all classes from the man about town to the genuine tough are occasionally to be met, the wealthiest people select a half dozen bars as their favorite resorts when thirsty, and the poorer people have their own places. I class them as wealthier and poorer as in this country all people are of the working class. There are a few who do not work but are idle, but the larger proportion because they are too lazy or too dissipated.

There is no clear or distinct reason why people should take their drinks in terms as they do, but any man about town knows that I state the exact truth when I say that they do. It is probably accounted for by the fact that like attracts like. The poorly dressed man—if he is also poor in spirit and purse, and the latter is the natural result of the former, is not at home in the company of better dressed and better educated persons. He has little in common with them—indeed in these days of differences between employers and employed—the two classes, in the vast majority of instances, have nothing whatever in common. It didn't used to be so in the old days when there were but few taverns, and in these all congregated to discuss the views of the day; but in those days it was also true that there were no such disparity of wealth between men. Money is the gulf which now separates the working man from his employer. How it will be bridged time alone can tell.

So much in the way of introduction. The people whom one meets in the different oyster places of the city will be taken up next week and described. BOSTON.

Genevieve Lytton is the newest stage beauty. She was first taken up by the New York press when she appeared in Steele Mackaye's "Anarchy" in Buffalo a few months ago, and now she has been engaged as Mrs. Brenda Patry's leading support. She is not a new addition to the theatrical ranks however, she was here with Modjeska not long ago, and would have been considered a very pretty woman had she not been so painfully aware of her charms.

Bernhardt will appear in "La Tosca" next week, and will play a year in Paris at the Porte St. Martin.

Theatrical Notes.

Augusta Raymond, a handsome and pleasing actress, now supporting Lotta at the Park Theatre, Boston, is the wife of Mr. E. E. Kiddle, the poet and dramatist.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard of Toronto has just made a five years' contract with Mr. J. W. Herbert, and will star him in an English comedy called "The Pickpocket."

Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld has completed a three-act comedy, "A Doubtful Question," and has arranged with the Lyceum Theatre, New York, for its production at an early date.

Friday, which is Abbey & Schoeffel's lucky day, Mr. Gran, the third partner of the big firm, signed a contract with a great European attraction, the name of which is yet a secret.

What Goodwin has played to the capacity of the Chestnut Street Theatre the past week, and on its opening night was compelled to make a speech before he could check the enthusiastic expressions of appreciation which followed the fall of the curtain on one of his funniest acts.

It is said that Gillette's dramatization of Haggard's "She," shortly to be produced at Niblo's, New York, will eclipse in spectacular effects anything seen of years on the stage. Two comedy characters, not in the novel, will be introduced by Mr. Gillette.

Mr. Henry Irving gave a performance of "Faust" on Tuesday, the 24th inst., the entire proceeds of which were contributed to the Beecher statue fund. Miss Terry and all the members of Mr. Irving's company gave their services for that occasion free, and Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Gran allowed the use of the Star Theatre without charge. Mr. Irving was a close friend of the great preacher, and he took this means of showing regard for his memory.

Like most actors, Frank Mayo is sick and tired of the play that brought him fame and fortune, and he has declared that he will never play "Davy Crockett" until compelled by financial stress. He began an indefinite season of that play at the Grand Opera House a fortnight ago, and now announces the present week is his last there. Evidently "Davy Crockett," in Mayo's hands, is as good as a long bank account.

A POOR LOT.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

Sir,—I think that we, the druggists of the city of St. John are a poor lot. Time and again we have tried to introduce improvements in our style of doing business and up to the present time have failed to accomplish anything. True we have succeeded in forming a Pharmaceutical Society, but it always is a dead letter and fails to carry out what it was intended to do. Some short time ago fourteen of the leading druggists of this city signed an agreement to close their stores at certain hours, and I am sorry to say that this last attempt to do something, is likely to prove abortive as all former movements. Every day or two we hear of some petty violation of the agreement, and last Monday night one of the parties to the agreement had his store open till after ten o'clock, and his excuse is, that a doctor asked him to wait for him. Well I think that any druggist has the right to wait all night if he wishes, for the accommodation of a doctor, but he has no right to keep his store open after the hour named in the agreement and deal out general sundries to any one who may be inclined to go in, seeing the store open. If a man signs an agreement he ought to have principle enough to try to carry out what he agrees to do, even at a small sacrifice to himself.

In this movement of the druggists of this city a bad one, and not worthy of the encouragement and support of the right thinking portion of our citizens? I am almost led to believe that it is a move in the wrong direction, from the fact that the daily press of our city which has been appealed to to support the movement, have failed to express an opinion pro or con, and have treated the matter with silent contempt. Now I appeal to you, sir, as being the only free, outspoken, and independent journal in the city, to give your opinion in the matter and say something for or against, this last great movement of our honorable, noble and self-sacrificing druggists.

ONE OF THE FOURTEENS.

A Long-Term Mayor. (St. Paul Minn. Globe).

H. Ackly Sackett, the silhouettist, who has been going around the country seeking whom he might silhouette, turned up at St. Paul yesterday, fresh from Duluth. While there he caught several prominent citizens. Among them was the Mayor of that city, the Hon. J. B. Sutphin, who, Mr. Sackett said, seemed to be more popular in his own town than any other man he had met in the Northwest. Mr. Sutphin, it has been given out by citizens of Duluth, has been prevailed upon to accept the Mayorality of that place for the next 20 years. This was done at the instance of prominent real estate men, who do not like the interruption to business incident to an election for Mayor, and because it was a recognized fact that no one can successfully run for that office while the present incumbent wants it. The committee wanted to make the term 40 years, but his Honor refused, as he said he knew when he had enough.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN OF COSMOS TALKS WITH THE GAZETTE MAN.

The Richest Man in the World and the Greatest Philosopher of the Age—Sketch of His Career.

The ideal man—the philosopher of Madison Square—the friend of the down-trodden—the most picturesque character of to-day—in the United States—the greatest—the original—George Francis Train—Citizen Train—has been doing St. John and its surroundings in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Hotel during the past few days. He arrived here on Saturday night last after a disastrous lecture tour in Maine "the only time" said Citizen Train to the GAZETTE man "that I ever talked to empty benches anywhere. Think of it, George Francis Train, Cosmos—the greatest man in the world—the man whom every one wishes to hear when he speaks, talking to empty benches. "Maise, sir," he continued grasping a handful of snowy locks, "his dead. Dealer than Julius Cesar. But I have expatriated myself from the Republic forever and cease to mourn. I have left the United States myself, but a part of my property is there still. Ah, ha! did you hear about my watch. You did. Good isn't it. Really good. But have you heard the right story—the whole story. No! Well, I'll tell you. Man travels with \$50 in his pocket and spends it trying to instruct a dead people. I had left the Republic—was leaving the country I had once aspired to be the President of—but ah, that is but a memory now," and Citizen Train laughed. "Got off the train at Bangor—was asked to lecture and lectured in the resting place of the petrified Hannibal Hamila to sixteen people. Before leaving I said to the clerk of the hotel that my checks had been sent to St. John; that I was out of money and wanted a matter of ten dollars. A small amount, but I saw from the manner of the young man that he was doubtful of me. He would see the manager he said. I drew out my watch—my presidential watch and handed it to him remarking: "Young man this watch is worth \$150. Is there a pawnbroker in Bangor. No. Then give me \$10 on this watch and I will send you a check when I reach St. John. He did and I gave him an I. O. U. for \$10.50—fifty cents for commission you know, and here I am.

But that is not all. The best is to come. I got here. Wrote the clerk asking him to send the watch back by express C. O. D. He wrote me that if he sent the watch C. O. D. by express I would have to pay \$50 duty on it, but he would send it on to me by a friend if I would send him a check. Here was a conundrum. Commercial Union is a fraud—from trade is a delusion, but here I was in St. John, my watch in Bangor—\$10.50 due on it which I was willing to pay, but before I could pay it and get back my property I would also have to pay \$50 duty. Rather a high rate of interest you say, well, yes, rather. But I had an alternative. But that alternative would make me a smuggler. And picture to yourself if you can the ideal man, Cosmos if you will—a smuggler? and Citizen Train laughed once again.

"But we have met before" said Citizen Train, continuing as he carefully studied the physiognomy of the GAZETTE man. "Study Psychology my young friend. That's what you need. It tells me we have met before. Where, in the Tombs. Yes, I remember perfectly. A pleasant Sunday we spent very pleasant. The warden was kind that day, very kind. We were the privileged guests. And then on Madison Square. I miss the birds and the children. They call me back, but I have expatriated myself forever. They had almost forgotten me—and thought that when I was sitting on the benches on Madison Square that I was accumulating nothing. But Mr. GAZETTE, it is not so. I am to-day the richest man in the world. Yes the richest. You know of my Omaha property—and Oakley Hall, you know him also, old friend. He has written me from London that my Trainway patent holds good. This entitles me to a royalty of \$500 a mile a year on all the tramways in operation in Great Britain. There is a hundred millions alone—A hundred millions—pounds, not dollars. Money that has been piling up

all the time, I was sitting in Madison Square with the birds and the children. Why, a banker wrote me the other day that I could have twenty-five millions anytime I wanted it. Strange that I of all men—I who never sought money should become the richest man in the world," and the philosopher sighed.

"Then there is the Omaha property. You know of that too. I was out there the other day and with my private secretary we drove over the city. We passed scores of brown stone houses, hundreds of cottages and as he pointed them out to me he said, "they are all yours, Mr. Train, all yours." I offered the property you know to the city council for a park; they laughed at me, said I was a lunatic—a lunatic because I wanted to give away my property, but they sold the property for taxes—sold the property of a lunatic for taxes. A violation of the constitution of the United States. They should have had a commission in lunacy appointed and then after a proper hearing escheated and sold the property. They didn't. All wrong. What fools to sell the property of a lunatic. They couldn't do it under the constitution" and Citizen Train laughed again.

"George Francis Train; everybody knows the name and thousands the man. For the benefit of those who don't know him a brief sketch of his career is appended.

"His public career extending over half a century is crowded with interesting events, many of them national and international in their importance. He was born in 1829 in Boston, where his father, Oliver E. Train, was a successful merchant of considerable fortune. His grandfather was Rev. George Pickering, who became famous in the first quarter of this century for emancipating his slaves and declining a Methodist bishopric. At the age of four years Train was taken to New Orleans by his father, who went to the Crescent city to engage in business, but he had not been there long before yellow fever attacked the city. Train's mother and three sisters were among the first to succumb to the scourge, and Train himself was only saved from it by his father's prompt action in sending him to Boston in charge of the captain of a clipper ship that departed from New Orleans. When young Train reached his native city he was informed of his father's death, which occurred within a week after his own departure from New Orleans.

After a long career at academies and colleges young Train entered a mercantile office at Cambridgeport as a clerk and remained there two years, when, growing dissatisfied, he went to Boston and entered the employ of Enoch Train & Co. His marked ability soon became obvious to the members of the firm and his advancement was so rapid that in 1853 he was sent to London and Liverpool as the English correspondent and manager of the house. In 1857 he was married in Louisville and made a considerable tour of the country with his bride, and two years later he went to Australia, where he founded a mercantile house that afterwards became famous. It established connections with all the famous merchants of Europe and America, and was besides the agent of the White Star line of clipper ships that was then controlled by Pilkington & Wilson of Liverpool.

During his residence in Australia he was one of the central figures of the revolution and the republic, and was tendered the presidency of that ephemeral government, but declined it. Shortly after that he became famous for his letters from Asia, Africa and Australia. During a second residence in Europe he completely revolutionized the business methods of the entire world by establishing a prepaid passenger business and introducing small bills of exchange. Then he conceived the idea of building street railways in London and Liverpool; or tramway lines, as Englishmen persist in calling them. The English public didn't want the improvement. The English public never wants any improvements, in fact. It fought Mr. Train's scheme with an ardor that was nearly the death of it, but he was so persistent that he was at last successful. Another great financial enterprise he manoeuvred was the sale of the bonds of the Atlantic and Great Western railway, and he conducted it so successfully that he at once jumped into the front ranks of financiers of the world. During the days before the war, when the slavery question was un-

der discussion, Train was frequently on the platform in favor of abolition. His trial in 1862 for manslaughter, which resulted in his acquittal was followed by his agitation of the Union Pacific railroad scheme. He advocated the construction of a transcontinental road with its eastern terminus at Omaha, and his advocacy was conducted with so much vigor that he was at last successful. The celebrated credit mobiler was another of his conceptions, and he was the central figure of it throughout."

In 1868 he began his now historic campaign for the presidency. He made the last speech of the campaign in 1872 in Wall street to an immense throng of people, and when the meeting was over he made a public defence of Clafin and Woodhull, who were conspicuous at that time for their advocacy of free love doctrines.

It will be remembered that "Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly" published the full details of the great Beecher-Tilton scandal.

"Blackmail," "libel," "slander" and obscenity were the various charges used as a pretext for the assaulting these two fearless and independent women to hush up and suppress from the public the details of the greatest scandal of the age.

Mr. Train, then, as now, with his usual characteristic disregard for public opinion defended Mrs. Woodhull and her sister, and as all the hells and theatres were closed against him he issued a paper called the Train Ligue. As a result of his bold and free expression of opinion he was arrested on the charge of publishing and circulating obscene literature, and he capped the climax by pleading guilty and demanding sentence.

He was remanded to the Tombs by the judge, and an inquiry of lunacy was held before Judge Davis, when, on the evidence of Surgeon General Hammond of Blackwell's Insane Asylum he was adjudged insane, and a writ was issued committing him to an asylum. Upon this, Mr. Train's friends in New York, notwithstanding Mr. Train protested against any interference, went before Judge Fancher, and swore out a habeas corpus, demanding he should have a fair trial before a jury of his countrymen. This was done, and at the end of seventeen days, after about 40 of Mr. Train's 300 witnesses had been examined, the foreman arose and protested against the calling of any more witnesses, as he and his fellow jurymen had long ago made up their minds as to Mr. Train's sanity, and were quite ready to render a verdict. After this he made many excursions to Europe, and just before the fall of the last Empire in France he made a treasonable speech from the balcony of a hotel in Toulon, and a party of police agents undertook to arrest him. Train saw them coming, and drawing a silken flag—the stars and stripes—from beneath his coat, he wrapped it round his body, and defied the officers. They did not undertake his arrest, fearing international complications.

Mr. Train declares that he expects to live 200 years and be a hale and hearty young man at the next centennial. Notwithstanding his eccentricities he has been a success as a financier and has accumulated a big fortune. At the present time he is worth not less than \$2,000,000, his property in Omaha alone reaching half that figure.

Mr. Train lectured here on Thursday night and left for Moncton Friday noon "to escape a snow storm or get into a bigger one."

ments are diamonds. Orange blossoms and buds form the corsage bouquet. The hand bouquet, of huge dimensions, is formed of bridal roses, white tea roses, and lilies of the valley. A film of tulle covers it. It is tied with a white satin ribbon, and long brides of the same fasten it under a diamond buckle on the left of the corsage. A diamond parure or spray fastens the veil to the high collure. All evening collures are high in the ears, at the throat, and on the arms of the bride. All bridal robes are made high in the neck, and with long, half long, or elbow sleeves. The shoes are of white satin, and decorated with diamond buckles. The handkerchief is a tiny filmy square of sheer linen batiste and lace.

White or ivory corded silk, bengaline moire, and peau de soire are also used for bridal robes when white satin is not preferred or cannot be afforded. Even white or cream veiling, light diagonal, or other white woollen stuffs of light weight and soft plant texture are sometimes used for brides' dresses. An abundance of lace, perfect fit, and no train, or a very short one, are the features in these inexpensive bridal frocks. Few long trains are seen, even on the costliest bridal robes of late years, but this is a matter of choice, fashion allowing the widest liberty in this particular. The three-year-long train is not yet exploded, but is no longer de rigueur.

Bridesmaids' dresses may be as dressy or as plain as they choose, but there must be uniformity in the group of young girls that accept this position. Their frocks must all be short and of the same material. Their laces, hats, flowers, shoes, gloves, and the general make-up of their gowns must correspond. If there are more than one or two bridesmaids the dresses may or rather should be in colors—two in rose, two in blue, two in heliotrope, and so on. One very small girl sometimes leads the bridal procession, bearing the bride's bouquet or a basket of flowers. Her dress is generally white, of silk and lace, and trimmed with ribbon and lace cascades and jabots. Her long hair falls on her shoulders in wavy masses, and she wears jewelry if she has them.

Bridesmaids' dresses are generally trimmed with flowers, but this is not an arbitrary rule. They may be high or low in the neck, short sleeved, half long, long sleeved, or if the wedding is at the bride's house and in the evening, no sleeves at all may be adopted, with strands of pearls or flower bands for spanglettes on the shoulders.

No dances in a trained gown nowadays—that is to say, no one dances through an entire evening in such a dress. A stately dame in a trained robe may be called on by etiquette to open a ball with a first set, but she announces by wearing a train that she has not come to dance. The dancers at a ball, a german, a cotillon, or the dante (dancing) year short frocks, and the preferred materials are net or tulle over surah of satin. Gauze, crape, and lace are also used for these ball dresses, but tulle is the favorite fabric. It is generally preferred plain, but dotted and beaded tulle are also used for these dancing dresses. It comes in all the loveliest shades of color, and the beads—when it is beaded—generally mock pearls, are tinted to match the color of the tulle. Flots of ribbon and sometimes cascades of lace adorn the tulle dancing frock. It is generally cut low in the peasant waist or V shaped. Sometimes a peasant waist of velvet, satin, faille, or moire is laced over the full bodice of tulle. Sometimes exquisite jackets or decorative yokes and epaulettes of lace and beads are added to its filmy dressiness. These same accessories, whether of lace, passementerie, or bead nets and fringes, are used to convert other dresses into evening toilets, or to make one gown do duty on several occasions.

While Charles A. Davis ("Alvin Karpis") was in Butte City, Montana, a gentlemanly appearing man called upon him, and convinced great interest in his famous diamonds. Davis impressed him thoroughly with their value, and felt almost indignant when the stranger said he thought they were worth only about eighty-two thousand dollars. But his emotions became very complicated when the stranger declared himself the city assessor, and demanded one hundred and ninety dollars for local taxes. Davis had to pay, but he has appealed to the Supreme Court for redress.

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RAILROADS.

New Brunswick Railway Co., (ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect October 24th, 1887. Leave St. John International Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston, with Pullman Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.45 p. m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points. 3.50 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Houlton, Grand Falls and Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.40 a. m.—(Except Monday Mornings)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

ARRIVALS AT CARLETON.

8.25 a. m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Houlton and Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a. m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.20 p. m.—From Fairville and points west.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1887

On and after MONDAY, June 13th 1887 the train will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows—

Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS..... 7.00

Trains will Arrive at St. John. EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 4.30

GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY. ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.00 p. m., and Carleton at 2.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.15 p. m., St. Stephen at 4.45 p. m., and Carleton at 5.00 p. m.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co., BOSTON! EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston; and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Portland at 5 p. m., same days, for Eastport and St. John. Also leave Boston for St. John via Annapolis every Thursday at 8 a. m.

Union Line. FALL ARRANGEMENT. COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, the splendid Steamer David Weston will leave for Fredericton, Edmundston, and intermediate stops, as follows, (local time), viz: on Wednesday and Friday mornings at nine o'clock, and on Monday and Saturday afternoons at five o'clock.

RETURNING will leave Fredericton on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at seven o'clock, and at Indiantown about two p. m. Rate one dollar. Freight reduced to very low rates.

Excursion Tickets issued to Fredericton and all intermediate stops on Saturday, afternoon, good to return on or following Monday, but no return ticket less than 50 cents.

N. B.—Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Arrolton, Edmundston, etc., and with Northern and Western Railway for St. John, Charlottetown, etc.

R. H. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at Ward, Indiantown.

St. John City Agent at H. Chubb & Co., P. Wm. St.

for an important interview, at one of the great stores in the Louvre, at 3 o'clock. Already the chills hung heavy on Roger, who now absented himself all he possibly could from his wife, so greatly he feared that she might divine something of his old relations with Julia. Julia's letter was so pressing that he did not dare to disregard it, and he went to the place designated, where he found her a prey to poignant anxiety.

"Roger," said she, "if you do not save me I am lost!"

He rose, but too weak yet to venture out. Come, I want to see you more than I can say. Your mare than brother, Lucien.

To go to Lucien was to see Julia again, to place himself between her and that poor man, that man to whom he was bound by the ties of common danger and comradeship, whom he loved with a love passing that of women, and who was now chained down forever to her name. What should he do? How escape?

After a long struggle with himself he decided to go. "I will see Julia," said he, "and have an explanation. She will understand that there must be nothing more between us, not even a smile, a look, a clasp of the hand. Wrong as we were before, now it would be a million fold more horrible."

So he went to see Lucien. Noirville was in his room, and it was Julia who came to meet him. She sprung forward, her hands extended. Almost a year had passed since she had seen him. Her beauty was even greater, more dazzling than before, prouder and more imperious. But the loved Roger, and who grew soft and womanly in his presence. Roger bowed in respectful silence, not even offering his hand.

"Roger! Roger!" she said. "How much I have thought of you. How much I have suffered. She checked herself suddenly at the expression of unutterable horror depicted on his face. Then she spoke: "Julia, we must bury the past, and may God pardon us. I am the friend, the brother of Lucien. Do you understand?"

And while she shrunk back suppressing her heart's cry for its breaking agony, he went in to Lucien. He was lying on a lounge, pale, thin, unrecognizable and almost without breath. His beard had grown. Two wooden legs had been adapted to his shrunken limbs. When he saw Roger his face lighted up, and his eyes filled with tears, and the men embraced with full hearts.

"In what a state you find me, Roger," said Lucien, showing his wooden legs. "Dr. Champagneux told me all, and without you I should not be here to-day, but after all what a poor service it was." He sighed heavily, then said, "But I am very ungrateful. If I had died what would have become of Julia and my children? Alive, even if I cannot plead longer, I can at least have an office for consultation, and thus assure them their bread."

When Roger, seeing how weak he was, wished to retire, Lucien opposed and bade a servant call his wife, and she came. "Here is Roger Laroque, whom we have met as friends before the war. I saved his life; he saved mine. I love him like a brother. Our families from henceforth, I hope, will be but one." Julia bowed without answering. When Roger left she accompanied him, and at the door she seized his arm with an iron grasp. "So," she said, "you have not one word for me?"

He pointed silently toward the room where Lucien lay, then said: "But Julia seemed insane. Her anger grew beyond bounds. It is finished between us, then; all ended, forever!"

Roger, scarcely able to articulate, whispered hoarsely: "This is a means of effacing, even at the most cruel sacrifice, the awful remembrance of what exists between us. I would take it at the cost of my life!"

"But," he continued, with profound sadness, "your duty is traced clearly. Julia, Lucien, and I, united, need all your devotion, and so your fault will have been, in time, expiated. For me, I do not know how to expiate mine, and must bear the weight of my whole life through."

Roger felt every day growing deeper in his heart a singular sense of need of repairing by some heroic action the wrong he had done Lucien, as far as it lay in human power, even with his own blood. But fate was favorable and he loved Lucien alone, for one day in a reconnaissance Roger received a spent ball on the head, which rendered him insensible. Balls whistled around them, and as he fell those who saw him thought he was dead. The dragons were approaching and the French had to fly, but Lucien, who was strong, seized Roger and laid his arms round his head, and spurring the poor creature followed his comrades with his burden.

An hour later Roger regained consciousness and mounted on his horse, which he followed the rest in their flight. Roger was sadder and shamed and his brows drawn as he said: "I owe you my life. God is my witness that I stand ready to do for you as much and more."

Lucien smiled and reached out his hand: "I know you are, Roger. Let us say no more about it. This is common to warfare."

Roger spoke no more, but grew more and more somber and melancholy, but his friendship for Lucien grew deeper and greater.

The 1st of September came. The battle of Sedan was commencing, and Roger and Lucien were in the heat of it, when an illness struck, crushing both Lucien's legs. Witness to this dreadful wound, Roger, with his hands obliged to leave the battlefield with the other refugees, almost wild with grief and horror, and leaving before his eyes the specter of his dead friend.

Roger hid under the ramparts of Sedan, and fell asleep from fatigue and slept until feeling full, when he awoke and thought of Lucien. "Poor friend!" said he. "He died doing his duty. I must do mine. I will find him and bury him there, where he fell."

He said and set out, but he was so weak with hunger and weariness, and with a stick for support took his way back to the battlefield. After a long search he found him lying upon the ground with both legs crushed. But Lucien's heart still beat faintly in spite of his horrible wounds. Then Roger had a hope, if it were only possible to save him! He heard voices and called loudly, and in French he received his answer, and soon some of the "Red Cross" society with a stretcher came. When he showed them Lucien they said: "He is dying. It is useless to move him."

"But he is not dead." "We cannot save him. No one could; and there are hundreds of others who are wounded needings now."

But Roger supplicated them, and at last they placed Lucien on the stretcher and took him to the surgeons, who looked at him and said: "It is useless to spend our time with him, while we might save others. He has but a few minutes to live."

Desperate, Roger took his way to a surgeon who lived in the city, and by dint of prayers gained permission to bring Lucien to his house, and though he also considered the case utterly hopeless, promised to do all he could in the forlorn hope of saving the wounded man. Roger gave the doctor his own and Lucien's address, and what money he had, and left. The next morning he was a prisoner and was taken to Coblenz, where he was kept for two months, when he escaped.

He wrote to the doctor, but got no answer, and he tried to get into Paris to see his wife and child, but uselessly, so he joined the army which was fighting at Leizre. Again he was taken prisoner, and again escaped. After the commune he returned to Paris, and found his wife and child well, though mourning him for dead. At once he telegraphed to Sedan to Dr. Champagneux, who answered: "Noirville out of danger; amputated both legs; shall accompany him to Paris in a few days."

Soon after this he received a letter from Lucien. "Dear friend," it ran, "I never hoped to see you again. I am at Rue de

The eyes were hard, the nose larger, with narrow nostrils, the forehead lower, and the eyebrows bushier.

Was this man? Clever, sharp, without scruples, he began his career as employe in a commercial house. They saw him about the Louvre a year. Then came the war and he had disappeared. He had drifted from one army to the other, spying for French and Germans alike, for whoever paid him best, having one object in view—to get rich and to launch himself into a grand business as soon as peace was declared.

During the days preceding the battle of Colabiers, Roger, then officer of the commissary, was following a road near the forest of Marchenoir, having been sent out with a small reconnoitering party, numbering about thirty men, commanded by a lieutenant. A peasant ran toward them and told them that a guard of Prussian infantry, composed of some twenty men, had just installed themselves at a farm about two miles further on, and were annoying the people. The lieutenant placed full confidence in this. He had drifted from one army to the other, spying for French and Germans alike, for whoever paid him best, having one object in view—to get rich and to launch himself into a grand business as soon as peace was declared.

The peasant, a great broad shouldered, thick complexioned man, nothing less, but looked at Roger as if he knew him. They reached the farm and surrounded it. After making a slight show of resistance the Prussians laid down their arms and the French were so sure of their victory that they were thrown off their guard, when, like a sudden lightning bolt, the French, in a moment, burst upon them and led them into this trap. In the confusion he had escaped, but Roger's keen eyes found him out and he sent a pistol ball into the traitor's left temple, which, however, did no serious injury. Still it served to arouse a feeling of revengeful rage, but Roger, after firing that shot, managed to escape into the dense forest of Marchenoir, and as he reached his command.

Three days later the German army, beaten, had abandoned Orlans, and among the stragglers who gathered around the French army Roger saw the very man who had betrayed his comrades. He was dressed differently, had shaved off his mustache and imperial, but all to no purpose, and Roger at once seized upon him, and in spite of every effort to escape, captured him, and handed him over to the authorities. He was searched, and a large sum of German and French money was found concealed upon him, and Roger made the most strenuous efforts to prove his innocence he was tried and condemned to be shot at daybreak.

His money was confiscated and he placed under guard, but when morning came he was gone. He had somehow surprised the guard and strangled him, and dressed in the dead man's hat and coat, and had left leaving these words on a scrap of paper pinned to the wall: "To the soldier who caused my arrest and used his utmost efforts to have me executed: My turn comes next. Remember! Mathias Zuber."

From this time on Mathias Zuber, or Laveran—no one knows which name really belonged to him—fostered a bitter hatred for Roger. He only had pierced his treacherous eye, and through him the money for which he had sold his soul was taken from him, and he left destitute when he had drained each golden, ambitious possibility, and, after the war was over, he had constantly watched Roger in the hope of some day being able to revenge himself on him, and he had not forgotten to speak with Julia De Noirville to that very end.

"You must speak with me!" "Yes, madame."

"I am listening," said she wearily, as someone the man terrified her.

In a few words, and in a way which she most ceremoniously polite phrasing, he gave her to understand that he knew her name, and that he knew of the loan he had made her, and how Roger had broken off all his old relations with her. He made no secret that he hated Roger and wanted vengeance, and he knew that Roger had broken off all his old relations with her. He made no secret that he hated Roger and wanted vengeance, and he knew that Roger had broken off all his old relations with her.

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One glance at the fine and delicate writing showed him from whence it came, and the letter bore the same perfume he knew so well. He made an angry movement, yet opened the letter, which read: "One who knows of your trouble, and whom you saved at another time, wishes to aid you now in paying you back. This is that person's revenge."

With a trembling hand he broke the seal of the package, and he found he was not dreaming; the money was there. It was thus nobly Julia repaid herself. Roger, in spite of the joy at his deliverance, felt his fault weigh still more heavily on his heart.

He burned the letter and put the money in his pocket and hastened to his shop, where he gave the money to his cashier, and then with his heart lightened of the heaviest part of its load, he entered the room, came up behind Larouette, for it was he, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "You, my dear Roger!" But Larouette turned and the baron saw his mistake and begged Larouette's pardon, saying he had mistaken him for M. Larouette.

"You are quite excusable, sir. I have been taken for him before."

Roger was, and as soon as he saw that he had gained what he so needed, resolved not to risk one franc of it, and he retired from the game and took the train for home, and it was this night that his wife had heard him sing! And the next morning he was arrested.

The morning after his arrest he was brought before the judge. His reflections during this night were not pleasant, and he tortured his brain to find a way to escape. He thought of his wife, her unhappy and infirm husband was Julia and forever incapable of defending his honor. Lucien, his friend, his brother, and Henriette's No! At the price of his life he would not sell.

Now, questioned by the judge on every and all points, he answered only: "I am not guilty. There is a fatality against me. I can explain nothing more, as I have already told you all I know. As to the money I received, I can say nothing. You must believe what you will."

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Within a few years the Common Council of Chicago, has given away franchises worth \$1,000,000 to railroad corporations and other monopolies. A citizen of what George Francis Train calls Cook-Rochyville, gives the following description of that village. "Chicago at this moment stands clutched in the slimy arms of a gigantic cuttle fish of corporations, railways, gas companies, electric light companies, street car companies, telephone and conduit companies, and corporations without end. About 60 per cent of the entire area of the city is in the control of monopolistic corporations."

The Crown Prince of Germany is generally regarded as hopeless, and the announcement that his son Prince William will hereafter represent his father is made. A Berlin cable despatch says of the young Prince. "Prince William's brusque, military manner and his occasional displays of an overbearing temper operate against his acquiring popular affection like his father, the crown prince, who is pleasant to everybody and slow to anger. Any intellectual power Prince William possesses has been fastened upon practical studies, war tactics and the minutest details of army organization. He is credited with the possession of abundant common sense, and will be willing to accept the advice of Prince Bismarck or any other competent minister on questions of higher policy."

Mrs. Brown Potter is having rather a rough time of it with the critics. One of them writes of her. A person given to the now almost obsolete belief in the drama as a fine art might naturally ask himself, for what purpose can such a work as "Loyal Love" be produced? The production of a Mrs. Potter as an actress is a conclusive answer to the question. Within my memory such a symmetrical combination of impertinent incompetency has not been seen on the American stage. What more could one ask than of drama without an excuse of nature or of an actress without a comprehension of art or a gleam of natural sympathy or passion to extenuate her professional advertisement of herself? Could the eternal fitness of even the most valueless things be ever better illustrated? "But all the same Mrs. Potter continues to rake in the ducaats. Her receipts for the first 21 nights were over \$31,000."

The made in art has recently come under the ban of Mr. Anthony Comstock, the agent of the New York society for the suppression of vice. He recently made a raid on the well-known art establishment of Knoedler & Co., a firm which has aided materially in the intellectual advancement of the United States, and captured a number of photographs of leading European works of art. The art for its existence, should be presented by an actress without a comprehension of art or a gleam of natural sympathy or passion to extenuate her professional advertisement of herself? Could the eternal fitness of even the most valueless things be ever better illustrated? "But all the same Mrs. Potter continues to rake in the ducaats. Her receipts for the first 21 nights were over \$31,000."

When the Governor of Tullamore prison ordered the removal of Editor O'Brien's clothes while the latter was in bed, he was thought to be a rather sharp man, but now that Mr. O'Brien has succeeded in getting in another suit of clothes the Governor don't seem to be sharp after all.

FOOT-BALL is getting it right and left in the papers of New York and Boston. Last year public opinion and University Senates compelled the college football teams to abandon the Rugby game, and adhere to the association rules. Consequently football has been avoided this year, but there have been numerous accidents.

The city butchers are up in arms against Mr. Hay the president of the Slaughter House Commission, because he said they were in favor of a public abattoir. This is not surprising. When the commission itself was organized a few years ago, the butchers were loud in their opposition to it. Some good has been done by the commission, but greater cleanliness is still necessary in the preparation of meats for the markets.

The sage old Boston Courier tells the truth when it remarks: All this talk about the annexation of the British Provinces probably amuses somebody or it would not be carried on, but it can hardly be possible that anybody, even Mr. Atkinson who seems to have started it, takes it seriously. The Provinces do not want to come and we certainly do not desire that they should; while as to fighting England for the sake of getting a country that we do not want would be the height of folly.

From this description which is from Town Topics, M. Wilson the son-in-law of President Grey, and the real cause of the present upturn in the affairs of the French Republic seems to have been a nice young man. "When I knew M. Wilson first he was a man about town. I believe he was at the Maison Doree on that eventful morning shortly before

us with delicate and difficult commissions while we ranked as boys. He gave us his entire confidence and never withdrew it. He made me a man by treating me as a man should be treated. My older brother was at an early age an accomplished mathematician and afterwards a wonderfully well read man. We were for ever together, in boyhood and in college. I learned very little where he did not go before me and show me the way. And this I would say to any puzzled teacher: If you have ever a pupil to whom you cannot explain some mystery of arithmetic, bid an older boy, on whom you can rely, take the little fellow into another room where they can talk it out together. It will be made plain. To sum up, my experience with schools and with the college teaches me to distrust all the mechanisms of education. One comes back to Mr. Emerson's word: "It is a little matter what you learn; the question is with whom you learn."

President Timothy Dwight records his indebtedness to his father any mother in the following terms: "I began my education by securing the right father and mother. My father was of a family which had for generations been thoroughly educated. He was himself, though occupied with mercantile pursuits, an omnivorous reader. My mother was a woman of unusual intellectual power, of extraordinary mental acumen, of great energy and of the most far-reaching desires for her children in the matter of their education. She was what is called magnetic power, one of the most uncommon gifts, but a gift of the greatest importance when the education of others is the end to be attained. She was not much of a believer in schools for young children. She favored home teaching. My school days, therefore, did not begin until I was 11 years old.

Professor William T. Harris says: At Yale I learned how to perform a large task in a brief time. There was a written examination at the close of each term, for which preparation must be made by private reviews. To be able to govern one's entire work for the term in two or three days of study, brought into discipline a new power, usually called the power to "crum." Of all my school disciplines I have found this one the most useful. The ability to throw one's self upon a difficulty with several times his ordinary working power, is required again and again in practical life on meeting any considerable obstacles. At Andover I had begun to read Humboldt's "Cosmos," and grew to deeply interested in natural science. I began to disparage the study of Latin and Greek as dead languages. Language itself was "only an artificial product of the human mind." I wished to know nature. About the middle of my junior year I withdrew from my connection with the college, full of dissatisfaction with its course of study and impatient for the three "moderns"—modern science, modern literature and modern history. Soon after this I discovered that my slender knowledge of Latin and Greek was my chief instrument in the acquisition of new ideas. I found that the words in the English language which are used in the expression and communication of general ideas are derived almost entirely from the Greek and Latin civilizations. I am convinced that the Greek and Latin civilizations are derivative, resting on the Greek for its esthetic and scientific forms and on the Romans for the forms of its political and legal life. In our schools we put on for awhile the spiritual clothing of the Greeks and Romans and look out upon the world through their eyes. By so doing we acquire an ability, not otherwise attainable of analyzing and comprehending our own civilization.

President T. A. P. Barnard says to me, as I look back on it, to have been more beneficial than that which I derived from the practice of writing and speaking in the literary society to which I belonged. In the old Lincoln Hall I spent many of the most profitable hours of my college life.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan speaks of two influences which profoundly affected him at Brown University, the first praising Dr. Wayland, and then turning to his first-accuse to a great library, he says: To us country boys, as we entered upon college life, nothing was more fascinating and more novel and more helpful than the access to well furnished libraries, and the society of students of marked ability and scholarly enthusiasm. These extracts, furnishing the opinions of some of the most eminent scholars of America, will probably startle those who believe in the system of education in vogue in our public schools; the beginning, the middle and the end of which may be summed up in one word—method.

An eminent Englishman—scholar and politician—was once asked by a friend how he should educate his son—"Teach him to read the 'Times' intelligently," was the reply. How many college graduates are able to read the "Times" intelligently?

"The Battle of Waterloo," said the Duke of Wellington, "was won on the play grounds of Eton," and there is no doubt that the Waterloo of success in life are largely due to the training of the home and the school. What kind of men and women is the mechanical system of the public schools, which altogether destroys individuality, going to produce in the future?

THE CHOLERA IN NEW YORK. The press of New York and Boston are much exercised about the recent importation of cholera into the port of New York by an Italian steamer. In view of the constant communication between St. John and New York it behooves us to be on our guard against the possible introduction of the dreaded disease to our own city, and the very best weapons with which to ward off a threatened epidemic are—pure water and perfect sanitary arrangements. Given these two conditions, with the addition of absence from panic and the clear pure cold air of a New Brunswick winter there is not much danger of an epidemic, even if a few sporadic cases should occur as the result of the accidental introduction of the germs through the agency of some foreign vessel or chance immigrant from an infected district. Our water is the purest, clearest, on earth—how about our drains? The sewerage system of the city is good so far as the streets go, but dead, lurks in hundreds—may thousands of private drains, and impure cesspools which everywhere abound in the city. In how many of our houses where drainage has been introduced are there proper sewer traps and perfect unimpeded ventilation? It may be worth mentioning, here, that during the severe epidemic of cholera in St. Petersburg, in 1832, a firm of iron founders employing 1,000 men, informed them that all those who would not take a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal on entering the works in the morning, must leave their employ. The consequence was that they did not lose a single man, when thousands were dying around them.

THE MARRIAGE NOTICE OF THE FUTURE. A fashionable wedding notice last week gave the genealogy of the bride, as well as the occupation and connections of the groom, his father's titles and degrees thrown in, and closed with the announcement that so-and-so furnished the decorations. This is what realism is leading us to. But why not carry it all the way through to its fullest extent? Thus, for instance, MARRIED.

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"SMITH—JONES—On the 20th of October, at No. 4672 Ninth Avenue (John P. Robinson, architect; Theodore Brown, builder) by Rev. P. K. Goodman, author of "Side Lights of the Gospels," published by Harping & Brothers, 12mo., cloth \$1, paper 50 cents, for sale by all respectable news-dealers, Anna Jones, daughter of Charles P. Jones, wholesale grocer, of 9278 Pearl Street, and sole agent in New York for Spill's Gurline, Majesty's forces by Edmund, nephew of Lieutenant Charles K. Bombastes, of the New York Gazette; terms \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Conversation reception by the World's Entertainment Emporium, talented conversationalist and raconteur, etc., furnished at short notice and at moderate prices.—Lilo.

"From what I learn," says the London correspondent of the Book-Buyer, "the supply of absolute Christmas literature will be smaller than usual. The same may be said, with regard to children's books. In both these cases the market has been overloaded, and a natural reaction is taking place. People are somewhat tired of ordinary literature disguised as a Christmas annual. It will soon disappear altogether, along with the literary rocket-stick which first deluged the bookshelves with it, and foisted it on the much-enduring general reader. With the exceptions named, there seems to be little doubt that the ensuing book season will be one of unusual interest and prosperity."

TRINITY CHURCH—Service on Sunday, November 27, Morning Prayer, Sermon, and Holy Communion, at 11 a. m. Preacher—Rev. A. J. Gollmer. Sunday School opens at 3 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7 p. m. Preacher the Rev. Canon Briggs, Rector.

St. JOHN BAPTIST MISSION CHURCH—Sunday 27th Nov., 1887. Holy Eucharist 8 a. m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon 11 a. m. Children's Service 4 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon 7.30 p. m. Week-day Services. Thursday, Holy Eucharist 7.30 a. m. Wednesday, Choral. Evensong 8 p. m. Mattins daily at 9. Evensong 6.30.

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Mechanics' Institute.

50th Lecture Course. 1887-1888.

THE President and Directors of the St. John Mechanics' Institute have much pleasure in announcing that their FIFTIETH ANNUAL LECTURE COURSE, will be opened on Thursday Evening Nov. 29th.

Grand Concert

will be given by the Nellis Brown-Mitchell Concert Company of Boston, with the following cast: Prima Donna Soprano, Nellis Brown-Mitchell; Mzzo Soprano, Emma E. Brown; Dramatic Reader, Edora Nohar; Violin Soloist, Prof. Walter Urag; Harpist, Louis A. Fisher; Pianist, F. White.

LECTURE AND ENTERTAINMENTS. Dec. 5—Prof. Anderson, President of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Subject: "Hamel." 12—Rev. J. G. Macneil, M. A. Subject: "Our Fisheries and the Three-lobed Fish." 10—Rev. Wm. Doherty, St. Stephen, Subject: "The British Poetry of Ireland."

16—M. J. Griffin, Esq., Parliamentary Librarian, Ottawa, Subject: "Thackeray—Novelist, Philosopher, Historian, Poet." 25—Concert by the Arion Quartette. 30—Rev. J. G. Macneil, M. A. Subject: "The British Poetry of Ireland and the way we capture him." Feb. 6—G. E. Fenwick, Esq., Fredericton Subject: "Longevity." 13—Prof. J. G. Macneil, D. Sc., Dalhousie College, Halifax. Subject: "Shooting Stars."

20—Prof. W. E. Stockley, A. M., University of Toronto, Subject: "Shakespeare." 27—Prof. S. W. Dyer, A. M., University of Toronto, Subject: "Shakespeare." Mar. 5—Entertainment by St. John Amateur Dramatic Company. 28—Mr. Morton L. Harrison's Orchestra of nine pieces will perform from 7.30 to 8.00 every other Monday Evening of the Lectures, and Mr. Theobald, Organist of the Mission Church, will have charge of the Musical Arrangements on alternate evenings. Tickets \$3.00 each with Coupons, admitting three persons to the full course, as well as to the Museum, Library and Reading Room. Tickets and programmes may be had of the Curator at the Institute Library. No persons will be admitted to the opening hours open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock. F. S. SHARPE, W. E. COLLIER, Secs.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED at the St. John Dyers Works.

Fall & Winter Dry Goods

179 Union Street 179

White, Se't, and Grey Flannels, Comfortables, Gent's Scotch and Canadian Shirts and Pants, Ladies' Wool Vests, Ladies' and Children's Wool Hosiery, B'k and Col'd Ulster Cloths, Reception by the World's Entertainment Emporium, talented conversationalist and raconteur, etc., furnished at short notice and at moderate prices.—Lilo.

HENRY J. PITTS.

CALL AND SEE THE AMERICAN Rubber Store,

65 Charlotte Street, (Formerly occupied by J. W. Ramsdell).

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE Rubber Store in Canada.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE ST.

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DOCK COMPANY, Victoria Wharf, Smythe Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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THOS. STEAD, Secretary and Manager

THOS. STEAD, Sec'y.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

West India Merchants

Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

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Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

Annapolis Valley Cider

SWEET AND PURE. AMERICAN BUCKWHEAT. SELECT RAISINS, BUCKWHEAT, BEES HONEY, strained very choice, GOLDEN STARD.

Fresh Eggs & Choice Butter,

Always in Stock. R. D. LOGAN. 91 Charlotte Street.

COME AND EXAMINE

OUR FINE LOT OF Toys, Splendid Dolls, Very Cheap.

LOTS OF Novelties and Exmas Cards,

Chaper than Ever. A SPLENDID LOT OF PICTURE FRAMES,

In all the very latest Patterns of Mouldings. F. & S. L. GORBELL, 207 Union St. and 61 Charlotte St.

Picture Framing done at Low Rates.

A Special Line of BRONZE and PORCELAIN and TORCHON novelties for PAINTING.

IN STOCK

STATIONERY all grades. TOYS in great variety. WAX AND CHINA DOLLS, all sizes. WAGONS AND WHEELBARROWS. SCHOOL BAGS AND SATCHELS. SLATES. FRENCH SCHOOL BOOKS. LEATHER AND PLUSH GOODS, cheap. CUTLERY, &c.

WATSON & CO'S,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

TO ARRIVE: 10 CASES OF NOVELTIES,

Which we will offer extra low. WATSON & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

FOR BOSTON, Via Eastport and Portland. COMMERCING MONDAY, November 14, and until further notice, Steamers of this Line will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., Monday and Thursday, and Portland at 9 a. m., same days, for Eastport and St. John. Also, leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a. m. H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO., Limited, TO DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS, Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.

NOW OPEN

MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT

Confectionery Store.

All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, 7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Homeopathic Medicines

We keep in Stock a large assortment of OTIS CLAPP & SON'S Homeopathic Medicines

—AND— HUMPHREY'S Specifics.

A. C. Smith & Co., CHARLOTTE ST.

New Cloths.

Received to-day ex Utensils: New Autumn

Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS.

A Full Stock Now on Hand from which to select.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 46 KING STREET, Over Colonial Book Store.

1,200 PAIRS BOYS' Laced Boots!

SIZES: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

—SELLING FOR— One Dollar & Upwards

900 PAIRS Youths' Laced Boots,

SIZES: 10, 11, 12, 13.

—FROM— 90 CENTS PER PAIR UP.

Also Solid Leather, Inner Soles and Counters.

Waterbury & Rising,

34 King St. 1212 Union St.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BLISTER, "CONDITION POWDER," WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co's BUTTER COLORING.

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SHERIDAN'S CON. POWDER, CLARK'S SIMPSON'S C. SPICE, DURHAM

R. D. McARTHUR, Medic. Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

St. John Business College

EVENING CLASSES will re-open MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10.

Hours 7.30 to 9.30.

Ten per cent discount will be allowed all who enter at once for full winter term.

SPECIALTIES: Book keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, etc.

Many good book-keepers have qualified themselves by attending evening classes.

Send for our new circular. S. KERR, Principal.

Odd Fellows' Hall ANGSTURA BITTERS.

Per sech Welcome Home: 10 Cases ANGSTURA. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 13 Water Street.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

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

There are any number of projects on foot just at present. There is a proposal to connect St. John and Carleton with a bridge. Another is to bridge Courtenay Bay and thus make easy access to the parish of Simonds. A company is talked of to build a fast line of ocean steamers to ply regularly between London and Liverpool and St. John. Then there is the proposed locomotive and railroad rolling stock company and several other smaller projects which are still in embryo.

To carry out all of these projects requires a large amount of money, but there is a necessity for each and every one of them and all would be paying ventures were they established.

There is ample room in St. John for the establishment of a large number of small industries but there is a want of suitable buildings. I have long held the idea that it would pay in some convenient locality a building especially designed for manufacturing. Such a building should be fitted with steam power and all modern conveniences, and so arranged that floors and portions of floors could be rented to men commencing business who have not the requisite capital to purchase a complete outfit of machinery and erect their own building. I am satisfied that such a building could be made to pay a fair interest on the investment.

The board of trade or a few of its members and some gentlemen outside the board have been discussing commercial union. It was something of a revelation to me to find out that business men had spare time enough to devote to the discussion of such an unprofitable thing as commercial union. The most amusing feature of it all is that the men who had the loudest about the ruin the union with Upper Canada has brought upon us but still louder for the larger union—the union of the entire continent. The Sun justly holds up some of the exponents of commercial union (they should be described as annexationists) to ridicule. For this offence Mr. Samuel Schofield threatens to move the expulsion of the Sun's representative from meetings of the board of trade, but Mr. Schofield won't do any such thing. If he does he will probably ascertain just how much bigger a newspaper is than an individual.

I observe by the reports in the daily papers of the Sabbath observance society that Rev. Mr. Fotheringham defends his driving to church on Sunday, and says that the sin lies not so much in what work a man does on the Sabbath, as his reason for doing it. Mr. Fotheringham rides to and from church in order that he may be able to attend Sunday school as well. This reasoning may be all right so far as Mr. Fotheringham is concerned but it won't fit the coachman who drives him at all, as the only earthly reason that functionary has for harnessing his horses on the Lord's day is that he may earn the fare Mr. Fotheringham pays him—and it is fairly presumable that Mr. Fotheringham does pay for his Sunday driving. I do not wish to be thought of as finding fault with Mr. Fotheringham's driving to church if he wishes but at the same time he is guilty of as great a sin as the manager of the street car company who employs men to work on Sundays.

I rejoice in the continued prosperity of Barnes' New Brunswick Almanack. Ever since I can remember it has been a standard book of reference for all classes and age has only increased its usefulness. A great feature and one that is justly appreciated is that the events noted in the calendar have all reference to local history, and the beauty of the references is that they are reliable. Barnes' Almanack for 1888 has just been issued and is now on sale in the usual places and by Messrs. Barnes & Co., the publishers, Prince William Street.

Mr. M. Gilluoid who has been in the counting room of the Daily Telegraph for some years now was married on Monday to Miss Kedy of this city. Mr. Gilluoid is a Londoner, who, during his stay in St. John, has made a great many friends. Miss Kedy is a St. John lady. In common with the numerous friends of both contracting parties I wish them many years of continuous prosperity.

I have been asked by a prominent druggist to express an opinion concerning the alleged violation of the agreement to close their stores at 9 o'clock, entered into by fourteen city druggists recently. I may remark that I have no knowledge of the facts beyond the statements made by correspondents who failed to sign their names to communications, nor do I know the names of the offending druggists. Certainly, a man, if he signs an agreement or gives his word his word to do a certain thing he should be prepared to stick to it. If he is not prepared to carry out the spirit of the document he has signed then he had better not have signed it. In this case, however, it is not stated that the offender has had his place open after the agreed hour more than once, and if he only offended once it would seem to me that he should be taken back into the fold and his explanation accepted. When the late H. T.

Gilbert was police magistrate such notices as the following frequently appeared in the police reports: "First offence; warned and let go." My personal conviction in this matter is that however desirable early closing among the druggists may be, it will be found, almost impossible to close such stores early. If it could be arranged that all people would get sick at dark then I think it is possible. But the druggists themselves are the best judges of the feasibility of early closing, and if they think it possible to close every night at 9 o'clock, as they seem to, then in the interests of humanity as displayed in their clerks and themselves, they ought to close as early as circumstances will allow.

Why is it that a section of the press of St. John delights to show how much more prosperous other places are than St. John? They are, or ought to be, quite as much interested in the progress of the city as other people. But their croakings and scandalous untruths about the condition of St. John and the province at large argue otherwise. My only explanation of the course party journals pursue is their ambition to get the opposite side of politics out of power and their own side in. Why newspaper men should be office seekers I utterly fail to comprehend. To control or even to share in the control of a newspaper is much better than to be an office-holder to be kicked and booted about either by ward bosses or 'way up officials. But some of my friends in journalism think other wise, and they are willing to wade through slime and muck up to their necks to get a position from a party politician or to be heralded abroad as a successful or unsuccessful candidate at an election. I honor a government official who gets a position because of his fitness for it, but it is not a despicable thing to see a whole grove of men running about for some government position for which nature never intended them and the salary of which is less than they could earn at their legitimate callings. But how frequently one may look upon this unedifying spectacle. So, also do I honor the man who without money or rum, but because he is the choice of the people sits at their representative. How few men there are who come out of an election with clean hands, alas! how few! I do not wish to find fault with our representatives because I think that what they do is largely for the benefit of the other fellow is the aggressor and none of them have the courage to put a foot down and say not a dollar much as they would like to. But if money at elections is essential it certainly is not necessary for the newspapers to hold the city up to the young men as a good place to leave. Give us a rest on this if you please gentlemen.

It is a lie to say that Maine is more prosperous, or has made greater progress than the Maritime Provinces. Facts, figures, everything proves the reverse. There may be more cotton mills and larger printing establishments, but what does this prove? Nothing. We have increased more in population, more in wealth than Maine. Our farming classes are proportionately better off and have earned a larger percentage on their investments. Then why lie about the place where you earn your food and clothing in favor of a place that gives us nothing and would even deprive us of what we have and expect to get. Or if New Brunswick is such a bad place why do not the gentlemen who cry up Maine and cry down New Brunswick pack up their grip sacks and steal silently away to this El Dorado of theirs? They never would be missed. NEVER.

THE SAUNTERER. His Girl's Picture in a Coin. "I gave you a silver dollar for some cigars half an hour ago. Will you look over your money drawer and see if it has been passed out. It was in a cheap street cigar store last Saturday afternoon, says the Philadelphia News. A well dressed young man was the speaker. His face wore a worried and anxious look, and betrayed considerable perturbation of spirit over the loss of the silver dollar. The dealer found that he had just eleven of the coins, and he spread them in a row on the counter. The young man took them up one by one, weighed each in turn in his hand, and an expression of vexation overpread his face as he laid the last down very carefully and murmured: "I knew I couldn't tell that way." Then he went at them again. This time he grasped the dollar firmly with one hand and pressed his nail upon the letter "E" in "States." At the 11th dollar, to which he applied the nail of the little finger, all the others having been broken in the fray, there came a sudden change in the appearance of the coin. Half of it laid one way and half the other, and in the lower half, covered with a flat crystal, was the miniature of an extremely pretty girl. The young man heaved a sigh of relief, laid down a greenback in exchange, and left the store ruefully regarding his broken finger nails.

A Significant Fact. The worn out, waste and poisonous matter in the system should escape through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin, or serious diseases result. B. B. opens these natural outlets to remove disease.

Authors and Books.

Miss Blanche Willis has nearly finished a long novel. She has also two plays partly written.

The real and full name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of the inimitable "Alice's Adventures," is Lutwidge Dodgson.

The later experiences of Isabel and Basil are given in a chapter which Mr. Howells has added to the forthcoming new edition of "Their Wedding Journey."

Mr. Stevenson's "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," to be published shortly by the Scribners, is chiefly interesting because the author becomes so often autobiographical.

There is a movement in Europe for the insurance of great public libraries; but the magnificent libraries of the British Museum, of Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Munich, are still uninsured.

"Le Prophete des Montagnes Fumeuses, Nouvelle Americaine d'Edouard Cradock," just appeared in Paris in Messrs. Didot's second series of the "Bibliothèque des Meres de Famille."

Samuel Carson & Co., of San Francisco, have in press for immediate publication "California Three Hundred and Fifty Years Ago; Monseu's Narrative, Translated from the Portuguese by a Pioneer."

Max O'Rell, it is reported, has thought it best to apologize for borrowing a number of paragraphs from A. Rhodes's book called "Monsieur at Home," without giving credit therefor in his sketch of "The Land of Monseur."

"The Grievances between Authors and Publishers" is the title of a book announced by Field & Tuer, of London. It will contain a report of the conference of the Incorporated Society of Authors held in March, 1887, with additional matter and summary.

About the first of February, or a little earlier, will appear the first number of an illustrated weekly paper devoted to horticulture, landscape, gardening, forestry, and related subjects. It will be published in New York city under the general direction of Professor Sargent, of Harvard University, and the Arnold Arboretum.

Among the new London magazines is Lucifer. This is to be devoted to matters mystical and theosophical. It is edited by H. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins, (the only child of Mortimer Collins,) who was the wife of the late Dr. Kenningale Cooke. Atalanta is another new venture, edited by V. T. Mead and Alicia A. Leith. There will also soon be published the People's Palace Magazine, edited by Walter Besant.

If ever the habit of cigarette smoking has thoroughly and permanently fastened itself upon any man it is Robert Louis Stevenson, the popular romancer. During a trifle of over one hour of conversation on his brief visit to New York recently, an average size bundle of cigarettes was entirely consumed by the man who has ruined his health by the practice, and both his lungs have been impaired beyond medical skill solely by the constant inhaling of the deadly smoke.

DOWLING BROS.

Have Opened the following NEW GOODS!

For which there is now a SPECIAL DEMAND.

SILK PLUSHES, in Black, Grey, Navy, Cavendish, Grenat, Seal, Golden Brown, Pink, and Light Blue; NEW BLACK MANTLE CLOTHS; NEW ULSTERINGS; BLACK FUR CAPES; NEW BLACK CASHMERE; CHECKED WINCEYS; STRIPED WINCEYS; DRESS MELTONS, from 9c. upward; LADIES' MERINO VESTS—a special line of soft Grey at 65c.; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS in great variety; SATIN PICOT EDGE RIBBONS; OTTOMAN FAILE RIBBONS; GENTLEMEN'S SCARFS; LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS; LADIES' JERSEYS in Black, Seal and Navy.

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—A BEAUTIFUL LOT OF SILVER PLATED— Casters, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Sugar and Cream Sets, Forks, Knives, Spoons, &c., &c.!

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AND Manufacturer, OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets.

WILLIAM GREIG, - Manager.

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 68c. 128c. and 20c. caddies.

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Of several Grades and Varieties, which are Warranted to be the Best in the Market. Also: I Woven Wire Cots.

These Goods are sold by the principal Furniture Dealers in the Lower Provinces. FACTORY: 35 and 37 WATERLOO ST. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WANTED. WANTED—50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at UOAN'S STEAM LAUNDRY, 107.

READ! Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Ham, Salt Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

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MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, REEFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

My whole and well selected stock of GOOD READY MADE CLOTHING can now be bought at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order, if possible, to clear my winter stock out before the season closes. Also, a full line of Gents' Furnishings, Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overalls, Trunks, Valises, &c.

I am also making clothing to order from my large and well selected Scotch and English Cheviot. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Terms Reasonable. City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS. What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

The New York woman has gone ahead of recent years, while the New York man has retrograded (says the Sun). A generation of absolute leisure, unlimited wealth, limitless advantages, out-door exercise, tennis, yachting, and European travel have lifted to-day's New York women far above their mothers in physical beauty and the accomplishments of the world. Husbands and fathers have footed the bill. Specimens of sturdy, robust, and vigorous manhood are not so numerous as they were. The life and death struggle for wealth, which has built up the New York women, has made a stoop-shouldered and overworked dyspeptic of the New York man. The beauty and grandeur of his wife has been bought at a heavy price. At the Metropolitan Opera any night, an observer of New York people may see the history of this recent development written in the faces of the men and women in the boxes. Take the first box that your glass lights upon. Sitting in front, and in the full glare of the many lights in the thousands of eyes, are two women, the wife of a famous merchant and her sister. They rattle in with superb indifference to the public gaze, at half-past eight or nine o'clock, they throw off their wraps, seat themselves carefully, and proceed to look the house over. The wife is about thirty-five, the sister twenty. Everything about them suggests the elaborate grooming of fashionable life. They are superbly moulded women, with keen, bright eyes, the reddest of lips, and clear transparent skin. The rounded outlines and perfect health and repose of the elder show that such a thing as care and anxiety are unknown. She is the picture of contentment and absolute physical beauty. She turns and speaks in a careless and indifferent way to some one in the rear of the box. A friendly and affectionate smile, which strikes the observer as being just a bit pathetic, is the answer. This is the husband who is sitting in the corner. He is the millionaire merchant, who has not been absent from his office for a single day in fifteen years. He is forty and looks fifty-five. His figure is shrunken, his eyes heavy, and his mouth drawn down by the fixed and strained force of eternal anxiety. Even his weight he is ten or twenty pounds lighter than his wife, and she stoops with bent shoulders wearily toward them. The lines in his face may be seen across the Opera House. They are dog deep into the parchment-like skin, the evidence of incessant work, and overwrought constitution, and indomitable will power. It is the face of a man who is proud if he can keep the ship going to keep his wife in the splendor that her beauty and taste demand. This is not an idle sketch of the New York merchant, or an isolated one. Any man who looks behind the first row of magnificent and glowing specimens of American womanhood at the Metropolitan Opera will see face after face that has the history of a mighty struggle stamped on every feature. But the faces of the women are as serene as their health is perfect and their habits extravagant. The men are the bankers, merchants, professional and business men of the town, whose names are known throughout the country. The women form the only "blissful class" in New York, and the effect on them has been highly beneficial.

Fashion has also determined not only the style of the wedding ring, but the finger on which it is to be worn, and so capriciously has custom varied that the symbol of matrimony has travelled from the thumb to the fourth finger, where it now reposes. In the time of Elizabeth it was customary, both in England and on the continent, for ladies to wear rings on the thumb, and several of her rings now shown in the British Museum, from their size, must have been thumb rings. That the practice of wearing thumb rings extended to the case of married ladies and their wedding rings is amply attested, not only by allusions in contemporary literature, but by the portraits of matrons of that age, a great many, where the hands are shown, displaying the wedding ring on the left thumb. In the time of Charles II., the ring seems to have found lodgement on forefinger, sometimes on the middle finger, occasionally on the third finger also, and, by the time George I. came to the throne, the third finger was recognized as the proper place for it, not universally, however, for William Jones in his treatise on rings declares that even then the thumb was the favorite place for the wedding ring, and gives instances of the ring being made of large size, and although being placed on the third finger at the ceremony, immediately afterward was removed to the thumb. An English work on etiquette, published in 1732, says it is for the bride to choose on which finger the wedding ring shall be placed. It further states that some prefer the thumb, since it is the strongest and most important member of the hand; others, the index finger, because at its base lies the mount of Jupiter, indicating the noble aspirations; others, the middle finger, because it is the long-

est of the four, and others, again, the fourth finger, because a "vein proceeds from it to the heart." The "British Apollo," however, decides the proper place for the ring to be the fourth finger, not because it is nearer the heart than the others, but because on it the ring is less liable to injury. The same authority prefers the left hand to the right. The right hand is the emblem of authority, the left of submission, and the position of the ring on the left hand of the bride indicates her subjection to her husband. A curious exception to the rule placing the ring on the left hand is, however, seen in the usage of the Greek church, which puts the ring on the right hand. As the symbol of matrimony, it is not strange that many of the superstitious fancies which have arisen in connection with the wedding should cluster about the ring. Dreaming on a bit of wedding cake is common among American young ladies, but they should be informed that, for the dreaming to be properly done, the piece of cake thus brought into service should be passed through the wedding ring, for so it is done in Yorksire, Wales, and Brittany, in which localities the custom has been observed from time immemorial. The Russian peasantry not only invest the cake with wonderful qualities by touching it with the ring used in the ceremony, but deem that water in which the rings have been dipped has certain curious beneficial properties.

Professor Blackie communicates the following to Cassell's Family Magazine:—The narrowness of the sphere in which woman's social life is confined is the mother of vice or fault, from which only women of exceptionally strong intellects and large interests are free; viz, the habit of treating the smallest matters as extremely important, interpreting a significance into accidental trifles and exaggerating small faults and slips into serious offences. This tendency is intensified by more acute sensibility of the sex which makes them feel—to use a simile—as if the prick of a pin were as deep and as dangerous as the stab of a dagger; and, again, from the idleness of many women, whether unmarried or married, and not engaged in the care of a fertile motherhood, which leads them not only to attach undue importance to whatever happens within their own circle, but to intermeddle, whenever a fair opportunity offers, with other people's matters, and to gather up loose talk from all quarters, which easily ripens into lies and slander. On this besetting sin of a section of the sex St. Paul has touched, in a well-known passage (I. Tim. v. 10), with the trenchant phrase of which he was so great a master, in extenuation of which we would only remark that this intermeddling proceeds not merely from the horror which all nature has of a vacuum, but from that quick sympathy with anything vital, which, as it is one of the strongest instincts, so it leads to all the most beneficent agencies of the sex.

That women are more given to petty enviousness and jealousies and rivalries than men is a remark to which I have often listened with pain—not from men, but from women; good specimens of the sex. Such unholly jealousies are found among all competitors for public favor, both men and women, especially artists and other exhibitors; and, if it be true in any degree that women, who live in a certain sense by exhibition of their charms—as men, no doubt, have their strong points, which they are nothing loath to parade—are more given than men to petty jealousies and evil speaking of one another, it cannot be because their moral nature is less noble, but because of the very fact which we have just been accentuating; that their range of thought is more limited, their judgment less cool, their sensibility more fretful and their leisure more abundant. Occupation is the best specific against the entrance of all petty passions. A busy man will forget an unkind expression hastily dropped which an idle woman would seize upon and nurse into the dimensions of a studied affront.

The man who takes most of the professional beauties' pictures is Mendelssohn, London's swell photographer, who has his studio at South Kensington. Mendelssohn's quick eye for effect, his skill in posing the subjects, and the exquisite finish and truthfulness place him far above many portrait painters. His charges are enormous, and engagements have to be made months ahead, but the result is very satisfactory. In the first place, there is no climbing of stairs to mount above a shop on a business street as there is here. One drives to a handsome private house. A gorgeous and condescending young Battons opens the door. No less gorgeous and even more condescending is the young woman in charge of the reception-room, which is furnished after designs by William Morris. This young person shows the influence of artistic environment, and wears a long Gobelins-blue gown of soft cashmere, with puffed sleeves, a silver chain about her waist, her blonde hair fluffed about her eyes, and a sort of a Florentine fourteenth-century lilt when she speaks. There is still another ante-room to wait in before one can get speech with the artist; it is furnished in Louis Seize fashion, and here finally a powdered footman announces that Mr. Mendelssohn will see you. He comes at last.

Haughtier and more condescending than any of his haughty household, he makes an engagement with you, and tells you what sort of gown you should wear when you come to sit, or, if this is the fulfilment of an engagement, he leads the way through a conservatory, and finally into the studio. He does not like seated women; he almost invariably poses them standing. "Certainly," he says, "a woman's form is as much a part of her beauty as is her face. Why should the best effect of it be lost by doubling her up?" He makes them stand against a wall or a curtain, with their heads well up, and even if they are not tall and slim, he generally succeeds in making them look so. He doesn't like bonnets either, and rarely takes a woman in one. He insists upon some simple arrangement of the hair, and very few jewels. After the sitting is over, one finds a little dressing-room fitted with every feminine luxury and a maid in attendance.

A fashion popular at the Metropolitan Opera House is to wear a decolette black corsage, with blue, scarlet or lilac flowers massed trimmings, in the shape of a sharply pointed vest. In Paris the craze for everything Russian has led to a fancy for trimming everything with Hairs of all shades, have fur brims, and everything in the shape of a wrap has the same decoration. The edges of the skirts of costumes intended for very cold weather are bordered with fur. In New York the most popular fur this winter is beaver, which combines charmingly with both brown or green shades that are seen in a great number of the street costumes. Blank mink and lynx fur is used on the red and blue opera cloaks, while the pink ones are bordered with the white crinkled fleece of the Persian lamb. Miss Eleanor Winslow, the Boston beauty, wears one of Charles X. pink, with a deep collar of Persian lamb's wool.

The passion of braiding and the use of gilt shows itself in a new form. The skirts of nearly all street costumes are without trimmings, but the newest ones have the plainness of this edge relieved by braiding which extends upward in point. A French carriage dress has a skirt of plain copper-red moire whose edge has gilt braid applied in this manner. The braiding is repeated in the bodice and sleeves, and the trimmings of cashmere in a lighter shade of copper. A very gorgeous and beautiful ball dress has been made for a noted married belle by one of the well-known New York couturiers. The long trained skirt is of pale-blue moire of a dull tint. All the front of the petticoat is overlaid by clusters of hydrangeas in the pale, dull pink and blues of the natural flower. The train is covered with many widths of the same shades of pink and blue tulle laid side by side. The low, sleeveless corsage is embroidered in dull pink and blue pearls, with a cluster of hydrangeas on the left shoulder. The effect is as charming as the idea is new.

For simple theatre bonnets without strings a pretty idea is to cover a frame with velvet of some rich hue, putting the greatest fullness immediately in front and gathering it all on the back of the crown. This point where the stitches come is concealed by a bow of three-inch-wide ribbon with six loops and no ends. These loops are drawn forward and tucked to the velvet and have somewhat the appearance of an Albatian bow put on wrong side before, but it makes a stylish and effective little bonnet if the colors are well chosen. Sailor hats in every shade of felt are just as popular now as they have been for the past two years, the only difference being that they all have the trimmings up in the back and the trimmings massed behind instead of in front. Veils are very much worn with all sizes of hats, and though they are bad for the eyes, are very necessary to defend the hair from being tossed about by winter winds. These veils are worn quite down over the chin and are usually of silk-edged gauze of a shade to match the hat. Mrs. Potter has made quite an innovation in the way of head-gear. She appeared on the avenue not long ago in a black velvet Tam O'Shanter, which attracted considerable attention. With it she wore a large Scotch plaid cloak. It is said to be a costume she wore in Scotland on the occasion of a visit there before coming to America, and was serviceable for long walks on the moors. Already a copy of it has been ordered for a visitor at Tuxedo Park. Fur capes are worn a good deal on these early cold days and seem to have taken the place of coats with women who have slender shoulders, and to whom they are very becoming. A pretty woman from Boston wears a costume of dull heliotrope cashmere with one of those capes of seal-skin. A little heliotrope velvet toque is bordered with seal-skin and has a pom-pom of the same a little to the left of the front. A seal-skin muff completes this charming costume.

The Countess Dalhousie, one of the most beautiful women in England, wore a few nights ago a costume of the palest spring pink surah, draped with white silk mull, embroidered with pink beads in floss silk. Little plaitings of surah alternately with those of the mull trimmed the skirt and numberless little tassels of the pink floss were set among these plaitings. The corsage was low and sleeveless and trimmed with the embroidered mull and floss tinsel braid. With it she carried an enormous fan of pink ostrich feathers.

Ten Years' of Torture. Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., was for ten years a sufferer from liver complaint, which doctors' medicine did not relieve. After using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was entirely cured, and states that she is like a new woman again.

Prevailing Sickness. The most prevailing complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammations and congestions. For all these and other painful troubles, Fagard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes, Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees, Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables, Bookcases, Whatnots, etc., Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.

In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

J. & J. D. HOWE.

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JOHN WHITE, 93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs, Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

Myers' Machine Shop, ESTABLISHED 1854.

Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power ELEVATORS.

ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses. Manufacturers of Russell's Prisoners Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Steerers; Steam Engines, Jacks, Grinders, Steam-Driven Blowers, Shaking, Langers and Pulleys. Special machinery made to order. Repairs promptly attended to.

34 to 36 Waterloo St. W. F. & J. W. MYERS.



As this Institution is supported largely by voluntary contributions, all are invited to subscribe, each according to his means.

EDWARD SEARS, Jr., Secretary; JOHN E. IRVINE, Treasurer.

FOR MUSICIANS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

Musicians in New York are somewhat interested and considerably more amused by an invention which is brought to their attention which has in view the strengthening and improvement of the human voice. It is purely a mechanical contrivance, and is called the "resonator."

They were talking of music and musicians, when she incidentally remarked: "What a composer Weber is! How lively the air in the 'Fischel' are!"

I dropped into St. Andrew's church on Sunday evening last, and was hardly comfortably seated when Prof. Max Sterne mounted the organ stool and gazing at the gas light above him proceeded to make the fine organ over which he presides speak in unmistakable and thundering tones to the congregation who sat listening.

The choir of this church is very good; but not so good but that there is room for improvement. However, there is no doubt but that the necessary improvement will be made, and that in the near future too.

The Italian papers, which ought to know, declare that Dotesini is writing a new oratorio for the Birmingham (England) festival, and Mandelli a requiem mass for the Leeds festival.

The members of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "Mikado" company recently made their appearance at the Grand Theatre, Amsterdam, this being not only the first appearance of this company, but the first time that an English operatic company has appeared in that city.

St. Luke's Church in Portland had their little fete on Wednesday evening, the occasion being a high tea and concert. As a newspaper man of course the high tea had no charms for me, but the concert was very enjoyable.

The St. Andrew's Society of this city are to give a grand concert in the Mechanics' Institute on the evening of St. Andrew's Day.

The Mechanics' Institute opens its lecture course on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst. with a concert by the Nellie Brown-Mitchell Concert Company.

Prof. Thos. Morley gave his organ recital in St. Luke's church on Thursday evening, by kind permission of the Rector and congregation.

HOUSEHOLD.

Dish Washing.

Of all the duties that engage the attention of the housewife few of them are more important than the washing of the dishes. In the majority of homes this work is gone over three times a day, and in others even more, according to the number of meals made ready.

The first thing to be done after a meal is finished is to clear off the table. Many women, in doing this work, remove the dishes first, leaving the victuals until the last thing.

Next week we expect to have some band and other musical items from St. Stephen, Moncton, Hampton, Fredericton and other places.

A FLAT.

Musical Notes and Gossip.

Josef Hofman, the boy pianist, arrives in New York on the 25th inst., and appears for the first time in America, under Manager Abbey's auspices, on the 25th inst., in that city.

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Mr. F. H. Cowen has been appointed conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, in succession to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who resigned owing to ill-health, and has formally accepted the post.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the veteran composer, has completed a ballet on the subject of "The Tempest," to be brought out at the Grand Opera, and is working hard on an opera to be entitled "Circé." The ballet is founded on Shakespeare's play, and it will have a new feature, inasmuch as some of the dances will have a choral accompaniment.

The "Pinafore" revival in London shows that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan can improve even upon their own stage settings for this opera. The scene was set for and aft, instead of across the stage, as it was originally, and Mr. Gilbert suggested the employment of a real yacht deck of speedily clean boards instead of the customary painted cloth.

A LONG-HELD WANT.

Oh, pa, isn't this funny. What is funny. This paper says a New York furniture man has invented an electrical lounge. Indeed! That will fill a long-felt want, if it can be worked by pressing a knob in some other part of the house. I will get one.

Get one, why, what for? About bedtime I will press the knob. And what will that do? I am in hopes it will lift that dude of yours about six feet, and then perhaps he will go home.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Confidence Man (to stranger whose name he had learned from the hotel register)—Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy.

General Scabard—Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me.

G. S.—I am not much acquainted here and have a cheque which I wish to get cashed. Well, bless my heart, how the man can travel. Thinks he is in danger of being floored by one of his own kind.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Some of the Things the Little Ones Love to Say.

VIEWED ANATOMICALLY.

Little Edna is a Bangor young lady and her Auntie Alice would teach her a useful lesson: "Now, Edna, you must always obey your parents, for there was a disobedient man once who was turned into a four-footed beast and made to eat grass like an ox."

BOBBY PLAYS A TRUMP.

Earthly Interests Resumed.

Young America Has Subscriptions.

Captain Warren, the owner of the seized Canadian sealers estimates his loss at \$150,000.

HOUSEHOLD.

Dish Washing.

Of all the duties that engage the attention of the housewife few of them are more important than the washing of the dishes. In the majority of homes this work is gone over three times a day, and in others even more, according to the number of meals made ready.

The first thing to be done after a meal is finished is to clear off the table. Many women, in doing this work, remove the dishes first, leaving the victuals until the last thing.

Next week we expect to have some band and other musical items from St. Stephen, Moncton, Hampton, Fredericton and other places.

A FLAT.

Musical Notes and Gossip.

Josef Hofman, the boy pianist, arrives in New York on the 25th inst., and appears for the first time in America, under Manager Abbey's auspices, on the 25th inst., in that city.

The Italian papers, which ought to know, declare that Dotesini is writing a new oratorio for the Birmingham (England) festival, and Mandelli a requiem mass for the Leeds festival.

The members of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "Mikado" company recently made their appearance at the Grand Theatre, Amsterdam, this being not only the first appearance of this company, but the first time that an English operatic company has appeared in that city.

Mr. F. H. Cowen has been appointed conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, in succession to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who resigned owing to ill-health, and has formally accepted the post.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the veteran composer, has completed a ballet on the subject of "The Tempest," to be brought out at the Grand Opera, and is working hard on an opera to be entitled "Circé." The ballet is founded on Shakespeare's play, and it will have a new feature, inasmuch as some of the dances will have a choral accompaniment.

The "Pinafore" revival in London shows that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan can improve even upon their own stage settings for this opera. The scene was set for and aft, instead of across the stage, as it was originally, and Mr. Gilbert suggested the employment of a real yacht deck of speedily clean boards instead of the customary painted cloth.

A LONG-HELD WANT.

Oh, pa, isn't this funny. What is funny. This paper says a New York furniture man has invented an electrical lounge. Indeed! That will fill a long-felt want, if it can be worked by pressing a knob in some other part of the house. I will get one.

Get one, why, what for? About bedtime I will press the knob. And what will that do? I am in hopes it will lift that dude of yours about six feet, and then perhaps he will go home.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Confidence Man (to stranger whose name he had learned from the hotel register)—Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy.

General Scabard—Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me.

G. S.—I am not much acquainted here and have a cheque which I wish to get cashed. Well, bless my heart, how the man can travel. Thinks he is in danger of being floored by one of his own kind.

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Boarding. Mrs. Chapman, English Lady, has taken the house, 120 Commercial Street, and will be pleased to receive gentlemen boarders, who will have with her all the comforts of home.

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