

WOLLESTOOK GAZETTE.

Published Monthly in connection with the St. John Grammar School Debating Society. Price 50 cts. per ann.

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 12.

Wolleston Gazette.

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NOTICE.

This being the last number of the GAZETTE the editors request all persons who have not already paid in their subscriptions to do so before the 25th inst. The money can be sent to D. R. Jack, Box 223. As the amount due by each person is, in most cases, very small, persons in arrears should pay at once and avoid the necessity of being personally requested.

MASSACRE OF THE MACPIERSON.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M' Tavis—
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish ;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the pipers,
With four-and-twenty men
• And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle ;
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—
"So my clan disgraced is ;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals—
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinewassails!"

"Coot tay to you, sir!
Aro you not ta Fhairshon ?
Was you coming hero
To visit any person ?
You aro a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

Fat is tat you say ?
Dar you cock your peaver ?
I will teach you sir,
Fat is coot behaviour !

You shall not exist
For another day more ;
I will shot you sir,
Or stap you with my claymore !"

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can provent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
By trinking up ta water—

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale ;
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye !
Here's your fery good healths,
And tann ta whusky tuty !

WM. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

With this number the WOLLESTOOK GAZETTE closes its first volume. The last number should have been issued in August but owing to the school holidays the editors decided on a September number instead. Whether the journal will be continued a second year is still uncertain. If the Grammar School Debating Society decides to issue the paper for a second year it is to be hoped that the members of the Society will give more aid to the next editors than they have to the present ones. The editors feel that the GAZETTE has not been supported as it should have been by those at whose desire it was started. When the paper was started it was thought that the members of the School would be willing to contribute articles and make the paper represent the School. This, with a few exceptions, has not been the case. In conclusion, the editors thank their subscribers for the financial aid which has been extended to them, and also their contemporaries and exchanges for kind notices.

The class from the Grammar School which will enter the University of New Brunswick this year will probably consist of Messrs. T. Cushing, A. E. Prince, A. St. G. Richardson and W. J. Miles. The competition for St. John County Scholarship is expected to be pretty close. The matriculation examinations will take place on September 21st.

We take great pleasure in announcing that of the translations received for the French poem in our last number, (No. 11) L. M. Jewett's is the best, and certainly he deserves credit, as the poem is an old one and difficult to translate.

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THE

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR COLLEGES.

It is a subject far too little thought of by the boys of our Grammar School whether or not they can obtain any benefits from a University education. Boys say "I don't want to be a doctor; I don't want to be a minister or lawyer; why should I go to college?" Now boys, taking a college course does not in any way necessitate an entrance by you into the crowded professional ranks. Not at all. The education obtained at a good University is not merely summed up in the quota of classics, mathematics, physics, and other branches of the curriculum which the student carries off in his brain. It is far more.

To the man who really lives, his whole life is an education. Acting on this basis it is plain that the foundations of our education should be sound for the sake of the stability of the superstructure. Now no one will deny that it is in our youth that our minds are most open to influence for good or for evil; it is then that tastes are formed and habits fixed. Oh, how careful we should be that our young people are surrounded by good influences! And yet it is necessary that our young men should know the evils of the world. It is necessary that they come in contact with those evil opinions which, set forth in and garnished by the most ingenious arguments, tend, more insidiously than the most subtle poisons work the destruction of the physical frame, to sap the moral stamina and undermine the physical powers of their victim.

Now the question naturally arises, how are we to combat with this evil which meets us on every hand and in every garb? I am only repeating, in a condensed form, the opinions of all great writers on this subject when I say that the ability to think for himself is the best safeguard for any man against these evils. In a short article like the present I can state but a few of the arguments in favor of a University education, but yet I conceive that one of the chief points in favor of colleges is, that they teach a man to think for himself.

Again, it is a rare thing to find a man who has received a good liberal education and is still narrow-minded. The views are broadened, the sympathies extended, and a wider range of thought opened up to the mind, which is brought in almost daily contact with such intellects as *should* characterize the professors of our Universities.

Providing on this basis we should, in choosing the university which we would attend, consider the reputation of the professors of the different institutions for higher education. Do articles from their pens appear in our leading periodicals or newspapers? Are we wont to hear them from the public platforms? Have they won high honors in the world's great institutions of learning? These are among the questions we naturally ask concerning the lectures in our colleges.

Perhaps it would not be out of the way for me to, at this point, call attention to the colleges open to the ordinary New Brunswicker. Our Maritime Provinces are well supplied with colleges. There are in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick no less than five institutions conferring degrees in arts. We have in New Brunswick first our own Provincial University, which has five lecturers and had last year forty-four students, all in arts, and but one of them a partial student. Mount Allison College, Sackville, with its five lecturers, had last session a total of fifty-six students, of whom thirty-nine, excluding those in the Theological and Philosophy departments, being arts students. Of this thirty-nine but eighteen were undergraduates. In Nova Scotia we have Dalhousie College and University, which has nineteen lecturers, and last year had one hundred and forty students, of whom over one hundred were arts students. The remainder of the one hundred and forty were made up of Science students and those of the medical classes. Of the arts students fifty-nine were undergraduates. I have been unable to ascertain how many students attended Acadia College last year, but I know it has seven lecturers. There is also King's College at Windsor.

There is every reason to suppose that, in the arts faculties, these colleges compare favorably with the institutions of a similar nature in the other provinces of our Dominion. This

is easily seen when we consider the winners of the Gilchrist scholarships during the past decade. Eighty per cent of them were students in the Maritime Provinces. This fact in itself would not necessarily be any proof of scholarship, were it not for the high positions which the Gilchrist men have always taken.

If I remember rightly the University of New Brunswick sent a Gilchrist man to England who occupied the eighth highest position among the hundreds who, from all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world, assayed to matriculate into the University of London. Again a graduate of Mount Allison College, who took the Gilchrist, won the proud distinction of standing first of the list of the University of London's matriculants of the year 1882; and he was closely followed by an *under-graduate* of Dalhousie University who occupied second or third place among the matriculants. Acadia has sent from her halls a Gilchrist winner who stood first in both his B. A. and M. A. examinations. We have not as yet heard the results of this year's examination for the Gilchrist; but I dare prophesy from what I know of the competitors that this year some student from the Maritime Provinces will win laurels for himself and bring honor to his Alma Mater.

With these facts before us is there any provincial prepared to condemn the education imparted in our colleges? and who would prefer to take his arts course in one of the numerous American colleges of merely local fame? If there is I pity his simplicity (or want of brains) and am restrained from arguing with him by the words of Solomon "answer not a fool."

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE:

The affairs of this Society, though flourishing in a financial point of view, are not so however as regards the interest taken by the members. The majority appear to attend its meetings for the purpose of hearing what the minority have to say. The result is that there are very few debates, and even when a good debate is proposed it has to be dropped for want of members who will take an active interest in it. A debating society in connection with a Grammar School is an excellent thing, when properly conducted. But when those attending do not take an active share in its affairs, allowing them to take their own course, it is apt to become an evil. In the present instance this fact has been demonstrated several times. Upon one occasion a pail of water was upset, and the contents going through the floor came trickling down upon the bald head of a musician beneath, who was justly indignant. Now if the members had been engaged listening to a debate this would not have occurred. Each member should endeavor to make the meetings as interesting as possible by taking part in the debates, by giving entertainment, or in any other way. If each one would do this there would be a much larger attendance every Friday evening. Many who belong and do not attend, when asked the reason say that the Society is not worth attending. When first started the Society had full meetings, the members all spoke, and everybody went away feeling that they had spent their evening profitably, but now, I am sorry to say, it is not so. I hope that after the holidays things will be in a better state and the meetings be rendered more enjoyable than they have been heretofore.

Thanking you for your space,
I remain yours, etc.,

A MEMBER.

To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

DEAR SIRS—I am very sorry to see that Prince William street, one of our most public thoroughfares, is in such shockingly poor condition. Why it is simply misery to drive along there. I think that after the Corporation are through with King street they might attend to Prince William street. Thanking you for your space,

I remain yours sincerely,

A SUFFERER.

A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

[CONCLUDED.]

On Wednesday, May 10th, we left Charleston in the steamer "Cleopatra." We had a very good view of Fort Sumpter, and other places of historical interest, as the steamer passed down the harbour. When we reached the bar we found that there was quite a heavy sea on, and as the vessel drew sixteen feet of water, and there was very little over sixteen feet of water on the bar, the Captain was afraid that it would be impossible to cross. However, as there was another steamer of the same draught just ahead of us, the Captain determined not to be beaten, and to follow in her wake. We were nearly half way across and I was beginning to breathe more freely, when a big wave lifted her up and brought her down with a tremendous thump, nearly taking me off my feet. The second blow was not quite so heavy, and after seven or eight more we were safe across. As the steamer was several days behind time, the steward, in loading her, had put all the freight between decks and none in the lower hold, in order that the cargo might be discharged the more readily. This made her top-heavy, and she rolled like a log. All the passengers, with but one or two exceptions, were sea-sick. In the course of a few hours we were on the briny deep, and land was nowhere to be seen. The number of passengers was small, as all the tourists and pleasure seekers had gone north some time before. On Thursday night, just before we got opposite Cape Hatteras we encountered a very severe storm of thunder and lightning. The steamer was a very old one, and had been wrecked once, and nearly cut in two, on the rocks at Nassau, which did not improve her. When she rolled the cabin worked so that spaces of half an inch or more appeared where the panels were set in, and it required some skill to stick into a berth. Sleep was impossible, with the groaning and creaking of the cabin. Some of the passengers thought the cabin would be washed away, and one man put two life preservers on and rolled a blanket around his head, telling his chum to call him if there was much danger. After we rounded Hatteras the storm subsided, we got into smoother water and were able to get a little sleep. On Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, we passed the light house at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and soon got into smooth water. Our only steerage passenger was a young fellow who had worked nearly all his life on tug-boats in the Bay. He was in great demand as he knew the name of every lighthouse, river, bay, creek and island along the coast, and where his memory failed him his vivid imagination enabled him to give appropriate names without a falter, and with such a solemn countenance that it was almost impossible to doubt his word. He told a great many yarns about his life on the Bay as a tug-boat hand, some of which may perhaps have been true, and among them the following:

"A large Italian brig, heavily laden, ran aground near the mouth of the Bay. As there was a tug-boat in sight she immediately ran up a signal—'In distress, want a tug.' The tug accordingly ran alongside and prepared to get a line out. But the Italian was in no such a hurry, as the sea was smooth and likely to continue so. He evidently thought himself a match for any Yank going; so he made a bargain with the tug-boat Captain. The Captain stipulated that for every pull he gave at the vessel he was to pay \$50. The tug-boat man agreed, and soon all the preparations for the undertaking were complete. Before the work began, however, the Captain managed to have a few words with his engineer. 'When I pull the bell you give a *leettle* pull,' were some of the instructions the engineer received. The Captain pulled the bell, the engineer gave a *leettle* pull, but of course the brig did not budge. In a few minutes they tried again but with the same success. After a few dozen tries darkness came on and they were obliged to stop work for the night. Next morning they began again. After a couple of days, when the bill had run up to about ten thousand dollars, he gave a good pull and hauled her off."

MORAL.—Never make bargains with tug-boat Captains.

We reached the wharf at Baltimore about twelve o'clock

on Saturday morning, it was a pouring rain, and there was not a cab to be seen anywhere. After walking the streets for about half an hour I at last succeeded in getting one, and we drove to Barnum's Hotel.

There are several spots of historic interest to Americans in and around Baltimore. Fort M'Henry is memorable as the scene of the bombardment in 1814, when the British land and naval forces were repulsed in their attacks on Baltimore. It was during the bombardment that Francis S. Key, a prisoner on a British vessel off the fort, wrote the Star Spangled Banner which was published and sung publicly in Baltimore a few days afterwards, and soon became the national air. Fort M'Henry was originally a brick fort, but it has in later years been very much improved and strengthened by earthworks. It is now provided with extensive modern barracks, heavy guns, and garrisoned by several companies of artillery. The grounds are large and handsome and the work was called M'Henry in honor of Colonel James M'Henry of Maryland, Secretary of War, when the property was ceded to the United States.

Federal Hill is also a notable point in Baltimore, and from it a good birds-eye view of the city may be had. It is the site of the marine observatory, from which marine arrivals are signalled. Federal Hill took its name from having been the point in 1788 that the news of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the Virginia Convention was proclaimed by artillery. During the civil war it was occupied by the United States troops who converted it into a formidable fort. It has been converted into a park and is already a point of great attraction to the residents of south Baltimore.

Few American or European cities can boast of a more beautiful locality than that of Mount Vernon Place. From the four sides of the square base of the Washington Monument which stands in the intersection of Monument and Charles streets, grass plots radiate north, south, east and west. The Washington Monument was erected to George Washington by the State of Maryland. It is surmounted by a statue of Washington sixteen feet high, and the whole stands 212 feet above the ground. The spiral staircase, by which visitors are allowed to ascend to the top of the monument, is lighted the whole way up by gas jets. There were formerly four electric lights on the top of the column, but as they did not look well they were removed.

Druid Hill Park about two and a half miles from the centre of the city, is a Park in the true sense of the word, having actually a large herd of deer roaming through its thick green woods. It has great attractions for pleasure seekers and children who want to spend a pleasant day in the way of row-boats, swings, shady seats, fountains, lakes, etc., but the great attraction to children and some grown people too, is the collection of wild animals. The collection is a small one yet, but in the course of time it will undoubtedly make a very good collection.

The Park now contains over 100 acres, the main entrance is at the head of Madison Avenue extended, where the city street railway runs direct.

The main approach from Madison Avenue is a broad way through a stone gateway. Just beyond the entrance is Swann Avenue, a beautiful carriage drive and promenade, flanked with about forty large urns on pedestals, from which in summer time, trailing vines hang and a variety of flowers grow.

Inside the park is a large lake called Druid Lake, which belongs to the city water works, and is surrounded by a carriage drive fifty feet in width and a mile and a half in length. From a Moorish tower at the south east extremity of this lake, a beautiful Bay view overlooking the city may be had. A jet near the western end of Druid Lake sends up a stream 118 feet high through a four inch nozzle, forming, when playing, one of the grandest fountains to be seen anywhere. The numerous springs in different parts of the park have ornamented structures and statuary, mostly contributed by some of the wealthy citizens.

Nicholas Rodgers, who formerly owned the park before it passed into the hands of the government, when he returned to Druid Hill after the war, laid it out in the best style of

English landscape gardening, even going so far as to group trees with regard to their autumnal tints.

The Baltimore Safe Deposit Company's building on South street is considered one of the very few absolutely fire and burglar proof structures in the country. Below ground it is a building within a building, and the foundations are laid below the tide water level so as to impede mining by burglars, with a flow of water. The outer walls are from three to seven feet in thickness, and the interior walls of the treasure and trunk vaults seven to nine feet thick. The front of the building, combining an appearance of Egyptian strength with Roman solidity of construction and modern grace, stamps the structure with individuality. The material is wholly of bricks, except some stone trimming of the front, and the walls are made so strong as to remain unshaken by surrounding piles falling on them, or any other assaults than from heavy ordinance. The safe cost \$18,000, and is as strong as an iron monitor, of massive and ornamental front thirty by twenty-five feet, and nine feet high in the clear inside, with capacity for 5000 boxes for depositors. The material is chilled iron and steel that will resist the drill, and the weight is estimated at 500 tons. There are two guards on duty all the time, and there is a very high spiked iron railing across the front; no visitors are allowed inside the railing.

The City Hall is well worth a visit. It is a marble palace covering an entire block of ground, bounded by Fayette, North, Lexington and Holiday streets, on each of which there are entrances, the main one being on Holiday street, facing the east. Seven years were occupied in the construction of the building, and the entire cost, including ground and furniture, was \$2,171,135. All the departments of the city government are gathered in the building.

EXCHANGES.

The *King's College Record* contains an article on Thackeray which gives a very good analysis of the novels of this author. Hieronymus Pop, Esq., of the town of Windsor, continues his "Observations."

The *Philomathean Review*, for July, contains a well written and forcible article on "The dignity of labor."

The *Sunbeam* offers as its chief attractions two poems called "The Blind Weaver" and "The Five Old Maids." In the latter poem, which—oh shades of Milton!—is to be continued:

"The waning spinsters, happy to rehearse
Their maiden griefs in doubly grievous verse,
Write doleful ditties, or distressed strains,
To wicked rivals, or unfaithful swains,
Or serenade, at night's bewitching noon,
The mythic man whose home is in the moon."

The *Astrum Alberti* closes its first volume with the June number. We are pleased to learn that it has been a success. Since its appearance, six months ago, the *Astrum* has been one of our most welcome exchanges.

A young man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and upon gazing at a pond which skirted the highway, said—"Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, remarked—"Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink!"

A BIG DRINK.—Scene—(White Hart, Port-Ellen, Islay.—Traveller—What will you have, Mr. McDonald? Merchant—Sure, Sir, I don't know. What will you be going to have yourself? Traveller—I think I'll take pale ale. Merchant—Hooch, I'll just take a pail of ale myself.

A MOST INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

In a gallery cut in the solid rock within a gorge about four miles from the Nile, to the East of Thebes, a most valuable discovery has been made of relics dating back to the times of the ancient Theban dynasty. They consist of four large papyri, each in a state of perfect preservation and of incalculable value to Egyptologists; 3,700 mortuary statues; the mummies of a large number of Theban kings, each with an elaborate canopic urn containing the heart and entrails of the deceased; fifteen enormous wigs, nearly two feet high, composed of frizzled and curled hair belonging to Egyptian princesses, and nearly two thousand other objects of interest. Among these last may be mentioned an enormous leather tent, in a fine state of preservation. It is covered with hieroglyphs, embroidered in red, green and yellow leather, and bears the cartouche of King Pinotem of the twenty-first dynasty. The following are the more important Theban sovereigns whose mummies have been thus far identified: Aslunes I, of the 18th dynasty, who reigned about 1700, B. C.; Amenotep I, the second King of the 18th dynasty, 1666 B. C.; Thutmes I, third King of the same dynasty, about 1633 B. C.; Thutmes II, fourth King of the same dynasty, about 1600 B. C.; Thutmes III, (the Great), fifth King of the same dynasty, about 1600 B. C.; Ramses I, first King of the 19th dynasty, about 1400 B. C.; Seti, the second; Ramses the Great, about 1333 B. C.; Pinotem, the third King of the 21st dynasty, about 1033 B. C. There are also mummies of two Queens, and of the daughter of Ramses II. The last mummy mentioned is conspicuous by reason of its massive gold ornaments and cartouches set in precious stones. To the learned, however, the most valuable are the papyri, of which the largest—found in the coffin of Queen Ramaka—is sixteen inches wide, and when unrolled will measure over one hundred feet in length. It is most beautifully illustrated with colored illuminations. The other papyri are narrower, but more closely written upon. These relics, when found, were in great confusion, as if hurriedly placed where found. There is every indication that they were removed from their previous resting places in various tombs and temples by the Egyptian priests, and placed in this subterranean chamber, with the view of concealing them from some foreign invader, most probably Cambyses the Persian. c. a.

LOST IN THE DESERT.—Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer and sportsman, gives in one of his works a story which painfully illustrates the dangers of travelling in some parts of the dark continent many years ago, when the Egyptians first became masters of Nubia. One of their regiments, in passing across a wide desert, saw in the distance a mirage like a beautiful lake. All were then upon a short allowance of water, and under the burning sun their thirst was extreme. A guide had been sent with the regiment, and the soldiers at once demanded that he should lead them to this lake. He refused, and told them they were deceived—that the supposed lake was all unreal—but if they pressed on water awaited them at their journey's end. The soldiers refused to believe him; angry words led to blows, and in their madness they killed the man upon whom their safety depended. Leaving him lying in his blood, the whole regiment rushed madly towards the enticing waters. Faint and weary they plunged deeper and deeper into the desert, every moment getting farther from the track. Yet still the water of the lake glittered before them—always before, yet never one step nearer their burning lips. At last, when many had fallen from exhaustion, the picture vanished. The lake was gone; only the burning sands remained around them on every side. They sought to retrace their steps, but in vain. The path was lost, the guide murdered. Not one man of that party escaped. Their bodies were afterwards found, parched and withered, by the Arabs sent out upon the search.—A. R. B.

When a man and his wife engaged in a debate the other night, and the dog got up and scratched to be let out of the room, they concluded that it was time to stop the discussion.

A GLIMPSE BEYOND THE EARTH.

The tremendous volcanic explosion which has just occurred in the Indian Archipelago, is well calculated to shake the faith of those who have been taught to look upon the earth as the embodiment of solidity and stability. "The solid ground," and "the everlasting hills," are familiar expressions, but they seem to lose their significance when we behold the ground rent asunder and sink beneath the sea; mountains split from peak to base; islands disappearing, and now craters thrust up through the sea bottom, while with deafening thunders more than a dozen huge volcanoes pour forth rivers of molten rock and clouds of dust and ashes, darkening the heavens for hundreds of miles around, and lighting the earth with the glare of their fires. Amid such scenes it is not wonderful if men fear that the shell of the earth is going to pieces.

But the outbreak in Java, formidable and awful as it is, appears a small affair beside the convulsions which anybody who will take the trouble to visit an observatory may witness in some of the other orbs of the solar system. At this moment there are visible upon the disk of the sun the effects of commotions which would not merely shatter an island, but would involve the whole round earth in blazing ruins. It is not necessary, however, to look to the sun, where the final, fiery processes of that nebular contraction which it is believed gave birth to the solar system, are proceeding with an energy of which we can have no adequate conception, in order to find examples of the disrupting forces that are at present manifesting their power in other worlds than ours on a scale which belittles the Javan eruption. On Jupiter, for instance, the telescope reveals the most astonishing changes continually going on in the appearance of the surface of the planet, and which can only be produced by forces of a magnitude unequalled upon the earth. Astronomers are just now watching Jupiter, which is fast drawing away from the neighborhood of the sun in the morning sky, with intense interest, in order to determine whether one of the most surprising appearances that were ever witnessed upon that planet is yet visible. Late in the Summer of 1878 a faint gray spot of an elongated shape, presented itself in the southern hemisphere of Jupiter. In a few weeks it had changed in color to a deep red, and had become so conspicuous that even small telescopes easily showed it. Singular phenomena were observed around it. The great dark belt that encircles the planet south of the equator, was seen to be bent away from this fiery looking spot in the most curious manner. The spot was pointed at the ends, and surrounded at times by a sort of whitish aureole. It was not less than 30,000 miles long, and 6,000 miles broad. After long watching, astronomers found that this red spot took a longer time to make its journey around the planet than some light spots which were seen near the equator of Jupiter. What could this extraordinary object be? Nobody could tell, although a dozen theories were suggested. Last fall the great spot began to fade. A thin veil, as of smoke or cloud, seemed to have been drawn over it. The veil grew thicker, and the spot lost its red color. Last winter only a few of the largest telescopes in the world could reveal a slight trace of the fading spot. Then Jupiter went behind the sun, and now that he has reappeared within the range of telescopes, it is probable that not even the most powerful will show where the red spot was. The observation of such a phenomenon as this on Jupiter is interesting to the inhabitants of the earth because there is reason to believe that Jupiter is now in a state of planetary development that was passed by the globe upon which we live ages and ages ago. So, watching the changing appearance of Jupiter's surface, we are able to compare an early stage of the earth's history, when it was subject to throes that were felt from centre to circumference, or when perhaps it was yet a molten ball surrounded by a sea of dense vapors, with its present condition, when volcanic eruptions are yet able to sink islands and overwhelm cities, but can, after all, only shake and split its crust here and there, without being able to crush the rocky framework.

The great volcanic eruption in Java suggests another curious consideration. If we accept the conclusion of those who think that at least two of the sun's family of worlds beside the earth—namely, Venus and Mars—are now inhabited, we must admit the possibility that the Javan convulsion has aroused the interest of other beings besides the inhabitants of the earth, for with telescopes as powerful as those of terrestrial astronomers the supposed dwellers on Mars and Venus could easily see the cloud caused by the eruption. From the moon it might have been seen with the naked eye if there had been anybody there to look. This seems a fanciful speculation, and yet the idea of the inhabitants of different worlds which belong to one solar system watching and wondering about unusual appearances which these worlds may present, is not unreasonable when once we admit the possibility of more than one world being inhabited. At any rate, whether or not there are beings in Mars and Venus who are observing and speculating about the phenomena presented by the earth, the studies of those who inspect the changing shapes and colors upon Jupiter, the beautiful panorama of Saturn's rings, the waxing and waning of the snow-like spots around the poles of Mars, and all the other wonderful phenomena which these different worlds present, need no excuse. To the modern astronomer the motto of the old friars, "Unus non sufficit orbis," has a new meaning. The intellectual aspirations of man lead him not only to overrun the whole earth, risking his life, like Pliny, in investigating the particulars of a volcanic eruption, and, like Sir John Franklin, in trying to reach the ice-guarded pole, but also impel him to penetrate the nature and history of other worlds, which his eyes behold though his feet can never tread them.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—In the days of John, King of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell put up, which any one who had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that after the bell had been put up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a Knight of Atri who had a noble charger which had become unserviceable through old age, so that, to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven to hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and pulling it, the bell rang. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which seemed to demand justice. They decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age, a sentence which the King confirmed under heavy penalty.

THE POSTSCRIPT.—George Selwyn once said in company that no lady could write a letter without adding a postscript. "My next letter shall show you your mistake," said one who was present. Soon afterwards he received a letter from this lady. On the last page he found she had written,—“P. S. Who was right, now, you or I?”

At a recent wedding, where the bride was very dilatory at arriving at the church, a lady remarked concerning the affair, "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here, when she has been waiting twenty-six years for just such a chance as this."

"Those birds flying over yonder are aquatic birds. I suppose?" asked the young man in the seal brown suit, of the captain of a lake steamer. "No, they aint!" was the scornful reply. "Them's ducks."

Professor looking at his watch "As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student—"What time is it, please?"

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