

The Saturday Gazette.

VOL. I.—No. 6.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

PRICE 3 CENTS.

SHARP'S

Favorably known for upwards of forty years it has become a household name.

BALSAM

In its use the sufferer finds instant relief. How anxiously the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases.

HOARHOOUND

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam. If you cannot get it of your dealer, send direct to us.

ANISE SEED.

with your address, and we will forward, carriage prepaid, one bottle of this wonderful remedy, so that you may try it and be convinced.

Sharp's Balsam Manufacturing Co. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wines, Liquors, &c.

IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys. Serravallo's and Silva & Cosman's Tawny and White Ports.

Champagnes.

G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN.

D. CONNELL,

Livery Stable,

SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

John F. Ashe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

OFFICE: 94 Prince William Street.

DR. ANDREWS

REMOVED TO No. 15 Coburg Street.

PIANOFORTE.

THIS undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate terms.

WANTED!

100 Boys

The Gazette.

TOILETS OF THE NIGHT.

SOMETHING OF THE MEN WHO EARN THEIR LIVING BY NIGHT.

People Who go to Work When Others go to Bed—The Class of Work Performed.

How little the majority of people know of the night side of city life. They go to bed soon after the sun disappears below the Western horizon and get up while it is far down in the East.

The men who make the morning newspapers which, all intelligent people have come to look forward to as a necessity, and without which their breakfast would fail to digest properly.

Wines, Liquors, &c. IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS. Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN. D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts. John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

OFFICE: 94 Prince William Street. DR. ANDREWS REMOVED TO No. 15 Coburg Street.

can be called upon to perform, is hard enough in the day time, but almost unendurable in the hot sultry nights in summer. Then there are the men who labor in the gas works filling the furnaces with coal to heat the retorts in which the gas for illuminating the streets and homes of the people is generated.

There are dozens of employments in which there is a large share of night work to be done. The market men cart all their beef and vegetables into town during the early hours of the morning, but in the summer months a good part of their work is done after day light.

The June Art Amateur comes out in a new cover. It is a very modest affair, with a coin or medal and its pendant ribbons worked into the magazine title.

Wines, Liquors, &c. IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS. Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN. D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts. John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

greatest decorators of the day; charming marines of Boudin, landscapes of Damoy, the pupil of Corot and Daubigny, two excellent pastorals by Charles Millet, one by Jules Breton, and examples by Lefevre and Manet form an exhibition which cannot fail to interest the visitor.

There are dozens of employments in which there is a large share of night work to be done. The market men cart all their beef and vegetables into town during the early hours of the morning, but in the summer months a good part of their work is done after day light.

The June Art Amateur comes out in a new cover. It is a very modest affair, with a coin or medal and its pendant ribbons worked into the magazine title.

Wines, Liquors, &c. IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS. Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN. D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts. John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

MORMON MYSTERIES.

The Temple of the Lord and Its Celestial Origin.

The mystery about the Endowment House and the secrecy with which ceremonies there performed are guarded, writes a New York Times correspondent from Salt Lake City, have a practical end aside from that of impressing, the ignorant Mormons with its dread solemnity, that is, the concealment of plural marriages, and such evidence of them as might be used in prosecutions for bigamy and unlawful cohabitation.

There are dozens of employments in which there is a large share of night work to be done. The market men cart all their beef and vegetables into town during the early hours of the morning, but in the summer months a good part of their work is done after day light.

The June Art Amateur comes out in a new cover. It is a very modest affair, with a coin or medal and its pendant ribbons worked into the magazine title.

Wines, Liquors, &c. IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS. Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN. D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts. John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

sorts continually to the actor's device of pointing to imaginary objects, as if the audience could see the future of the picture formed in his own mind. In all his gestures and movements he is awkward as can be, and the spectator is irresistibly reminded of the caricatures of Talmage in the comic papers.

There are dozens of employments in which there is a large share of night work to be done. The market men cart all their beef and vegetables into town during the early hours of the morning, but in the summer months a good part of their work is done after day light.

The June Art Amateur comes out in a new cover. It is a very modest affair, with a coin or medal and its pendant ribbons worked into the magazine title.

Wines, Liquors, &c. IN STOCK: PEDRO DOMINGO AND FORRESTER & Co.'s, Porto, Very Pale, and Brown Sherrys.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.

HAVANA CIGARS. Which I can constantly receive in medium and high grades.

M. A. FINN. D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts. John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

RECRUITS FOR DE LESSEPS. (London Truth.) The latest "Lions" of Paris are negro chiefs with unpronounceable names. They have been brought from the African coast by an enterprising contractor.

Look out for the Saturday Gazette next week.

Fulfillment.

Fulfillment mocks at Hope's foreshadowing. On ruined fruits her sullen lips are fed: Athwart the last-blurred dream the song last said.

She sweeps the leaden shadow of her wing. A bitter burden of bare blight to bring. In sudden disenchantment, dull and dead. And so we waken—in our scraph's stead To find a gaping gulf—changeling.

Sweet Hope is slain; come, let us hazy her: The dream is done, the labor lost, we say: But oftentimes, gazing on the lifeless clay. The old fire fills our veins, our longings stir: And still, to strive anew, we turn away From yet another dead Hope's sepulchre.

—The June Scriber.

MR. CARTON'S WILL.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART I.

I was breakfasting one morning in the beginning of April 1877, at my lodgings in 54 Doughty street, when the door of my sitting-room opened suddenly, and a beautiful fair-haired girl of about twenty-two, who was the only child of the landlady, rushed into the room, crying:

"Oh, Arthur, for mercy's sake come downstairs—something dreadful has happened!"

Louis Grahame and I were secretly engaged to be married as soon as I should have passed my final examination at the College of Surgeons, a fact which, together with her excitement, will account for the abrupt manner in which she entered my room.

"What is it?" I said, getting up from the table.

"Oh, Jane could not get any answer at Mr. Carton's door, so she told me, and I have been knocking at his door for the last five minutes, and there's not a sound in the room. I'm so terrified. Do for goodness sake come down; I'm afraid of my life to tell mamma."

"Are you sure he was at home last night?" I asked.

"Certain," replied Miss Grahame; "he sent Jane out to post a letter at ten o'clock, and told her to bring up his hot water at nine o'clock this morning."

Mr. Carton, who was the only other lodger in the house at the time except myself, was a retired official of the Bank of England, who had been lodging with Mrs. Grahame, the widow of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for nearly seventeen years—in fact, ever since she had come to the house after her husband's death. He was an extremely reserved man, nearly seventy years of age, and had the reputation of having made a large fortune during the railway mania.

I followed Miss Grahame down to the door of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. After I had knocked several times without getting any answer, I looked through the key-hole, and saw that the room inside was in total darkness.

"He is either in a fit or dead," I said to myself, so I put my shoulder to the door, and with one strong effort sent it flying in on its hinges. Having drawn the curtains aside, and opened the shutters, I looked at the bed. A glance told me that Mr. Carton had been dead for several hours. When I had drawn the sheet over the face of the corpse, I came out of the room and broke the news as gently as I could to Miss Grahame, who was waiting for me on the landing. She was naturally very much shocked, and, at her earnest request I went downstairs with her to tell her mother what had happened. Mrs. Grahame was a very delicate nervous woman, and for some time she seemed perfectly stunned with the intelligence. As soon, however, as she had recovered herself a little, I ventured to tell her that she ought to communicate at once with the relatives of the deceased man.

"But I don't know who they are, or whether he had any," she answered. "He has had very few people to visit him, and I never heard him speak of any relative."

"Then you ought to communicate with the Bank of England. They are sure to know something about him there," I replied. "In the meantime, I must get in Dr. Power to see if he can certify as to the cause of death; I shall go to Russell Square and see if he is at home."

I went upstairs to get my hat, and when I came down, Miss Grahame came with me to the hall-door. After saying a few words to comfort her, for she was very much grieved, I opened the door and found myself face to face with a tall grey-haired man, who was in the act of stretching out his hand to reach the knocker. He looked askant at me as I stepped out of the house, and, knowing that poor Miss Grahame, who was standing behind me, was not in a fit state to hold parley with strangers, I at once asked him if he wished to see anyone.

"Yes," he replied in a very polite tone, "I would like to see Mr. Carton."

"Mr. Carton!" I could not help exclaiming, while Miss Grahame hid her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob afresh. "Will you walk in, sir, I continued, after a moment's pause. We went into the hall, and, when the door was closed, I told him in as few words as possible what had occurred.

"Charles gone! Charles gone!" he repeated, as if dazed with horror at the intelligence. Then he added, speaking in a dreamy, absent manner: "he was my brother—my half brother. Our

names are different—mine is Beach—but we had the same mother. He was my only relative except my wife."

I left him with Miss Grahame, and hurried on to Russell Square, as I knew that every minute was important if I wanted to catch Dr. Power before he started on his morning rounds. When I got to his house, I found his brougham standing at the door, and in a few minutes we drove back to Doughty street.

"Where is Mr. Beach?" I asked Miss Grahame, who was in the hall when we returned.

"Oh, he is gone; he is to come tomorrow to make arrangements about the funeral," she replied; and then she whispered to me, "I want to see you presently; Mr. Beach has told me such an extraordinary thing."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Not now, not now," she whispered hurriedly, and I started with Dr. Power for the room where the dead man was lying.

Mr. Carton had been an occasional patient of Dr. Power's, and that was the reason why I was anxious to let Dr. Power see the body, so as to avoid an inquest if possible. The appearances, together with what Dr. Power knew of the deceased man, pointed to aneurism of the heart as the cause of death, and he left after he had arranged to make a post-mortem examination of the body that evening.

When he had gone, Miss Grahame came upstairs with me to my sitting-room. She sat down when she got into the room, and began to cry again.

"Come Loo," I said, "I am very sorry for poor Mr. Carton, and I know that you must miss him very much after all these years, but crying won't bring him back."

"No," she replied, "I know it won't—wish it would."

"What was the strange thing Mr. Beach told you?" I asked, trying to divert her thoughts.

"I'm almost afraid to speak about it—it seems heartless whilst he is lying in the house," she said, in a low, nervous voice.

"I am afraid Mr. Beach has told you something that has frightened you," I said, after a pause.

"I think it did frighten me—at least, I hardly seem to understand it," she said in a simple and absent manner.

"There is no doubt but that I shall never understand it if you go on in this way. What is it, you little goose, that this mysterious man has been telling you?"

"He told me that Mr. Carton has—"

"Has what, you little mule?"

"Has made a will leaving nearly all his money to mamma and me!" and here she got up and threw her arms round my neck.

"One would think he had done something to injure you," I said laughing. But, though I laughed, I felt somehow an inward feeling of regret. I was young—just three-and-twenty—and like most young men, who are not pigs or knaves, enthusiastic. My ambition for months past had been to make a home for my darling. Here it was ready made. But it was not of my making, and it did not seem like what I had been dreaming about. For the cottage that my imagination had pictured as the abode of our love there seemed to be substituted a gaudy mansion, were love evanesced in the presence of opulence and conventionality. Her thoughts must have been similar to mine, for, after a pause, she said timidly:

"We won't love each other the less, will we, Arthur dear?"

"Because—oh, I don't know why. But we'll live just as we intended to live. We don't want any grandeur, do we?"

"No, dear. That is just what I hoped you would say. But are we not getting on a little too fast? We do not know anything about this Mr. Beach. Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes, he has called to see Mr. Carton—not very often, and it was generally in the evening."

"Well, that's well so far. But I mean we don't know much about him, and then people sometimes alter their wills after they have made them—"

"That's just what I was thinking, and that's why I did not tell mamma anything about it until after I had spoken to you. But what Mr. Beach—and he is a solicitor—says is this—that his brother made his will last September and left it with Mr. Moffatt of 39 Bedford Row; that he was worth about ninety thousand pounds; and that he left twenty thousand pounds to Mr. Beach, and ten thousand pounds to mamma, and all the rest of his property to me."

"Well, that's definite at all events. Suppose we go and see Mr. Moffatt. I had better go out first. If Mrs. Grahame sees us going out together, she will wonder what we are about, and it is as well not to tell her anything about the matter at present. You can slip on your jacket and meet me in John street, and then we shall see what Mr. Moffatt has to say on the subject. I don't think it will disappoint either of us much if the story is a myth, or if the money has been left to somebody else."

"I don't know; I'd like to be able to bring you some money," said Miss Grahame innocently.

"Well, then, go and put your things on, and we'll see about it," I replied.

Bedford Row is not many yards from Doughty Street, and in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Moffatt—a stout, cheery-looking old gentleman, with a rufous face, and an old-fashioned stand-up collar and black satin cravat.

When I told him who we were, and why we called on him, he looked positively alarmed.

"It is most unusual—most unusual," he said. "You are asking me to do a thing that is, I may say, absolutely unprofessional. Mr. Beach has been very judicious. At present it would be most improper for me to answer such a question—most improper," he added emphatically, as if we had asked him to do something that was very wrong indeed.

"But the mischief, if there be any, has been done already," I ventured to remark.

"No blacks don't make whites," said Mr. Moffatt, "and Mr. Beach's having acted foolishly would not justify me in doing likewise."

"At all events, the late Mr. Carton has made a will?" I said.

"Yes, I am at liberty to tell you so much."

"Well, if the will were not something like what Mr. Beach has told us, I am sure you would not leave us under such a wrong impression?"

"You would make a very good cross-examiner," Mr. Penberton, said Mr. Moffatt, laughing; "but really you cannot expect me to put anything more in evidence at present. A solicitor has no business to make mistakes, and I should make a great mistake if I said anything more at present than that the late Mr. Carton has made a will, which I shall produce at the proper time."

This was all the information we could extract from Mr. Moffatt, who was a gentleman of the old school, and a thorough stickler for precedent and routine.

"I think it is all right," I said to Miss Grahame when we got into Bedford Row again.

"I hope you are as much ashamed of yourself as I am," she replied indignantly. "I think we have been acting like a pair of harpies." And from that time until we were proved she refused to speak a word about it.

The post-mortem examination showed that Mr. Carton had died from aneurism of the heart, and Dr. Power was fortunately able to save Mrs. Grahame the annoyance of an inquest.

When the will was proved in due course, its contents agreed substantially with what Mr. Beach had told Miss Grahame—Mr. Beach was appointed executor; twenty thousand pounds was to be paid to her, and ten thousand pounds to Mrs. Grahame, both bequests being free of legacy duty; the residue of the property was left to Miss Grahame absolutely. The property, which was entirely personal, was even greater than had been supposed, and amounted to nearly £110,000, which was invested chiefly in Three Per Cent. Consols, English Railway Debenture Stock, and French and American Government Bonds.

Mrs. Grahame, her share of the property in Consols, and it was settled that the banking account was to be kept in the name of Miss Grahame, who took the bonds as part of her share. While the estate was being administered, Mrs. and Miss Grahame and I used frequently to go to Mr. Beach's offices in Bedford Street, Strand. He was a wealthy man who had of late years confined himself to a small and select practice, and his offices consisted of a spacious, well-furnished room on the first floor, and separated from it by a wooden partition, a small room where a sandy-haired, and rather unwholesome looking, young man, who acted as his clerk, was generally seated at a desk.

Mrs. Grahame gave a cordial assent to my union with her daughter, and it was arranged that we were to be married when I passed my examination in the autumn, and also that we were to spend the honeymoon in the South of France during the following winter. In the meantime, we were to stay in Doughty Street until December, when the house would be surrendered to the landlord.

"Man proposes, God disposes," as the proverb has it. How our expectations were fulfilled the reader will learn in the next part of this narrative.

(To be Continued.)

Amusing Breach of Promise Case.

According to the Dublin Evening Telegraph, a breach of promise action will probably be heard shortly in Dublin, in which a parrot will figure prominently. An elderly professional gentleman, engaged to a pretty young lady in her teens, was visiting her father, and knocked at the study door. A parrot he had presented to the young lady shrieked out, "Come in, come in;" and on suddenly entering the room he found his fiancée seated on the sofa with a young man who was holding her arm from her waist; the parrot meanwhile imitating the sound of kissing, and winking up with mocking laughter. The marriage was broken off, and an action for breach of promise defendant pleads justification.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary writes:—Having in the past presented their former president, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, with a prize donkey, the owners have now a very docile, cleverly-trained animal which they purpose offering as a present to the Queen, having heard that her Majesty has lately taken to riding in a donkey-carriage.

BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS.

Carrying the Creel—Eride Race in a Canoe in Singapore.

(All the Year Round.)

The mode of procedure in "carrying the creel" in the village of Galashiels was as follows: Early in the day after the marriage those interested in the proceedings assembled at the house of the newly wedded couple, bringing with them a "creel" or basket, which they filled with stones. The young husband, on being brought to the door, had the creel firmly fixed to his back, and with it in this position had to run the round of the town, or at least the chief portion of it, followed by a number of men to see that he did not drop his burden; the only condition on which he was allowed to do so being that his wife should come after him and kiss him. As relief depended altogether upon the wife, it would sometimes happen that the husband did not need to run more than a few yards, but when she was more than ordinarily bashful, or wished to have a little sport at the expense of her lord and master—which it may be supposed would not infrequently be the case—he had to carry his load a considerable distance. This custom was very strictly enforced, and the person who was last creel had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that no one should escape. The practice, as far as Galashiels was concerned, came to an end about 100 years ago, with the person of one Robert Young, who, on the ostensible plea of a "sore back," lay abed all the day after his marriage, and obstinately refused to get up and be creel-ed. He had, it may be added in extenuation, been twice married before, and had on each occasion gone through the ceremony of being creel-ed, and no doubt felt that he had quite enough of creeling.

FEW OUTSTRIP THEIR LOVERS.

Dr. F. McLennan's "Primitive Marriage."

The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. . . . It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times round before her suitor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers.

SOME MEDICAL HINTS.

Girls, says one writer, want a good deal more out-of-door exercise than they usually get, and a young lady who frequently is better employed, would stand a much better chance of keeping her brain and temper, her health and skin in good trim, if she were engaged in this way, than she does when over-taxing her constitution in trying to learn some accomplishment, which is most likely utterly useless or else calculated to unfit her for the duties and pleasures of life. She need not be afraid of damaging her skin by tanning and freckling; the one is a good sign, and freckles never yet spoiled beauty.

"At lunch and dinner drink filtered water or good, sound claret, but not more than three wineglasses full a day of the latter. Refuse ether, perry, and all beer and malt liquors. If claret be not liked, then take, instead, some light Rhine wine of good quality. Eat fish preferably to meat, mutton rather than beef, and poultry rather than game. Never take veal, ham or pork, nor any dish containing tripe, liver, brains or kidneys. Partake plentifully of green vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, sea-kale, etc., but be sure they are thoroughly well cooked, and are not served with much butter or salt. Remember that all greasy and salted foods are highly injurious to the complexion. Eschew pastry, and prefer blancmange, jellies, custards and light puddings. Good cheese is not to be avoided, but do not eat rich or moldy cheeses. All fruit is beneficial, and nuts will do no harm after a light meal. Supper may be regulated on similar principles. Be extremely careful to keep the bodily functions in perfect order, and never permit the slightest irregularity to pass unattended to."

Prince Bismarck's Two Sons.

(London Life.)

I understand that Count Herbert Bismarck will accept Lord Rosebery's invitation to come to London during the present season, if his father will grant him leave. It may not be generally known that there are few more hardworking and laborious men in Germany than the two sons of the Imperial Chancellor, who are often at their posts at 8 in the morning and remain at work, with little intermission, until far into the night. Prince Bismarck's private secretary, who is an intimate friend of Count Herbert's and has married an accomplished English lady, one of the leaders of Berlin society, will probably be in London about the same time.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER!

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight adulterated powders. See only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 108 Wall St., New York.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES.

AT
SPENCER'S
Standard Dancing Academy,

New Classes for Beginners meet every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon Class meets Tuesday and Saturday. Call at the Academy for information and terms.
Private Lessons given day and evening to suit pupils. Violin Lessons given on reasonable terms—a capital opportunity for beginners.
A fine line of
COSTUMES TO LET,
or made to order. Also, will let to responsible parties out of town.
Violins and Strings for sale. Best quality always on hand.
ICE ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Bazaars, and all respectable gatherings.
Chairs, Tables, Dishes, Knives and Forks, Spoons, &c., all at low prices, to let.
A Good Supper Room in connection with the Academy for those wishing the same.
Flanos to Let by the night, or moved at low rates, as I have on hand the Slings and competent men to discharge this duty.
COME AND SEE ME.
A. L. SPENCER,
Next door to Turner & Finlay's Dry Goods Store

Campbell & DeForest,

Have now on hand a large and well assorted line of
OVERCOATINGS,
Scotch and English Suitings,
AND
TROUSERINGS.

Also a New and Select Stock of
Gents' Furnishings!

Foster's Corner, 42 King St

Myers' Machine Shop,

ESTABLISHED 1854.

Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power
ELEVATORS.

ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses.
Manufacturers of Russell's Frictionless Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Steerers, Steam Engines, Judson Governors, Struck and Blowers, Shuttling, Hoists and Pulleys.
Special machinery made to order. Repairs promptly attended to.


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

IMPORTANT!

Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use
MAGNET SOAP.

Its washing qualities are unsurpassed. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times, without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once, you will praise it to others a thousand times. We have spent hundreds of dollars in convincing women that their washing can be made easier by using MAGNET SOAP, but we have fallen short of our ambition if we have failed to convince you.

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM ST. JOHN.



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.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call St. Nicholas. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS
For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author.
A short Serial Story by Mrs. Barnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas.
War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Balaam, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single combats or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Junita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides;" also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city.
Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore E. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child Sketches from George Elliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. W. Doyen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schuyler, N. J. Brooks, Grace Denis Littlefield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Moses Lodge, and many others, etc.

The subscription price of St. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars, etc.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

BROADCLOTHS
AND
DOESKINS
—FOR—
DRESS SUITS,
WORSTED CLOTHS,
SILK MIXTURES.

A. CILMOUR
TAILOR,
72 Germain Street, St. John.

The Reason Why. (Eva Wilder McLean in Ju-lia.) She did not see to me, the I Am not she saw me passing by...

DAWN: A NOVEL BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "The Witch's Head," etc.

When I have an end in view I march straight to it, I do not vacillate—that is all. But never mind me; here we are near home.

"Ay," reflected George, "that is a wonderful woman, a woman it is good to have some hold over." We left Hilda, stretched on her face sobbing...

Three o'clock came in due course, but no Hilda. Philip was seriously disturbed; but there was now no train by which she could arrive that day, so he was forced to the conclusion that she had postponed her departure.

At one o'clock old Mr. Caresfoot, as was his rule, sat down to lunch, which, frugal as it was, so far as he was concerned, was yet served with some old-fashioned ceremony by a butler and a footman.

"I don't rightly know, squire; but it's a lady, and she be wonderful tall." Just then the footman returned, and said that a lady, who would not give her name, wished to speak to him in private.

The night of the dinner-party was a nearly sleepless one for Philip, although his father had so considerably regretted his wearied appearance.

of its objects. And out of all this walking and thinking, there emerged, after an hour of stupor that it would be a misnomer to call sleep, two fixed results. The first of these was that he hated his father as a lost soul must hate its torturing demon, blindly, madly, impotently hated him; and the second, that he could no longer delay taking his wife into confidence.

Fortunately for Philip, there was an engagement of long standing for this day, the first of May; to go, in conjunction with other persons, to affect a valuation of the fallows, etc., of a large tenant who was going out at Michaelmas.

"I have come," she answered, "because of these." And she handed him two letters, "I have come to ascertain if they are true, if my husband is a doubly perjured or a basely slandered man."

"Then it is finished; before God and man I renounce him. Listen," she went on, turning to her father-in-law. "I loved your son, he won my heart; but, though he said he loved me, I suspected him of playing fast and loose with me on the one hand, and with my friend Maria Lee on the other. So I determined to go away, and told him so. Then it was that he offered to marry me at once, if I would change my purpose. I loved him and I consented—yes, because I loved him so, I consented to even more."

"Well, well," answered the old squire, testily, "ten generations of country gentry, and the Lord only knows how many more of stout yeoman before them, is a good enough descent for us; but I like your pride, and I am glad that you spring from an ancient race; you have been shamefully treated, Hilda—is not your name Hilda?—but there are others, more free from blame than you are, who have been treated worse."

"That was my name, it is now Hilda Caresfoot. I am your son Philip's wife." As this astounding news broke upon his ears, her hearer's face became a shifting study. Incredulity, wonder, fury, all swept across it, and then in a single second it seemed to freeze. Next moment

he spoke with overpowering politeness. "So, madam—then I have to congratulate myself on the possession of a very lovely daughter-in-law."

"A silence ensued that they were both too moved to break; at last the old man said, in an altered tone. "We have much to talk of, and you must be tired. Take off your cloak, and eat while I think."

"I have come," she answered, "because of these." And she handed him two letters, "I have come to ascertain if they are true, if my husband is a doubly perjured or a basely slandered man."

"Then it is finished; before God and man I renounce him. Listen," she went on, turning to her father-in-law. "I loved your son, he won my heart; but, though he said he loved me, I suspected him of playing fast and loose with me on the one hand, and with my friend Maria Lee on the other. So I determined to go away, and told him so. Then it was that he offered to marry me at once, if I would change my purpose. I loved him and I consented—yes, because I loved him so, I consented to even more."

"Well, well," answered the old squire, testily, "ten generations of country gentry, and the Lord only knows how many more of stout yeoman before them, is a good enough descent for us; but I like your pride, and I am glad that you spring from an ancient race; you have been shamefully treated, Hilda—is not your name Hilda?—but there are others, more free from blame than you are, who have been treated worse."

"That was my name, it is now Hilda Caresfoot. I am your son Philip's wife." As this astounding news broke upon his ears, her hearer's face became a shifting study. Incredulity, wonder, fury, all swept across it, and then in a single second it seemed to freeze. Next moment

"My dear, pray confine yourself to your own affairs, and leave me to settle mine. There shall be no harshness, none shall suffer more than they deserve. There, don't break down, go and rest, for there are painful scenes before you."

"Oh, yes, sir, I understand," Figott replied, curtly. "Will you be pleased to come along with me, ma'am?" Hilda rose and took Figott's arm. Excitement and fatigue had worn her out.

"I have come," she answered, "because of these." And she handed him two letters, "I have come to ascertain if they are true, if my husband is a doubly perjured or a basely slandered man."

"Then it is finished; before God and man I renounce him. Listen," she went on, turning to her father-in-law. "I loved your son, he won my heart; but, though he said he loved me, I suspected him of playing fast and loose with me on the one hand, and with my friend Maria Lee on the other. So I determined to go away, and told him so. Then it was that he offered to marry me at once, if I would change my purpose. I loved him and I consented—yes, because I loved him so, I consented to even more."

"Well, well," answered the old squire, testily, "ten generations of country gentry, and the Lord only knows how many more of stout yeoman before them, is a good enough descent for us; but I like your pride, and I am glad that you spring from an ancient race; you have been shamefully treated, Hilda—is not your name Hilda?—but there are others, more free from blame than you are, who have been treated worse."

"That was my name, it is now Hilda Caresfoot. I am your son Philip's wife." As this astounding news broke upon his ears, her hearer's face became a shifting study. Incredulity, wonder, fury, all swept across it, and then in a single second it seemed to freeze. Next moment

he flashed through his mind that

and other memories came upon me as I think. It was here upon this very table that they stood my mother's coffin. I was standing where you are now when I wrenched open the half-fastened shell to kiss her once more before they screwed her down for ever.

"No, I have not." "Your reluctance is very strange, Philip, I can not understand it. I suppose that you are not already married, are you, Philip?"

"I have come," she answered, "because of these." And she handed him two letters, "I have come to ascertain if they are true, if my husband is a doubly perjured or a basely slandered man."

"Then it is finished; before God and man I renounce him. Listen," she went on, turning to her father-in-law. "I loved your son, he won my heart; but, though he said he loved me, I suspected him of playing fast and loose with me on the one hand, and with my friend Maria Lee on the other. So I determined to go away, and told him so. Then it was that he offered to marry me at once, if I would change my purpose. I loved him and I consented—yes, because I loved him so, I consented to even more."

"Well, well," answered the old squire, testily, "ten generations of country gentry, and the Lord only knows how many more of stout yeoman before them, is a good enough descent for us; but I like your pride, and I am glad that you spring from an ancient race; you have been shamefully treated, Hilda—is not your name Hilda?—but there are others, more free from blame than you are, who have been treated worse."

"That was my name, it is now Hilda Caresfoot. I am your son Philip's wife." As this astounding news broke upon his ears, her hearer's face became a shifting study. Incredulity, wonder, fury, all swept across it, and then in a single second it seemed to freeze. Next moment

he flashed through his mind that

his father had got it out in order to burn it, and this idea was followed by another that for a moment stilled his heart.

"If he should die now, he can now destroy it! If he does not take the medicine, he will die."

"I have come," she answered, "because of these." And she handed him two letters, "I have come to ascertain if they are true, if my husband is a doubly perjured or a basely slandered man."

"Then it is finished; before God and man I renounce him. Listen," she went on, turning to her father-in-law. "I loved your son, he won my heart; but, though he said he loved me, I suspected him of playing fast and loose with me on the one hand, and with my friend Maria Lee on the other. So I determined to go away, and told him so. Then it was that he offered to marry me at once, if I would change my purpose. I loved him and I consented—yes, because I loved him so, I consented to even more."

"Well, well," answered the old squire, testily, "ten generations of country gentry, and the Lord only knows how many more of stout yeoman before them, is a good enough descent for us; but I like your pride, and I am glad that you spring from an ancient race; you have been shamefully treated, Hilda—is not your name Hilda?—but there are others, more free from blame than you are, who have been treated worse."

"That was my name, it is now Hilda Caresfoot. I am your son Philip's wife." As this astounding news broke upon his ears, her hearer's face became a shifting study. Incredulity, wonder, fury, all swept across it, and then in a single second it seemed to freeze. Next moment

he flashed through his mind that

ANOTHER STORY COMMENCED

IN THIS WEEK'S GAZETTE!

NEW FEATURES

NEXT WEEK.

BUY THE GAZETTE! EVERY WEEK.

For Sale by ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning from the office No. 21 Canterbury Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime Provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal commissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application. Write your name and address plainly on a postal card and send for a specimen copy.

Advertisers will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes. Rates given and locations assigned on application.

The Retail Price of THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is Three cents a copy, and it may be had at that price from all Booksellers and Newsdealers in the Maritime Provinces; and from the Newsboys on the street on the day of publication. Address all communications to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Elves English ladies at Decan have gone into strict training to play a cricket match against gentlemen, the latter to field and bowl left-handed, and to use broomsticks instead of bats.

It is now settled that the surplus revenue of the United States for the latest fiscal year will reach over \$100,000,000. The exact amount of it, as near as can be ascertained, will be \$104,000,000.

An English magazine writer says that profanity is contagious, and that one person who swears will give the habit to a whole family. Very true. The disease is also frequently contracted from having a badly constructed telephone in the house.

New York proposes to allow no band of musicians to travel on excursion boats without a license. Good idea. Let it be applied to street bands as well. Why should a man be allowed to peddle music without a license any more than to peddle oranges?

The baby stare is quite overshadowed by what a knowing young woman has called "the rosebud business." This consists in rouging the lips very much in the centre, pursing them together and then keeping them half open as a baby might. It is a very suggestive bit of coquetry only possible to a very gay girl.

The marriage of Viscount Cranborne, eldest son of the Prime Minister, with Lady Alice Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran, was solemnized at St. Margaret's, Westminster, recently. Lord Cranborne's bride-cake was a wondrous piece of confectionery. It stood five feet two high, was seven feet in circumference, and weighed 350 pounds. It was a gift from his constituents.

The New York World is authority for the statement that of the one hundred vice-presidents of the anti-slavery league recently formed in that city, at least ninety are among the best judges of wine and whiskey in that town, and drink more of that sort of beverage than the same number of workmen who patronize the saloons. At last accounts no notice of a libel suit had been served on the World.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has respited a murderer condemned to be hanged last week. The fact that the murderer drugged his keeper and escaped from jail compelled this act of executive clemency. It is to be hoped that the murderer will recognize his obligations to the Governor by revealing his whereabouts on or before June 30, to which date the execution has been postponed. Otherwise it will be necessary to again postpone the ceremonies.

They were discussing theosophy. He was argumentative and sceptical; she enthusiastic and credulous. He had remarked that the chief exponent here of the new faith appeared to be fully aware on which side his bread was buttered. "Indeed, he is not," she cried, indignantly. "He is above all such worldly matters, and, furthermore, he eats nothing but rice. A man who lives on rice isn't material. Why, he is so spiritual even the mosquitoes won't bite him!"

The St. Stephen's Review says: "An Irish land agent informed me the other day that he made an extended tour for the purpose of collecting rents long overdue. In his travels he journeyed some seven hundred miles to collect some £700. Now, no one can travel much

under 2s. per mile, so that when 5 per cent. for collection is superadded, and 30 or 40 per cent. is allowed for reduction, it will be seen that an Irish estate is nearly as profitable as a suit in chancery."

For several weeks it has been impossible for Americans to marry in Paris in consequence of the State Department withdrawing from the United States Legation the power to give certificates of birth to the intending brides and bridegrooms. The French law requires such a certificate before legalizing the marriage. The authorities heretofore, in the absence of a proper registration papers from America, have accepted the United States Minister's certificate. Some weeks ago, when an American couple wished to marry, they found it impossible. It is expected, however, that in a short time, through the efforts of Edmund Kelly, a certain form of certificate will be adopted by the French authorities, and that the present deadlock will be relieved.

"The bodies of eighteen ladies, all in full dress, were found lying together at the bottom of the staircase leading from the second story. These ladies all had escorts to the theatre, but no remains of the men were found anywhere near where these women were burned to death." This item is in a Paris dispatch after the terrible destruction of the Opera Comique, and it reveals a cowardly selfishness that fairly appalls the reader.

"The 'essorts' without whom no Parisienne thinks it convenient to visit a public place of amusement, saved themselves, or tried to, leaving the women to perish in the flames! Truly, it was human! but where is the much vaunted French gallantry? By the light of the brave action of two compositors on the Lanterne, this seems the more dastardly, the more significant of the demon of self which takes possession at such times of danger. One doesn't like to ask, Could the same evidence of cowardice have been possible here, unless to answer emphatically, No.

EACH season brings forth a new fad among women of fashion. The day has passed when it is considered en regle to dye and fresco a Skye poodle to match a walking-dress or tennis costume at the seaside; but a new and interesting custom is beginning to find favor among the women of society. It consists of binding certain books to accord with different dresses. For years the ugly and inartistic binding of novels and poems has been a stumbling-block to the woman who wished to make her tout ensemble pleasing to the eye of the most exacting critic. The effort to overcome this difficulty has at length been successful. A woman of fashion now obtains her summer dresses and her reading for the season at the same time. One book, for instance, is bound so as to match her bathing-suit. Another looks well with a certain morning dress. Still another matches a dinner costume. The more dresses she has the larger will be her summer library, and the ultimate effect of the interesting fad will be to raise the literary standard of society women. There really is no reason why dress and culture should not go hand in hand.

Much will be expected from the present Common Council in the way of reform. By reform we mean a general reduction of expenses in all civic departments. It will be remembered that when the salaries were reduced 20 per cent. in 1876 the Mayor's salary was reduced with the rest. Mayor Ray, the then incumbent, consented to this reduction, but before resigning the office he petitioned the council for the full salary of \$1600 per annum, and his petition was granted. It is always well to support the dignity of the office of Mayor, but just at the present time St. John can ill afford to pay for dignity. It is conceded on all hands that the Mayor's salary is altogether too high for the finances of the city. Portland's Mayor serves for nothing and so does her aldermen. It is perhaps asking too much to require the Mayor of St. John to give his services for nothing, but \$1000 is quite as much as St. John can afford to pay. As to the aldermanic grant of \$100 which is voted the aldermen each year it is admitted that the sum is inadequate for the services rendered, and there is a feeling in the board itself in favor of repealing the present law. Briefly summarised the position is this. The aldermen whose services are of real value to the city are content to serve for nothing, while those whose services are of the least value are clamorous for their \$100. It is more than probable that both these matters will come prominently before the public and the council in a few weeks.

There are other matters also that might come up. The judicial department of the civic machine is also too expensive and its cost, by a slight readjustment, might be greatly reduced. We have almost the same system we had a century ago, but its cost to the citizens has increased immensely. We no longer require an aldermen's court. It is a

thing of the past now in most cities and should be abolished in St. John. The common clerk is really the judge of this court and the city pays him a salary, but the largest portion of the fees of the court find their way into the pockets of the aldermen. Now when we have 18 aldermen the divy is small as they cannot get in more than three sessions of the court each year. The common clerk is now the head of the police department and also the head of the civil law branch. Why not make him civil and police justice and abolish the city court as it now exists?

If some alderman desires to immortalize himself let him arrange and lay before the council a comprehensive scheme of civic reform. Were this done the aldermen would be obliged to accept it or the citizens would soon put an end to their political aspirations. St. John is ripe for reform and it should come at once.

Father Davenport will have very few sympathisers in the selfish view he took of the Jubilee Celebration last Sunday. Because an English priest is wrongfully imprisoned he declines to take part in the festivities of the occasion. What connection there can possibly be between the imprisonment of Mr. Bell-Cox and the Jubilee is not at all clear to most people, but now that Mr. Bell-Cox is out of prison again it is to be hoped that Mr. Davenport will be reconciled and join with others in rejoicing that the Queen has completed the fiftieth year of her reign.

From present indications St. John is going to make the best Jubilee display of any place in the Maritime Provinces. Everything is working harmoniously and smoothly. The various organizations have completed their plans, and if the announcements made are carried out the celebration would do credit to a much larger city than St. John. All that is necessary now is fine weather to make the Jubilee Celebration a grand success and something that will linger in the memory of the present generation for years to come.

The display attending the celebration of the Centennial year of the city's history was a surprise to all who witnessed it. That of the present month will be as good if not better and will, most certainly, surprise all who witness the various events and attractions. It is to be hoped that thousands of strangers will come to St. John during Jubilee week, and join the loyal citizens of St. John in their celebration.

A Bold French Adventurer.

[London Telegraph Paris Letter.]

One of the ablest and most remarkable adventuresses who has ever appeared before the Paris tribunals has been tried for a series of clever swindling. She is a thin, delicate, amber-visaged woman, about forty years of age, who described herself as a descendant of the famous First Grenadier of France, whose name is still called out at the muster parades of his regiment, the reply being dramatically given, "Dead, on the field of honor."

Her name, in short, was printed on her cards as Henrietta de la Tour d'Auvergne, and she passed as an illegitimate daughter of a Prince of that house, and accordingly as a niece of the late Archbishop of Bourges and of Gen. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who died in Algeria. Assuming this title and name, she had Princess bamboozled a lot of pious people, priests and parvenus, who liked to hang on to a scion of nobility, and she actually lived luxuriously and in great state on the donations which were sent to her for the poor. Strange to say, the present Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne knew that the woman was passing herself off as his natural sister, but never took any proceedings against her. It appears that the woman had been a nun, and while engaged in hospital work was criminally assaulted by a relative of one of the patients. The man was condemned to ten years' solitary confinement, and the nun, who became seriously ill, had to leave her convent and return to the world. Then she began her career of adventuress by pretending to make a matrimonial match between the daughter of a Mme. Bigot, whom she had met in church, and a Gascony gentleman. Mme. Bigot had been mulcted for a sum of £160, which she lent as a friend to the sylf-styled Princess. After this the matter was out. Mme. Bigot discovered that the gentleman from Gascony was a mythical personage, and she accordingly commenced proceedings to recover her money. During the trial the prisoner's mask was thrown off, and she stood revealed before the gaze of the public as one Emerancienne Bondeau, whose only relatives were a brother who keeps a wineshop, and a sister who occupies the responsible position of concierge in a Paris house. The sentence of the prisoner was deferred.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

A Friendly Chat on a Number of Subjects of Passing Interest.

There are some mighty mean people in St. John, as I suppose there are in every other city of any size. Perhaps the meanest are those who go about minding every other person's business but their own. Such meddling bodies can always tell you just what their next door neighbor had for dinner on a particular day and what his weekly household expenses are and how much he owes the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Gossip is their great delight, and if they can find a dirty story to relate of their neighbour or their neighbor's wife they tell it with gusto in all the parlors they are admitted to, on the street corners and wherever else they can find listeners, but they never go to the person about whom the story is told to ascertain how much truth there is compared with the fiction.

Slander seems to run in streaks like crime. There was a period last winter when I heard more slanderous stories about well known men and women than ever before. How the stories got started heaven only knows, but every one had the latest and gleefully retailed it to all whom they met. Respectable men listened to these stories and in more instances than one believed what they heard. Since then it has been conclusively proved that the major part of these stories were mean, contemptible lies. But nevertheless they were believed for a time, and the reputations of respectable men and women were freely canvassed by every blackguard about town, as well as by scores of reputable citizens. The mystery always is to find the source of the story. Trace it back as far as you will and the invariable answer you will get is I was told by so and so.

A friend whom I met on the street the other day suggested in re the city dog law that it would be the proper thing for the city to supply the numbers to be attached to the dog's collars. This is only reasonable. Other cities do it and if the aldermen are going to quit drawing the annual fee of \$100 out of the contingent fund that fund will be able to stand the expense of a few numbers, and if not double the present amount of the license fee. But in the name of all that is good let us have the law carried out. The Chief of Police told an alderman a short time ago that the number of dogs as reported by the police was correct and that the work was thoroughly done—that is the work of hunting up stray dogs. I would like to ask the chief how any policeman, and we have some clever as well as some very stupid policemen, is going to ascertain how many vagrant dogs there are. That the men do the best they can to find out I do not doubt, but if the law were properly carried out then they could ascertain at a glance whether the dog had a legal right to prowl or whether a man's adventure in an advertisement he could be "took up" and exterminated as a nuisance. Were the law strictly carried out for a few months we would soon be rid of all our vagrant dogs. I hope the Chairman of the Police Committee and His Worship the Mayor will not forget this matter.

As the time approaches for the jubilee celebration new ideas are constantly being developed. The Polymorphians are making rapid progress with their part of the show, but up to the present time they are not in a position to clearly define their ideas. Their show will, however, be a creditable one, and one long to be remembered in this city. What the outcome of it all will be I do not know. Perhaps they will ally the triangular lot north of the present Haymarket Square and finish the park they started in 1863. But that is more anon. The prospect for a first class regatta are not so good as they might be, owing to the inability of the men to commence training. However they will have two weeks to stiffen up their muscles and prepare for the contest. The scull races will be spirited affairs from present prospects. I have not heard how the cricket and athletic club are making out with their proposed game of cricket but what this club has undertaken to do lately they have carried out to perfection. They militia officers are working actively and the men have entered upon their drill this year with greater enthusiasm than usual, so that there is every reason to hope that the military display will be the most imposing that has been witnessed in St. John since the departure of the regulars. Of fire works and things of that kind we will have plenty. The civic display in this direction will excel anything that has ever been attempted and should alone be the cause of bringing crowds to the city.

Jubilee week from all appearances will be a day of unusual dissipation. Every day brings news of some new attraction. The latest thing is the performance of Ours, a very attractive military drama, by the officers of the Sixty-Second Fusiliers. The officers have leased the Exhibition Building and are now fitting it up. A stage 70 feet long is being erected at one end of the building and seats are being put in so as to make all who go to see Ours perfectly comfortable. It is the intention to bring in the entire battalion and march them past on the stage. This sight is certain to arouse the enthusiasm

of the audience, particularly when the men they see in the distance are bound for the Crimea. Ours is a thoroughly English play and on that score alone will be highly appreciated. All effects possible will be introduced to make the play a success. Several young ladies will assist the officers in making the entertainment a success in every way.

I have been a good deal about the city during the past few weeks and I am glad to mention that I have never seen the streets of St. John look as well as they do at the present time. The gutters are clean, and in dry weather the streets have been well watered. There are numerous repairs needed to place the streets in the condition they should be, and these I am quite sure Superintendent Martin will have that done just as soon as possible. But regarding the cleaning there is no question that it is better done this year than ever before and the appearance of the city proves it.

The St. George's Society intend celebrating the Jubilee in a very sensible way. They will meet together at some convenient place in the city, most likely the Court House and headed by a brass band will march to Trinity Church, the rectory of which is chaplain of the society. A sermon appropriate to the occasion will be delivered, after which the bust of the society are having out by Mr. John Rogerson will be unveiled. An effort is being made to have this ceremony most impressive and in every way suited to the occasion and the place. While the bust is being unveiled the band and organ will play the national anthem the congregation joining in. The corporations of St. John and Portland have been invited to join the society at the church. It is also intended to forward a congratulatory address and a portrait of the bust to Her Majesty. I am glad that the bust is the work of a St. John sculptor.

E. A. Tonzall, head of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad Company, is said to be the only cross-eyed Railroad President in the country.

The two leading men in Europe to-day are the picturesque Boulanger and the matter-of-fact Bismarck. The former is romantic and the latter rheumatic.

It is said that when John L. Sullivan was in Leadville, Col., recently, he went to church one morning and put \$400 on the contribution plate. This would cover a multitude of sinful slugging ordinarily.

George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, has been granted the degree of LL. D. by the Grant Memorial University of Tennessee. Mr. Childs also possesses the degree of A. M. But no degrees, titles or decorations can increase the esteem in which Mr. Childs is held by the public.

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

H. T. Gallup, General Superintendent of the Boston and Albany Railroad, is a striking example of the success which rewards push and fidelity. He began his career as a brakeman on the road on which he now occupies so important a position. He is a man of fifty-five, well built, tall and handsome. He wears a full beard. His success may be said to have been won at Gallup.

John T. Ford, of Baltimore, is one of the most prominent theatrical managers in the country, having been thirty-three years in continuous management. He has built two theatres in Baltimore, one in Washington, and has been interested in others in various parts of the Southern States. A benefit performance was recently rendered to him at his Baltimore Opera-House, which was in the nature of an ovation.

Nina Van Zandt still continues to visit August Spies. In spite of the law she persists in considering herself his legal wife. Spies is but a shadow of his former self. He has lost his spirits, and spends hours in walking gloomily up and down the narrow confines of his cell. He and his companions will have to spend the summer in jail, as the decision of the Supreme Court on their case will not be known until next fall.

Merchant Pittsley lived in Freetown, Mass., a century or more ago. He had pink eyes and white hair. Six of his nine children had the same peculiarities. Living now in the backwoods about Freetown and neighboring places is a race of Albino, descendants of Merchant Pittsley. They seldom emerge from their retirement, but sometimes appear on the streets of New Bedford, Fall River or Taunton. They are known as "Pink-eyed Pittsleys." They are shy and retiring, and their physical peculiarities are likely to be retained for generations.

Notice—I wish to inform my numerous customers that I do not intend to advance the price on any cigars sold at retail. I sell nothing but imported Havana Cigars. Satisfaction guaranteed. —LOUIS GREER, direct importer of fine Havana Cigars, wholesale and retail, 59 King Street.

THE

Saturday

Gazette

IS THE BEST PAPER FOR

SUNDAY READING

Published in the Maritime Provinces.

Every Family should buy it and read it.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Can be had from the following Newsdealers and Booksellers:

J. & A. McMILLAN, Prince William Street.

T. O'BRIEN & CO., King Street.

T. H. HALL, corner King and Germain Streets.

M. L. HARRISON, King Street.

D. McARTHUR, King Street.

E. G. NELSON, corner King and Charlotte Streets.

WATSON & Co., corner Charlotte and Union Streets.

D. JENNINGS, Union Street.

J. D. McAVITY, Brussell Street.

G. A. MOORE, corner Brussels and Richmond Street.

R. W. McCARTY, Haymarket Square.

JOHN GIBBS, Sydney Street.

JAMES CRAWFORD, corner Duke and Carmarthen.

R. A. H. MORROW, Garden Street.

JAMES CRAWFORD, Main Street, Portland.

J. D. ROBERSON, Wall Street, Portland.

R. E. COUPE, Main Street, Portland.

ALBERT McARTHUR, Main Street, Portland.

JAMES MCKINNEY, corner Charlotte and St. James Street.

J. BROWN, Indiantown Post Office.

J. HOBEN, Union Hall, Portland.

WM. ROBERTSON, Exmouth Street.

E. WALSH, corner Clarence and Brussels streets.

D. J. GILLIS, Marsh Road.

KING & IRWIN, corner Princess and Charlotte Street.

THOS. L. DEAN, corner Duke and Carmarthen streets.

RICHARD EVANS, corner Carmarthen and British streets.

L. E. DEFRANCE, Coburg Street.

NEWS STAND Intercolonial Passenger Depot.

W. MALONEY, corner Duke and Sydney streets.

P. DAVIS, Mill Street.

FAIRVILLE

C. F. TILTON.

ST. STEPHEN.

C. H. SMITH & CO.

ST. ANDREWS.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

FREDERICTON.

W. T. H. FENEY.

WOODSTOCK.

G. W. VANWART.

MONCTON.

W. H. MURRAY.

SUSSEX.

H. A. WHITE.

HAMPTON.

DR. MACPHERSON.

ALBERT.

L. M. WOOD.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

T. L. CHADPELL.

EASTPORT.

E. S. WAIDE.

SHEDIAC.

FRED. H. SMITH.

AMHERST.

G. F. BIRD.

ST. MARTINS.

M. KELLY.

YARMOUTH

WM. BYRNE.

Something.

[R. K. M. in Puck.]
I
The cherry blossom are blowing,
For this is rosy May;
The drayman's roughly throwing
Your chattels on the drag;
The lamb is lazily wallowing
Upon the sunny slope,
And man flies comersaulting
Down stairs upon the soap.

II
The bluebird sweet selections
Is singing in the mead;
The hen in all directions
Is kicking up the seed;
And like a precious nugget
The buttercup doth shine,
Where Axminster and drugget
Are beaten on the line.

III
Now windflower and arabas
Licht up the woodland rug—
Unlike the zycasutas,
The blithe potato-bug
In nature eats the limon,
Or any flower prin,
Blue, purple, pink or crimson—
It's all the same to him.

IV
The housewife now is scrubbing
The stoop with vim intense—
The billy goat is rubbing
His sides against the fence;
The dog is joyous rolling
About upon his spine,
And now it is consoling
On lamb and mint to dine.

V
Now May serenely blushes,
And joy's each bosom's guest,
While sing the jays and thrushes
About the new-made nest;
And nature's the despoiler
Of every care and ill,
While Polly puts the boiler
To brew upon the grill.

THE ROMANCE OF A BRAIN.

By JOHN T. COLLIER.

I measured out four tablespoonfuls of brandy and put it into a small bottle. How my hand trembled for, in spite of all my plausible excuses, a voice told me that I was doing wrong. I admitted the wrong, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. A few tablespoonfuls of brandy would only do temporary harm, and perhaps not even that. It might only lull him into a peaceful slumber. When I entered the dim ward I was surprised to find that my husband was sleeping. I sat down beside him, and did not disturb him. I had time to study his features. I thought that his stay in the hospital had improved the expression of his face. He did not look so coarse and cruel as he had done on that awful night. The marks of his teeth were still visible on my arm. I was gazing at him when he suddenly opened his eyes. I could not move; I was awfully passive. His eyes met mine, and we both seemed overcome with amazement. I felt very faint, and was about to utter a cry of terror, when a smile, as sweet and as beautiful as that of a sleeping babe, lit up his countenance. I sat silent, for I was afraid lest words might cloud over the glorious sunshine of that smile. The silence was delicious, but the words that broke it were more delightful. "Alice—my—own—Alice," I heard him whisper, so gently, so lovingly. I was too happy to speak. I stooped down and kissed his lips. "Now, Algie, you must be very quiet. Excitement is very bad for you." He smiled; he clasped my hand and closed his eyes. Tears of gratitude ran down my cheeks. It was all like a wonderful and blissful dream. After a few minutes I heard Algeon murmur softly— "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. No words could have been more appropriate. Certainly, life is full of inscrutable mysteries. "You won't leave me, Alice?" he asked in a tone of yearning entreaty. "No, no, dear, I will stay as long as I can," I said, only too glad to be beside him. "How good and noble you are, my love! Won't you forgive me for being so bad, so cruel?" he said, with tears in his dark eyes. "Yes—yes—I know it was not your fault. You could not help it," I said soothingly. "I believe I was mad," he exclaimed emphatically. "Don't talk any more about it," I urged. Again he slumbered peacefully. The nurse soon came, but I said that I would keep watch for a few hours, as the patient appeared to be so much better. Nowise displeased the girl hastened away, and I was left alone with my dear husband. Daylight began to wane; the solemn and eerie twilight filled the little ward. In the distance I heard the voices of the nurses singing the evening hymn. I was more than compensated for all the misery of the past by the hallowed and ineffable joy of that twilight hour. "Alice, what day is this?" I heard Algeon ask in a whisper. "Sunday," I answered. "Are you happy, Alice?" he asked in a low, earnest voice. "Very happy, Algie—very happy," I replied tremulously. "So am I," he said, as he pressed my hand. After a pause I said, "Now, dear, I must go away." "You will come and see me often, won't you?" he intreated. "Yes, you may be sure of that—and for the present don't tell the nurses our secret," I ventured to say. "I will leave myself entirely in your

hands. I promise to be a good and obedient patient and do all you tell me," he said playfully. I kissed him and stole out of the ward. When I gained my room I fell on my knees and gave vent to my excitement in tears. The change was so incredible, so unexpected, that my joy was almost unbearable. No poor words of mine can describe my feelings. Words are but clumsy and paltry things to depict such supreme happiness. It was a foretaste of Heaven. It is strange that I had no foreboding, no fear that darkness would again descend on my path. I felt confident that Algeon was completely altered in every respect. The human fiend had been converted into a human angel. The wild fierce flash of hatred had vanished from his eyes, and gentles peace and goodwill beamed forth. His voice, no longer harsh and threatening, was subdued. His words were reasonable as they were loving. As I wept, tears of joy blotted out the sad record of the past. Next morning Mr. Hilton was almost crazed when he heard that his patient was able to speak and that there was no serious paralysis. "It's a grand case—a marvellous case," exclaimed Mr. Hilton, as he chuckled and walked up and down my room. "The man seems to be a nice, gentlemanly fellow; says his name is Smith—or at least wishes to be called Smith for the present. I don't care, his name is nothing—but his brain is everything—to me. I must report this case to the Clinical Society; it will open the eyes of those London chaps. They think there's no talent outside London. Ha-ha!" "I hope there is no fear of a relapse?" I ventured to remark. "Fear? Not a bit! Don't torture me Mrs. Vernon. It really is unkind, for I am almost certain that our mysterious patient will recover, and I trust that in future he will not be so quarrelsome." "He has learnt a lesson," I said seriously. "Well, saints and sinners are all alike to a surgeon, and though I am afraid that Smith belongs to the latter class, yet we must not neglect him." "No, indeed, we must do our very best for him, poor fellow!" I exclaimed, with some feeling. "Mrs. Vernon, you are a delightful angel. I don't know what the hospital will do when I take you away—Oh, pardon me!—only you do look so bright this morning, of late you have been very dull and not at all like the real Mrs. Vernon." "Oh! I am very happy and feel very, very, like the real Mrs. Vernon, to day!" I cried gaily. Life is made up of sunshine and shadow. Mr. Hilton was the shadow that darkened my path. In many respects, I know, I am a brave and fearless woman. I have plenty of energy and courage, and yet, I trembled with timidity when I thought of making a full confession to Mr. Hilton. He had been to me a true friend; he desired to be my husband. Had Algeon not made his appearance, I might have been Mrs. Hilton. Some day I should have to tell Mr. Hilton everything, and ask his forgiveness. That painful duty I postponed for the present. I wished him to give his undivided attention to so critical a case, and I desired to keep Algeon from all unnecessary and inopportune excitement. My visits to Algeon were now very frequent. It was my greatest pleasure to sit by his bedside and hold his hand in mine. He did not converse much, neither did I encourage him to tax his strength unduly. The most remarkable feature of his conversation was its deeply religious tone. This was very singular, for though in the good old times Algeon was upright and moral, yet he was anything but devout. But now I could often hear him murmuring texts of Scripture and lines of hymns. To me this was inexplicable, until the nurse informed me that nearly all his quotations had been favourite ones of John Talks. This was certainly a suggestive fact, but I gave little heed to it, as I wished to believe that the great alteration in Algeon's mind and disposition had its origin in intrinsic rather than in extrinsic causes. He told me that he had a very hazy remembrance of past events. He felt as if he had awakened out of a horrible dream. He could remember me leaving Bridgetown. In less than a year he left Barbadoes and went to the United States. He left a capable and trustworthy agent to look after his estate. For years he rambled about from one town to another, leading a wild and dissipated life. He chanced to meet a nurse from Guy's Hospital in New York; from her he learnt that I was in London. He determined to come over and vent his spite and revenge on me. To put me off my guard, he inserted the death-notice in the papers. As, however, he was sent to prison for eighteen months for a savage assault on a gentleman, he was obliged to postpone his journey. Once arrived in England, he soon discovered my whereabouts. He came to Ramsbury for the express purpose of tormenting and disgracing me. But a senseless quarrel and a providential injury ended this strange chapter in his life-history. As days passed away, Algeon grew stronger, and I became brighter and happier. There was something delightfully romantic about our second love-making. The enforced secrecy only made our pleasure the more piquant. It was not without its drawbacks, for on

occasions nurses entered the ward when I was caressing the patient. Of course, being well trained, they said nothing, though they must have been startled and amused. I was glad when Algeon was able to sit up. I brought down my easy-chair, and this was considered to be a rather questionable proceeding. Dr. Veevor was more suspicious and irritable than ever. He rarely spoke to me, and was ever making petty complaints. My position was a trying one, but I knew that soon all my care and trouble would be over; and so I was gay and merry as a young lark. One day Algeon was seated at the window; he was feasting his eyes on the varied landscape, and was longing for the time when he and I might walk arm-in-arm under the shade of the grand old oaks. I looked down at his pale, emaciated face, and, full of loving pity, I stooped down and gave him a good honest kiss. Then I looked up suddenly, and beheld Dr. Veevor gazing at me in mute astonishment. The matron kissing one of the patients! A sneering smile played about his thin lips for a moment; then he turned on his heel, and departed triumphantly. Next day Mr. Hilton came to my room. Very austere and grave was his face. His words were uttered slowly, and with unusual hesitation. I assumed a gay cheeriness, which rather perplexed him. "Your patient seems to be almost well?" I said, with assumed carelessness. "Yes," he muttered, and was silent. After a pause he proceeded to lecture me. "A propos of Smith—I would be very cautious and careful not to put yourself into Dr. Veevor's power. He is not a nice young man; he is as spiteful as he is conceited, and he evidently thinks it positive impertinence for a woman to be impulsive, and ah—hem—indiscreet." "Oh, I suppose the house-surgeon has been telling tales, has he?" I exclaimed defiantly. "Pray, pardon me, dear Mrs. Vernon, if I have annoyed you! I don't pay much attention to what he says. He is blinded with prejudice and envy, and is liable to exaggerate." "In this particular instance I think he has only stated facts," I said very placidly. "And do you really mean to say—?" he asked in a high, strident voice. "That I was kissing your patient? Yes I was; that is quite true," I said unblushingly. "Mrs. Vernon! Mrs. Vernon! Have I been mistaken in you?" he said aghast. "I did not believe it to be possible that you could do such a foolish thing—to use no stronger word—and considering your present relation to me—?" "Why, what harm was there?" I asked with affected innocence. "Harm—harm!" exclaimed Mr. Hilton, astonished and irritated by such a silly remark. "Is there no harm in being familiar with an hospital patient? Why, such a remark is as astounding as your action!" "Oh! I really don't think it any great crime to kiss a patient—when that patient happens to be one's husband!" he gasped, breathless with amazement. "Yes, I am glad to say that our interesting patient is Algeon Vernon, my husband." "But I thought you were a widow?" "And so did I, until he came into the hospital on the last night in March." "And why did you not tell me then?" he asked, in grave wonderment. "Because I hoped he might die, and then I could have married you," I said, with downcast eyes. "But you don't seem to have that desire at present, if one may judge by his acts?" he remarked, with a wan smile. "Ah! a wonderful change has taken place since that night. You, my kindest friend, have wrought that change." "Mrs. Vernon, you might as well be the Sphinx. I don't comprehend your meaning in the least," he cried, completely puzzled. "I will tell you the story of my life, and then you will readily understand everything." When I had finished my narrative Mr. Hilton remained silent. He seemed to be in a deep cogitation, as if each detail of my strange history had entranced him, and had almost mesmerised his mental faculties. He arose from his seat, and aimlessly paced about the room. Suddenly he turned and faced me. With a wistful voice he asked dubiously, "Do you think Mr. Vernon would object to appear before the London Clinical Society? Though I am somewhat piqued at such a question, I could not help laughing. I had imagined that he would pour forth a passionate rhapsody on the cruelty of fate in robbing him of one who was his ideal. But no—he appeared to have forgotten all about our recent romance. Surgery, his ruling passion, conquered and obliterated his ardent affection. What was love? What was such a common, everyday thing as a wife, when compared to such a wondrously remarkable case? Every other consideration waned away into pale insignificance. My chagrin vanished in a peal of laughter, as I said, "Well, I dare say, if I coaxed him, he would not object very much: He owes you a debt that he can never repay." "You see," Mr. Hilton observed, "this is a supremely important case. We can scarcely overrate its significance. It

shows that an injury to the brain may cause a change of temper. This has been observed in other cases which have been reported in the various medical journals. A short time ago I read of a man into whose brain a bullet found its way. He was examining a loaded revolver, and it went off. In a few months this poor fellow was as wild and uncontrollable as a maniac. Indeed, he was committed to a criminal asylum for an attempt to murder an old woman. The surgeon in charge took an interest in this case, and with much boldness and judgment, he trephined and removed the bullet. In one week the man was quite sane and rational. But my case is also psychologically suggestive. It proves that the mind resides in the cells of the brain, just as honey is lodged in the cells of the comb. It also shows that if a portion of the brain of a human being who is in articulo mortis be removed and applied to the brain of a living being, the latter person receives, and exhibits, the marked characteristics of the dead man. I remember reading an address delivered before the British Association by Professor Huxley. In it he tells of a somewhat similar case: Two soldiers were fighting, and they both chanced to slice off completely at the same moment the upper part of the roof of the skull, and a portion of the subjacent brain tissue. They both fell. Immediately, some thoughtful friend applied the detached portions to the heads of these unfortunate men. But, in the confusion, each man got the other's brain. Strange to relate they both relate and, stranger still, they both exchanged dispositions and temperaments. This is almost incredible, and yet when such a great scientific authority mentions it, one can hardly doubt it. Of course, we should never be surprised at anything in this life, and yet one occasionally is a little startled. Here am I asking you to become my wife, and at the same time I am doing my utmost to thwart my intentions by giving you back a husband! Little did I know what I was about! Ah, ah! as good as a play!" "I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Hilton," I said nervously, "I ought to have been more straightforward. But I am sure you—?" "Oh, don't mention it!" he interrupted impetuously. "This case almost compensates me for my disappointment, though it sounds most horribly ungentle to say so. Of course we can remain the best of friends—eh?" "Always. My husband and I owe all our happiness to you, dear Mr. Hilton," I said, with tears of joyous gratitude in my eyes. Algeon and I soon removed to London. We took a pretty villa on the banks of the Thames. Algeon sold his estate in Barbadoes, and got a large sum for it. He was wonderfully changed. He was generous and benevolent, yet his charity was governed by shrewdness and caution. He became an ideal philanthropist, and was beloved by all. Mr. Hilton frequently visited us, and was always made very welcome. The night on which he read his paper before the Clinical Society was a memorable one. It brought him the fame he so richly deserved, and rewarded him in years of patient study. His bold surgery won him the admiration and respect of his medical conferees, and his original and suggestive ideas concerning the relation of the mind to the brain deeply impressed all thoughtful men.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

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

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

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

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

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned. Neither fear of, nor favor for interested ones, will prevent the exposure of any sham, be it either in religious, social or political life. The greatest good to the greatest number, will always be our motto.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country The Gazette will endeavour to consider all important questions in the light of their effect on the country at large, rather than the ground usually taken, their effect on one or the other political party. Honest government at Ottawa, greater economy and less senseless bickering among Provincial legislators, the simplification and cheapening of Provincial legislation generally, and the union of the Maritime Provinces will be the chief planks of The Gazette's political platform.

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

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

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points. The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.

A. G. BOWES & CO. 21 Canterbury Street, DEALERS IN Stoves, Ranges AND Heating Appliances. THE "DUCHESS" RANGE HAS ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, AND IS Highly appreciated by all who use it. CITY RECOMMENDATIONS. CALL AND SEE IT. Stoves taken down, removed and stored for the summer. We make a specialty of Stove Repairs.

TURKISH WOMEN.

How the Ladies of the Harem Spend Their Time.

When in the home or harem Turkish women act more like girls in a seminary than rivals in the affection of their husband. They laugh, chatter, scold, and sometimes slap faces, have their little or big secrets, have favorites, and are jealous of each other; but it is more as children are jealous of a parent's love, and though they will scandalize each other among themselves, they will never betray each other under any circumstances to the husband. They have no morals, know none; never were taught anything except to make themselves beautiful and to pander to their husband's lowest nature. They neither see nor hear anything else, and they have no idea of home, no honor, nor anything which would deter them from wrong except the fear of the sack and the Bosphorus. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that they are brimful of intrigue, and practice deception at every opportunity; and there are always ways which the most jealous Turk can not hinder. Dressmakers' shops and ostensible visits to other harems, the always handy veil, and a hundred other means allow these women full scope for carrying out their plans. No husband can enter his own harem if outside the door stands a pair of women's sandals. The signifies that his wife or wives have ladies visiting there, and he cannot enter as long as they remain. This trick frequently allows the man to be deceived under his very nose, for he is bound to hold his neighbor's wife sacred and not intrude. A Turk is obliged by his religion to cut down any Turkish woman whom he may find conversing with any man in the street or in any public place, unless in the way of trade, for women can buy of men in stores, in streets, or at the bazaar. This rule, however, is not as closely followed as it used to be, or the women have grown too sharp to be caught. The women are generous with their plans, and when they feel that the visit has lasted long enough they clap hands, and the coffee brings a second cup of coffee, and that is the signal. No guest can stay longer than to drink this. Sometimes the time between drinks is decidedly short. The women and children do not address at night, but add a wadded night-robe to the clothes they already have on, and sleep several in one room, and doubtless would suffer dreadfully from the confined air, were it not that Turkish carpenters never have heard of the plumb-line, and so windows and doors all have crevices which supply ventilation. The tales of Oriental magnificence fail to impress one who has visited the best harems, for they are one and all pictures of dirt and wanton extravagance. The only great display is in the amount of rugs and jewelry. On the floors of the general room for the women, or the private suites, it is always the same—cigarette ends, candies, nut-shells, necklaces, gold-embroidered slippers and sashes, and, in short, all sorts of disorder and dirt. And the women are always eating, smoking or lolling about on the divans. For outdoor amusement they go out in boats, in coupes, and sometimes walk, and often are to be seen picnicking in grave-yards, eating off tomb-stones, and sitting on the graves, laughing and chatting together.

Fashion Notes.

A new shade of gray fashionable in Paris is called serpent gray. The tone is not disappearing. On the contrary it is waxing, only it is lower down. The most popular suit just now is of a light gray silky poplin, with a vest of many smooth, soft folds of white Chinese crepe. The new challies are to be had at 16 cents a yard, and make up prettily with velvet of the shade of the little figure that is on the cream ground. For children they are pretty with nut-ton-leg sleeves and gathered gaiters of point d'esprit. All the gray shades are fashionable, more especially the undecided mixed tints, greenish, bluish and pinkish grays. In Paris the latest fancy is to trim these with feather trimming in wide bands of the same shade, or in strong contrast. These are liked for toilets for the races. Linen collars and cuffs are again fashionable worn with wool dresses. The collars are high, straight bands, or else they are turned over in points in front, in the English shape. Feathered ribbons against a fold of crepe lisse come made up in ruches for the neck and are more becoming than the plain ribbon. Cuffs are not so close fitting as the Jersey cuffs lately worn, and at least an inch of the snowy linen shows below the coat sleeve. The fancy is to button the cuffs inside the arm with a single button, not with linked buttons worn by men. Sets of striped blue and pink are much worn. The back hair is now worn only medium high in a small soft coil or braided round and round. The straight bang is

convenient in warm weather, and will be worn again quite short, not covering more than half the forehead. The pointed or curved Russian bang is still popular. Children's bangs are also shorter and not cut half way back on the head as formerly.

Black surah and China crepe dresses are made in pretty combinations with black French lace. Sometimes the surah or crepe forms the basque and back of the skirt, with deeply draped lace aprons held by bows and bristles of moire ribbon, while other dresses reverse this arrangement. A job of lace, with jet pendants or moire ribbon ends in the curves, is the fashionable trimming for the sides and fronts of black silk skirts.

A French fashion is to trim the fronts of skirts with five to eight bands of ribbon velvet an inch and a half wide. These are applied perpendicularly, beginning close together at the top, and flaring broadly at the foot. The spaces between are embroidered or trimmed with beads in elaborate small arabesques. The ends of the velvet ribbon are fastened in a loose loop at the edge of the skirt.

The shoe used for walking in the summer is a long, slender, low-cut tie, with a tip, or entirely foxed with patent leather. These are tied with shoestrings and worn with black, silk-socked, lisle-thread stockings. These are made nearly an inch longer than the foot, and have only a half-high heel, and are thoroughly light, cool and comfortable for walking. For house wear, low slippers of patent leather or with quite low heels, and tied with a little gros-grain bow, are most popular, being worn with silk stockings to match the dress.

Domestic Recipes.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two cups of sweet dried apples, soak over night and chop; two cups of treacle, and let it simmer over two hours; when cold add one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of cream, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of flour, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of cloves and one nutmeg.

FRENCH EGGS.—Boil eight eggs hard; take off the shells and cut them in half; take out the yolks, which put into a large dish with a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, chopped fine herbs, a little salt and grated nutmeg, and a quantity of bread crumbs soaked in milk, and beat up the whole together. With this stuffing fill the hard whites of the eggs, put them in a buttered pie dish and upon them a layer of stuffing; set them in the oven that is brisk for a quarter of an hour, and serve. Boiled cod and mashed potatoes, seasoned, are also a good stuffing for forced eggs.

CORNFLOR PUDING.—One pint of milk, two table-spoonfuls of cornflour, one half-cup of sugar, whites of three eggs, a little salt and flavouring. Beat the eggs to a froth, dissolve the cornflour in a little of the milk, stir the sugar into the remainder of the milk, place it on the fire; when it begins to boil add the dissolved cornflour, stir constantly for a few moments, when it will become smooth paste; add the beaten whites of the eggs and let it remain a little longer to cook the eggs. Pour into a mould.

Household Hints.

BURNING FEEL.—Washing with a solution of borax, or better still, of boric acid, at bedtime, is a sure and quick cure. The same application will relieve almost any cutaneous irritation or chafing, or irritation between the toes.

WHITEWASH.—Slake one-half bushel of nice unslaked lime with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve, and to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then placing it over the fire in a large vessel filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand for a few days covered from the dust. It should be put on hot, and for this purpose it may be kept on a portable stove. A pint of this mixture if properly mixed will cover a square yard of surface. Colouring matter may be added if desired; any colour except green, which will not mix kindly with lime.

TO PREVENT KNIVES FROM RUSTING.—In laying aside knives, or other steel implements, they should be slightly oiled and wrapped in tissue paper to prevent their rusting. A salty atmosphere will in a short time quite ruin all steel articles, unless some such precaution is taken.

TO CLEAN HAIRBRUSHES.—Do not use soap, but put a tablespoonful of hairbrush into the water, having it only tepid, and dip up and down until clean; then dry with the brushes down, and they will be like new ones. If you do not have ammonia, use soda; a teaspoonful dissolved in the water will do very well.

Condensed Love Stories.

Two gypsies were married at Macomb, Ill., recently. When the bridegroom was asked if he took the woman to be his wedded wife he answered: "Just as you say." After the ceremony the man went out of one door and the woman out of another, and they did not appear to be in the least interested in each other. Jim Shanks, a young farm-hand, of

Genesee County, Mich., was smitten with the charms of a pretty school-ma'am in the village, and asked her one evening if he might escort her to an entertainment. She declined the invitation rather curtly, whereupon the enraged gallant smashed all the windows in the school-house. He was arrested and fined for his reprehensible conduct.

A Rockford, Ill., paper says that years ago old Squire Ephraim Sumner, a pioneer settler of Rockford County, once swam across the Peconica River in cold weather and walked in his wet clothing four miles to marry a young couple. All the fee he got was 50 cents; and when he had kissed the bride and said "God bless you, my children," he trudged back to the Peconica with the well-earned coin in his pocket, and swam the stream again to get home.

Will Oakey and Lois Fritz, of Erie, Ill., ran away to get married, but were closely pursued by the girl's father. At Morrison the young couple were refused a license because the girl was only seventeen years old. They then drove to Fulton, where a license was again refused them. As they were leaving Fulton in despair the angry father overtook the young couple in a terrible rage. The would-be bride promptly threw her arms around his neck and pleaded her cause so well that the old gentleman not only forgave her, but actually helped them to get a license and to get a preacher to tie the knot.

An interesting case in the court at Huron, Dak., was recently settled by compromise. An old and well-to-do farmer had set his heart on a fair young widow whom he used to see occasionally when he came into town, but was too bashful to court her. He thereupon offered a handsome young fellow \$100 to do the courting for him, the money to be paid as soon as the parson had tied the knot. The ceremony was duly performed, but the check was not forthcoming, and hence the suit. When the case came up for trial the squire realized that discretion, though it cost \$100, was better than public ridicule, and paid the money to the successful matrimonial negotiator.

NEW GOODS. JAPANESE TOILET SETS, JAPANESE CUPPERS, GALVANIZED CHAMBER PAILS, GALVANIZED BRUSH BOXES, GRANITE IRON TRAYS, VICTOR FLOUR SIFTERS, ROUND DISH COVERS, OVAL DISH COVERS. ROBERTS & CRAWFORD, 109 Union Street.

PROFESSIONAL. JOHN BODEN, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. Office: No. 8 PALMER'S CHAMBERS, Princess St., St. John, N. B. Immediately above the office occupied by the late firm of Carleton & Boden.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D. GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scotland. Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland N. B. Adjoining the Mission Chapel.

JAMES T. SHARKEY, L.L.B., Barrister and Attorney, FREDERICTON, N. B.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR COATS!

This is an entirely new garment; is elastic and warm; adapted for a business, office or house coat, or to wear under an overcoat, and is made by the Knights of Labor. WHOLESALE ONLY. Warehouse: Masonic Building, 94 and 96 Germain Street.

A. EVERITT.

JOHN HANNAH, MANUFACTURER OF Woven Wire Mattresses

Woven Wire Cots.

FACTORY: 35 and 37 WATERLOO ST. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Harry Wilkes.

THE STANDARD-BRED HAMBLETONIAN TRAITING STALLION HARRY WILKES, No. 189, will make the season of 1887, between St. John, Fredericton & Woodstock.

HARRY WILKES is a Bay Stallion, with Black points, foaled in 1875, weight 1285 lbs. Purchased by the Government of New Brunswick in March, 1876, from the late Gen. Sir John W. Pearce, at Louisville, Kentucky.

PEDIGREE: HARRY WILKES was sired by George Wilkes, No. 379; Record 222. His dam was Belle Vice.

George Wilkes was by Hambletonian (10 out of 10) sired by Charles Taylor, of Woodstock, Ontario, and was by Whitehall out of Mag Taylor, which had by North American out of Amos of Arabanham Lincoln. Its ancestors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration—important details of which have hitherto remained unrecorded, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES, which has been followed with undiminished interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum; General O. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosley will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES. "The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady and the Tiger," etc. begins in November. The novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julia Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS!

WE have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets, For Ladies and Misses.

They are highly recommended by the leading medical and scientific men, and the most eminent physicians in the United States and Europe.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 95 KING STREET. 12-27 88 PUGSLEY BUILDING, COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS. DIRECTORY. Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company, M. A. Finn, Wine Merchant, J. C. Mackay, Jeweller, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

GRIP! CANADA'S COMIC JOURNAL. Announcement for the Coming Year. GRIP is now so well known as to require very little of either description or praise. It is THE ONLY CARTOON PAPER IN CANADA, and it is furnished at about ONE-HALF THE PRICE of similar journals in the United States.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS Per Year: HARPER'S BAZAR, \$4 00 HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 4 00 HARPER'S WEEKLY, 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, 2 00 HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers), 10 00 HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 Numbers), 15 00

HARPER'S BAZAR, Direct Importer, MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTH'S OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, RUFFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer, MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTH'S OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, RUFFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

Gents' Furnishings, City Market Clothing Hall, 31 Chateaufort Street.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE CENTURY For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching, and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

By HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY. This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration—important details of which have hitherto remained unrecorded, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES, which has been followed with undiminished interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum; General O. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosley will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES. "The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady and the Tiger," etc. begins in November. The novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julia Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES (with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedral; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers, articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

PRICES. A FREE COPY. Subscription price, \$4 a year, 35 cts a number. Dealers, postmasters, and the publishers take subscriptions. Send for our beautifully illustrated 24-page catalogue (free), containing full prospectus, etc., including a special offer by which new readers can get back numbers to the beginning of the War Series at a very low price. A specimen copy (back numbers) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

Can you afford to be without THE CENTURY? THE CENTURY CO., 12-21-86

1873 1887 GRIP! CANADA'S COMIC JOURNAL. Announcement for the Coming Year. GRIP is now so well known as to require very little of either description or praise. It is THE ONLY CARTOON PAPER IN CANADA, and it is furnished at about ONE-HALF THE PRICE of similar journals in the United States.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS Per Year: HARPER'S BAZAR, \$4 00 HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 4 00 HARPER'S WEEKLY, 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, 2 00 HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers), 10 00 HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 Numbers), 15 00

HARPER'S BAZAR, Direct Importer, MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTH'S OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, RUFFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer, MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTH'S OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, RUFFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

Gents' Furnishings, City Market Clothing Hall, 31 Chateaufort Street.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1886-WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1887.

ON and after MONDAY, November 22nd, 1886, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS..... 7 30 a. m. ACCOMMODATION..... 11 20 a. m. EXPRESS FOR SPOKES..... 4 25 p. m. EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 6 10 p. m.

Trains will Arrive at St. John: EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 7 00 a. m. EXPRESS FROM SPOKES..... 4 35 a. m. DAY EXPRESS..... 7 20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 17th, 1886.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In effect Oct. 24, 1886.

Leave St. John, Intercolonial Station, Eastern Standard Time:

6.40 A. M.—Express for Bangor and points West, and for St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, and Edmundston. 7.45 P. M.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 P. M.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor and points West, and for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls. ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

6.30 A. M.—(Except Monday morning)—From Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston. 10.00 A. M.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 P. M.—From Bangor and points West, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle. LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 A. M.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and points West, Saint Andrews, Saint Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and Fredericton. 3.30 P. M.—For Fairville, and for Fredericton and intermediate points. ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 A. M.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.30 P. M.—From Fairville. H. D. McLEOD, Gen. Manager. F. W. CRAM, Supt. Southern Division. J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., Oct. 20, 1886.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co'y, FOR BOSTON! EASTPORT AND PORTLAND. COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning, will leave Boston at 5.30 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 5 a. m. H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

EXPRESS. The Intercolonial Express Co. (LIMITED). Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Accounts, etc.

Running daily (Sundays excepted), with Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riviere du Loup with the Canadian Express Co. for all points in the Province of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the American Express Co.

For all points in the Eastern and Southern States, Branch offices in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. European Express forwarded and received weekly. Despatch Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for Large Consignments and further information on application to JAMES BRYCE, Superintendent. J. R. STONE, Agent.

THE PEOPLE'S PASTIMES.

There is nothing of importance doing in sporting circles this week. Next week will witness the opening of the rowing season as the boat house of the Neptune Rowing Club will then be in position on this side of the harbor.

The only turf event announced hereabouts is at Messopath Park during Jubilee week. A large number of local horses will take part and the events will all be worth witnessing.

TOMMY.

Sporting Gossip.

The sporting papers all say that the Prince of Wales has been a heavy better at the spring races, and that he has lost a handsome sum of money on Baron at the Derby.

Seventeen yachts, including the Prince of Wales's Aline, have been entered for the jubilee yacht race, which will start from South End pier, London, on June 14th. The Prince of Wales was riding in Rotten Row last week looking very well, but by no means thinner. He usually kept his eyes pretty straight, but not so straight but that he noticed and promptly returned the salute of an artisan who was leaning against the railings. There were crowds of pretty horse-breakers racing and tearing after and all around him as if they imagined that the road to Princely favor lay in being run away with and perhaps thrown in his sight.

English sporting men and bicycle champions says a London correspondent are much moved by the sudden death of the Hon. Ion Falconer of heart disease, at the age of thirty. The correspondent of a sporting paper in speaking of the alleged cause of his death, given by medical men, says: "I am satisfied that his career has been cut short (as in the case of the late Dr. H. L. Curtis, who died a short time ago abroad of the same complaint) by excessive bicycle riding and training. Some six years ago I happened to be at the Crystal Palace, and saw Falconer win the fifty miles amateur championship. The match was ridden throughout at racing speed, and both he and the remaining competitors were at the conclusion apparently utterly prostrated with overexertion and fatigue. To my mind it was a sickening sight, and it struck me at the time that such undue and unnatural exertion if persevered in must inevitably ruin the constitution of the riders."

Says the London Sporting Life: So the Thistle is a dark horse—or yacht? To get to know all about her sailing qualities, or rather, to put it in a more sportmanlike manner, her "racing qualities," she must be touted like a Derby favorite or one of the university eights. She went out on a special trial run on Saturday from Genrock proceeding down to Lamash Bay, where she remained overnight, returning on Sunday. Before leaving she had two additional tons of ballast put aboard. The cutter Vanduara went out with her, and was at once left behind, the Thistle sailing round her again and again on the way down the Firth. The new craft was tried under varying conditions of wind and proved very fast, being exceptionally smart in light winds. The communicator of this information (who of course goes about in peril of his life), adds, it will be remembered, that the weak point with the Galatea and Genesta was their behavior in light breeze.

At Clarksville, Mo., on May 25, Charles P. Dannites walked a mile, square and toe, in 6 minutes and 22 seconds.

Billy Oliver of Harlem offers to row any man in the world one mile straight away on the Harlem River, in best and best gigs, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

Jem Mace writes from England that he and Champion Jem Smith are good friends again, and that he intends to bring Smith to this country to fight all comers.

Malcolm W. Ford, the champion all-round athlete, about whose amateur standing so much has been said, is in training at the Mott Haven grounds of the New York Athletic Club. He will contest in the all-around amateur championship given by the New York Club and in the spring games of that club, as the New Yorks do not recognize such a body as the National Association.

The "Totalisateur," the instrument for recording bets on the system recently adopted by the French Government, was in good form at Longchamps on the 15th ult. On the day of its introduction only 170,000 francs worth of tickets were sold, but by reason of improved facilities there were sold on the 16th 641,000 francs worth of which the Government received 13,000 francs for "public assistance."—[Spirit of the Times.

Another English light-weight has arrived at Boston. He is Jack Mack of Birmingham. He is 26 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and when trained will weigh about 130 pounds. He has fought twice; the last time with Sonny Evers, whom he bested in 100 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 30 minutes. He came here on the invitation of Patsy Shepherd and Jem Carney, who are prepared to match him against any man of his weight in America.

For the past week visitors to Clifton race track have noticed a well-built, good looking young man who went around with Jem Dunn. The young man was the champion middle-weight pugilist;

Jack Dempsey, and now that he has broken his best arm he is learning to make a book on the races, and Champion John L. Sullivan is said to be about to follow in his tracks. Dunn says Dempsey is smart and quick at figures and will make a great book-maker. Jack's only trouble is a little deafness in one ear.

Arthur Chambers says his protegee, Jimmy Mitchell, now matched against Jem Carney, is the only light weight in America who is out for the money and willing to fight. He says Mitchell has been trying for the past two years to get on a match with McAuliffe at 133 pounds for big stakes and the championship, but McAuliffe would not come to time. He says McAuliffe can take Carney's place, provided Shepherd will allow it, as he would rather have Mitchell fight McAuliffe than any one else.

Billy Madden, who is Jake Kilrain's manager, writes to the Sun: "I see by the papers that Sullivan has relinquished the championship of America to Jake Kilrain. Now that Kilrain is the champion of America I will try if we cannot bring about a fight between him and Jem Smith for the championship of the world. Kilrain will come here on Friday, and we will then consult with Richard K Fox as to a match with Smith. Kilrain and myself are willing to go to the other side and fight. If a battle cannot be brought off in England we will go to either France or Spain. If Smith will come to America he will be allowed \$500 expenses, which amount we want to go over to meet him. The fight to be with bare knuckles in a twenty-four foot ring on the turf? The people of New York will have an opportunity of seeing what Kilrain can do when he meets Mitchell on Saturday night at Recreation Rink, 107th street and Lexington avenue.

About Sullivan.

(New York Sun.)

John L. Sullivan is an original, as the Irish have it, if there ever was one. He copies no one. He originated the present style of hurricane fighting, and though he has had, like all innovators, plenty of imitators, he has yet found no equal. His manner of dismissing the claims of Kilrain to the championship is novel, to say the least of it. "I'd like to see the man," says he, "who can make me fight if I don't want to." I'd hate to be the party to undertake it, because Sully does change his mind suddenly sometimes. As for the championship, I'll make him a present of it if he wants it so bad, and he can take it and his dog collar belt and wear it until he is tired of it." Could, contempt, be more sarcastically or sneeringly expressed? There is one thing certain, and that is that Sullivan is determined to take no chances that will interfere with his money-earning capacity. He knows that his arm will not be fit to use for many months yet, and he also knows that if he were to make a match with Kilrain for the championship, even were the fight not to take place for a year, Jake would travel and star on the reputation of being matched against him, and thus divide the attraction with him. Then again, Kilrain is a big, strong fellow, who has acquired a good deal of experience in the last three years, and in a fight to a finish there is no telling what might occur. I may be wrong, but I am firmly of the opinion that Kilrain and no other man, will ever be able to get Sullivan into a ring in a London-style prize fight. Such a contest involves a not less than six or eight weeks' course of training, and that is an ordeal the big fellow will never again submit to, unless it should be in a match with Jem Smith for international honors. Nearly two years ago Sullivan told me that he was growing less and less inclined to train or do any hard work, and certainly circumstances since have not made him any fonder of physical discomfort.

HOTELS.

Hotel Dufferin

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

Royal Hotel,

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

New Victoria Hotel,

ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL!

(LATE ROYAL.) King Square, St. John, N. B. G. RIX PRICE, Owner and Proprietor.

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

Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

W. HAWKER, Druggist, St. John. 110 PRINCE WM. ST.

55. KING STREET. 55 KING STREET. 55

CHOCOLATES 19 1-2c. A POUND. Caramels 20. Mixed Candy 12 1-2. ORANGES 23 CENTS PER DOZEN. 55 KING STREET.

What is Home without a Mother; What's a Girl without a Beau; What's a Beau without some Chocolates? They help to pass the Evening so.

BLUE STORE UNION ST. JUBILEE MIXTURE 15 CENTS A POUND, CARMELS 20 CENTS A POUND, UNION MIXTURE 12 1-2 CENTS A POUND, GUM DROPS 16 CENTS A POUND, ORANGES 23 PER DOZEN.

Grand Sale To-Night! BLUE STORE UNION ST., - - - NEAR SYDNEY.

HAROLD GILBERT'S NEW CARPET WAREHOUSE.

Why this is the best place in the Maritime Province to buy CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

- 1. The Stock is all New, imported this Spring. 2. Bought from the best known makers. 3. Replete with all the Novelties, affording opportunities for selection not to be obtained elsewhere. 4. Comprises Goods in all qualities, from the Cheapest to the Best. 5. Everything marked at lowest living profits, no discounts. 6. The most wonderful values ever shown.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS, HAROLD GILBERT, 54 KING STREET.

If you reside out of town, send for samples. Make your selections early and have your Carpets made and ready to lay at short notice.

STOCK: BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY CARPETS, with Borders Velvet; THREE-PLY, WOOL, UNION and DUTCH CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, MATS, RUGS, MATTING, KENSINGTON SQUARES, FELT SQUARES, CURTAINS, CORNICE POLES, Etc., Etc., Etc.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

KING STREET 55 BLUE STORE UNION STREET

KING STREET 55 BLUE STORE UNION STREET