

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 7.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

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The Gazette.

THE HARBOR COMMISSION.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF AN IMPORTANT SCHEME.

How It Would Affect the City Debt—It Would Clear of Nearly One-Half of the Present Encumbrance.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

The committee of the common council to whom the harbor commission question was referred have entered on their labors. In order that this important question may be better understood we present a brief synopsis of the scheme in this week's GAZETTE.

The question of placing the harbor in commission was first raised in 1874 and after a long discussion in the common council it was decided to apply to the legislature for an act authorizing the council to dispose of its property and privileges in the harbor at any time by a three fourths vote.

The increased receipts last year are due entirely to the increased rate of wharfage charged during a part of the year. Had the same rate of wharfage been charged in 1886 as 1885 the receipts would certainly have been less than in 1885 as the tonnage returns fall to show any increased trade in 1886 over the preceding year.

The extra charge in 1885 is due to the purchase and improvements of the Adams wharf in Carleton and extensive repairs made to the Reeds point wharf. There is also omitted from this list the cost of the repairs to the new pier in 1882 and the purchase of the Hatheway property at that place and on the erection thereof of a steamboat warehouse, all of which were provided for by special assessments and amounts in the total to over \$8,000.

There are no charges for interest in the statement which amounts to somewhere between \$15,000 and \$16,000 a year if the proper proportion of the interest on old city debt is charged to harbor account. Then there are the salaries and commissions which sum up at least \$3,000. Place the interest at \$16,000 and the salaries at \$3,000, and the average cost of repairs at \$5,000 and the total is \$14,000. It does not take very much calculation to see that taking one year with another the harbor costs the citizens something instead of being a source of revenue to them.

It may be asked how the commission could make the harbor pay if the operation cannot? The answer is very simple the city pays 6 per cent. interest and the commission would only need to pay 4 per cent., a saving of at least \$10,000. The effect of placing the harbor in commission on the annual assessment will be shown in a subsequent issue.

sufficient to pay off all the special issues of bonds and the entire old city debt and then leave a surplus of \$10,412. This can be seen at a glance by examining the following statements.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Harbor Debt: \$108,690; Old City Debt: \$36,852; Harbor Purchase: \$305,242; Sinking Fund: \$490,800; Old City Debt: \$115,154.

Leaving a balance on hand of \$10,412. The effect on the West Side debt would be about the same. Leaving a surplus of \$10,500 to meet other debentures due by the West Side.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Amount. 1881: \$20,036 40; 1882: \$2,186 15; 1883: \$20,723 23; 1884: \$20,122 80; 1885: \$30,479 89; 1886: \$1,779 69.

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The Devil and the Barren Woman.

A case of murder of a very novel kind is now being tried by the sub-magistrate of Mhrivadana, in the Madura district. The wife of the accused in this case was believed to be possessed with the devil, and was, in consequence, barren. On consulting the exorcists, the husband was told that nothing short of a human sacrifice would propitiate the devil. It was accordingly arranged among four or five people that a certain person in the village should be brought down near the tank and there killed and offered as a sacrifice. The victim was accordingly brought; arrack and toddy were freely offered to and drunk by him, so that he was soon reduced to a state of utter insensibility. His throat was then cut, and his blood, collected in a chatty, was mixed with some rice, and small balls were made of this and offered to the deity. The people then went to the corpse and cut it into several parts and threw it in the tank; the same was found floating there the next day. The police then made inquiries, and suspecting the above people arrested them. One of the accused has, it is reported, made a clean breast of the whole matter.

THE BALLET IN MISSOURI.

By a Vote of Ten to One St. Louis Decides in Favor of the Airy Dance.

At the opening of the doors, before the performance, a card was presented to every lady and gentleman as they passed in, gotten up by the Republican, to test public sentiment on the subject. The card read: PLEASE FAVOR THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN By voting upon the following question: Should the Ballet be Retained? Ushers will collect ballots after the second act.

There were two blank spaces, one marked "Yes" (in favor of the ballet), and a space for remarks; the other marked "No" and the same space. Many a hand, as it reached for the card carelessly, was clinched tightly as the owner read the face, and a determined look overspread the archaic features of the deacon or pastor.

The ballots were collected by the ushers, only about half the audience availing themselves of the voting privilege. The result was: Yes, 1,823; No, 201. Total vote, 2,024.

The comments were rich, rare, and racy. A few are appended. No. Also low neck dress should go. No. Demoralizes the young men and gives an air of respect to show of forms. Not unless they can wear pants. Its effects on the opera are degrading, and it should be eliminated.

It is against my religious principles. Demoralizing in the extreme. No. Utterly condemn. I think it horrid. Yes. If the dress is in good taste and no effort made at immodest suggestion. Yes. To the pure everything is pure. Yes. When properly clad, but not in bathing costumes. Yes. If ladies would not keep up their hips.

Yes. Don't abolish, 't would be cruelty to hard heads. Yes. It comes high, but we must have it. Yes. The opera is worthless without the ballet. Yes. By all means, thereby affording recreation for the bald heads. Yes. But think of the risk we run; Herodias danced before Pharaoh and John lost his head; if our girls dance before us we will surely lose our heads.

Yes. Because it makes my husband go. Yes. The ballet should be retained and restrained. Yes. I have travelled 140 miles to see it, it would walk the distance to see it again. Yes. It pleases the masses and offends only a few. Yes. But the girls a chance. Yes. A ballet gives a pleasing effect to an opera. Yes. Let the opera go and retain the ballet. Yes. It is a beautiful combination of nature and art. Give me the ballet every time. An opera without it is unlike a circus without a clown. Let us have it by all means. I can see nothing improper about the ballet. If I did, I shouldn't attend opera with a ballet. Inasmuch as the ballet is admired by the ladies, I see no reason for excluding it from the grand opera.

A leading St. John Merchant has imported for this market an unusually high grade of tea. Connoisseurs pronounce it the finest that has ever been brought here. No doubt a ready sale will be found for this tea as St. John people appreciate a good article as well as the people of the larger cities of the West and foreign countries. His enterprise certainly deserves to be rewarded.

The Providence Art Club kept its exhibition open a week longer than was originally proposed. The total number of visitors was 566. There were 13 sales of pictures in the exhibition, which is considered very satisfactory.

Melancholia.

Prof. Goldwin Smith—it is said—is engaged in work that is to bring him enduring fame. Taking lessons in slugging, we presume, or practising for a grand quail-eating saturnalia.

"I was to an entertainment lately," said Jhoanes, "that was pretty fair, but the jokes fell rather flat. They should have been properly rehearsed before the performance." "Rehearsed?" said Week-boane, "Well, yes, I should say so—rehearsed and carried back to the cemetery."

They tell a story of the early steam-boating days on the noble St. John that is worth narrating. It appears that in these days the boats were rather torpid in arriving at their ultimate destination, which delay caused frequent mutterings from the travelling public. Upon one occasion a "down-easter" was a passenger on board the "Heather Bell" bound for Fredericton. The paddles had been pounding water steadily since 9 a. m., and along about 8 o'clock in the evening—pardon me, I mean 20 o'clock—the restive passenger approached the captain and inquired, "What moor we be now, captain?" "Well," responded the wealthy-beaten mariner, "we moor be in Vancouver, or we moor be in Paris, but we ain't, we're at Oromocto."

"Well, haow far's that from Fredericton?" "Oh, only about eleven miles." "Well," responded the passenger, "I guess I'll get out here'n walk the rest o' the way." "But, my dear sir, you've paid your two dollars, and you may as well stay till we get there." "No, sirses, I'm no bog. I'll walk. I ain't goin' to impose on you any longer. Here I am nigh onto fifty year old and I'll be dinged if I ever got as much riding on a steamboat for \$200 in my life before! Say, stop your old caravan and drop me off here. I'll walk!"

Two friends were discussing the feasibility of leaving the paternal firesides, with all the cherished ties and kindly associations that cluster around the old homes wherein they have grown from happy, innocent childhood, free from care and sorrow, to young manhood, and starting out to take a tilt with outrageous fortune upon life's broad battle-field. One of the young men is a drug-clerk, while the other is a student of law. The former explained the flamboyant dangle of his genius before the world through the medium of the humorous (?) press of this, our fair land.

They had not settled upon what avocations they would pursue when they reached the golden shores of the Pacific, when A. said to B., "Well, I'll tell you what we can do. You can get on some paper as contributor, and then the wounded can be brought to my drug-store."

Art and Artists. John Donoghue, the sculptor, whose large "Nympha" has just received a special place in the Paris Salon, and whose splendid statue of the "Young Sophocles" attracted so much attention at the recent Academy of Design exhibition in New York, is at present in Boston engaged on a portrait bust of a lady. This is said, by those who have seen the incomplete work, to be a rare piece of artistic portraiture.

S. H. Morse of Boston is modelling a bust of President Cleveland. The American exhibition in London is to have a grand cyclorama of New York city and harbor prepared by Bartholdi. Samuel Cousins, E. A., the late engraver, was born in 1801, and for a while was the best of English engravers. He worked faithfully and lived sparsely, so that one day he was able to draw a check for \$75,000 to the order of the Royal Academy for the purpose of founding scholarships for poor artists. Seven artists now receive \$400 apiece from this fund. Cousins retired from the Academy in 1880.

William Cooper, a Tennessee artist, gives the Legislature of his State notice that he will "deny his nativity" and go and live elsewhere unless the odious tax on artists is repealed. The Nashville American clamors for the name of the legislator who suggested the \$87.50 tax on Tennessee artists.

W. A. J. Claus of Boston, who has been in India for two years past, has received a commission to paint a full-length, life-size portrait of the Rajah of Doornzon, which will defer his departure for home one month.

The Art Association building, Brooklyn, narrowly escaped serious damage by fire last week. In it collections of paintings belonging to George I. Seney and S. V. White's portrait of the late Henry Ward Beecher Mr. White values the portrait of Beecher at many thousands of dollars. It was painted by A. J. Conant. Mr. Seney's collection contains 136 pictures of many celebrated artists, and the value is estimated at \$250,000.

IDAHO'S HEROINE.

Her Name is Theresa Tallert and She is Death to Thieves and Robbers.

A year ago a wonderful story of the gallant fight of Theresa Tallert with her flock of Angora goats on the Little Lost River was circulated far and wide in American and even French papers. The story set forth how, late one evening in her cabin in the foothills of Eastern Idaho, she was awakened by animals racing round in the stockade adjoining, how she arose, and with a hand axe and her dog Bager, she stole out in the moonlight to find the lions in pursuit of her goats; how, nothing daunted, she attacked them and out one to the bone with her axe, injured others, and caused the whole, some six in all, to flee over the stockade wall. But the next morning the brave girl discovered that the throats of many of the dead had been cut, for fifty of them lay dead on the ground.

"Well, our girl's been making another record," said A. J. Bruner of Honston, Idaho, to an Examiner man, "and she got in her work in fine style, the usual way with her. She never lets up on a job until it's completed artistically."

"What's she been doing now?" "Had another fight with mountain lions. You see, a year ago after Theresa's fight with them, O. B. Hawley and other raisers of Angora goats, those who had suffered losses, put their heads together and organized a posse to kill them off. They killed a great many and pretty well cleaned them out, it was thought. For some months thereafter there were very few of them seen around, and these were very wary. Lately, however, the lions have come to the front. The foothills have seemed to be swarming with them. They again invaded the stockades and sucked the blood of the goats whose throats they cut. Miss Tallert, who had lost some more of her flock, and knew that the lions came around there quite often at night, got a couple of Winchester's and loaded them with buckshot a few nights ago. Then she dug out the chinking between the logs on the side of her cabin next to the stockade, and at this port-hole she took up her station. Well, in five nights in this way she killed thirteen mountain lions, and she says she is not through with them yet. Herred of goats comprise some 600 in all, and perhaps thirty or fifty of these have been killed in the last month or two."

Miss Tallert is a German girl who has been ranching on the Little Lost River for three or four years. The country round there is good for Angora goats, and she got her start by working first for wages for A. J. Bruner, who is the biggest grower in that region.

The Old Man Did the Square Thing. A Chicago attorney went West in the fifties, and settled in a little town in Oregon. Being the only lawyer there he was something of a wonder, and was regarded with considerable reverence as the only man who could make a speech. He was called upon one day to defend a notorious horse thief, and found court in session in a shanty that was court room in one end and saloon in the other. The judge was a namer, and the jury consisted of a half-dozen rough ranchmen. "Well, boss," said the judge, "since yer here I 'spose we might as well begin. This yer cuss has been stealin' hosses, hain't he, pard?" a grunt of assent convicted the prisoner, and he was sentenced to stretch before the lawyer could say a word. He finally cut in, "demanded a formal trial, and, on this being refused, asked to make a plea for the fellow's life to this the justice said: 'Well, do yer talkin' to me, an' boys you jest take this cuss an' hain't him an' I'll listen to the other one.'"

The lawyer, not thinking that the sentence would be executed at once, pleaded with the judge, who solemnly heard it all, and finally said: "That's a damnation fine speech, but I'm gettin' a little dry, an' I propose we 'ourn court and take a drink, an' then see what the boys have been a-doin'."

They did so, and on going a short distance from the slummy saloon the defendant dangled in the air and not a soul in sight, the jury having adjourned to a saloon after serving as executioners. "He's done fur," said the court, "now you jest come along with me an' we'll see that cussed old man he sent fur you to do the talkin', an' sort o' break it to him."

The father of the defendant was found at his slack smoking a pipe, and the court said: "This is the fellow as made the speech fur the young 'un. Gave him a good send off."

"Give me your hand, pard," said the old man, "so yer spoke right up for the kid, did yer?" "Yer bet he did; talked right to me while the rest was a-stringing the young fellow up."

"Mighty glad to hear 't. Put the boy through all right?" "Yer bet."

"Said he was a terror?" "Shore."

"Said he'd stole forty hosses?" "Mor'n a hundred."

"Talk long?" "Bet. Didn't give me no chance to see the fun. Made a jimminy crackin' speech."

"Course 't didn't save him?" "O, no. They wuz hangin' him while I wuz list'nin'."

"Gimme your hand, pard," said the old man. "I swan I gave him a big trial; better'n any man ever had afore in these parts. Here's the dust," and the young lawyer got his first fee.

THE BRITISH COINAGE.

Provisions for the Designs of Pieces, New and Old.

Queen Victoria's proclamation as to the new coin states that it has been thought fit to order that it be called a double florin, that it should be of the standard weight of 349.0000 grains, and of the fineness of thirty-seven fortieths fine silver and three fortieths alloy, and should pass and be received as current and lawful money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at the rate of 4s. or one-fifth of a pound; and that every such coin should have the same obverse and reverse impression and inscription in all respects as the florin, with a graining upon the edge. The proclamation ordains that the said pieces of money, so coined and to be coined, shall be current and lawful money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The proclamation further contains a series of provisions determining the designs for the several coins. Every 25 piece, every 22 piece, every sovereign and every crown is to have for the obverse impression the royal effigy, with the inscription: "Victoria D. G. Britt. Reg. F. D.," and for the reverse the image of St. George armed, sitting on horseback, attacking the dragon with a sword, and a broken spear upon the ground, and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. Every half sovereign is to have for the obverse impression the aforesaid effigy, with the inscription "Victoria Dei Gratia," and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in a garnished shield, surmounted by the royal crown, with the inscription "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. Every half crown is to have for the obverse a similar impression and inscription to that on the half sovereign; and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom, contained in a plain shield surrounded by the garter, bearing the motto: "Honi solet quicquid proderit," and the collar of the garter, with the inscription: "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. There are other regulations determining the designs of the smaller coins. The proclamation came into operation on the 13th ult.

He Swallowed Forty Knives.

In one of the two museums at Guy's Hospital is a little glazed frame or box, in which, says The Gazette, are contained some scraps of rusty iron. They are associated in a very intimate degree with the personal history of one John Cummings, an American sailor, who at the close of the last century, and at the age of about twenty-three, went ashore on the coast of France with some of his shipmates. They went to a fair, where they saw a mountebank amusing a company by swallowing pocket-knives. They were simple souls, those sailors, Yankees though they were, and never a doubt had they, apparently, that the mountebank's performance was a genuine one. When they got back to their ship Cummings writes to have pool-ploored the achievement of the Frenchman, and vowed he could do the same if he liked; whereupon his shipmates dared him to try. Not liking to back out of it after his boasting, and "having a good supply of grog inwardly," he at length took out his own pocket knife, and slipped it down his throat with the greatest ease. Partly by its own weight, and partly by a little hydrostatic pressure, which Cummings naturally enough supplied by more grog, the knife made its way down into the stomach, and no particular uneasiness was experienced. Proud of his shipmates' admiration, the reckless tar declared that he was ready to swallow all the knives on board ship, and three more were instantly produced, and it is stated that he actually bolted them all. For six years he made no more experiments of the kind, but later on he repeated them frequently with the utmost unconcern. At length he had to seek medical advice. The doctors at first refused to believe the story, and looked upon him as a monomaniac. When they were induced seriously to examine him, they clearly detected a metal point projecting through the walls of the stomach. His state was at once pronounced hopeless, and he died, and from his ill-used stomach were removed the forty or fifty scraps of metal displayed here at Guy's.

Origin of Honeymoon.

It may not be generally known, says a writer in the Epoch, that the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking for 30 days after marriage of methelin, mead or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila, a celebrated King of the Huns, who boasted of the appellation, "The Saviour of God," is said to have died on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on

by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feasts.

The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin, in "The Honeymoon," thus refers to it:

That truth is manifest—a gentle wife Is still the sterling comfort of a man's life; To foals a torment, but a lasting boon To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.

FUN THAT IS RISKY.

Young Women Who Have Very Impoverished Photographs Taken.

Here's something that we've all known right along, but we've all hesitated to acknowledge we know, writes a New York correspondent of the Baltimore American. Now that somebody has said it, and especially since that somebody is the bright, clever author of "Bab's Babble," why, there's no harm in repeating it: "The newspapers are making a great row about some not very nice photographs that were taken of some very foolish schoolgirls. The Society for the Suppression of Vice would open its eyes if it could see some of the photographs taken by the amateurs. Women not in the swim may be devious to risk going to a professional, but Miss Prudence, who drops her eyes so prettily and looks so shy, has the wisdom of this generation. Her own most intimate friend—a woman, of course—will take her with or without any amount of costume she may desire, give her the negative, and there is not the slightest danger of any trouble afterward. Mademoiselle may think she looks her best in a tight fitting silk vest, a Gainsboro hat, a black lace umbrella, silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. The amiable friend will take the photograph in this costume. Miss Prudence is delighted, the friend is given some little bijou or made one in a pleasant party, and a couple of years from now Miss Prudence will show Tom, Dick or Harry, whichever one she may choose to marry, this delightful picture of herself, and assure him that his eyes are the first that have ever rested upon it. This may be true. Miss Prudence may have had her little laugh all to herself; or it may not be true, and if Tom, Dick or Harry belong to a club among whose members mademoiselle had an extensive acquaintance, the husband may trouble himself to find out what degree his sweetest one had fibbed to him. It is a little way woman have. Men know they do it to every other man, but no one likes to discover that he has been deceived. If Miss Prudence would take advice, she would wait until she is madame, and then let monsieur take her photograph. Though, by the by, they say that a divorce is being got for this very reason; that monsieur had a weakness for taking madame in a costume peculiar to the Garden of Eden, and that after a while madame kicked. How little sense she showed! If monsieur had the photographing craze, it is much more moral to take his own wife as Eve than to ask this favor of somebody else's, and really I feel as if that woman had absolutely taken a stand against good morals."

English Fashions for June.

Old pink—according to "Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion"—is the most fashionable colour for bonnets, and is used in ribbons, gauze, flowers, feathers and crepe, either as the foundation or for the trimming. A good model is a small flat-crowned capote covered with gold embroidered lace, a pleating of the lace forming a crest up the centre of the back, and a fan pleating in front falling over the centre part of a folded brim of dark old-pink velvet, which rests on the hair. Very ladylike hats are made of Leghorne straw with tall crowns, and brims bent in various directions, and covered and lined with drawn black lace. The trimmings are a plume of small feather tips in straws or any other light colour, falling in front from the top of the crown, and two or three detached butterfly bows of narrow ribbon velvet. Etamine, and other openwork and transparent fabrics, are worn in all shades, but beige is by far the most fashionable color. Striped etamine and voile also made up with plain faille or sicienne. Flounced skirts, in lace and in silk, are growing in favour, and the flounces are either carried all round the skirt or placed in front only. Amongst the prettiest and most practical of the prevailing modes are the coquettish little jackets and open bolices made of all kinds of material, and worn with skirts made of entirely different fabrics, but with which the most harmonious. These bolices are worn with morning and with evening toilettes, but although little difference is made in the materials employed, the styles adopted for the two occasions vary considerably. The jacket worn at the breakfast table is frequently loose in shape, while that intended for evening wear fits the figure closely and is more like a bodice. Two colours are often combined in these bolices; thus a jacket of wallflower-colored sarah has pale-blue embroidered revers, and opens over a chemisette of pale-blue crepe lisse or of white lace. In many houses in this city bathrooms are dependent for light and ventilation upon small windows opening into hallways and corridors. There is not, it is believed, at present any law which can reach "this atrocious structural blunder." There certainly ought to be one.

RICH, BUT UNHAPPY.

Some Wealthy Men Whose Lot is Not Envidable.

I believe that there is more deception about the happiness of the average millionaire than the most skeptical of us imagine, writes Blake Hall. Last Sunday I went to a Baptist church presided over by an old-fashioned clergyman whom I heard first when I was six years old. He isn't exactly the fashion, but he preaches sermons of the good old, orthodox style that are to me more acceptable than the vain frippery and resonant conceit of the town preachers. The usher took me half way up the aisle, and I sat down behind a man who was perhaps 48 years of age. He wore the conventional frock coat. I was struck first by the magnificent contour of his head. It might have been modelled after that of the greatest of the Caesars. But he looked colorless, his eyes heavy and his brow wrinkled. From every quarter of the church eyes were trained at him from time to time. What struck me particularly was his restlessness. It seemed an utter impossibility for him to remain quiet, even for an instant. He shifted his seat, twisted his head and twitched his fingers all through the service. I have no doubt he would have suggested such a sentiment on my part, but I must say that I pitied him—and, between you and me, it's an exceedingly pleasant thing to be able to pity a man who is worth \$100,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller is the head of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the rich men of the world; but I would not take his nervousness, responsibility and ill-health if the capital stock of the whole of the big monopoly went with it. Another millionaire who is somewhat known about in hotel corridors and clubs, lonely, crabbed and curd. One after one his friends have left him, till now not even an old school-fellow looks at him as he passes by. He is a rich drunkard, and nothing more. The vice has brought out all that is repulsive in his character, and driven even his family from him. Russell Sage entered an elevated car the other day and sank into a seat near the door, looking like a frowzy and ill-kempt farmer. I wondered at the time if the valley of ill-natured remarks that greeted his arrival reached the old miser's ears. Perhaps poverty has some advantages after all.

COLLARS.

How a Man Goes About Buying Them and the Fuss he Makes.

They say women make a great fuss about their shopping. Well, they do. But how about this sort of thing?—and you can hear it any day in any haberdasher's shop: Man (entering, and gazing vaguely about him, as if he wondered where the rhinoceros was kept)—I—I— Clerk (affably)—Yes, sir; anything to-day, sir? M.—I want a—[long pause]—want a collar. C.—Yes, sir. Stand-up, sir? M.—Eh? C.—Stand-up or turn-down, sir? M.—Oh, stand-up, I guess. Yes, stand-up. C. (running his hand over a wall of green boxes)—Whoojeray? M.—What size, sir?—sixteen? M.—Sixteen? No—that ain't my size. Lemme see—fifteen-and-a-half, I guess. Fifteen-and-a-half or fifteen—or maybe it's sixteen. I never can remember. C. (measuring him)—Sixteen, sir; I think you'll find that's right. M.—Suppose I ought to write that down. That would be a good scheme, wouldn't it? C.—I should think it would be a first-rate idea, sir. Tain't much to remember, though, when you come to think of it. M.—Oh, that's all right. C.—Delish style, sir? M.—Yes—now—oh, pshaw! what is that name, now? I can't remember. C.—"Mastodon," praps? M.—No, I guess not. Began with A. C.—"Asterisk," wasn't it? M. (brightening up)—"Asterisk"—yes, that's that style in six years, sir. Oh, yes, I've got it—the "Aspasian," yes, I remember now. C.—All out of "Aspasian," sir—haven't handled that style in six years, sir. 'Twas n't a linen collar anyway—only made in paper. M. (with a leaden gloom on him)—Guess I was mistaken. Whotter you got there?—Le's see. C. (displaying collars)—Here's the "Criterion"—cut kinder high in the back, but it goes. M.—(recovering himself)—It don't go with me. I ain't a lamp-post. Show me a collar. I don't want a Japanese screen. C.—How's this—the "Mikado"? M.—(recovering himself)—It don't go with me. I ain't a lamp-post. Show me a collar. I don't want a Japanese screen. C.—Here's the "Swiveller"—know why it's called so? M.—Nah. C.—Cause of the flip. Turns over in front—see? M.—Nerly!—Turn it over that side of the counter. C.—Yes, sir. How does this suit? M.—Ain't a kidder? I don't want to show my chest-protector. Haven't you got anything higher than that? C.—Here's the "Opera." That comes perfectly high; but we must have it. M. (grimly)—Ain't letting out space for advertising on my collars. Gimme something to put around my neck. C.—How'll this sucker? M.—Too Bowersy, altogether! I don't wear a red shirt and one suspender. C.—It's called the "King of the Dudes"

—one of the latest things we have in stock.

M.—Oh, well, I don't want to be always trying these new things. I like to get a collar that I can stick to, and wear right along. Something I can get every time I call for it.

C.—Yes, sir. You don't remember the name of any particular style, that used to be sucher, do you?

M.—Well, I've been hunting for the sort of thing I wanted for years—never got just the sort of collar I wanted, yet. H, there—that's a good one! Lemme see that one.

C.—This? That's the "Criterion"—same one you looked at a while back.

M.—Is it?—guess that wasn't the one I meant. No—there it is. Why didn't you show me that one before? Now, that's a white man's collar—neat and quiet—just what I wanted.

C.—Nice collar, sir. How many?

M.—Eh?

C.—How many, sir? Dozen?

M.—Dozen? No—guess I don't want a dozen, Lemme see—oh, well, gimme one, just to try how it goes with the boys. Then, if I want more, I can come back and get 'em. Whoojeray the name was?

C. (rolling one collar up)—"King of the Dudes"—fifteen cents, please. Cash!

M. (mechanical producing a quarter)—What's that?

C.—King-of-the-dudes. Thank you, Cash! Fifteen [Curtain].—[Puck.

A Woman in Man's Clothes.

That distinguished novelist who wrote "Indiana" and "Constance" (says a Paris correspondent) was fond of walking about Paris attired in man's clothing. It was a weakness to which no one paid attention, as Georges Sand was an erratic woman of genius, and geniuses have a free charter to do things which would cause the social ostracism of minor mortals. The conduct of the celebrated writer has lately been imitated by French women, who have rather scandalized even easy-going and unpuritanical Parisians by appearing in public clad in the masculine costume. The greatest sinner in this respect has been a Madame Dienlaffoy, a lady who was not long ago decorated with the Legion of Honor for her intrepid travels and explorations, in company with her husband, in the East. She appeared in a fashionable theatre the other night dressed as a fearfully and wonderfully got-up "dude," with Mephistophelian boots and a pair of inexpressibles made according to the latest spring fashion. To complete her personal misadventure, she wore the ribbon with which she had been recently decorated. Rumor has it that the Prefect of Police, shocked by the prevailing taste for transgressions evinced by the fair sex—a taste which reached its apogee when the lady alluded to posed as a superchic in the theatre—has furnished up an old legal weapon which was first manufactured in the ninth year of the First Republic, and improved upon in 1857. This empowers the police to arrest any woman found wearing male apparel, out of Carnival time, unless she be in possession of a certificate signed by the proper authorities to the effect that she uses man's costume for purposes of health. Madame Dienlaffoy may have had such a permission as a traveller, but she was sadly to blame for making herself so conspicuous by appearing in a box at the theatre arrayed like an ultrachic.

The Shoulder and the Calf.

Of late years our eyes have grown accustomed to the manly calf which has been covered for a half a century. A "fine leg" used to be a very essential part of gentlemanly perfection, and we find it dwelt upon in old plays and romances as the manly counterpart to feminine beauty of face. Perhaps the age which in reviving many sports, has brought back the higher type of physical perfection—lost in half a century of effeminacy—will see the revival of the old style of dress. When men or women are well developed, despite the law given to Adam, they are apt to show it. Our great-grandmothers did a deal of work at spinning and mending, in the kitchen and dairy—even at the wash-tub. Our great-grandfathers rode horseback, walked, hunted, and fished. So the plump dames were very decolate, and the tight silk stockings exhibited the swelling limb. Then came the degenerate period of inactivity. Work was no longer necessary, the excitement of active sports had not been discovered by our new civilization, and the physical decadence was felt by the fashion-makers; up went the tucker over gaunt shoulders; down came the trousers over pipe-stem legs. How would the young men of the feeble sort which was the fashion five-and-twenty years ago, have been able to sport inexpressibles and hose? Now we have polo and tennis and cricket, rowing and racing, hunting meets all the season, toboggan and rink for men and maids. The fair shoulders burst forth again, the knickerbocker exhibits the stalwart muscles once more.

A Matter of Life and Death.

"You are very late, doctor," said the sick man, feebly. "I expected you an hour ago. I am afraid the delay may prove serious."

"I am very sorry," responded the physician, "but I got into an argument over the relative merits of the old and new school of medicine, and couldn't get away."

A new fashion in gloves is a gant de Suede, which is of a deep, soft red called sang de boeuf, with the stripes between the fingers of white kid. Others in heliotrope are made in the same way and the latest addition in the color of gloves is the tint called honeysuckle.

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Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. 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 Eliot," by Julia Margruer; "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. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schuyler, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Harshorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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

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

**"Two Sinners."**

There was a man, it was said one time,  
Who went astray in his youthful prime.  
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet  
When the blood is a river that's running riot?  
And the boy will be boys, the old folks say,  
And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told  
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,  
And the Christian people threw open the door  
With a warmer welcome than ever before.  
Wealth and honor were his to command  
And a spotless woman gave him her hand,  
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers  
A bloom,  
Crying, "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray,  
In the rosy dawn of life's young day.  
She had more passion and heart than head,  
And she followed blindly where fond love led:  
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide,  
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,  
But no door opened to let her in.  
The preacher prayed she might be forgiven,  
But bade her look for mercy in heaven.  
For this is the law of the earth, we know,  
That the woman is scorned, while the man may go  
A brave man wedded her, after all,  
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."  
Ella Wierleka Wilcox.

**DAWN:**

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

(Continued.)

Then came a dreadful hush, and the shadow of death came down upon the house and brooded over it. The men-servants moved to and fro with muffled feet, and the women wept, for in a way they had all loved the imperious old man, and the last change had come very suddenly. Philip's brain burned; he was consumed by the desire of action. Suddenly he behought him of his wife upstairs: after what he had just passed through, no scene with her could disturb him—it would, he even felt, be welcome. He went up to his room where she was, and entered. It was evident that she had been told of what had happened, as both she and Pigott who was undressing her, for she was weeping out, were weeping. She did not appear surprised at his appearance; she shook of the old man's death extinguished all surprise. It was he who broke the silence.

"He is dead," he said.  
"Yes, I have heard."  
"If you are at liberty for a few minutes, I wish to talk to you," he said, savagely.  
"I, too," she answered, "have something to say, but I am too weary and upset to say it now. I will see you to-morrow."

He turned and went without answering, and Pigott noticed that no kiss or word of endearment passed between them, and that the tone of their words was cold.

Soon after Philip got down stairs, the doctor came. Philip met him in the hall and accompanied him into the study where the body was. He made a rapid examination more as a matter of form than anything else, for his first glance had told him that life was extinct.

"Quite dead," he said, sorrowfully, "my old friend gone at last. One of a fine sort too; a just man for all his temper. They called him 'devil,' and he was fierce when he was younger, but, if I never meet a worse devil than he was, I shall do well. He was very kind to me once, very. How did he go; in pain, I fear?"

"We were talking together, when suddenly he was seized with that attack. I got the medicine as quick as I could and tried to get it down his throat, but he could not swallow, and, in the hurry, the glass was knocked by a jerk of his head, right out of my hands. Next second he was dead."

"Very quick, quicker than I should have expected. Did he say anything?"  
"No."  
Now, just as Philip delivered himself of this last lie, a curious incident happened, or rather an accident that is apt to occur to a person who has just told a lie. The corpse distinctly moved its right hand—the same that had been clasped over the old man's head as he denounced his son.

"Good God!" said Philip, turning pale as death, "what's that?" and even the doctor started a little, and cast a keen look at the dead face.

"Nothing," he said. "I have seen that happen before when there has been considerable tension of the muscles before death; it is only their final slackening that is all. Come, will you ring the bell, they had better come and take it upstairs."

This sad task had just been performed, and Mr. Caley was about to take his leave, when Pigott came down and whispered something into his ear that evidently caused him the most lively astonishment. Drawing Philip aside, he said:

"The housekeeper asks me to come up and see Mrs. Carefoot, whom she thinks is going to be confined. Does she mean your wife?"  
"Yes," answered Philip, sullenly, "she does. It is a long story, and I am too upset to tell you now. It will soon be over the country I suppose."

The old doctor whistled, but judged it advisable not to put any more questions when suddenly an idea seemed to strike him.

"You said you were talking to your father when the fit took him, was it about your marriage?"  
"Yes."  
"When did he first know of it?"  
"To-day, I believe."  
"Ah, thank you," and he followed Pigott upstairs.

**CHAPTER XII.**

When the doctor had gone upstairs, Philip went into the dining-room to eat something, only to find that food was repugnant to him—he could scarcely swallow a mouthful. To some extent, however, he supplied its place by wine, of which he drank several glasses. Then, drawn by a strange fascination, he went back into the little study, and, remembering the will, he thought himself that it might be as well to secure it. In taking it off the table, however, a folded and much erased sheet of manuscript was disclosed. Recognizing Bellamy's writing, he took it up and commenced to read the draft, for it was nothing else. Its substance was as follows:

The document began by stating that the testator's former will was declared null and void on account of the "treacherous and dishonorable conduct of his son Philip." It then, in brief but sweeping terms, bequeathed and devised to trustees, of whom Philip was not one, the unentailed property and personality to be held by them; firstly, for the benefit of any son that might be born to the said Philip, then the gift over to the said Hilda, the question of daughters being probably by accident, passed over in silence—and falling such issue then to the testator's nephew George Carefoot absolutely, subject, however, to the following curious condition. Should the said George Carefoot, either by deed of gift or will, attempt to reconvey the estate to his cousin Philip or to descendants of the said Philip, then the gift over to the said Hilda was to be of none effect, and the whole was to pass to the endowment of an hospital to be built in the neighboring town of Roxham and devoted to the treatment of persons suffering from complaints of the heart. Then followed several legacies and one charge on the estate to the extent of £1,000 a year payable to the separate use of the aforesaid Hilda Carefoot for life, and reverting at death to the estates.

In plain English, Philip was, under this draft, totally disinherited first in favor of his own male issue, by his wife Hilda, all mention of daughters being omitted, and falling issue in favor of his hated cousin George, who, as though to add insult to injury, was prohibited from willing the property back either to himself or his descendant, by which the testator had probably understood the children of a second marriage.

Philip read the document over twice carefully.

"Phew!" he said, "that was touch and go; thank Heavens he had no time to carry out his kind intentions."

But presently a terrible thought struck him. He rang the bell hastily. It was answered by the footman who, since he had an hour before helped to carry his poor master upstairs, had become quite demoralized. It was some time before Philip could get an answer to his question as to whether or no any one had been with his father that day while he was out. At last he succeeded in extracting a reply from the man that nobody had been except the young lady, "leastways he begged pardon, Mrs. Carefoot as he was told she was."

"Never mind her," said Philip, feeling as though a load had been taken from his breast, "you are sure nobody else has been?"  
"No, sir, nobody, leastways he begged pardon, nobody except lawyer Bellamy and his clerk, who had been there all the afternoon writing, with a black bag, and had sent for Simmons to be witnessed."

"You can go," said Philip, in a quiet voice. He saw it all now, he had let the old man die after he had executed the will which disinherited him. He had let him die; he had effectually and beyond redemption cut his own throat. Doubtless, too, Bellamy had taken the new will with him; there was no chance of his being able to destroy it.

By degrees, however, his fit of brooding gave way to one of sullen fury against his dead father. Drunk with excitement, rage, and baffled quarrel, he seized a candle and staggered up to the room where the corpse had been laid, launching imprecations as he went at his dead father's head. But when he came face to face with that dead Presence his passion died, and a cold sense of the awful quiet and omnipotence of death came upon him and chilled him into fear. In some indistinct way he realized how impotent is the calling of the waters of Mortality against the awful shadow under which he must henceforth live crept into his mind and from the very marrow in his bones. He looked again at the face,

and, to his excited imagination, it appeared to have assumed a sardonic smile. The curse of Cain fell upon him as he looked, and weighed him down; his hair rose, and the cold sweat poured from his forehead. At length he could bear it no longer, but, turning fled out of the room and out of the house, far into the night.

When, haggard with mental and bodily exhaustion, he at length returned, it was after midnight. He found Dr. Caley waiting for him; he had just come from the sick-room, and wore an anxious look upon his face.

"Your wife has been delivered of a fine girl," he said; "but I am bound to tell you that her condition is far from satisfactory. The case is a most complicated and dangerous one."

"A girl!" groaned Philip, mindful of the will. "Are you sure that it is a girl?"  
"Of course I am sure," answered the doctor, testily.

"And Hilda ill—I don't understand."  
"Look here, my good fellow, you are upset; take a glass of brandy and go to bed. Your wife does not wish to see you now, but, if necessary, I will send for you. Now, do as I tell you, or you will be down next. Your nerves are seriously shaken."

Philip did as he was bid, and, as soon as he had seen him off to his room, the doctor returned upstairs.

In the early morning he sent for two of his brother-practitioners, and they held a consultation, the upshot of which was that they had come to the conclusion nothing short of a miracle could save Hilda's life—a conclusion that she herself had arrived at some hours before.

"Doctor," she said, "I trust to you to let me know when the end is near. I wish my husband to be present when I die, but not before."  
"Hush, my child—never talk of dying yet. Please God, you have many years of life before you."  
She shook her golden head a little sadly.

"No, doctor, my sand has run out, and perhaps it is well. Give me the child—why do you keep the child away from me? It is the messenger sent to call me to a happier world. Yes, she is an angel messenger. When I am gone, see that you call her 'Angela,' so that I may know by what name to greet her when the time comes."

During the course of the morning, she expressed a strong desire to see Maria Lee, who was accordingly sent for. It will be remembered that old Mr. Carefoot had on the previous day, immediately after Hilda had left him, sat down and written to Maria Lee. In this note he told her the whole shameful truth, ending it with a few words of bitter humiliation and self-reproach that such thing should have befallen her at the hands of one bearing his name. Over the agony of shame and grief thus let loose upon this unfortunate girl we will draw a veil. It is fortunate for the endurance of human reason that life does not hold many such hours as that through which she passed after the receipt of this letter. As was but natural, notwithstanding old Mr. Carefoot's brief visitation of Hilda's conduct in his letter, Maria was filled with indignation at what to herself she called her treachery and deceit.

While she was yet full of these thoughts, a messenger came galloping over from Bratham Abbey, bringing a note from Dr. Caley that told her of her old friend's sudden death, and of Hilda's dangerous condition, and her desire to see her. The receipt of this news plunged her into a fresh access of grief, for she had grown fond of the old man; nor had the warm affection for Hilda that had found a place in her gentle heart been altogether wrenched away; and, now that she heard that her rival was face to face with that King of Terrors before whom all earthly love, hate, hope, and ambition must fall down and cease their troubling, it revived in all its force; nor did any thought of her own wrongs come, or chill her.

Within half an hour she was at the door of the Abbey House, where the doctor met her, and, in answer to her eager question, told her that, humanly speaking, it was impossible her friend could live through another twenty-four hours, adding an injunction that she must not stay with her long.

She entered the sick-room with a heavy heart, and there from Hilda's dying lips she heard the story of her marriage and of Philip's perfidy. Their reconciliation was as complete as her friend's falling voice and strength would allow. At length she tore herself away, and, turning at the door, took her last look at Hilda, who had raised herself upon her elbow, and was gazing at her retreating form with an earnestness that was very touching. The eyes, Maria felt, were taking a fill of what they looked upon for the last time in this world. Catching her tearful gaze, the dying woman smiled, and, lifting her hand, pointed upward. Thus they parted.

But Maria could control herself no longer; her own blasted prospects, the loss of the man she loved, and the affecting scene through which she had just passed, all helped to break her down. Running downstairs into the dining-room, she threw herself on a sofa, and gave full passage to her grief. Presently she became aware that she was not alone. Philip stood before her, or, rather, the wreck of whom she knew as Philip. Indeed, it was hard to recognize in this scared man, with disheveled hair, white and trembling lips, and eyes ringed

round with black, the bold, handsome youth whom she had loved. The sight of him stayed her sorrow, and a sense of her bitter injuries rushed in upon her.

"What do you want with me?" she asked.  
"Want! I want forgiveness. I am crushed, Maria, crushed—quite crushed," and he put his hands to his face and sobbed.

She answered him with the quiet dignity that good women can command in moments of emergency—dignity of a very different stamp from Hilda's shaggy pride, but perhaps as impressive in its way.

"You ask forgiveness of me, and say that you without fault of my own, except the fault of trusting you as entirely as I loved you, I too am crushed? Do you know that you have wantonly, or to gain selfish ends, broken my heart, blighted my name, and driven me from my home, for I can live here no more? Do you understand that you have done me one of the greatest injuries one person can do to another? I say, do you know all this, Philip Carefoot, and, knowing it, do you still ask me to forgive you? Do you think it possible that I can forgive?"

She had never heard her speak like this before, and did not remember that intense feeling is the mother of eloquence. He gazed at her for a moment in astonishment; then he dropped his face into his hands again and groaned, making no other answer. After waiting awhile, she went on:

"I am an insignificant creature, I know, and perhaps the mite of my happiness or misery makes little difference in the scale of things; but to me the gift of all my love was everything. I gave it to you, Philip—gave it without a doubt or murmur, gave it with both hands; I can never have it back to give again! How you have treated it you best know—here she broke down a little, and then continued, "It may seem curious, but though my love has been so mistakenly given, though you to whom it was given have dealt so ill with it, yet I am anxious that on my side there should be no bitter memory, that, in looking back at all this in after-years, you should never be able to dwell upon any harsh or unkind word of mine. It is on that account, and also because I feel that it is not for me to judge you, and that you have already much to bear, that I do as you ask me, and say, 'Philip, from my heart I forgive you, as I trust that the Almighty will forgive me.'"

He flung himself upon his knees before her, and tried to take her hand. "You do not know how you have humbled me," he groaned.  
She gazed at him with pity.  
"I am sorry," she said; "I did not wish to humble you. I have one more word to say, and then I must go. I have just by my last earthly farewell to—your wife. My farewell to you must be as complete as that, as complete as though the grave had already swallowed one of us. We have done with each other forever. I do not think that I shall come back here; in my waking moments your name shall never willingly pass my lips again. I will say it for the last time now. Philip, Philip, Philip, whom I chose to love out of all the world, I pray God that He will take me, or deaden the edge of what I suffer, and that He may never let my feet cross your path or my eyes fall upon your face again."

In another second she had passed out of the room, and out of his life.  
That night, or rather just before dawn on the following morning, Hilda, knowing that her end was very near, sent for her husband.

"Go quickly, doctor," she said. "I shall die at dawn."  
The doctor found him seated in the same spot where Maria Lee had left him.  
"What, more misery!" he said, when he had told his errand. "I can not bear it; there is a curse upon you—death and wickedness, misery and death!"  
"You must come if you wish to see your wife alive."  
"I will come," and he rose and followed him.

A sad sight awaited him. The moment of the gray dawn was drawing near, and, by his wife's request, a window had been unshuttered, that her dimmed eyes might once more look upon the light. On the great bed in the center of the room lay Hilda, whose life was now quickly drawing from her, and by her side was placed the sleeping infant. She was raised and supported on either side by pillows, and her unbound golden hair fell around her shoulders, inclosing her face as in a frame. Her pallid countenance seemed touched with an awful beauty that had not belonged to it in life, while in her eyes was that dread and precious gaze which sometimes comes to those who are about to solve death's mystery.

By the side of the bed knelt Mr. Fraser, the clergyman of the parish, repeating in an earnest tone the prayers for the dying, while the sad-faced attendants moved with muffled tread backward and forward from the ring of light around the bed into the dark shadows that lay beyond.

When Philip came, the clergyman ceased praying, and drew back into the further part of the room, as did Pigott and the nurse, the former taking the baby with her.

Hilda motioned to him to come close to her. He came, and bent over and kissed her, and she, with an effort, threw

one ivory arm around his neck, and smiled sweetly. After about a minute, during which she was apparently collecting her thoughts, she spoke in a low voice, and in her native tongue.

"I have not sent for you before, Philip, for two reasons—first, because I wished to spare you pain, and next, in order that I might have time to rid my mind of angry thoughts against you. They are all gone now—gone with every other earthly interest; but I was angry with you, Philip. And now listen to me—for I have not much time—and do not forget my words in future years, when the story of my life will seem but as a shadow that once fell upon your path. Change your ways, Philip, dear, abandon deceit, atone for the past; if you can, make your peace with Maria Lee and marry her—ah! it is a pity that you did not do that at first, and leave me to go my way—and, above all, humble your heart before the Power that I am about to face. I love you, dear, and, notwithstanding all, I am thankful to have been your wife. Please God—we shall meet again."

She paused awhile, and then spoke in English. To the astonishment of all in the room, her voice was strong and clear, and she uttered her words with an energy that, under the circumstances, seemed almost awful.

"Tell her to bring the child."  
There was no need for Philip to repeat what she said, for Pigott heard her, and at once came forward with the baby, which she laid beside her.

The dying woman placed her hand upon its tiny head, and, turning her eyes upward with the rapt expression of one who sees a vision, said:

"May the power of God be about you to protect you, my motherless babe, may angels guard you, and make you as they are; and may the heavy curse and everlasting doom of the Almighty fall upon those who would bring evil upon you."  
She paused, and then addressed her husband.

"Philip, you have heard my words; in your charge I leave the child, see that you never betray my trust."  
Then, turning to Pigott, she said, in a fainter voice:

"Thank you for your kindness to me. You have a good face; if you can, stop with my child, and give her your love and care. And now, may God have mercy on my soul!"

Then came a minute's silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of those who stood around, till a ray of light from the rising sun struggled through the gray mist of the morning, and, touching the heads of mother and child, illumined them as with a glory. It passed as quickly as it came, drawing away with it the mother's life. Suddenly, as it faded, she spread out her arms, sighed, and smiled. When the doctor reached the bed, her story was told: she had fallen asleep.

Death had been very gentle with her.

**CHAPTER XIII.**  
Go, my reader, if the day is dull, and you feel inclined to moralize—for, whatever may be said to the contrary, there are less useful occupations—and look at your village churchyard. What do you see before you? A plot of inclosed ground backed by a gray old church, a number of tombstones more or less decrepit, and a great quantity of little oblong mounds covered with rank grass. If you have any imagination, any power of thought, you will see more than that. First, with the instinctive selfishness of human nature, you will recognize your own future habitation; perhaps your eye will mark the identical spot where the body you love must lie through all seasons and weathers, through the slow centuries that will fit so fast for you, till the crash of doom. It is good that you should think of that, although it makes you shudder. The English churchyard takes the place of the Egyptian mummy at the feast, or the slave in the Roman conqueror's ear—it mocks your vigor, and whispers of the end of beauty and strength.

Probably you need some such reminder. But if, giving to the inevitable the sigh that is its due, you pursue the vein of thought, it may further occur to you that the plot before you is in a sense a summary of the aspirations of humanity. It marks the realization of human hopes, it is the crown of human ambitions, the grave of human failures. Here, too, is the place of the angel or the demon. It is his sure inheritance, one that he never solicits and never squanders; and, last, it is the only certain resting-place of sleepless, tired mortality.

Here it was that they brought Hilda and the old squire, and laid them side by side against the coffin of yeoman Carefoot, whose fancy it had been to be buried in stone, and then, piling primroses and blackthorn blooms upon their graves, left them to their chilly sleep. Farewell to them, they have passed to where as yet we may not follow. Violent old man and proud and lovely woman, rest in peace, if peace be the portion of you both!

Lee, and of many other things that were some of them true and some of them false, following as they did upon the heels of the great dinner-party, and the announcement made thereat, threw the country-side into a state of indescribable ferment. When this settled down, it left a strong and permanent residuum of public indignation and contempt directed against Philip, the more cordially, perhaps, because he was no longer a rich man. People very rarely express contempt or indignation against a rich man who happens to be their neighbor in the country, whatever he may have done. They keep their virtue for those who are impoverished, or for their unfortunate relations. But for Philip it was felt that there was no excuse and no forgiveness; he had lost both his character and his money, and must therefore be cut, and from that day forward he was cut accordingly.

As for Philip himself, he was fortunately, as yet, ignorant of the kind intentions of his friends and neighbors, who had been so fond of him a week ago. He had enough upon his shoulders without that—for he had spoken no lie when he told Maria Lee that he was crushed by the dreadful and repeated blows that had fallen upon him, blows that had robbed him of everything that made life worth living, and given him in return nothing but an infant who could not inherit, and who was therefore only an encumbrance.

Who is it that says, "After all, let a bad man take what pains he may to push it down, a human soul is an awful, ghostly, unique possession for a bad man to have?" During the time that had elapsed between the death and burial of his father and wife, Philip had become thoroughly acquainted with the truth of this remark.

Do what he would, he could never for a single hour shake himself free from the recollection of his father's death; whenever he shut his eyes, his uneasy mind continually conjured up the whole scene with uncanny distinctness; the gloomy room, the contorted face of the dying man, the red flicker of the firelight on the wall, all these things were burnt deep into the tablets of his memory. More and more did he recognize the fact that, even should he live long enough to bury the events of that hour beneath the debris of many years, the lapse of time would be insufficient to bring forgiveness, and the recognition brought with it moral helplessness. He had, too, sufficient religious feeling to make him uneasy as to his future fate, and possessed a certain amount of imagination which was at this time all directed toward that awful day when he and his dead father must settle their final accounts. Already, in the quiet nights, he would wake with a start, thinking that the inevitable time had come. Superstitious fears also would seize him with their clammy fingers, and he would shake and tremble at the fancied step of ghostly feet, and his mind would curdle in his veins as his blood hearkened to voices that were for ever still.

[To be continued.]

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

RHODE ISLAND has a Lieutenant Governor HONEY this year, and a sweet State government every way.

JAY GOULD has gone yachting in Southern waters. Yachting has come to be the favorite medicine of the American business man.

M. MOLCHANOFF, a Russian and the wealthiest tea-merchant in the world, has arrived in Paris to consult oculists. He is suffering from partial blindness caused by tasting tea samples.

On the anniversary of President Cleveland's wedding marriage licenses were taken out in Washington than in any other single day for ten years. That is an appropriate way for celibates to celebrate.

It isn't surprising to learn that Bob Ingersoll has given an opinion that the New York hotel keepers have got a perfect right to dispense liquors to their guests on Sundays. Even Moses didn't lay down laws that would hold water—if you'll only let Bob tell it.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is riding his new hobby of economy at a great pace. He objects now to the vote of \$85,000 for the purpose of lighting up Westminster Abbey on the jubilee day.

A New Lisbon (O.) girl, while disrobing recently, was pulling off her stocking with considerable exertion, as her foot was damp. It came off unexpectedly, and her hand was released with such sudden force that it struck her under the chin and caused her to bite her tongue nearly in two.

Miss Alice Freeman, the President of Wellesley College, is a young woman whom most of her sex look upon as born under a lucky star, with her erect figure, dark hair, big brown eyes and the embodiment of nineteenth century womanhood.

The recent rise in the price of coffee, is one busy thing from the enormous decline that took place last week, was very largely a speculative movement. The statement was made that there was a large falling off in the crop all over the world, but then this assertion was never satisfactorily demonstrated, and may have had its origin in the desire of certain shrewd operators to frighten purchasers into the belief that the rapid advances in price which their manipulations had brought about were due to legitimate causes.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so, the entire company will pass over him and he will not be injured.

Since Secretary Manning first took the Treasury portfolio and the new order of things was begun, nearly twenty per cent of the women have gone and have come in their places. When a female clerk dies or gets married, resigns

or is dismissed, a requisition goes to the Civil-Service Commission for a man to fill the vacancy. The trouble is, that the women are hard to deal with. Most of them depend upon the gallantry of the superior officers, and are constantly asking favors, many of them not hesitating or seeming to think it improper to ask high officials to make false statements or violate the law in their interests. The most trouble is in examining them for promotion. Some have not hesitated to ask beforehand for a list of the questions.

The London St. James's Gazette agreeably illustrates the knowledge of American affairs which obtains among the best informed of Englishmen in the following paragraph; the Gazette is Speaking of the American Exhibition—"The Yankeries," as it is called—in London: "Buffalo Bill is the Hon. W. F. Cody, member of the United States Congress for the State of Nebraska. He obtained his nickname from his extraordinary skill in getting buffalo-meat for the workmen on the Union Pacific Railway. He was born on the plains; at the age of sixteen he was a 'bull-whacker'; and afterwards he acted as guide and scout to no fewer than thirty-six different American generals. He holds the rank of Colonel in the United States Army; was elected for Nebraska in 1878; and has scalped so many Indians that all the tribes from Montana to Texas look upon him as a man and a brother."

EMILY PEREPPER indignantly remarks in the Contemporary Review: "That the deformed figures, the production of the corset and mantua-maker, which shuffle about our streets and drawing-rooms, fulfill the physical ideal of the majority of men of all ages is clear." "Yes, Emily," replies Puck, "you are right. We do like that king. We have tried with a mighty effort to like the other kind of waist, but it is impossible, and we confess it to our shame. We like to see that kind of waist in a drawing-room. We like to dance with it; take it to the opera; put it in a newmarket, and walk with it; proudly perch it by our side, and drive it out. We had just as soon see our wives and sisters with that kind of a waist. We know fifty girls and twenty-five wives with more or less of a waist such as you describe. The girls ride, drive, play lawn-tennis, dance, go to church, wear nobby clothes, natty boots, jaunty hats, rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and clean souls. The wives are faithful, honest, wholesome women—mothers of hearty, happy children. And, Emily, they do not shuffle and are not deformed. They are as straight as starlight and their trimly-shod feet strike the earth with a click that tells of tingling blood and vital forces. And then, again, Emily, they do not get sour, and scold and make themselves disagreeable. They very seldom cry out indignantly. They do not jump on the platform every now and then, and bully the human race. They do not slam on their bonnets and shawls, and crutch around to see whom they can spring on and reform. They don't invent and boom appliances for making slab-sided Bloomers and Doctors Mary Walker or advocate cooperative, hygienic, and carbolic dress reforms. They just move along the line of life, minding their own business, placidly living, tenderly loving, and, in the fullness of time, sweetly dying with almost the same kind of a corset and other paraphernalia on the chair by the side of the bed as came in with William of Orange, and never went out again."

COMMERCIAL UNION.

It is several years since the idea of a Commercial Union between the United States and Canada was first mooted. The inauguration of a protective policy by the Conservative administration and the great increase in customs duties, consequent upon the expansion in public expenditure, have familiarized the public mind with a high tariff, and hundreds of persons are willing to adopt the fiscal policy of the United States to-day; who a short time ago would have been horrified at such a suggestion. We have come to a time when "the colonial relation," so far as Canada at least is concerned, is a very different thing from what it was a half a century ago. Then the colonies were supposed to exist and be maintained solely as a field for the enterprise of the mother country, or as a dumping ground for younger sons, whose patrimony might be eked out by a salary from the colonial exchequer. This sort of thing has quite gone by. The colonies have become commercially independent, as well as self-governing, and we no longer ask "What will they say in England?" before passing a customs law any more than we do before appointing a Justice of the Peace. Great Britain, rich in vast accumulated wealth and commercially identified with every country in the world, regards the colonies only as so many of her customers, and she adheres to her free trade doctrine in its intensity, asking no favors from them or granting none. If Canada seeks to make a reciprocity treaty with Spain, the United States or the West Indies, Imperial aid

is extended cheerfully. The mother country asks for no reciprocity with us. She insists on no "most favored nation" clause in our customs acts; but while possessing the power of veto refuses to exercise it, even though our laws may be designed to interfere with her trade. The modern idea of the colonial relation from the British standpoint is that the colonies should trade where they like and how they like; because whatever shall tend to build up and make the colonies prosperous is sure to increase their importance as customers of the United Kingdom. Therefore we may take it for granted that if the people of Canada decide upon making the effort to effect Commercial Union with the United States England will give the project her hearty support.

Viewed from a Canadian standpoint the subject of commercial union divides into two principal enquiries. One of these is the question of revenues; the other the question of trade. We have seen a very elaborate calculation showing that the tariff of the United States applied to the imports of Canada from all countries except the United States, would more than realize the revenue, which was derived from customs in Canada at the time the calculation was made, which was about four years ago. We could afford of course to allow for a falling off in receipts seeing that there would be a large saving in the item of maintenance of the customs service on the International boundary. It is evident, however, that the demands upon the Canadian revenue have increased within the last few years, and are likely to increase, so that it is by no means certain that a tariff which the United States will require five years from now, would if applied to Canadian imports, other than from the United States, produce sufficient revenue to provide for all departments of the public service. Therefore we would regard it not unlikely that if such a union should be accomplished, the provinces might look forward to the abolition of provincial subsidies—in other words that the provinces should stand in the same regard towards the general revenue as the States of the union do, that is quite independent of it, sustaining their local governments by local taxation. As a matter of fact it would make no difference to the people at large whether they paid for the maintenance of the local government directly by a money tax, or indirectly as at present, provided in the event of the former plan being adopted the indirect taxes would be correspondingly decreased; while the advantage to the central government to be relieved of the responsibility of providing for the provinces and of meeting the constantly preferred claims for better terms would be a material gain. Provincial autonomy and mutual respect between the different sections of the Dominion would be promoted by abolishing the subsidy system and casting upon each province the burden of maintaining themselves.

It must be borne in mind in considering this subject that under commercial union our tariff and excise duties would have to conform in all respects to that of the United States. In all likelihood the vast annual increase of the population of the United States and the annual decrease in the interest charges upon the revenue of that country will before many years lead to a material change in the rate of duties which Congress will feel called upon to maintain, and it must remain an open question if, as these reductions shall be from time to time made, Canada's share of the aggregate duties, collected in the two countries would be equal the demands of the Federal service.

In a commercial point of view the proposed union opens a wide field of enquiry and it is hopeless to attempt to dispose of it in a single article. We have to consider what its effect would be upon existing industries, and whether it would be likely to aid in the development of the resources of the Dominion and of the full commercial possibilities of its geographical situation. This phase of the subject also has a local and a general aspect. For example under Commercial Union St. John would stand to become the entrepot and point of shipment for the trade of Aroostook, which is very large and constantly increasing. On the other hand the much talked of "winter port question" would receive its quietus for all time to come. Certain of our factories might find powerful competitors who are now excluded from our markets, and certain others might profit by the access which might be afforded to the

markets of the United States. It is well known that New Brunswick's leading business man, whose cotton products would have to compete with the American article, is a strong advocate of Commercial Union, and feels confident that he could hold his own against all comers and perhaps successfully "carry the war into Africa." It will be conceded that the agricultural interests of the province would be greatly enhanced by free admission of farm products into the United States, and there would be no rivalry in our markets between our farmers and those from the neighboring State, Maine and New Brunswick both exporting to a common market. The same may be said of our lumber. Free admission of Canadian lumber to the United States would be equivalent to a \$3 bonus upon each thousand superficial feet of cedar. It would add 15 cents per thousand to the value of laths and so on. There can be little doubt that these two principal industries of New Brunswick—Agriculture and lumbering, would derive a great deal of advantage from Commercial Union and that the increased traffic over our railroads which would ensue would greatly enhance the value of these properties. The fish trade would also be greatly promoted.

In regard to manufactures it is not so easy to arrive at any conclusion; but it may be noted that manufacturers prosper in the State of Maine. It is reasonable to suppose that they would prosper equally in New Brunswick. This province possesses some advantages which would compensate for any difference in distance, as compared with Massachusetts, Connecticut or Rhode Island and it is important to bear in mind that the C. P. Railway would be in a position, and it would be to its interest to give such freight rates as would develop manufactures in the east, and the same may be said of the other roads having eastern connections. The comparative cheapness of farm produce would enable operatives to do better here on slightly less wages than they require further south, while for the production of goods into the composition of which iron and northern woods go, the abundance of raw material would be a great advantage.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

I am glad to notice that the local painters are unusually busy this season. As a result of their labors many city residences that had become very rusty in appearance now look neat and attractive. The painter is a great renovator, and the only difficulty in this city is that his art is not called into requisition half often enough. It has long been a matter of comment that the wooden houses of St. John have a dingy dirty appearance. I am quite aware that the smoke of soft coal mixed with fog soon makes a house look shabby, but this might be avoided to some extent by the use of darker colors in painting the exterior of houses. Of late years white paint is seldom used in St. John and its entire disuse would be a still greater improvement.

We are likely to have a large number of visitors to St. John during Jubilee week and it would be well for citizens to have their houses present an attractive appearance. It is pleasing to observe that greater attention is now paid to appearances than formerly. The houses are better kept and when they have grounds about them the gardens are neater than formerly. I am also inclined to believe that the people dress better than formerly. I have often heard it remarked that nowhere on the continent were there so many pretty girls as in St. John. Our girls have better complexions and a fresh sprightly appearance, both of which are lacking in their sisters of the adjoining republic, but they are undoubtedly lacking in style. A girl may be as pretty as you please, but if she has poor style she will be called dowdy. Nature has done much for St. John and its people and it is only fitting that art should be made to assist in making both the city and its people as attractive as possible.

The improvements on Queen Square are being conducted on the same comprehensive plan as on King Square last year. They were commenced about a week ago, and are being rapidly pushed, and when the time for the jubilee arrives King and Queen Square will both be places citizens can point to with a large degree of pride. It is to be hoped that the owners of horses, cows and goats who reside in the lower part of the city will make their barns so secure that their domestic animals will remain at home.

It will, I am sure, gratify taxpayers to know that the cost of the extensive improvements made in recent years have all been met out of the assessment and without incurring any additional debt—except in the case of the widening of Mill street.

Speaking of the city debt reminds me that it has been largely decreased in the past seven years and if the council continues to refuse its sanction to further issues of bonds it will be below a million dollars in a year or two. It is less than that now if the sinking fund is taken into consideration. But, while the sinking fund is a very desirable asset, its existence does not diminish taxation until the bonds intended to be paid off are redeemed. Besides the reduction of the gross debt there has also been quite a saving effected in the interest charges—about \$50,000 in six per cent debentures having been refunded as they fell due with others bearing interest at only four per cent. The majority of the four per cent bonds of the city represent investments in the sinking fund.

Standing on a street corner the other day my attention was called to three young girls who were passing at the time. "Those girls," said the person who directed my attention to them "are on the streets at all hours, day and night. They do not seem to have any home or any means of livelihood. The father of one has been sent to the penitentiary and her mother is a depraved woman. The father and mother of another are both drunkards of the worst kind, who neither seem to know or care what becomes of their daughters. The parents of the last one are respectable people, but the girl has shaken off paternal restraint and is going to the bad with the others." The girls went up on King Square and there were joined in a little while by three other girls—the oldest not more than twelve years. For some time these six girls—candidates for jails and penitentiaries, walked about the square, laughing and talking in a most immodest manner. These girls are already on the road to ruin, but there does not seem any power in the law to stop them in their headlong career—a career which sooner or later must end in disease and death. Surely there ought to be some place where such girls could be placed under restraint and brought up to be good citizens. It may be too late to save these girls now, but there are scores of others in this city going the same road and no one seems willing to undertake to save them. The ministers are very well in their way, but the old rule holds good that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is more easy to save the young ones than those already steeped in crime.

It is reported that an effort is to be made by the authorities very soon to close up the houses of ill-fame in the city. How much truth there is in the report I am not prepared to say, but the rumor is that a strong pressure is being brought to bear to have these houses closed up. Several attempts in this direction have been made, but with very little success. When establishments of this class have been closed in one part of the city others have sprung up somewhere else. Something should certainly be done to prevent plague spots from being set up in the vicinity of public schools or in places where young children congregate.

The police are making unusual efforts to close up the back and side doors of liquor saloons. For some years there has been a law in existence to the effect that saloons should have but one entrance. While in some cases the law can be practically applied, there are others in which it cannot. Take for instance the case of hotels and restaurants, the bar is quite as much part of the hotel as the dining room, and it seems unfair and to some extent unreasonable to close up the entrances which connect the hotel and bar, good can possibly come of the strict enforcement of this law because the proprietors of the hotels can easily close their street doors and leave open the door connecting the bar with the hotel. The enforcement of the one door law is going to place a large amount of additional labor on the police.

Many young men when they get too much bug juice aboard manifest a strange desire to smash things. They poke their canes through windows, tear down signs and wrench off door pulls. Fortunately for the citizens of St. John the "boys" of the present generation are not so prone to sin in this manner as their fathers and grandfathers. It is told of a now deceased citizen, the father of a large family of boys; that one day in search for something he had lost visited a room over his barn where the boys had their den. Imagine his surprise to find the walls of this department decorated with signs of all kinds, principally, however, those of lawyers and doctors. These signs were spoils of rackets gone before, and as the old man looked at them his face became wreathed in smiles as he thought of the pranks of his own boyhood. But as he looked and read the names of his best friends he saddened somewhat, but his face still wore an amused expression until he came opposite a particular legend. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes. It was his own name that he read and as he thought of the bill he had just received for painting a new sign he became very wrathful. The den was closed, but the boys found another one which they quickly decorated in imitation of their former club room, but in future they let the old man's sign hang.

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**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE** FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.  
 Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Pains, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Headaches, Toothaches, Neuralgic Pains, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases.  
**ANODYNE**  
 THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

**RHEUMATISM. A WONDERFUL CURE!**  
 MESSRS. HANINGTON BROS:  
 Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Mirand's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system, and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated by whole being. For more than two months, I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen. I used four doses of the internal medicine and three applications of the ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk and unlike were purple, and so swollen that they were painful. After four doses of the internal medicine and three applications of the ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk and unlike were purple, and so swollen that they were painful. After four doses of the internal medicine and three applications of the ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk and unlike were purple, and so swollen that they were painful.  
 Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or doubting this statement given can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information.  
**MRS. W. H. MOORE,**  
 South Farmington, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

**FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.**

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

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

**EXPENSIVE, BUT SAFE.**  
 He—I see that between 60 and 100 persons in different parts of the country have been poisoned by ice-cream.  
 She (turning pale)—Did any of them die, George?  
 He—No; but some of them were very sick.  
 She (color slowly coming back)—One cannot be too careful, George, where one eats ice-cream. Hereafter let us stick to Delmonico's [Harper's Bazar.]

**CALLED AWAY ON BUSINESS.**  
 "How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother at the Baptist anniversary the other day.  
 "Well, I am getting along pretty well, but still it's rather discouraging. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were 150 down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down, the road and every blessed person got up and skipped." [Minneapolis Journal.]

**DAKOTA RAILROADS.**  
 "Two new railroads coming here, I understand," said a Dakota man to another resident of the same place.  
 Yes, and there came mighty near being three."  
 "How's that?"  
 "Why, five us organized a new company yesterday with the intention of running tracks out of this town like spokes out of the hub of a bicycle wheel, but we tried all day and couldn't raise the \$3 necessary to get incorporated. We hope to make it up this afternoon. Look out for three columns in tomorrow morning's paper." [Dakota Bell.]

**"I."**  
 She—Yes, Edward, we've got everything I believe; but where's the baby?  
 He—Why, I gave it to you.  
 She—I know, and I gave it back to you!  
 He—Well, by thunder! if I haven't gone and left it in the parlor car! [Harper's Weekly.]

**NOT STARTED YET.**  
 "Your answers seem satisfactory," was St. Peter's dictum, "and I guess I'll let you in."  
 "Thank you, sir," replied the applicant evidently immensely relieved; "and will you kindly direct me to the Chicago colony?"  
 "Chicago colony?" was the amazed exclamation. "There's no such colony here, my friend." [New York Sun.]

**THE VALUED DOMESTIC PEACE.**  
 Wilbur F. Steele, a Dakota legislator, takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. Once the woman suffrage bill was before the house. A call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes, and commenced: "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but—"  
 At this moment a well dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed: "W-i-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said: "Mr. Speaker, I vote ye." The lady was Mrs. Steele.—[San Francisco Argonaut.]

**A CAREFUL DOGNOSE.**  
 Kentucky Girl: Pa I'm afraid there is something the matter with Fido.  
 Kentucky Pa: How so?  
 "He acts strangely and froths at the mouth, and when I offered him water he almost went into convulsions."  
 "He's gettin' some sense in his head, I reckon."—[Omaha World.]

**WHOLLY UNPREPARED.**  
 Mrs. Colonel Yerger is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Col. Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course, he was called on for an afternoon speech. Colonel Yerger got up, and assuming an imposing position, began:  
 "Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared—"  
 He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying:  
 "Why, Colonel, you knew it perfectly this morning." Tableau.—[Texas Siftings.]

The white moire sashes worn with white frocks are fastened with white enamel buckles.

**GOSSIP ABOUT LOCAL EVENTS.**

In these times of general depression it is gratifying to know that trade with the United States is on the increase. The shipments for the first six months of the present year have been fully one-third greater than last year. They also embrace a far greater variety of articles than heretofore.

I am sorry to say that the financial situation in St. John does not improve. During the early part of last week most people thought that the worst had passed and were looking forward to a gradual return of confidence. This feeling however received a severe check on Saturday because of the circulation of rumors respecting the solvency of one or two large concerns.

Mr. D. W. McCormick took possession of the old Waverly Hotel on Thursday, when it was rechristened the New Victoria. The Waverly has had many changes of fortune. It was first opened by the Messrs. Scammell who had long been the managers of the old St. John Hotel—a famous hothouse in its day. Upon the retirement of Messrs. Scammell Mr. John Guthrie undertook its management, and under his direction the Waverly was patronized by royalty and several noble lords were sheltered under its hospitable roof. Until the Victoria Hotel was opened the Waverly was the best known hotel in the Lower Provinces. I can remember on more occasions than one seeing a sentry box standing on King Street, and watching a natty looking red coat passing up and down in front of the house. The governor, a general or some other important personage had come to town, and the military authorities on such occasions always supplied a guard. But the military establishment has disappeared from St. John, and now the most important personage comes and goes like any other man. But to return to the Waverly and its history. The manager who had too large a heart, got into financial difficulties, and at the old house was closed up for a time and then re-opened by its former proprietor. But new rivals had come up, and, after a hard struggle, host Guthrie was obliged to retire. It's next proprietor was Mr. Leavitt who made the hotel a success, and had it not been that he was suffering from a malady that must prove fatal in a few months at the farthest, would certainly have made money. Its present proprietor, Mr. D. W. McCormick, brings to the Waverly a long and successful record as a hotel manager, and it goes without saying that he will succeed in his new venture. The house has been largely refurnished and repainted besides being greatly modernized. The offices are now on the ground floor and many other improvements have been made. Everyone will wish the new proprietor success in his undertaking.

There is one department of the Waverly that should not be passed over, "Bull Run." In former times many of the best known men about town had their quarters in "Bull Run," and many are the stories told by the oldest of practical jokes played upon new-comers to the Run. A stranger's first night in "Bull Run" was always an eventful one in his history and one he never could forget, and even if he did desire to forget it he would not be permitted by the others. The late Bob Shives, whom everybody knew and whom all loved, was one of those who knew all the secrets of "Bull Run," and could always amuse a crowd with stories of how the "greenies" passed the initiation ordeal. The great attraction of "Bull Run" was the people who congregated there. Ten or twelve years ago it was the head centre of a large section of the city, and what one could not learn from the denizens of "Bull Run" he would find it difficult to glean elsewhere in the city.

As a sample of the pranks that were sometimes performed in "Bull Run" I will mention one, leaving out the names of those interested. A former resident who has long since departed to the land of the free and home of the brave, got somewhat under the weather one afternoon and had to be assisted to his room. His companions concluded to "lay him out" in proper shape, and procuring a dozen large candles they placed them around the couch on which our friend reposed. Then they covered him with a sheet and fled. When the party of the first part awoke he was angry, mad in fact, and it was months afterwards before he would smile when asked the price of talow. The best part of the joke was that the candles were charged to the account of the party "laid out."

There is every prospect of a large tourist travel this way during the summer. I have met several gentlemen who have lately visited New York, Boston and even Philadelphia who say that the moderately wealthy of these cities are becoming tired of the fashionable water

**Fashion Notes.**

The latest Parisian addition to white toilets is a parasol made of silk and covered with many fine platings of silk mull. The handle is gilded.

White stockings are worn with white suits and low patent-leather ties. The stockings are silk and embroidered over the instep with yellow silk. The rage is for costume of white and gold.

With these white and gold costumes are worn long cream-white gants de Suede embroidered in gold upon the back, and wide white Leghorns trimmed with huge bows of white silk mull and loops of gold-colored ribbon.

Very charming white gauze fans complete these costumes, the sticks being ivory and flights of gold butterflies being worked across the white gauze in fine ballion thread.

Balayeuses in trained gowns are no longer fashionable though they are still added to short dresses for house and carriage wear. Distinct trained petticoats with many lace-edged flounces sewn into the back breadth are now almost completely taking their place.

The newest color is honeysuckle, which is pale yellow in one light and pale pink in another, and is first cousin to the beautiful tint that appeared a year ago under the French title of point de jour, and which is called in English "dawn."

These yellow pinks and green are the popular colors after heliotrope, which still retains supreme. Blue is out of favor for the moment, except some shade of old blue.

The "white toilets" imported from abroad are no longer dead white, but are really gray. A dress ordered from Paris a few weeks ago was composed of a soft, pale silk. Over this was a cloud of grayish tulle, then another layer of a lighter shade, and finally one of white, held in place by three sash ends of the three shades of tulle.

These shaded costumes are lovely in yellow, of varying depths of tone, in green and in pink. A charming yellow dress has a foundation of cream-white India silk, over which is draped a pale-yellow moire lace. This lace, which is very new has stripes in which irregular watered weaving gives a moire effect, and was designed by a French artist who presents his female friends with his delightful "inspirations" about fabrics.

Transparent French muslins are embellished with straw berries, laurel blooms, sweet-brier roses, and foliage, artichoke blossoms, and half-opened buds scattered on vari-colored grounds; usually the backgrounds are of pale tints—a very delicate tea rose or primrose yellow being a favorite shade, but the bright-colored fruits and flowers look very well against a background of olive, pale golden-brown or moss-green.

There is a charming white crepe de Chine with small flowers over the surface. One of these was made with the under part of white surah with one deep puff of white lace covering it to the foot. The flowered crepe fell over this puff in a long, pointed apron finished with a ruffled lace, and a second flounce was carried across higher up. The crepe de Chine bodice was gathered in surplus folds in front and a deep edging of lace came from under the folds and formed a plastron. This was finished off by a belt of red velvet ribbon coming from the side seams. The lace sleeves had two puffs divided by red velvet bands. The basque had a red velvet collar.

It is a mistake to suppose that good candy cannot be had at a reasonable price. There is a class of persons who seem to think that only one or two men can make candy fit to eat, and if they do not pay twice its value they cannot get a good article. Those whose views tend in this direction should pay Messrs. Miranda & Kerr a visit. They have stores at No. 55 King Street and on Union Street, near Sydney—the Blue Store. In each of these stores they will find a large assortment of mixtures, the most delicious of sweets, at prices startlingly low. The secret of the low prices at which they sell a superior quality of goods is that they buy in large quantities and for cash enabling them to offer their customers the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

One of the attractions of Jubilee week is to be a colored baby show. Extensive preparations are already being made by the owners of babies at Loch Lomond and elsewhere to compete at the show. It will be "way up one of enterprising managers told me the other day. I hope it will as we have not had a baby show here for a long time.

The officers of the Fusiliers are pushing their plans for the grand spectacular production of Ours at the Exhibition Building, Jubilee week.

**Read the Gazette every week. Sold by all news dealers.**

**Union Line.**

St. John and Fredericton.  
**FARE ONE DOLLAR.**

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE a Steamer of this Line will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, calling at intermediate points, every morning (except Sunday), at nine o'clock, local time, and will leave Fredericton for Indiantown, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted), also at nine o'clock.

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 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital, - - \$10,000,000.

**H. CHUBB & CO.,**  
 General Agents,  
 St. John, N. B.

Her Lovers.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FLEET. (AON.) My first, my very first, his name was Will— A handsome fellow; fair with curly hair And lovely eyes. I have his locket still. He went to Galveston and settled there; At least I heard so. Ah, dear me—dear me. How terribly in love he used to be!

MR. CARTON'S WILL.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART II.

About a fortnight after the property of the late Mr. Carton had been transferred to Mrs. and Miss Grahame I was walking home one evening from University College Hospital. On my way I turned down through Torrington Place; but I had not got many yards out of Gower Street when I stopped short and stood for a minute literally spell-bound with astonishment. It was about twenty minutes to nine, rather dusky, but still quite light enough to see everybody in the street distinctly, and there, some fifteen or twenty yards before me, and walking very leisurely towards Gordon Square, was Louisa Grahame, leaning on the arm of a strange man, who looked, as far as I could make out, to be a tall, fair-haired man of about thirty. I had only left her at six o'clock, after we had had tea in Doughty Street. She had not said that she was going to see anybody, or that anybody was coming to see her. As far as I was aware—and I knew all her friends—she did not know a single man, except myself, with whom she was entitled to be walking at such a time, and in such a manner. For a moment I hoped that I might have made a mistake. But I knew too well her dress, and better than her dress, her slight and graceful figure; and, whoever the man might be, it was perfectly clear that the woman was Louisa Grahame, and none other.

and jacket. Then, turning to me, she observed, "I can't scold you any more for being late." "I am afraid I have generally a better excuse than yours," I remarked gravely. She blushed and looked confused for a moment, and then said, by way of answer, "You want your supper, I can see. I'll tell Jane to lay the things," saying which she left the room. "Good heavens!" I thought, "what can it mean? Is this some old secret acquaintance of hers? Has she always been fooling me, or has she suddenly lost her wits because she has come in for a fortune?" Still I could not find it in my heart to lose confidence altogether in her. Perhaps there was an explanation—a satisfactory one—which she would give me when we were alone. Surely, I thought, or rather hoped, the thing must in some way be innocent. At all events, I determined that, if possible, the explanation should come voluntarily from her, and not in answer to any questions of mine. She should have time and opportunity to justify her conduct; of her own free will before I put to her a question which would necessarily be tantamount to an accusation. After supper Mrs. Grahame went downstairs, where she remained for some time, and I sat still, pretending to read, but in reality waiting anxiously to hear what Miss Grahame would say now that we were alone. She was working at a piece of embroidery, and went on with her work without saying a word. So, after we had passed some minutes in silence, I closed my book, and made some casual remark in order to give her an opportunity of speaking. She began at once to speak of Margate—where we purpose going to the following week—and kept on talking about Margate and the sea air until Mrs. Grahame came back. It was clear then that she did not intend to take me into her confidence, at least, not for the present; and, as I was afraid that I should lose my temper if I stayed in the room any longer, I wished them good-night, and went up to my bedroom. If I had yielded to my inclination, I should have gone back to call Miss Grahame out of the room, and ask her for an explanation. But I refrained from doing so because, for reasons which I have already intimated, I wished, if possible, that the explanation should be voluntarily tendered by her, and I was not yet without hope that this would be done. Besides this, I was curious to see what would happen if I let things take their own course. At all events, I thought to myself, I can do no harm by waiting for a day or two if necessary. I was in about the house all Saturday—except for a couple of hours in the morning—but nothing occurred that was of any consequence. On Sunday morning we all went to church, and in the afternoon Miss Grahame and I went to the Zoological Gardens. It was just nine o'clock that evening, and we were sitting in the drawing-room before supper, when a messenger came to the house to ask if Mrs. Grahame would go to see a Mrs. Wilmott, who was very ill at Highgate. Mrs. Wilmott had been a school-fellow of Mrs. Grahame's. She was the only very intimate friend that Mrs. Grahame had, and so Mrs. Grahame sent at once for a cab, and went to see her. Before she departed she left orders that the house was to be shut up if she did not return by twelve o'clock, but that the hall-door was to be left unbolting, and a candle and matches left for her in the hall, so that she could let herself in, and go up to her bedroom when she returned. We waited for her until after one o'clock, when we went to our bedrooms. Miss Grahame's thoughts had evidently been preoccupied all Saturday and Sunday. It was quite clear that she was brooding about some-thing, and I now began to doubt my wisdom in not having spoken to her before this about the man I saw her with on Friday evening. I had gained nothing by waiting. "Yes, sir," he said, "you do look unwell." "Yes," I replied, "I am not very well this morning. Where is Miss Grahame?" "She's just gone, sir, with a strange gentleman. He came not half an hour ago, and I took his card up to Miss Grahame, and she told me to show him up, and then the next thing was she came into the kitchen in a great hurry with her things on, and she said she'd be back in about an hour, and you wasn't to wait for her, and then they got into his carriage and drove away."

know in Manchester? At first I thought of sending the servant to her room to say that I wanted to see her at once. But would be some time before she would be dressed, and I was in a hurry, so, being more determined than ever to have a clear understanding when I came back, I put the letter on the table in the hall, and sallied forth. My state of excitement and suspense was so great that I found it impossible to attend to anything in the hospital, and I left the place more than a half an hour earlier than I had intended. I had just crossed the lower end of Millman Street, on my return, it being then about a quarter to ten o'clock, when a small, well-appointed brougham whisked round the corner of Doughty Street, and came towards me at a rapid pace. I looked at it with some curiosity, as Doughty Street is not a thoroughfare, and private carriages are not very usual there. But my curiosity changed into a feeling which I cannot describe, when, as the equipage dashed past me, I saw Louisa Grahame sitting by the side of a fair-haired man with a heavy beard and moustache. My agitation was such that I dropped my stick, and stood for some seconds in a kind of dream, gazing blankly after the retreating vehicle. Then I whistled and shouted "Hi! hi!" and ran after it as fast as I could. But it had got a good hundred yards' start of me, and was going at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. "Retreat! a hansom, sir," said a driver, whose cab was standing at the rank by the Foundling Hospital. I deliberated a moment, which is always a foolish thing to do when circumstances require immediate action. It would be impossible to overtake the brougham on foot, and the cabman's horse had his nose-bag on, so that Miss Grahame and her companion would be pretty well out of Guildford Street before we could start. Besides, why should I make all this fuss? Either the thing was innocent or it was not. If it were innocent there was no occasion for me to pursue Miss Grahame in this ridiculous manner, but if it were not I was certainly not going to run after a woman who would be unworthy to be my wife. I therefore declined the services of the cabman, and walked on to Doughty Street. On the way an idea nearest sunrise, ripened in my mind, and I was about to put it into execution, when I was overtaken by a man who was in the brougham. Perhaps it was somebody else that was exactly like her. I had heard of such things. If I were mistaken about the woman in the carriage, I might have been mistaken about the woman I saw on Friday night. The hope was, perhaps, father to the thought, and, when I reached the door, I felt almost certain that I should find her in the house. Ridiculous as it may seem, I felt a genuine sense of disappointment that she was not in the hall to meet me. The hypothesis of my having made a mistake about the woman I saw in the brougham would, if it were correct, have explained everything so naturally, and easily, and satisfactorily that I had come, in a sense, to believe in it. But she was not in the hall, and she was not in the parlour, where the breakfast things were laid. I sat down, and was trying to collect my thoughts, when the servant came into the room to ask if she should get my breakfast ready. "Yes, sir," she said, "you do look unwell." "Yes," I replied, "I am not very well this morning. Where is Miss Grahame?" "She's just gone, sir, with a strange gentleman. He came not half an hour ago, and I took his card up to Miss Grahame, and she told me to show him up, and then the next thing was she came into the kitchen in a great hurry with her things on, and she said she'd be back in about an hour, and you wasn't to wait for her, and then they got into his carriage and drove away."

not done so because she did not want me to know. I other words, because she did not intend to come back. This was the conclusion that was forced upon my mind. I would soon be able to verify it. "Let me see," I thought, "she left at say a quarter to ten, and was to be back in about an hour. I'd wager fifty pounds to a sovereign she's not here by one o'clock." Still, I was bound to give her the benefit of the doubt as long as a doubt could exist. So, after making a pretence of breakfasting, I went up to my sitting-room and waited wearily, trying to read, but starting up to look out of the window every time there was the slightest noise in the street, until the bell of the clock on the mantel-piece chimed one. When the nervous system is in a high state of tension there is something peculiarly affecting in the tone of a bell and for some minutes the sharp, clear, uncompromising chime, which marked the advent of the hour that I had been waiting for, rang in my ears, filled me as it did so with a vague, sickening sense of grief and fear. Its sharp metallic tone seemed to tell the end of hope. For minutes after I had heard it I sat still, feeling only very sick, very tired, very sorry about something that I had not the strength to think clearly about, but with a horrid feeling that the sorrow would never end, and then—such is the inconsistency of our nature at such times—there dawned upon me a hope that Miss Grahame was on her way back to me. She must, I thought, have been detained longer than she expected, but she was certain to return. She might come at any moment. Surely she could not leave us in such a way. The suspense of waiting and listening to the noises in the street became so unbearable, now that this hope had, in an unaccountable manner, possessed me, that I left the house, determining to walk to the Marble Arch, and back. It would take, I said to myself, about an hour and a half to do so, and when I came back I should find her at home. At all events, I felt that whilst I was away the mental tension produced by the constant momentary expectation would be removed, as a fixed time must elapse before I could know anything. When I got there, I was so apprehensive that I should come back before her and have to endure the suspense of waiting in the house again that I turned into Hyde Park, where I wandered about for more than an hour. It was about a quarter past three o'clock when an idea occurred to me. I knew the paying cashier in the bank where she kept her account; I would go to the bank and ask if she had been there. Accordingly, I left the park, and hurried to the bank as quickly as I could. There were several people at the counter when I entered, and the clerk I wanted to see was very busy, but in a few minutes he came to the part of the counter where I was standing. "I called," I said, "to ask if Miss Grahame has been here to-day." He looked at me for a moment with a surprised expression, and then replied: "Yes, she was here at ten o'clock." "It is very odd," I said, leaning over the counter and speaking to him in a whisper, "but she left Doughty Street at quarter to ten saying she'd be back in about an hour, and she had not returned when I left at half-past one. Mrs. Grahame is at Highgate, and I was not at home when Miss Grahame left the house."

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.



THE PEOPLE'S PASTIMES.

The National Base Ball Club of this city is to play a game with the Orono, Maine College Club, of Orono, Me., is sure to be a great event.

The St. John Cricket Club goes to Halifax this week to meet the Wanderers and the Garrison Clubs.

VALUABLE RACE HORSES.

Facts Suggested by the Offer of \$100,000 for Bendigo.

[London Telegraph.]

On Friday last Mr. H. T. Barclay, the owner of Bendigo, received a telegram from Mr. William Wright, the well-known Anglo-Parisian bookmaker, offering him £20,000 down and other contingencies for his noble steed.

The second deposit in the international match between Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia and Jem Carney of England for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of the world was received at the Clipper office yesterday.

Jake Schaefer has definitely decided to go to Europe, and, in company with Dick Roche and wife, will sail for Havre on July 2.

Jack Files, who was recently whipped by John Reagan, says: "I am satisfied no pugilist, no matter how scientific or game he is, who has seen the lights put out as often as I have, has any business to enter the prize ring with a fresh young fellow who has youth on his side."

A Wrestler's Romantic Marriage.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

Reports connect Charles Moth, the big German Greco-Roman wrestler, who was at one time quite a factor among members of the sporting fraternity in Minneapolis, with a thrilling romance, in which the other party is an heiress, the daughter of a banker, a vision of loveliness, tall, finely formed, with clear complexion, large, lustrous eyes, a wealth of blonde hair and only eighteen years of age.

Look out for the Saturday Gazette next week.

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. H. 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.

Within our own time Mr. Henry Savile is said to have refused 15,000 guineas for Cremorne, Mr. Homblesworth a like sum for Springfield and Mr. F. Gretton 20,000 guineas for Isonomy.

Champion John L. Sullivan is receiving \$50 a game for umpiring in the Eastern League. He is a drawing card.

Joe McGrath of Brooklyn has challenged Martin Dempsey (brother of Jack Dempsey), who is the lightweight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, to a \$50 a side wrestling match.

The feather-weight champions Patsy O'Leary and Tommy Warren are matched to fight in a fifteen-round contest at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on July 4, with small gloves, for \$1,000 a side and a division of the gate receipts.

55 KING STREET. 55

I. He won her o'er completely T'was not his winning way, He bought her Chocolate Cream Drops, In them the secret lay.

II. He'd told her that he loved her So oft and oft before, But the Chocolate done the business. He bought them at our Stote.

19 1-2 CENTS A POUND. 55 KING STREET.

JUBILEE MIXTURE 15 CENTS A POUND, BOSTON MIXTURE 12 1-2 CENTS A POUND, CARAMELS 20 CENTS A POUND, BEST CREAM MIXTURE 25 CENTS A POUND. 55 KING STREET.

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.

At the Blue Store Candy War.

Union Mixture 12 1-2 Cents a Pound. Jubilee Mixture 15c. a Pound. Gum Drops 10 Cents a Pound. Caramels 20 Cents a Pound. Chocolates 19 1-2 Cents a Pound.

Try Our 25 Cent Mixture!

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CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

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Make your selections early and have your Carpets made and ready to lay at short notice.

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