

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 13.

[12 PAGES.]

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, BED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SYRINGES, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIBS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS, RUBBER, LINEN AND COTTON HOSE, MACHINE OILS of all kinds; FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

Send for Catalogues.

Liberal Discount to Dealers.

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

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 KINGS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The Carpet House Furnishing Warehouse of the Maritime Provinces.

A complete and full Stock will be found in Warerooms. My arrangements with the Leading Manufacturers enables me to show all Novelties immediately after production.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FURNISHING

HOTELS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CHURCHES, Etc.,

Orders by Mail will Receive Personal Attention.

HAROLD GILBERT.

Western Assurance Company.

Fire Risks Taken at Lowest Current Rates.

E. L. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent.

R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince William Street.

THE HARBOR COMMISSION.

THE ASSESSED VALUE OF PRIVATE WHARF PROPERTY.

A Telling Statement Which Shows What the Harbor Costs the Citizens.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

The meeting of citizens in the Institute to consider the harbor commission matter decided nothing. It is not saying too much to say that the subject was not discussed after all. No facts on one side or the other were presented and the people who went to the Institute for instruction came away knowing as little about the subject as when they entered the hall. In this respect the meeting did not differ materially from former meetings held to discuss other matters. Such meetings have always proved lamentable failures and decided nothing—notwithstanding the assertion of the Globe that in this case the public meeting had killed the project and the mild suggestion of the Telegraph that in the present divided state of opinion it would not be well to take any decisive step. The Telegraph does nothing to enlighten its constituents on this question while the Globe does everything it possibly can to kill the project. The question for people to ask themselves are Messrs. Weldon and Ellis opposed to a harbor commission because they believe it in opposition to the best interest of the trade of the city or because the scheme has been supported by the political party they are opposed to. Mr. Weldon says he does not understand the question. Such an admission is unpardonable on the part of a representative. Mr. Weldon should acquaint himself with the true meaning of the harbor commission and its effect on the trade of St. John at once.

The great bugbear has been the private property in the harbor. All are agreed that the interests of the private owners should be as carefully guarded as the public interest, but the interests of the whole public have no right to suffer while those of a few are being protected. All sorts of values have been placed on the harbor properties. They have been valued at \$250,000 to a million of dollars. In order that some genuine idea of the value of the properties the GAZETTE has taken the trouble to obtain what the assessed values of all wharf property in the harbor which statement is appended.

Table with 2 columns: Name of property owner and Assessed Value. Includes Estate Charles Hare, Estate L. H. DeVos, Mary A. Lloyd, etc.

From this statement it would seem that the assessed value of all private property in the harbor except the wharves on the Western side of the city, the wharves in Portland and those in the vicinity of Lower Cove slip is very little over \$300,000. But included in this list are a number of buildings which would be of no use to the harbor commission and which if that body acquired the private harbor rights they would not purchase. The estimated value of these improvements is in the neighborhood of \$150,000, at least. Therefore if the harbor were placed in commission the city would lose the taxes on say \$150,000 worth of property which at the present rate of taxation would amount to \$1,875. But which at the ordinary rate would not be more than \$1,600 and under the reduced assessment that would be possible were the harbor placed in commission would be further reduced to somewhere between \$1,000 and 1,500.

When the sub-committee of the Common Council and Board of Trade examined into the question of private rights in the harbor they made a careful compilation of the value of the harbor properties based on the present revenue derived therefrom and the result was that according to their calculation the private wharves in the harbor would pay 4 per cent. interest on \$300,000. Of course the committee were not able to get at the exact income of all the wharves, but they got some and estimated others so that the probability is they were not far astray and inasmuch as the private wharf owners were represented on this committee the presumption is that the properties were not undervalued. This is further proved by the fact that one property the assessed value of which is \$26,000 was sold the other day for \$14,000.

Outside of the property on the easterly side of the harbor there is but three wharves on this side that in Portland that can properly be termed deep water wharves. These are Rankine's, St. Helena and the Long Wharf. The estimated value of these properties does not exceed in the total sum \$20,000. Therefore the present grant of \$750,000 would enable the commission to purchase at least two-thirds of the harbor properties besides the rights and property of the city in the harbor, and leave about \$50,000 for dredging and making such improvements as are immediately necessary.

Another question of some importance raised is the value of the city property on which the private wharves are built. The city owns all the property bordering on the harbor. In order to assist in wharf building many of these water lots were leased—the leases in all cases being perpetual—at nominal rentals. The total rental coming into the eastern lands fund from water lots is \$1060, of which sum the estate of Hon. John Robertson pays \$670. The next highest rental is \$160, but the majority are at \$1 and upwards to \$40 and \$60. It was claimed that were the harbor placed in commission these rentals would be lost to the

city. Such is not the case. There is nothing in the deed about the transfer of these properties. They were considered the same as private property and the council did not take these lots into consideration at all. The land, rights and privileges to be transferred to the commission are clearly set forth in the deed. For a portion of these lands, the water front of a portion of the custom house, the Dominion Government pays an annual rental of \$20. The city would therefore still continue to own the real estate on which the private wharves are erected. Estimating the value on the same basis as that on which the other city property would be disposed of, the city would get an additional amount of \$15,000, if the property on which the private wharves stand were purchased by the commission. That the value of these lots is far in excess of their capitalized value is beyond question, but the advantage would be with the leaseholder rather than the city, to increase the rentals beyond the present rate. Summing up the value of private rights in the harbor it seems that the property would cost a commission about \$300,000, which is more by \$150,000 than the assessed value, and four times what the property would bring if forced in to the market—if any judgment of the present value can be formed by the sale recently made. At present the city derives a revenue of about \$3,000 a year from rentals and taxes of these properties. If the properties were purchased by a commission that body would still have to pay the rentals of \$1060; the taxes the commissioners, being the representatives of the Dominion Government, would not be called upon to pay.

RESULTS OF THE FIRE.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED IN THE PAST DECADE.

Nearly Ten Millions of Hard Cash Spent in Buildings in Ten Years.

On the twentieth day of June, 1887, a little after 2 o'clock in the day the fire alarm rung out its warning. The fire was soon discovered by the firemen and when they arrived at York Point Slip it was still confined to the building where it had originated—an old shed used for the storage of hay and other articles. A high wind was blowing at the time and in half an hour the fire had gained headway and it was evident to all on-lookers—and hundreds of people had already gathered at the scene—that a serious conflagration must ensue. The large boiler works of the MacLaughlin's were soon sending up a shower of sparks which alighted on the roofs of the old wooden buildings in the vicinity set them on fire also. Smythe, Union, Mill and Dock streets and Drury Lane at that time literally teemed with people. Hundreds of poor families had homes in the tumble down buildings in this vicinity. At first they looked at the fire with that curious always so noticeable among the on-lookers at a fire. But when it became evident that the fire would probably extend to their own dwellings they became panic stricken and the women and children at home. Realizing their danger the poor creatures rushed to their homes and seizing whatever they could find they again ran out on the street screaming for assistance. The cloud of sparks, cinders and flames that met them everywhere dazed them and they dropped whatever they were carrying, and ran for their lives. The few who witnessed these scenes will never forget them. Terror was depicted on every countenance. It was still possible for these people to have saved some of their belongings, but they dare not again approach the fire and contented themselves with looking on and wringing their hands. Soon it was too late even to attempt to save anything. The fire worked its way from house to house and from block to block. Brave and determined as the firemen were they could not stay the progress of the destroyer but were driven from one place to another until almost despairing they moved their stand to the Market Square. Scarcely an hour had passed since the first alarm was rung, but in that short time a dozen blocks had yielded to the flames. The heat everywhere was intense, the wind was rising and even the air seemed to be on fire. Men left their work and rushed to their homes to find them a heap of smoldering ruins. The flames swept on. Word reached the firemen that Trinity street was in a blaze, and that the military buildings on the Barrack Square were already gone. They fought nobly, but to no purpose. Down Dock street the fire came. Already it was

INTERESTING FIGURES.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Interest old city debt, Rebuilding wharves, Market wharves, etc.

By this statement it will be seen that the interest charges and sinking fund appropriations for the harbor alone are \$30,650.84. When the cost of repairs and salaries are added it will be seen that the harbor costs the citizens fully \$12,000 a year.

crossing the Market Slip, while Germain street and portions of Prince William street had caught. Three hours after the fire broke out Germain, Canterbury, Prince William and Dock streets were all burning and the fire was slowly working up King street. Every now and then above the roar of the flames one could hear sounds of falling walls. The streets were alive with men, women and children, none of whom seemed to know exactly what to do. The night was worse than the day. A change of the wind carried the flames northward from Lower Cove and when morning dawned all that was left of the city south of King street were about twenty buildings, heaps of burning rubbish and parts of broken walls. What had taken a century of patient labor to construct had been destroyed in a single night. Stores, residences and factories all were gone. Thousands were homeless. Hundreds had lost the savings of a life time. There was not a man who looked upon those blackened ruins who was not poorer than he was the day before. Every one had lost something—some everything, other much and more little. No such calamity had ever fallen on any city before.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to go into details as to the losses of the fire. That subject has been dilated on by others until it is worn almost threadbare. Ten years have elapsed since the dire calamity fell upon us. The city has arisen from its ashes. Let us look therefore on what has been accomplished since the fire. Blunders have been made but time will rectify these. Taken all in all St. John is a better city, more beautiful and in many respects greatly improved since we witnessed its partial destruction ten years ago. First let us look at what the corporation has done. Mill and Dock Streets have been widened. Union and George Streets have been opened up so that they are now fine streets. Canterbury Street has been opened up, and the public buildings destroyed have been rebuilt on a larger and better scale. We have a well appointed police building; two new fire houses; a magnificent City Hall all completed in that time. The cost has been great it is true—more than the taxpayers could afford. The completion of these buildings was one of the mistakes we made, but the evil has almost passed and a wise administration of the affairs of the city will soon wipe out this fire debt of \$190,557. Indeed that has already been done, for in 1877 we had only \$94,000 in the sinking fund which contains \$257,000. Deducting the sinking fund from the gross debt, and the net debt in 1877 was \$981,681, while in 1887, after expending over \$200,000 for improvements after the fire, the net debt is \$832,680.

The Dominion Government lost the Custom House, Post Office and Savings Bank. All these have been rebuilt at a cost of considerably over \$500,000, but the Dominion Government lost nothing by the fire as more than the cost of the buildings had been paid to the government for duties on the goods destroyed, and as fresh importations were made they realized directly. But it was not so with churches and buildings owned by private corporations. The Victoria Hotel, the pride of the city, was swept away with only enough insurance to pay the mortgage on the building. The insurance on the Academy of Music building was not sufficient to warrant the company in rebuilding. All the churches, Trinity, St. Andrews, St. David's, Presbyterian; Centenary, Queen Square, Carmarthen Street, Methodist; Germain Street Baptist; St. James, Episcopal; Lenister Street Baptist and Duke Street, Christian, have all been rebuilt. Many of them were comparatively humble structures. Now magnificent edifices have been reared on the sites of the humbler places of worship of a quarter a century ago. In all ten churches were destroyed, so that not less than \$600,000 has been expended on church building alone. This money mostly came out of the people of the city. The Victoria Hotel and Academy of Music are now about the only buildings we miss among the institutions of the past. The home for Aged Females, the Marine Hospital, the Protestant Orphan Asylum and the Wiggins Male Orphan Institution have all been rebuilt on the new. With the solitary exception of the Marine Hospital, the others went in the general calamity, but now they are upon as firm a basis as ever.

The chief expenditures in the past ten years have been by the citizens for dwellings, warehouses and shops. In the last ten years there have been constructed in this city no fewer than 2,440 new buildings, of which 491 were brick and 1,955 wood. The appended statement shows the number of buildings constructed each year:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Brick, Wood, Total. Shows data from 1877 to 1886.

A Desirable Tenement.

'But why do charge such an enormous rent for a flat in such a—a well, plebeian neighborhood?'

'Good gracious, man, there's a saloon and a barber shop in the basement, and you can get into either on a Sunday by going down the back stairs.'

Below we give another table showing the cost of the buildings erected in each year since the fire:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Brick, Wood, Total. Shows data from 1877 to 1886.

When it is taken into consideration that over seven million of dollars have been expended in rebuilding the city one ceases to wonder that money is scarce in St. John. The city must indeed have been on a sound financial basis to stand such a draw on its resources. That the figures are under rather than above the mark is beyond question as in many instances the full contract price is not stated to the building inspector. Besides buildings are being constantly improved at considerable annual expenditure.

In the next few years St. John will not need so large an expenditure for buildings and every new building erected will mean additions to the city in population and wealth.

Scaring Uncle Moses.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There was a half dozen of us sitting around the depot at Verbena, Ala., when an old darkey, evidently just in from the plantation after 'baccy or groceries, hove in sight.

'Now, boys,' said the Colonel as we all remarked the old man, 'you keep still and I'll scare that old nigger out of a year's growth.'

With that he called to Sambo, and the old man came up, doffed his hat, and asked what was wanted.

'I'm Gen. D. Erastus Longfellow, and have been sent down here by United States Government to look up the marriage certificates of colored people. Have you got yours with you?'

'N-no, sah.'

'You haven't! Then it is at the house?'

'N-no, sah.'

'What! Have you no marriage certificate to show?'

'Deed I haven't, sah.'

'Then, sir, let me inform you that the penalty is five years in the State prison. Did you lose your certificate?'

'Reckon not, sah.'

'Never had one?'

'Nebber.'

'Great snakes! but it will go hard with you, Uncle Moses! I hate to tear you from your family and send you to prison for the rest of your days, but duty must be obeyed. No certificate of marriage, never had one, and I don't suppose you can remember who married you?'

'No, sah, I can't.'

'E Phiribus Unum! But won't you catch it! Where and when were you married?'

'Nowhar, sah! Nebber got mar'd 'tall. Allus dun bin what you white folks call an old bach—haw! haw! haw!'

Rich in Years.

William Williamson died on July 1, at Bethel, Me., aged 101 years.

When John Downey died recently in East Toledo, Ohio, he was 103 years of age.

At the Harlem Police Court a woman was recently brought up for drunkenness who is 102 years of age.

John Noah Baby of Plainfield, N. J., still supports herself by work, although she is believed to be 115 years of age.

Probably the oldest man in the State of Tennessee is Henry Cleary of Meigs County, who is 105 years of age, and still in the best of health.

One of the most interesting ladies of Cambridge, Mass., is Mrs. Charles Bradford, who is 94 years old. She is still a great lover of music and performs beautifully on the piano.

John J. Whipple of Rockland, Me., was 100 years old on June 18, and attributes his good health and great longevity to always eating and drinking according to inclination.

Ant Rachel Rutherford of Summit, Mo., is 91 years of age and has 57 grandchildren and 126 great-grandchildren. She is an inveterate smoker, and a wreath of smoke always encircles her head.

Mrs. Betsy Fairfield of Haydenville, Mass., is 102 years of age. Her mother lived to be 98, a sister 92, a brother 88, and another brother living is 87. She was a regular correspondent with friends of her earlier days until she was 65.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION.

ST. JOHN'S EVENTFUL HISTORY UNDER THE TRICOLORE.

Fighting Always in Order, But No Attempt at Permanent Settlement.

St. John has had a somewhat eventful history. It is now 283 years since Champlain, Dr. Monts and Poutrincourt the French adventurers and explorers paid their first visit to St. John, sailed into St. John harbor on the day 1604. But great as were her discoverers they failed to see the advantages afforded by St. John for settlement and turned the prow of their little vessel to the ill fated island of St. Croix where they attempted to found a settlement. They called the fair land they had discovered Acadia, and after the terrible experiences of the first winter were over a permanent settlement was established at Annapolis. In 1611 Father Edmond Masse, a Jesuit Missionary, established himself among the Indians at the mouth of the St. John, and endeavored to instruct them in christianity. His labors do not seem to have been attended with success as a year or two later the missionary removed across the bay. The man who did most for St. John while the province was a French possession, was Charles Amador de La Tour, a French nobleman, who settled and built a fort on Carleton neck in 1639. This fort mounted 24 guns and was the most important trading port in the entire colony of Acadia. La Tour lived in regal splendor and usually had as many as 200 retainers about him. The old tale of the hatred of d'Anlay Charnisay, another officer of the King of France, who had a fort at Port Royal, may still be permitted in brief. Charnisay with the aid of courtiers of the king succeeded in having La Tour's commission revoked by the King of France, and in 1643 attacked his fort at the mouth of the St. John with five ships and 600 men. La Tour succeeded in getting aid from Boston and was successful also in beating off his enemy. Two years later, while La Tour was absent from home, Charnisay made another essay to capture the fort of his rival. Lady La Tour made an heroic resistance for three days but on the fourth day, April 16th, 1645, while the garrison were at prayers a traitorous Swiss sentinel open the gates and allowed the enemy to enter. Lady La Tour rallied her faithful band of followers and was making head against the enemy but at terrible loss. To save further bloodshed she made terms of capitulation, terms which Charnisay afterwards violated. For five years Charnisay was the sole possessor of Fort La Tour. How much longer he might have held sway cannot be said had he not been drowned in the Annapolis river. On the death of his adversary La Tour went to Port Royal, wood and won the widow of Charnisay and thus set at rest the question of title to his possessions in Acadia. But war had broken out between England and France, and in 1654 an English fleet appeared before Fort La Tour, which, being in a defenceless state, was obliged to surrender. Thus, for the first time, the flag of England floated over the Palisades of La Tour. La Tour was not easily discouraged and was not very particular to whom he owed his allegiance. After the capture of his fort by the English he crossed the ocean and in conjunction with Thomas Temple and William Crowe succeeded in obtaining a grant from Cromwell of the whole of Acadia. Subsequently La Tour sold out his interest in Acadia to Temple but continued to reside at St. John until his death in 1666. The following year, by the Treaty of Breda, Acadia was ceded to France by England, and it became a French Province with Royal Governors, the first of whom was the Chevalier de Grandfontaine, who resided most of the on the lower St. John. Temple had built a fort at Jemseg for trading. The new governor removed the cannon from the Jemseg fort to La Tour which he greatly strengthened. In the year 1671 a census of Acadia was taken when it appeared that there were in the entire province less than 400 souls of European origin. There were then but two forts maintained in all Acadia, one at Pentagoet where the governor resided, and the other at St. John commanded by M. de Marson. In 1674 de Marson seems to have removed his headquarters to the Jemseg fort, as in that year he was there surprised by a Flemish pirate commanded by an English adventurer who captured the fort and carried de Marson off a prisoner. He was not held long as a hostage however, as in 1676 he received a grant of land from the crown and established a seignior under the name of Nachouac, while in the same year he was also granted the fort, or more properly speaking, house at Jemseg.

There is no record of the removal of Grandfontaine, but in 1682 the records show that M. de la Valliere was in command in Acadia under appointment from Count Frontenac the governor of Canada. In the same year the King of France granted to the Sieur Bergier of Rochelle, Gautier, Boucher and de Monts the lands which they shall find suitable along the coast of Acadia and the River St. John for the establishment of the shore fishery. Bergier made an attempt to establish the shore fishery, but he was frequently raided by the English from the adjoining provinces, and it was generally supposed that the commandant La

Valliere was in league with the enemies of his country—in other words that he sold the privilege to the English that his king had granted to his compatriots. The feud between the Frenchmen Bergier and La Valliere was waged with great violence for some time ending in the seizure of two of Bergier's vessels and the confiscation of their cargoes of hides and fish. M. Perrot succeeded La Valliere in the governorship of Acadia in 1684, to be succeeded three years later by M. de Meunier.

Prior to these changes four brothers of Quebec the d'Amours, sons of Matthew d'Amours one of the Councilors of State of Quebec arrived in Acadia. These youths notwithstanding the high position held by their father took to the woods as outlaws of the forest and at one time were actually placed under arrest by the Governor of Quebec for some of their high handed acts. They were released, however, and obtained grants of land on the St. John river—one of them locating at the mouth of the Ornosto and the other at the mouth of the Jemseg opposite the fort erected by Temple. Here an extensive trade was carried on by the brothers with the Indians who at that time were engaged in a fierce war with the tribes of Maine and New Hampshire, during the progress of which the English settlements in these countries were frequently raided and their inhabitants murdered.

Port Royal was during this time the seat of the Acadian Government, but in 1690 it was attacked by Sir William Phips who carried the fort by storm and took the governor and garrison prisoners to Boston. Villebon was appointed the successor of Meneveau in the governorship of Acadia and when he arrived at Port Royal he found the place entirely ruined and at once decided to move the seat of government to the fort at Jemseg. But this fort was not in any way suited for such a garrison as Villebon had to maintain and he moved to the mouth of the Nashwaak. When the English learned of the building of this fort Sir William Phips sent a ship of 48 guns and two brigantines with 80 soldiers on board to attack and reduce it. No attack was made as the English found the French at the mouth of the St. John and were so much disconcerted that they returned to Boston without firing a gun. During the governorship of Villebon the fort at the mouth of St. John became the rendezvous of a large number of piratically inclined vessels which made frequent excursions along the New England coast destroying vessels, seizing the cargoes and murdering the people. These outrages culminated in the capture of Port William Henry, at Pemaquid, in August, 1696, a fortification of stone which had been built by the Province of Massachusetts at a cost of \$200,000. In revenge for this insult the English decided to drive the French from the river St. John. Benjamin Church was placed in command of the English expedition which sailed from Piscataqua late in August. After visiting Chignecto Bay where he plundered the settlers destroying their buildings and crops, Church returned to St. John where he succeeded in frightening some workmen who had commenced to re-build La Tour's fort and captured 12 cannon, the French had buried on the beach. Satisfied with his exploits this heroic soldier set sail for Passamaquoddy Bay where he was met by Colonel Hawthorne who had brought a reinforcement of three vessels. Hawthorne took command of the expedition and bade Church return to Nashwaak with him. They came abreast of the fort on October 18th, and commenced the attack. Villebon who had been warned of their coming was fully prepared to receive them, having called in all the Frenchmen settled along the river as well as a number of Indian warriors. The siege lasted two days when the English withdrew from the river having lost a considerable number of their men.

During the winter Villebon strengthened his fort as Nashwaak, but decided to rebuild Fort La Tour which had many advantages over the inland forts. In 1797 he organized the Indians and attacked the English settlements at Maine while his workmen were busy rebuilding his new fort. In 1698 the new fort was completed at a large cost and Nashwaak abandoned. St. John had now become the capital of Acadia and for two years passed through an uneventful history. In July 1700 Villebon died and was buried at St. John—which is the resting place of the two greatest Frenchmen in Acadian history. Both were cruel, tyrannical men who thought little of bloodshed and who loved war because of the opportunities it afforded for plunder. Nevertheless they were men of the hour—men who have seemed necessary to every country at sometime in its history.

In June 1671 Brouillon who had been sent out as Governor of Acadia arrived and at once decided to abandon the fort at St. John an act of folly which cost the French their fair Province of Acadia. The buildings Villebon had erected at such cost he ordered to be destroyed. The fortifications were razed and everything of a portable character was carried off to Port Royal which again became the Acadian capital. St. John was deserted for notwithstanding that the French had held possession of Acadia for more than a century there were no permanent settlements established anywhere along the river. Nothing had been done in this time to develop trade in anything but furs and pine sticks for

masses. The solitary article of export during the French possession was lime which was sent in considerable quantities to Port Royal. In 1710 nine years after the removal of the capital to Port Royal the fort was carried off by storm by General Nicholson's expedition and its name changed to Annapolis, the town becoming the seat of government for the English colony of Nova Scotia. Several attempts were made by the French to recapture their former stronghold, but without avail. Annapolis since 1710 has remained an English settlement.

By the treaty of Utrecht Acadia was ceded to the English, but the French still maintained that by Acadia only Nova Scotia was meant and contended that St. John was still French territory. Acadians in Nova Scotia were invited to settle on the St. John and in 1782 they established a settlement of 78 souls besides their priest, Jean Riviere Janilo. In 1749 Colonel John Gorham was sent to the river St. John to exact submission from the French inhabitants. His party when attempting to land was fired on either by the French or Indians. Two Indians who were found out of their camp were seized and detained as hostages, but the title of the territory about the St. John still remained in dispute. The old fort at the mouth of the river was rebuilt and occupied by an armed force. It had lain desolate for half a century. And when the rumor that it was being rebuilt reached Halifax, Governor Cornwallis ordered Captain Rous to proceed to the St. John and order the French to desist. A parley took place between Rous and the French commander Boisberbert, who explained that the French did not intend to rebuild La Tour, but that his orders were to prevent others building until the right of possession was settled between the two crowns. The crafty Frenchman did not tell that he was then engaged building a strong fort at the mouth of the Nerepis. The year following the strongest of French forts in Acadia, Beausjour, on the Isthmus of Chignecto was built.

For five years the French and English dwelled in peace, the former strengthening their fortifications at St. John and Chignecto the while. In May 1755 an expedition of 36 vessels having on board 2,000 men under command of Colonel Monckton sailed from Boston to capture the French fortifications. The formidable Beausjour was first struck on the 2nd of June and on the 16th it surrendered. Captain Rous was then sent to St. John with orders to attack the place. When the French observed his arrival they set fire to their buildings, exploded the magazine, blew up their cannon and then marched inland. But the French fugitives from Chignecto and Grand Pre established themselves at the St. John and were such a menace to the English Province of Nova Scotia and Massachusetts that in 1758 a regiment of Highlanders and another of Provincial troops were sent from Boston to recapture the fort at St. John and destroy another fort built by the French at St. Anns, (Fredericton), arriving at St. John the Highlanders attacked the fort from the land and after a formidable battle secured between 200 and 900 prisoners, the remainder of the garrison escaping up river. The loss in the battle was quite heavy, more than forty of the French being killed. It was a decisive victory, however, as the French never again attempted to settle at the mouth of the river St. John. It had been an important fort for them for upwards of 200 years. Now it was lost forever.

Advice for the Season.

Now put on your thickest flannels. Drink hot Scotches. Get close to the parlor stove. Exclaim, Oh, for a warm wave! Say, It is a cold world. Grumble, Coal is mighty high! Ask your wife if she won't get up and light the fire. Tell her she has mighty cold feet. Put weather strips on your windows. Get a fur collar on your overcoat. Wonder why some plan cannot be invented for the heating of street cars. Ask the authorities of horse railroads why they don't change the straw in their cars every week instead of once a season. Complain to your plumber that the darned furnace don't draw worth a cent. And make yourself miserable generally.

The Flower of Pain.

(Helen T. Clark in Springfield Republican.) Singing, I pause amid my glowing roses, My leaning lilies fair, And lo! my search a hidden stalk discloses, Of leaves and blossoms bare. "A poor dull weed!" I cry, and all unbrooking, It spreads its dark root fibres, overflowing My garden's tiny space. I struggle to uproot it, never looking Beyond its outward signs. In vain I strive, with weak, impatient fingers, Strong set within the mould, The hardy interloper lives and lingers Where beauty's buds unfold. Ever with jealous thoughts I watch it growing: It robs my life of grace; It spreads its dark root fibres, overflowing My garden's tiny space. It puts forth leaves of tropic darkness drooping Between me and the sun, My roses' pride, my lilies' graceful grouping Are all undone! undone! Walking to-day, dim-eyed and heavy-hearted, I catch its breath divine— I see and its dusky leaflets parted Rich colors thro' and thro'— I see it blooming through the years forever. Is its blessing, ah, how plain! Life's a deep rose whose crimson fading never, The perfect flower of pain!

SETTLED BY ENGLISH.

THE BEGINNING OF NEW BRUNSWICK BY ENGLISH COLONISTS.

How the Settlement Commenced—A Century and a Half of History.

With the capture of Fort La Tour by the Highlanders and Provincials in 1758, the last vestige of French rule disappeared from Acadia. Taught by past experience the English decided that if they wished their trade to be free and unimpeded they must take formal possession of the land. For nearly a century the month of the St. John had at one time and another been the refuse either of the French or pirates. It made little difference which. One was as dangerous to the trade of New England as the other, and the pious Puritans of New England always kept their weather eye over the mighty dollar. When they waged war they did so only after a season of prayer and fasting, but while at their devotions they were calmly reckoning up the prospect in profits of the enterprise they were about to embark in. Pioneer settlers might be murdered by the score so long as the pockets of the Bostonians were not affected, but when this tender spot of the Puritans was touched they had been thrice rebuilt and sallied forth to do battle with their enemies, and if possible to uproot them. Though the Sabbath was strictly observed throughout, New England it was not considered a very impious act to plunder an unfortunate Frenchman provided he came within their power. Might was right in those days, and the world has not greatly changed since then, only we have different ways of getting over our weaker competitors than our forefathers had.

It was the necessity of preserving their trade and the value of the coast fisheries of what is now New Brunswick that induced the English and Provincials to unite in garrisoning Fort La Tour. Following the raid of 1758, the old fort that had been the home of La Tour, and had passed through many battles and sieges, it had been thrice rebuilt and twice dismantled; which had been occupied in turn by Royal Governor and practical adventurer and over which the tricolor of France had floated for two centuries, with but short intervals, was destined to harbor another and an alien race. The bastions were renewed; the palisades strengthened, new buildings were erected and over all now floated the flag of the greatest and most successful colonizing power the world has ever seen. The name of the fort too was changed to Fort Frederick, and in order that the commandant of the fort might be kept posted on what was going on, a block house was erected on Fort Howe, more for an observatory than any other purpose. The autumn of 1759 found the new residents of Fort Frederick encamped within the walls of their new acquisition and prepared for the winter they knew was coming. It was during this autumn that St. John was visited by a terrific hurricane which cut great tracks through the forests, levelling thousands of trees and doing great damage. A considerable portion of Fort Frederick was washed away but the damage was afterwards repaired. Colonel Arbutnot was in charge of the month of the St. John, and Fort Frederick was garrisoned with between 150 and 200 men. The Indians gave the English a great deal of trouble. Their sympathies were entirely with the French, and the commandant was kept busy watching them. He however succeeded in removing several hundred French families to other places, where, the records fail to show. But even this was not sufficient to relieve the monotony of life at Fort Frederick. It is related that in 1760 70 of the garrison left in one vessel and 80 in another. That these men were mostly provincials is shown by the fact that they returned to New England. The commandant, according to one historian, seems to have followed his men, as Lieutenant Long, in July 1760, reports the fort still sadly out of repair and in almost defenceless condition.

The settlement of New Brunswick by the English was commenced in 1761, when a number of families from the older English colonies took up land on the marshes of Westmoreland county. In 1763 Israel Perley explored the St. John river in the interests of a number of persons in the older English colonies to the west. The following year he brought a large party through the woods from Machias, and established the township of Manguerville, named after an English merchant named Joshua Manger who was agent of the colony of Nova Scotia. On the 16th of April James Simonds, James White and Francis Peabody arrived in St. John, and determined to make it their future home. The settlement at Manguerville was on quite a grand scale for those days, as a memorandum made by Mr. Grant of Halifax, shows that there were 400 English inhabitants on the St. John River. Thousands of acres of land were granted these settlers, and amusing stories are still told as to the novel requests made by these parties. It is related that some of the settlers when they learned that the loyalists were to come to the mouth of St. John applied to the British government for a grant of what is now the city of St. John, describing it as a piece of beach on which they could dry their nets. But somebody smelled a large rat and the

grant was refused. In 1765 New Brunswick was erected into the county of Sunbury in the province of Nova Scotia. The Indians and English settlers do not seem to have been the warmest of friends, as in 1766 Ensign Meara, who was in command at Fort Frederick, wrote to Halifax complaining of Colonel Glastier and Israel Perley for doing violence to some Indians. But when the garrison was withdrawn from Fort Frederick in 1768, the Indians soon became quite troublesome, and in 1771 they burned the house and dwelling of Captain Jadis, a retired officer, who had settled at Grimross for the purpose of trade. This act led Governor Campbell to recommend the erection of a block house which was subsequently built at the mouth of the Ornosto, where Temple had, a hundred years previous built his trading post. The county of Sunbury was now fully organized. It had for its first representative in the Nova Scotia legislature Charles Morris, son of the Surveyor-General of Nova Scotia. In 1774 Mr. James Simonds was also returned to represent the county, it being then entitled to two members. A court of Common Pleas had been established in 1769, and the settlement seemed to be enjoying a fair measure of peace and prosperity.

But a change was soon to come over the land. In 1775 the older colonies were in open revolt against the mother country and as the majority of the settlers of the County of Sunbury had come from New England their sympathies were with their fellow colonists. In August 1775 and a short time after hostilities were commenced Stephen Smith, a Machias man and a delegate to the Massachusetts Congress arrived at the river St. John in an armed sloop and received a friendly reception from the colonists. On his way up the river he had made prisoners of the few men who were in charge of Fort Frederick and burned the buildings in and around the fort besides capturing a brig of 120 tons, laden with oxen and swine for the British troops at Boston. This showed England the necessity of guarding the Bay of Fundy and vessels of war were at once sent to protect the ports. An attempt was also made by the Governor of Nova Scotia to secure the assistance of the Indians on the side of the crown.

The feeling of disaffection which was so general throughout the English colonies in America though not by any means as wide spread as some would have us believe, for there always existed two strong parties, spread to the St. John river and the marshes of Chignecto Eddy, a native of Massachusetts, who had been a resident of Chignecto formulated a plan for the capture of Fort Cumberland and the Beausjour of the French was now called and with this object in view made a journey to Boston where he disclosed his plans and succeeded in enlisting the aid of the authorities and the services of a number of men. On his return to Chignecto Eddy stopped at Machias where his party received numerous additions. He then visited Manguerville told the people of his intention and was joined by a company of 25 men their captain and lieutenant. Eddy embarked his recruits in whale boats and canoes and in a few days they were landed in safety at Shepody. At Sackville they discovered a sloop laden with provisions, which they captured and with the engineer of the fort and several men. The success of these forays caused the inhabitants of the district to the number of about 100 to join him. On the 12th of November, Eddy reached Fort Cumberland and drawing his 200 followers up almost under the shadow of its walls he summoned the commander to surrender. Already he held as prisoners of war about 20 of the garrison and emboldened by his success, thought it was but a simple matter to reduce the fort. The demand of Eddy was promptly refused and a siege was then commenced which lasted until November 28th, when Major Bott at the head of a detachment of the garrison sallied forth and compelled the invaders to retire. No further attack was made and the men returned to their homes dispirited by their provisions, which they captured and half starved. They had played for high game, but the chances of war were against them and they had lost.

Though defeated the settlers were not entirely discouraged. After a series of public meetings had been held and resolutions of sympathy with the people of New England passed, Asa Perley and Asa Kimball were appointed delegates to visit Massachusetts for the purpose of obtaining such aid as would enable them to hold their settlements on the St. John river for the United States. Colonel John Allan a turbulent and war-like spirit, who a short time before had been compelled to fly from Cumberland because of his disloyal plots was appointed to the command in Sunbury by the Governor of Massachusetts and left Boston at once to endeavor to make terms with the Indians and secure their aid against the crown. He had forty men with him when he sailed from Boston in April 1777. The passage to St. John was not uneventful by any incident of importance and leaving his men at the mouth of the river proceeded to Aukpaque, an Indian settlement above Fredericton, where he held numerous conferences with the Indians and the inhabitants of the country. During his absence from St. John the sloop of war Vulture arrived at St. John, and on June 23rd attacked Allan's house, and were quartered at Simonds' house

directly under Fort Howe. Six of the British were killed, but the Continentals were not dislodged until a few days when the war ship Mermaid arrived. This additional force terrified the rebels and they fled. They were pursued very closely and several of their number killed. Allan who had succeeded in making terms with the Indians met his retreating force at the mouth of the Nerepis. He turned and fled with them arriving at Manguerville on July 1. Hurrying on he reached Aukpaque the next day, but his copper colored allies refused to fight, abandoning their settlement rather than meet the British. His cause now helpless Allan with the remainder of his force retreated through the woods to Machias, where he arrived August 2, 1777. This was the last attempt made by the United States to gain possession of Sunbury County by force.

When the Nova Scotia government saw the success of Colonel Allan's mission among the Indians they sent out Mr. Franklin as Indian Commissioner, and on September 24th 1777, that gentleman entered into a treaty with Mallicoet and Micmacs at Fort Howe, which has been of a most enduring nature, as from then to the present time there has been no trouble from the Indians. Fort Frederick seems to have been entirely deserted now as when Major Studholm was sent to garrison St. John, he chose the post at Fort Howe for his fort, with the exception of an occasional visit from New England privateers St. John has enjoyed an almost continuous season of peace. Major Studholm, besides being the commandant of the fort, was also engaged getting out spars for his Majesty's ships—the first cargo of which arrived at Halifax November 22nd 1780. The following winter another cargo consisting of 200 pieces was prepared. The population of the river St. John was steadily increasing both in numbers and wealth. In the year 1782 St. John became a port of entry, and the returns of the collector, James White, show that 144 tons shipping at the port that year and 165 tons cleared therefrom. The population of the Sunbury county in this year numbered about 1000 souls.

The following year witnessed a great change at St. John. Early in May of 1783 the Loyalists who had been driven out of New York, Boston and elsewhere, took refuge at St. John. Somewhere about 70,000 persons were forced to leave the new nation to the south and many of these came to St. John. So great was the immigration to St. John during 1783 that at the close of the year the population of Sunbury County was estimated at 11,457, of which 10,000 were Loyalists. With the landing of the Loyalists commenced a new era in the history of St. John and New Brunswick. They were not a race of weaklings but bold, determined men. They had opposed the war of revolution in the older colonies and when victory perched on the banners of their adversaries in that war they had elected to leave their possessions, their homes and friends and chosen to settle in the heart of the forest rather than accept the new order of things in the home of their childhood, for most of the Loyalists were of American birth. They were among them great men and small, educated and ignorant, but all had a common purpose the upbuilding of a new country and that they build well none can doubt.

PLAY GROUNDS FOR THE BOYS.

Some Valuable Suggestions from An Esteemed Correspondent.

In a former article I pointed out the need there is in St. John for round drives and parks and incidentally mentioned the lack of common or play grounds for the boys where they could have their games of ball and cricket. It is a most important matter that growing boys should have plenty of healthy out-of-door exercise and that within easy reach of their schools and homes—their physical and mental healthy development depend upon this and the means of obtaining it should be fully as great a charge upon the community as that of their common schooling. They should have provided for these play grounds easy of access, free and open at all times, subject only to good behavior. It is true the area of the city is cramped and open level plots of ground suitable for the purpose are scarce, but for one healthy spot I need only mention the Barack grounds—these grounds, or portions of them should be thrown open to the boys for their free use, subject of course to the ordinary police regulations—and they would serve for boys living east to the south of King street. For the north and east parts of the town a plot of ground could be taken either to the eastward of the "Cricket and Athletic grounds" or beyond the "Old Methodist Burying Grounds" between the Marsh Road and the Old Loch Lomond Road. This would be easy enough of access and the grounds are level and well drained. The expense need not be great in providing these much needed places for the boys and I feel sure that what little additional taxation they might involve would be cheerfully borne by all who wish to see our boys grow up healthy and manly with good muscles and sound brains.

ARBOUR VITÆ.

John G. Whittier has never been further than Washington from his New England home.

SHARP'S

Favoured known for upwards of forty years it has become a household name. No family should be without it. It is simple and very effective. In cases of Croup and Whooping Cough it is marvellous what has been accomplished by it.

BALSAM

In its use the sufferer finds instant relief. How anxiously the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases, and would not give anything if only the dear little one could be relieved. Be advised of

HOARHOUND

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam. If you cannot get it of your dealer, send direct to us, in stamps or currency, 30 cents.

ANISE SEED.

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

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

D. CONNELL,

Livery Stable,

SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

CITY OF LONDON

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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

H. CHUBB & CO.,

General Agents. Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 15 Coburg Street,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.

OFFICE:

94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE.

The undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate terms. For particulars apply to

MISS M. HANCOCK,

83 QUEEN STREET.

JOHN BODEN,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, & C.

Office: No. 8 PALMER'S CHAMBERS, Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Immediately over the offices occupied by the late firm of Carleton & Bejan.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.

GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS and Surgeon, N. Y. King's College London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scotland. Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland N. B. Adjoining the Mission Chapel.

JAMES T. SHARKEY, L.L.B.,

Barrister and Attorney,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED and DYED at the St. John Dye Works.

C. E. BRACKETT & CO.

94 PRINCESS STREET.

THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

What Women Have Done in the Past. Peculiarities of Female Attire.

There have been a good many ladies before Mme. Dieulafoy who persisted in wearing small clothes. One of the most curious of the letters from Heloise to Aephard from the Paraclete is the epistle in which she complains of the obstinacy of the nuns under her control in adhering to their hautes-de classes, which are really tight extending from the waist to the toes; but, at all events, the good sisters of the Paraclete wore monastic tunics and robes over their sub frock garments. Among the many hundred examples of costumes of the female monastic orders figured in the Pere Bonami's ponderous work there are only two instances of sisters of a religious community wearing visible trousers, and these are Coptic and Syrian nuns, and the voluminous bags in question are of the pattern commonly known as Turkish. Strutt tells us in his "Sports and Pastimes" of an illustrated manuscript of the fourteenth century, one of the illustrations to which represents a party of ladies enjoying the sport of hunting and riding on califourchon, like their lords; and, as a matter of fact, this practice continued among female Nimrods until side-saddles were brought into England by Anne of Bohemia. The ladies in the illuminated manuscript wear skirts, but the antiquarian whom we have quoted speaks of an author of the seventeenth century, who remarks that the ladies of Bury, in Suffolk, "that used hawking and hunting were once in a great vein of wearing breeches," which practice it seems gave rise to many severe and ludicrous sarcasms. But what would the antiquaries of the last generation have said to the extraordinary prevalence among the fair sex at present of the taste for appearing in almost every possible variety of bifurcated apparel? The Bloomer costume movement never took root; and the reason assigned for its failure by that eminent authority on ladies' dresses, the late Mrs. Merrifield, was that the crusade was not initiated by the uppermost classes, but by the middle ranks in society. If Lady Wortley Montague, who, in her letters to the Countess of Mar, so minutely described the Turkish habit which she purchased at Constantinople, and which was practically a georgian Bloomer costume, had worn her jacket and sash and trousers in fashionable London society, she might have popularized Oriental Bloomerism in England as quickly and as effectively as she did inoculation. The present "divided skirt" movement, which is only a modification of the "haka" costume of Japan, is on its trial, and does not call for immediate criticism. The decorum of its outward appearance, at least, is undeniably, but there is no craze apparently existing about the divided skirt, while there is a decided craze among French and English ladies for the wearing of two-legged garments. The fashion papers are crammed with advertisements profusely illustrated, of ladies' "hunting breeches," the latter candidly proclaimed as such; ladies don jerseys and knickerbockers to join gymnastic classes; at the seaside the hideous old bathing-gown has been superseded by dainty and picturesque tunics and trousers. In Paris, ladies fence in pantaloons, and ride in ribbed silk culottes and varnished Hessian boots; and they have still the grace of wearing an abbreviated habit over their trousers. Mme. Dieulafoy may plead plenty of precedence for her preference for male over feminine gear. She can point to the French vivandiere. The original feminine sutler of the French army was not a romancing personage; she wore trousers beneath her skirt; but they were very voluminous, baggy and unattractive-looking articles of dress. It was reserved for the Second Empire to glorify the vivandiere, and to dress her in elegant conformity to the uniform of the corps to which she was attached. If she belonged to the zouaves she wore a turban, short jacket and vest, knickerbockers, and gaiters; if she administered to the thirst of the cavaliers she had a short skirt, tightly-fitting buckskins, and jack-boots. The vivandiere of the line wore a prettily modelled pantalon garance, or red trousers. Finally the intrepid lady traveller might triumphantly point to the trousers of other female travelers who have preceded her. Did not Lady Hester Stanhope wear trousers? Does Lady Burton ignore their use? Did the two Unprotected Females who once went to Norway journey in skirts or trousers? Ida Pfeiffer, the famous female traveller who died at Vienna thirty years ago, wore the same dress as her brothers. Mme. Dieulafoy is fully entitled to assume the garb worn during so many years by her renowned compeer; but, lest the Mrs. Grundys of Paris should be scandalized, she should keep her trousers for the desert and the mountain pass, and her tight for the edification of a select circle in her own drawing room.

Courtesy to a Stranger. Park policeman (to tired-looking individual, asleep on one of the seats at the Battery)—Here, wake up. No sleeping allowed here. Tired-looking individual (bewildered and rubbing his eyes)—Since when was sleeping not allowed in Fairmount Park? Policeman—Ah! excuse me. I see you are from Philadelphia. Sleep away!

People Talked About.

Mr. W. D. Howells says that he has just written the first pages of a new novel, for which he has not selected a name. Call it Jones.

A Cherokee half-breed who has no arms or feet is on trial for his life in the Indian Territory. Only a portion of him can be convicted.

A French artist is working on the equestrian statue of Gen. R. E. Lee which will be placed in the fashionable West End quarter of Richmond, Va.

Mr. G. W. Cable is said to have overworked himself during his recent Southern tour. The Southern people think that he overtalked himself.

The Sea Shell, published at Old Orchard, Me., has reached us, and it conveys the interesting information that Mr. C. W. Horn has reopened his barber-shop on Washington avenue for the season.

The Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, the Southern preacher who has settled in Tannah, is at variance with his congregation on the subject of social equality, and serious trouble is anticipated. It is even probable that Mr. Bacon will vacate his pulpit.

Charlotte Wotter, the celebrated Austrian actress, who is soon to make her first appearance in America, was born in Cologne. Her father was a very poor tailor, but she is now very rich and a close personal friend of the Austrian Emperor and Empress.

It is not generally known that Henry S. Wellcome, the author of "The Story of Metakahita," which has made such a sensation here, is a member of the firm of Burroughs & Wellcome, druggists' specialties, of London, and that it is not many years ago that he was an employee in the drug house of McKesson & Robbins, of New York.

An aged naval hero is Commodore Nathaniel Duncan Ingraham, of Charleston, S. C., now visiting Oakland, Md. He is eighty-five years old and he has served in every war since the Revolution. He entered the United States Navy in 1812. When the civil war broke out he resigned the command of the flagship Richmond, U. S. N., and served through the war in the Confederate Navy. Appleton's Cyclopaedia says that he died in 1863, but this misleading statement is not interfering with the old man's health.

At the recent Press Fund dinner in London, Mr. H. Rider Haggard delivered his maiden speech nervously, with his back persistently turned to the chairman. He said that he would rather be a famous sportsman than a novelist.

Henry S. Ives is now by many considered the coming financier of New York. He has just purchased a pleasure yacht, for which he gave the neat little sum of eighty-seven thousand dollars, out of his profits of the last four weeks.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, the anarchistic preacher, who is creating a sensation in the East, was formerly a printer in Indianapolis, afterward an actor, and finally entered the ministry. His wife was Miss Ida Gatling, daughter of the inventor of the Gatling gun.

Matthias Spittog has been swindled out of \$14,000 in a real-estate transaction at Wyandotte, Kansas. Mr. Spittog is a Wyandotte Indian and worth \$1,000,000. He can neither read nor write, and is generally very shrewd at a bargain, but the real-estate agents were too much for his untutored mind.

Lord Porchester, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon, came of age recently, and comes at once into the enjoyment of the splendid Chesterfield property, which was left by the seventh Earl of Chesterfield to his sister, the late Lady Carnarvon, for her life, and then to her children in strict entail. The property now yields more than two hundred thousand dollars a year. When Lord Porchester inherits his father's estates he will have at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year more.

Mrs. Sarah McArthur, nee Winston, the former beauty of the Treasury Department, is now worth \$2,000,000 in her own right. She inherited a tract of land near Birmingham, Ala., and under the supposition that it was worthless, sought and obtained a Washington clerkship. Some three months ago she learned that her barren plot of ground contained in its depths the best iron ore in the South. She sold a portion of her estate to a mining company, and a few days ago resigned her clerkship and wedded a son of Judge McArthur. The young lady is a granddaughter of the late Governor Winston of Alabama.

It has been remarked that Mrs. Cleveland possesses exceptionally strong wrists, and is, consequently, able to endure the prolonged handshaking of public receptions without over-fatigue. Her strength of muscle is attributed to her persistent use of dumb-bells. She is said to be quite a gymnast, and owes much of her graceful carriage to the thorough command of her body given by calisthenic exercises.

Tennyson did not marry until past forty. Lady Tennyson is neither intellectual nor esthetic, but is her husband's very humble worshiper. She does not appreciate his work, but he is very fond of reading his verses to her in a chanting tone and grandiloquent manner. She invariably listens with rapt attention, and explodes in superlatives. Being indulged, flattered, and humored to the top of his bent, he is domestic.

CHINESE PERSONALS.

How the Celestials Advertise for their Loves and Meetings.

[North China Herald.] Here are several curious specimens of a class of advertisements quite common in Chinese newspapers:

A husband whose wife has eloped from him inserts an advertisement, in which he details at considerable length the circumstances under which he married the lady and the story of her elopement. He married her in July, 1878, and he goes on to say:

We lived together as husband and wife in kindness and affection for seven years, nor was there any change in our peaceful relations. My wife is 27 years old this year. In July, 1883, I followed the K'oching battalion (the "courtous and tranquil" battalion which the late Viceroy Ho Tung-fang brought with him through the settlement here) to their quarters at the West Gate. As my son was also on duty with the detachment, my wife and I took up our residence at Shanghai. In the March of this present year we removed to the Hui-fang Lou, when I secured the position under the pseudonym of Chou Ai-ching (Chou l'Amoureux), began to frequent the Ti-lou, where she would sip tea—circumstances of which I was at the time totally ignorant. Later on, on the 15th of the eighth moon, a Huchou man, whose name and surname I do not know, went privately with my wife, nee Kung, to the temple to burn incense. He had the effrontery to wear a blue button and the medallions and beads of an official. This went on until, at 8 o'clock on the night of the 17th of this month my wife secretly fled from the house, carrying a bundle with her. I cross-questioned the nurse, and so became acquainted with the preceding facts.

I cannot control my wrath and bitterness. My wife, nee Kung, has, it is plain, been enticed away by this rascal's deceit. How, I wonder, can a mere tailor's block succeed in beguiling a girl who has a lawful husband? Surely he has not law or justice before his eyes! It is on this account that I am advertising. Should any kind-hearted gentleman who can give me information do so by letter I am ready to reward him with \$20, should he bring her back. I will gratefully give him \$40. I will most certainly not eat my words. His kindness and benevolence for a myriad generations, to all eternity, shall not be forgotten.

But before my eyes is still my one-year-old baby girl wailing and weeping night and morning. Should that rascal presume on his position and obstinately retain her mother as his mistress, not only to all eternity shall he be infamous, but only shall he cut short the line of his ancestors and be bereft of posterity, but we three, father and son and little daughter, will alike risk our lives to punish him. I hope and trust he will think thrice, and so avoid an after repentance. I make this plain declaration expressly. Letters may be addressed either to No. 4 Hui-fang Lou or to my niece's husband, Hsia Lao-san, at the Yung-lo.

The advertisement tells a sad story, nor is the pathos at all lessened by the artlessness of the writer who thus lets his soul bare to the newspaper reading public.

Here is a piteous appeal, worthy of the agony column of the Times. The title is very striking:

Avoid incurring death by thunder!—Your mother is weeping bitterly as she writes this for her boy Joy to see. When you ran away on the 30th of the 8th moon the people of the shop came and inquired for you, and that was the first news we had. I nearly died of fear at the time, and since then sleep and food have been in vain, and I am weeping and sobbing still. The letter that came from behind the horizon I have, but it gives no place or abode where I might seek you. I am even now at my last gasp, and the family has suffered for many days from grievous insults of others. If you delay longer and do not return, I cannot, cannot bear it, and shall surely seek an end to my life, and then will stand in peril of eternal damnation by thunder. If you come, no matter how, everything is sure to be arranged. I have thought of a plan, and your father may still be kept in ignorance. My life and death hangs on the issue of these few days. Only I pray that all kind-hearted people everywhere will spread this abroad, so that the right man may hear of it. So will they lay up for themselves a boundless store of secret merit.—Written by one in Scotch City.

We shall quote one more:—Lost to-day, a slave girl named Feng-ping ("the Phoenix Screen"), aged just fourteen years, a Cantonese, dark complexioned, with slightly protrusive front teeth, dressed in a tunic of blue cotton, with a green wadded cotton jacket, black cotton drawers, white stockings, and cloth shoes, but with nothing further on. She went out this morning at 8 o'clock to buy things, and has not been seen to return. Should any one know of her whereabouts and inform me by letter I will recompense him with two large pieces of gilt silver. Should he detain her and bring her back I will recompense him with ten large pieces. I will assuredly not eat my words. A notice. Advertisement by Wu Shunch'eng, of the I-ch'ang-ch'ien, near the Second Ferry.

What New York Drinks.

[New York Letter to Pittsburgh Dispatch.] Under ordinary circumstances New York manages to consume daily about 340,000 gallons of ale and beer, and an unusual hot days the grand total must show up something like 500,000 gallons. New York disposes of 12,000 gallons of brandy, whiskeys and other distilled liquor per day. During July and August the average falls down to between 9,000 and 10,000. With this falling off there is a proportionate increase of non-intoxicants. About 30,000 quarts of low milk are drunk in New York and Brooklyn per diem. As to the business done in soda water, it is something enormous. At Hudson's, on Broadway, 5,000 glasses are handled over the counter every day. At other points on Broadway, which need not be mentioned, the sales range all the way from 1,200 to 3,500 glasses. At one establishment on Park Row the small room is crowded constantly by patrons of vanilla and lemon.

A. G. BOWES & Co.,

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



Call and examine it

At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

CUTLERY

AND

Plated Ware

OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

Market Square.

JOHN WHITE,

93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Dures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoop-pain, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Contains infusory solution of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars.

ANODYNE

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

RHEUMATISM.

A WONDERFUL CURE!

Messrs. HARRINGTON BROS:—Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniment, including Minard'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 chanced to see an advertisement of your "Rheumatism" offering wonderful cures. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. 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 about as usual as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and winter to this date January 20th, 1886, with its climate changes. I can recommend your "Rheumatism," and hope that all who are affected with that most painful disease "Rheumatism," will not hesitate to give "Rheumatism" a trial. 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.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

GRAND OFFER.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.

This Offer remains open for one Month until September 15th.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street. JOHN A. BOWERS, Editor and Manager.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

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

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

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

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

Advertisers will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation throughout the entire province.

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

Address all communications to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES

The strongest of us will be nothing but memory to our friends by and by; the better we live the sweeter that memory will be.

The man who killed his children last May to get into a desirable tenement is no better off to-day as far as comfort is concerned than he was before he moved.

People who moved on the first of May are now about getting things in their households into order. It takes time to do these things but comfort and order are sure to arise out of misery and chaos if one has only patience.

A man never knows anything about the events of matrimonial life until his garments are crowded out of the closets where his wife hangs up her dresses. He realizes then that man and wife are one and knows well who is the one. This is written only for married men.

Theologians who are expending such an extraordinary amount of concern over the post mortem condition of the heathen might far better be giving their attention to their own condition at present. A quarrel over an unanswerable conundrum may be entertaining, but it certainly is not edifying.

In their efforts to out rival each other, the New York hotels are struggling to surpass in the beauty of their girl telegraph operators. Men and boys used to look after things in these offices, but girls took their places. When there are so many offices together, a young man is likely to go where there is the prettiest girl to take the message.

The melancholy intelligence from Asbury Park of the death of an infant from the effects of heat while the nurse had it out in its carriage on the beach, conveys a timely warning to parents whose children are in the care of servants. Not alone good intention but good judgment as well are needed to ensure the welfare of the little people in these exceptionally trying days.

People interested in breach of promise suits will find a point in the example of Mrs. Childs, an English widow of forty with nine children, who, when she accepted a candidate for the position of second husband, made an entry of the fact in her diary and had her lover sign it. Her thoughtfulness stood her in hand to the amount of £200 damages on trial of the suit she brought when the lover proved untrue.

This fair sex in New York are just now presenting quite a military appearance, owing to their liberal use of gold braid in the adornment of dresses, and of silver girdles—not those with chain accompaniment, but the girde pure and simple. A stately blonde maiden made quite a sensation on Union Square on a recent Saturday afternoon, by her dress of dark material slashed with yellow, and a ponderous silver girde that encircled her waist.

A GERMAN paper makes the statement that more than two million glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures three hundred thousand of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface, to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire and are constantly liable to lose an eye. The expression of the eyes is almost solely due to the movements of the upper eyelids; and this is the reason that we may see a man with a glass eye a hundred times before we discover his infirmity.

A BIRMINGHAM paper says that a novel experiment was tried there recently with the telephone. A letter was received by Messrs. Rogers & Priestly, musical ca-

terers in that town, asking them to send an organ to suit a pianoforte to a room at Moseley, where a concert was to take place that night. The firm were totally at a loss to know the precise tone of the piano, and consequently despaired of being able to comply with the demand in time. However, much to their surprise, they found that they could communicate with the people at Moseley through the telephone. Forthwith the firm asked that one of the notes of the piano should be struck. When this was done the sound could be heard in Colmore Row, and by reducing the pitch-pipe, the tones of both instruments were made to correspond.

OUR EXTRA NUMBER.

The present issue of the GAZETTE consists of twelve pages. It was the intention to have made this edition sixteen pages, but this would have required more time than we had at our disposal. A large edition has been printed for circulation throughout the entire province. Many of our most enterprising city merchants have availed themselves of the opportunity of making the nature of their business known far and wide.

Much of our space in this issue is given up to descriptions of St. John and its business, but none of the usual features of the paper have been dispensed with. The GAZETTE is winning its way into popularity, because all questions are discussed in its columns entirely without political bias.

Our desire is to have the GAZETTE in every home in the Maritime Provinces. In order that this may be possible we have to-day reduced the price of the GAZETTE TO TWO CENTS A SINGLE COPY and the annual subscription to ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. With this change we hope to even further popularize THE GAZETTE.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.

In the country districts and the small towns there is very little of what the dwellers in large cities would call poverty, that is subject want without hope for the future—a state of society wherein children are born to a certain future of want, degradation and misery. Before the son or daughter of the very poor man in country town or rural section there are avenues which open to positions of comfort and respectability, if not of affluence and power, but for the child of the slums there is no hope within the borders of the city. Hereditary poverty is possible only where the people are permanently divorced from the soil. To this extent the doctrines of Henry George and his friends are correct.

It would not be difficult to show that the real cause of the overcrowding of cities and the consequent existence of perennial poverty is not due to the existing laws which permit the accumulation of real estate in the possession of an individual. Possibly unrestricted proprietorship may augment the evil, but the real cause is to be sought for in the habits of the people themselves, notably in the intemperate use of ardent spirits, which may properly be regarded as the prime cause for the destitution existing in the great cities. A generation or two of descent towards a lower scale, which is certain to be the result of intemperance not only unfits the descendants of the industrious workmen for any position requiring the continued exercise of either mental or physical power, but also renders them incapable of escaping from their misery to the only source whence restored power can be obtained, namely the cultivation of the soil. Hence when drafts are made upon the rural population to supply nerve, brain and muscle for the demands of the city, those whose places are thus supplied pass through the regular stages of partial employment, no employment at all and last of all crime. The criminal classes of our cities are the last result of the social custom which makes the drinking of intoxicating liquors a fashionable necessity.

But this article is not intended as a temperance lecture. Our original proposition was that hereditary poverty is the result of a long continued divorce of the people from the soil. In New Brunswick we know very little of what hereditary poverty is; yet there are degrees of it with which we are all familiar. Happily the remedy is more readily applicable with us than with those who live in the great cities. We have societies of various kinds for the relief of such poverty as exists amongst us, and it is worthy of their consideration if they could not advantageously turn their attention to the removal of some of the objects of their care from the city to the country. In all sections of the province there is a demand for active boys willing to learn to farm. The pay of such would be nominal at first, but they would be sure of abundant food and clothing, a comfortable home to live in and the opportunity of learning an honorable and useful calling. When a number of lads come

out from England they find good homes at once, and no good reason exists why scores of young boys in our own city, who here have a life of poverty and temptation before them, should not seek openings of the same kind. It is of course desirable that boys sent to the country should not have acquired idle, dissolute and filthy habits; but even for such, some preparatory or reformatory institution should be established. Laboring men of steady habits can in nine cases out of ten better themselves by going into the country, that is, if they are not handicapped at the outset with a large family; though, even in such cases, success may be achieved. To those who have never before observed it the progress which an industrious man will make upon a farm in a few years is a great surprise. A few years only are necessary to place him beyond the reach of actual want, and not many are requisite to render him comfortable. To be the producers of the necessities of your life is to get them at first cost, and this is a long step on the road from poverty to wealth. If the life of a single individual can be so altered that, instead of becoming a burden upon society and perhaps leaving behind him other and more helpless burdens than himself, he will be self-supporting, drawing from the soil all that he needs for himself and his family, that to the state would be manifest. In the former state he is a source of expense, weakness and possibly of danger. In the latter he is a strength to society. Such transformations might be far more frequently accomplished than they are. Amongst us are scores of persons who, with a little encouragement and perhaps a little assistance, could be induced to attempt to make the change. We commend the matter to the noble men and women in our midst who work and give freely for the benefit of the needy.

MIDSUMMER LOVE STORIES.

Sam Peters is a good-looking young negro, who has been hauling watermelons into Quitman, Ga., from his master's farm in Brooks County. On the way he always kept a sharp lookout for a pretty yellow girl who sometimes flirted with him from the roadside. Last Monday, as he was passing her house, she cried out, "Wish I had one of dem watermelons." Sam said he would give her the biggest one in the lot if she would ride into town with him, and she accepted. By the time they had reached town Sam had persuaded her to marry him; a preacher was hunted up and the knot was tied.

A romantic wedding took place at Edwinstown, Ill., the other day, when Prof. James O. Duncan, of Vandalia, a widower, was married to Mrs. Lillie Carroll, of Springfield, a widow. The marriage was the culmination of a series of coincidences in the lives of the wedded pair. The Rev. J. B. Thomson, who performed the ceremony, officiated in the same capacity at Prof. Duncan's first marriage and also at Mrs. Carroll's first marriage, and preached the funeral sermon at the death of Prof. Duncan's wife and at the death of Mrs. Carroll's husband. It was this strange fatality of circumstances which induced the couple to seek again the services of Mr. Thompson.

A pretty Nebraska widow, who had enamored the affections of many respectable farmers living near Wyma, was recently ordered to leave the country by a band of "regulators," under penalty of a coat of tar and feathers. Nothing daunted by the threat the widow sought a double-barrel shotgun and awaited developments. When the regulators approached the house to carry out their threat, the sight of a loaded gun pointed from one of the windows deterred them, and one of the number, in admiration of the woman's pluck, advanced under a flag of truce, proposed marriage, and was accepted on the spot. Then a person was called in, the marriage was celebrated, and the night wound up with a round of festivities.

Henry Wynn, a bachelor from the West, who was recently visiting his brother at Owen Sound, Ont., expressed the desire to get married before his return. The day of his departure had already been set, and to expedite matters he offered his brother's wife a deed to fifty acres of land if she would get him a wife by the Saturday following the date of the offer. After exploring the town without success for several days, on Friday Mrs. Wynn met a Miss Melrose, who was willing to accept the offer. She was introduced to her prospective husband on Saturday evening, just before the boat was leaving. A consultation was held, the pair were married on the spot, Mrs. Wynn was handed over the deed for the fifty acres of land and the bride and groom steamed away for their prairie home.

Kind But Not Consoling.

Wife—I want a new hat. Husband—What's the matter with the one you have? W.—It is a perfect fright. H.—Who bought it? W.—I did. H.—And you think it is a perfect fright after selecting it yourself? It is clear your taste is not to be relied upon. I will keep my eye open as I am going about the city and select one for you myself, and you shall have a good one if it takes me a year to find it.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

"We are becoming more Americanized every year" said a well known citizen to me last Saturday. "Look," he continued "at the dress of our people. See the number of white dresses worn by girls and young ladies during the summer season and compare the present time with ten or twenty years ago when white dresses were a comparative novelty in St. John." I looked and discovered that fully one half the ladies on King street wore white dresses—and the sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians. The spectacle was such as one would witness at some of the great seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast where, at times, it seems as if the entire female population had robed themselves in white. These white costumes are most appropriate for summer more particularly when they are properly set off with bows of silk and other stuff which add materially to the attractiveness of the costume.

But it is not only in the matter of costume that we are becoming Americanized. We do business on the same plan as the majority of American cities. In some points we are behind the larger cities. The credit system is still the greatest evil our merchants have to contend with. Two-thirds of the business of the city is done on credit. A system that is fraught with evil. It tends to make the purchaser more extravagant than he would be if he had to pay for the articles when he bought them. Besides the cash customer has to pay more than the value of the goods—not more than the merchant can afford to sell them for under the present system. Now there is a movement on foot to make the credit thirty days which would be a still greater improvement.

In common with a large number of citizens I attended the public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute on Friday evening of last week. We went there to hear arguments for and against the harbor commission, but I think very few people received any enlightenment at all on the subject. Three hours were spent in talking about confederation, the Halifax elevator and numerous other questions, none of which were pertinent to the issue. All but two of the speakers opened up that they did not understand the question at all, which was painfully shown by the manner in which they discussed this great and important subject. Only one of those who understood it talked at all to the point, the others referring to almost everything else save the results of the harbor commission. There are men who understand the question; but I regret to say they were not present possibly because they knew it was useless to attempt to settle this question in a meeting at which not more than one-tenth of the rate payers would be represented. The meeting was called to kill the commission. That was the avowed object of the supporters of the motion in the common council. The mayor decided in favor of a resolution having this end in view, but the promoters of the meeting must have been surprised to find that fully one-half of those present were in favor of a commission. It is only right and proper that the complete plan of the government in forming the commission should be before the citizens before they vote on the question. The Commission Act, for instance, does not fix the salaries of the harbor officials—it makes no provision for the commissioners receiving any salary whatever. That there are men in this community who have sufficient interest in this city to serve on the commission without pay there can be no doubt, but whether such men would be appointed by the government is a question that cannot be decided until the names of the appointees are made known. Therefore it is extremely desirable that the question of remuneration of commissioners be fixed before the commission becomes an assured fact. The strongest advocates of the harbor commission do not want it if our trade is to be burdened by high salaries to a lot of useless people. They advocate the commission because they believe that it is in the best interests of the city to transfer the change of the harbor to an independent body, and if we are to make changes and improvements to make them at the expense of the trade benefited thereby overburdened merchants to bear the additional cost. The city of St. John pays \$30,000 a year for its harbor debt; the commission would only be required to pay \$20,000 for the same debt. Besides this, the commissioners have \$250,000 at their command to expend in harbor improvements. If wise and cautious men are appointed on the commission the whole of this amount will not be expended at once but as the trade of the city demands it. There is no earthly reason why the management of the harbor should cost more than \$5000 a year, commission, officials and all. Were this the case the commission could purchase the revenue producing properties in the harbor at once and make the improvements

immediately needed and still be in a position to lower the charges of the port to the former level—that is one-half the present rate of wharfage charged. It would be silly in the extreme for the commission to go to work at once and spend \$250,000 in harbor improvements some of which were not revenue producing properties. What we want is the means at hand to make these improvements as the necessity arises without placing additional burdens on the taxpayers. This can only be done by placing the harbor in commission, and by a harbor commission is meant five gentlemen who are well informed on all matters appertaining to ships and trade—not mere theorists but practical men of sound common sense—men who are above committing an act for mere selfish purposes but who will at all times act only in the interests of the trade of the city. Give us a commission composed of such men as this and the harbor commission will be the greatest God send St. John has ever had.

I was somewhat amused at Sheriff Harding's eloquent remarks in reference to the great competence of the common council and the excellent manner in which that body had at all times handled the finances of the city. Sheriff Harding is an old man now. He has lived in St. John all his life and since he reached manhood has for the greater part of his time occupied positions of trust. Surely he has not forgotten that the common council is alone responsible for the huge and to some extent unnecessary debt of the city of St. John. In years past—not a very great many either, the city was reduced to bankruptcy by the mismanagement of the common council. Surely Sheriff Harding has not forgotten that lengthy analysis of the city debt he prepared in 1878 in which he showed very clearly that of the \$400,000 of old city debt fully one quarter of that sum represented the accumulation of unpaid interest. Does the Sheriff think this was a good way to do business? Instead of being well managed the affairs of the city of St. John have been grossly mismanaged by common councils of the past. Talk about good management when within a half century the property of the city has been trusted and the council has been unable to meet its indebtedness, or pay the salaries of its officials. But within forty years both these things have happened. Of course the citizens have not always been represented by blunders or plunderers, but we have had both classes in our common council, even with a quarter of a century. The city made a wise investment in 1870 when it purchased the Pettengill property and some years previous when they built the Pettengill wharf. These properties have paid for themselves, but the first mentioned has been an annual charge on the taxpayers of nearly \$4,000 a year. So that after all the citizens are not so much in pocket. The total cost of the property was \$123,000 and before the city has paid off the bonds for which they are assessed they will have paid over \$113,000 in taxes. So after all the investment has not been so profitable as some people would have us think. It is useless to talk of good civic management when we have before us such jobs as the widening of Dorchester street, the Prince William street pavement, the cutting down of Canterbury and Union streets before us. It is a matter of congratulation that we have a better civic management at the present time than in the past.

Mexican Mining Kings. (A Letter from Zacatecas.) The bonanza kings of Zacatecas are the Escobedos, and the King bee of the family is the Hon. Jesus Escobedo. His income, in the language of a Zacatecas American, is three times what John W. Mackay's is. When he was a boy Jesus Escobedo peddled charcoal. Associated with Jesus in his mining enterprises are Jose Maria and Cayetano Escobedo. Besides the three brothers there are other branches of the family also engaged in mining. Jesus Escobedo is one of the largest owners in the Vesta Grande, from the discovery of which the existence of Zacatecas, as a mining camp, dates. He has been a Deputy in the lower branch of the Mexican Congress, and a Senator as well. Jesus Escobedo confines his attention almost exclusively to mines. His brother, Jose Maria, is one of the largest real estate owners in the city. In one locality he has 2,000 tenants of the poorer class, and his rent-roll amounts to \$150 a day. A branch of the family owns a hacienda eighteen miles long and five miles wide below the city. When the Escobedos think corn is getting too cheap they run a little corner and tie up 3,000,000 bushels in their granaries until the market stiffens. Unfortunately the wealth is very unequally divided, and the citizens who go to the depot every day to make the acquaintance of American tourists at train time are not calculated to impress hasty travellers favorably. Mexico has a large assortment of medicaments, but none surpass those of Zacatecas in their wares—beware make-up. The only bonanza with which they have any acquaintance is the occasional copper tossed from a car window.

Look out for next week's Saturday Gazette.

JUST RECEIVED!

JUBILEE BELLS, GIPSY POTS, TINKER POTS, TRIPOD KASLES, BRASS BARRIS, BRASS ORNAMENTS for Trimming, BRASS MATCH SAFES, BRASS INK STANDS, WOOD and BRASS CABINET and PHOTO FRAMES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CUTLERY, PURSES, LUNCH and MARKET BASKETS, POCKET BOOKS, All the above goods will be sold at very low prices at

WATSON & CO'S., Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

AGENTS FOR Royal Family Cigarette

We have on hand a fine Assortment of Choice Havana Cigars Which we will sell low to the Trade.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 KING STREET.



A FULL STOCK OF Harness of all Kinds, WORKING OR DRIVING.

ALSO HORSE COLLARS Of a superior make and quality.

WHIPS, HORSE BRUSHES, &c. T. FINLEY, 227 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Medical Hall!

R. D. McARTHUR, Druggist and Apothecary, 59 Charlotte Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FINE DRUGS and CHEMICALS, MATERIA MEDICA, DRUGGISTS' Sundries, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, SOAPS, COMBS, Etc.

Remedy for Potato Bugs. I have for sale at Low Rates to Cash Customers 500 lbs. PURE PATES GREEN In one pound Tins, R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU. W. HAWKER, Druggist, St. John, 110 PRINCE WM. ST.

W. HAWKER, Esq., Druggist, etc., St. John, N. B.: Dear Sir,—Last year I came home from a fishing trip with a fearful Cough and Cold, and took all the medicine I could think of, to no purpose. I was told that I had Bronchitis, and was done for. A friend came to see me, and said he would send to St. John for your Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, which he had great faith in. After taking a dose or two the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since. It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several lots. I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it. Yours truly, G. E. BOARDMAN, Milltown, St. Stephen, N. B.

PICTURES FRAMED

With the best Moulding ONLY. On account of light expense I am prepared to give lower prices on Picture Framing, Looking Glasses, Picture Mountings, Mirror Plates, and Fancy Goods, Than any other Dealer in the City. WHOLESALE and RETAIL. Call or write and get our quotations on the above.

W. BRUCKHOF, 102 KING STREET, Over Mr. Clark's Drug Store.

SAMUEL E. DAILEY, Gold, Silver and Nickel Plater.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE CARRIAGE SLEIGH AND HARNESS TRIMMINGS, ELECTRO-PLATING in all kinds of METALS. Old Table ware Repaired and Replated. Such as Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. All Orders promptly attended to and Good Workmanship Guaranteed. 249 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 6, 1887.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA...

PUGSLEY BUILDING,

COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS.

DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street.

Hall's Banking Company, M. A. Finn, Wine Merchant, W. Hawker, Druggist, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St.

Rooms 1, 2, 3—D. R. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul, 4, 5, 6—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc., 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law, 8—E. B. Kaye, Barrister, etc., and J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co., 9—James J. Kaye, Q. C., Barrister, etc., 10, 11—Charles Donnelly, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity, 12, 13—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc., Master in Equity, 14 & 15—Charles Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

Second Floor.

Rooms 15, 16—Neville Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor, 17, 18, 19—C. N. Skinner, Q. C., Barrister, etc., and R. C. Skinner, Judge of Probate, 20, 21, 22—Hannington, Millidge & Wilson, Barristers, etc., 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Clinch, Secretary, 24, 25—E. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc., 26—Office of Consul-General Bishop of Canada, 27, 28—C. Sidney Smith, Barrister, Solicitor Bank N. B., and Secy Rural Cemetery.

Third Floor.

Rooms 29, 30—The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, J. Dewy Spurr, President, 31, 32—R. C. John Dunn, Governmental Architect, 33, 34—Anthony Davis, Barrister, etc., 35—Wm. J. Brophy, Janitor, etc.

Top Floor.

Rooms 35 to 45—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE

Repairing & Refitting

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S,

53 SMYTHE ST.

N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH,

MANUFACTURER OF

Woven Wire Mattresses

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

Woven Wire Cots.

These Goods are sold by the principal Furniture Dealers in the Lower Provinces.

FACTORY:

35 and 37 WATERLOO ST.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WANTED.

WANTED—50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered in ULMAN'S STEAM LAUNDRY, 107

READ!

Mince (Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sausage-Cured Ham, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables.

T. W. SEEDS,

15 WATERLOO ST.

T. YOUNCLAUS,

Direct Importer.

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

My whole and well selected stock of GOOD READY MADE CLOTHING can now be bought at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order, if possible, to clear my winter stock out before the season closes. Also, a full line of

Gents' Furnishings,

Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overhirts, Trunks, Valises, etc.

I am also making clothing to order from my large and well selected Scotch and English Cloths. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Terms Reasonable.

City Market Clothing Hall,

51 Charlotte Street.

THE WALLED-IN ROOM.

Being the Terrible Adventure of an Irish Naturalist.

"I opened my eyes and looked around me. A man was leaning over my bed; near the man stood a woman with a bonnet with great white wings on the sides, holding in her hand a moist compress. The room was plain and neat, with clean white walls. On a table, covered with a great napkin of yellow linen, I noted a number of strange objects—rows of little vials, and a brown earthen jar filled with bits of ice. Through the muslin curtains, which bellied out from the window in the balmy air, I could see a batch of blue sky and the tops of green trees bending lightly in the breeze. 'Where was I? It seemed like a long dream that I had had; my head felt empty, my limbs ached, and I could not think. The man gently lifted my head, and gave me a few drops of some liquid, which I swallowed with avidity. 'Well, Mr. Furniss,' he said, 'how do you feel?'"

"Oh, what?" I cried. "Where am I?" "You are in my house, my dear sir, and we shall take good care of you. Now," he added, replacing my head on the pillow, "be quiet and go to sleep." I gazed at him for a long time, and all at once I recognized Doctor Bertram, the celebrated specialist in insanity. A shudder passing through my frame. Why was I in Doctor Bertram's hospital, instead of in my home, near Phoenix Park, with my books, my herbs, and my microscopes around me? His hospital was for mad people!—and that Sister of Charity, those vials, that bowl of ice—my God, I must be mad! But why?—how? "How long have I been here?" I asked, after a time.

"For four weeks, Mr. Furniss. But you must be quiet and sleep. Now do not try to talk." "For a month! Was it possible? What had happened? But even as I asked myself these questions, little by little I went off to sleep, and I saw, in a billowy meadow, a road covered with blood and bordered on either side with monstrous microscopes shaped like trees, a road on which two little girls played at pitch and catch with a severed head, while Doctor Bertram, comically bonneted with a religious cap, rode astride of a dead body, which reared, and pranced, and kicked till he could scarce keep his seat. The next morning I was better; and day by day I improved, though that horrible nightmare came to me each night. But it grew less and less distinct, and in a few weeks it almost ceased to trouble me.

One evening the doctor, whom I had not seen during the day, seated himself near my bed. "Well," said he, feeling my pulse, "you are doing famously. I'll have you out, as good as new, in a few days. But you've had a close shave. It has been one of the prettiest cases of cerebral congestion I ever handled—a beautiful case. Why, it's a wonder you are alive now. Tell me, how is your memory; can you remember what happened before you were brought here?" "I don't know, I can not think. I have passed through something fearful. What it is, I can not say. From the faint glimmer of recollection that comes to me, I have the sensation of having been dead—murdered! Oh, it is frightful. My brain is weak yet. Then, the child, a pretty golden-haired child—rolling on the floor."

"Come, come, this will never do," said the doctor. "You can tell me all about it in the moon." "No, now, doctor," I cried. "It is coming back to me. Yes, I have it now." Here is an exact transcript of my recital as I told it to Dr. Bertram and, later, to the magistrate. You know my passion for natural history. Well, scarcely a week passes that I do not go into the country botanizing. That day I went to Glacevin, where, as you know, the marshy meadows are rich in curious plants, Infusoria, and diatoms. I was passing through something fearful. I was in my box full of rare specimens, on which I expected to make a report that would astonish the Botanical Society when I saw a little girl, certainly not more than five or six years old, who was all alone, crying as if her little heart would break. I approached her, but at sight of me she redoubled her cries. I could see that the little one was lost, and that she did not know where to go, so I spoke to her kindly, and, by dint of promising her unlimited bonbons, got her to tell me that her name was Lizzie, and that she lived near Beresford Place in Lower Abbey Street. I took her hand, and we soon started off, talking together like old friends. She was a beautiful child, fresh and rosy, with great, candid eyes and fair hair, which was cut short over her eyes and fell in golden ringlets about her shoulders. She trotted bravely along, her soft, little hand holding my great, ruddy paw confidently. As we walked she told me remarkable tales, in which figured a big, black horse, a little knife, a doll, and a number of people I did not know.

Lizzie was afraid she would be scolded when she arrived home, but she was not, and I—I was received with transports by her mother, who was half-distracted. Never was gratitude expressed so heartily and pleasantly. Who was I, where did I live, how did I happen to find her, and a thousand like questions were showered upon me.

"Oh, Mr. Furniss," said the mother, "you are the savior of my child. How can we express our gratitude? We are not rich, but such a debt can not be paid in gold. How happy my husband will be to repeat my thanks to you. He is still at his office, but—will you do us a great kindness, will you honor our humble board to-morrow? I shall have a savant here like yourself, an you two will enjoy each other's company, I am sure. And my husband will be so happy to have you."

I thanked her for the invitation, and promised to be on hand. At the appointed hour I was shown into their modest parlor, and you may be sure the husband's gratitude was no less warmly expressed than the wife's. And little Lizzie threw her arms around my neck, and showered on me the innocent caresses of a happy child. I seemed, indeed, to be one of the family. The dinner was a merry one, the savant seemed to be an interesting man—in brief, I passed an excellent evening. The air had been heavy the whole day, and in the evening a storm came on. Thunder-claps succeeded one another without interruption, the rain fell in torrents. Whether it was the effect of the storm, or the suffocating heat, or of the wine I had drunk, I felt a strange melancholy, I could not breathe comfortably. I was about to set out for home, however, for it was late and my house was at some distance; but they insisted that I should stay. It would be foolish to expose myself to such a tempest, when I was feeling well; the mother begged me with such a good grace that I felt forced to remain and pass the night in that hospitable house. They ceremoniously conducted me to my room, and there wished me good night. I remember, even, that Lizzie having fallen asleep in her father's arms, I kissed her little cheek, pale by sleep, and her dimpled little arms.

Left alone, I began to undress slowly and wandering about the room, as one always does when one sleeps in a strange place. I felt as if I should smother in the close atmosphere of the room. Before getting in bed, I went to inhale a little of the outside air, and in spite of the roaring storm, I tried to open the window. It was a false window. "Well, well!" I exclaimed, a little surprised. I thought I would remove the chimney-screen; it was a false chimney. I rushed to the door—it was locked! Fear seized me, and, holding my breath, I listened. The house was quiet, all seemed to be asleep. Then I inspected the room carefully, straining my ears for the least sound. On the floor, near the bed, I noticed, spayed, it was blood-dried and blackened stool! I shuddered, and a cold sweat stood out on my forehead. Blood! Why should there be blood there? And I saw that a whole sea of blood must have been spilt there—for a great space around the hard wooden floor had been freshly scrubbed and scraped. All at once I cried out. Under the bed I had seen a man, stretched out, motionless as an overturned statue. I could not cry or call out. With trembling hands I touched the man. He did not move. With trembling hands I pushed the man; he did not move. With trembling hand I seized the man by the feet and drew him forth—he was dead! His neck had been cleanly cut, as with one stroke of a razor, and the head held to the trunk only by a slender ligament.

I thought I should go mad. But something must be done—the assassin might come at any moment. I raised the body to place it on the bed. I made a false step, and the livid head turned over, swung to and fro for a moment like a hideous pendulum, and then, detached from the trunk, fell on the floor with a dull sound. With great difficulty I introduced the decapitated trunk between the sheets, I picked up the head and placed it on the pillow like that of a sleeping man, and, having blown out the candle, I slipped under the bed. I did all this mechanically, without thought of defense or safety; it was instinct that prompted me, not intelligence or reflection.

My teeth chattered. My hands were wet with a thick moisture. I felt as if I had gone to bed in a charnel-house. I remained there, in that awful fear, minutes, hours, months, years, centuries—I do not know how long. I lost all idea of time and place. All was silent. From without, the noise of the storm and the whistling of the wind came to me softened and sad, like moans. I could not picture to myself the assassin who was coming—who was there perhaps. In that state of horror, I could see only little Lizzie, fair, rosy, and frank, with her doll and her great hat; I could see her sleeping in her father's arms; now and then she lightly raised her eyelids and disclosed her eyes, which seemed to me to be bold, implacable, cruel, murderous.

The door opened, but as softly as the scratching of a mouse. I bit my lips till the blood came, to keep from crying out. Now a man stepped in with gliding tread, with infinite precautions to avoid touching the furniture. It seemed to me as if I could see the cruel, clutching fingers gliding over my clothes, searching my pockets. Then the steps came nearer, seemed to graze me. I felt that the man was bending over the bed, that he struck one fierce blow. Then I knew nothing more.

When I recovered consciousness, the room had become silent again. But fright held me nailed to the spot. At length I decided to escape, with what caution you may imagine. On tiptoe I gained the door, which had not been closed. Not a sound, not a breath. Feeling my way, I passed into the hall. I waited to see a head thrust suddenly from out the shadows, a knife gleam in the dark. But no—the brute, glighted with crime, slept without remorse, I descended the stairs, drew the bolt of the door, and, half-fainting, with the blood frozen in my veins, I fell into the gutter of the deserted street. Doctor Bertram had listened to my recital with the deepest interest. "And there I found you, Mr. Furniss, and in what a state! Could you recognize the house?" "Yes," I replied; "but to what end?" "Well, let me cure you, and then we shall go together to the house of these assassins."

Eight days later, the doctor and I stood in Lower Abbey Street. I recognized the terrible house. All the blinds were drawn; in front of the door a placard was placed, bearing the legend: "To Let." I inquired of the former residents from a neighbor. "They have been gone a month and more," she replied. "It's a great pity, for they were very nice people."

Parisian Catacombs. The catacombs of Paris are of enormous extent. They were originally stone quarries, and more than one-tenth of the city's extent is honey-combed by them. Some of them are said to have been in existence for fifteen centuries, but it is only within the last hundred years that they have served for purposes of burial. Of the old cemeteries of Paris, the largest and most popular was that of the Innocents, comprising not only vaults beneath the church, but great pits for the use of the common people, where hundreds of corpses were buried together. The place became such a hot-bed of disease from overcrowding that successive edicts were issued prohibiting further burial there, but it was continued until the place became absolutely loathsome. In 1780 it was computed that the cemetery was twenty-six feet deep in dead bodies, and at that time, after it had been used for nearly seven hundred years, it was finally closed. As the high ground regarded as the centre of infection, the church was pulled down, and the human remains transferred to the quarries, which received the name of catacombs. These underground galleries, to which the remains of many other churches have been removed, are under the care of a regular corps of workmen. They have been carefully surveyed, and marked by tablets, so that a skilled person can name the street, and even the number of the house above his head. Without such knowledge, however, or lacking a guide, would be to him who attempts exploring these gruesome labyrinth. In 1793, the porter of a hospital lying near one of the seventy staircases which communicate with the catacombs, undertook an independent tour of discovery therein. Lantern in hand, he entered those fearful depths, but he never returned, and his fate was an absolute mystery until 1804, when some workmen discovered his coat buttons and a bunch of keys in one of the less-used passages. The catacombs may be visited twice every month, by special permission of the chief engineer of mines. The tour is begun by the descent of a winding staircase, of some ninety steps. On reaching the bottom, the visitor finds himself in a narrow passage, three or four feet wide and six high, cut, like the staircase, in solid rock. Each visitor being provided with a candle, they march along in Indian file. Broad, vaulted corridors are traversed, their walls composed of bones stacked upon each other. Indeed, as far as the eye can reach, bones only can be seen in endless succession. Tablets erected at intervals bear the names of the cemeteries from which the remains at that point have been taken, while the sandstone columns supporting the roof are carved with quotations from the Scriptures and other appropriate sources.

Another Swell Actress. The announcement is made that Mrs. Blanche Holtheide of Louisville, Ky., has determined to go upon the stage. She will go to New York, where she will finish the preparatory studies which she has been following for over a year, unknown to all but her family. Mrs. Holtheide is well known in social circles. She was left a fortune by her grandfather, the late Michael Keane, who was proprietor of the Louisville Hotel. She married when quite young. Her husband died a few years ago, after a period of mourning she married her present husband. Mrs. Holtheide is determined to enter upon the stage with every advantage, and will start out with her own company and manager. She is also having a play written by Mr. Charles W. Chase. The scene will be laid in the blue-grass regions, and the heroine will have a fondness for horse racing and sporting generally. She will fall in love with a turkman. Mrs. Holtheide will essay soubrette parts. She is said to be an exceedingly clever dancer and banjo player. She is a beautiful brunette. Her husband does not fancy the stage, but is willing that his wife make the essay. Her stage name is to be Blanche Howard.

It is the skirt of a lady's ball dress that costs the corsage doesn't come high.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

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

ST. NICHOLAS

For 1886-87.

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

The Serial Stories include "Jean and Jeanette," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides," also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city. Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore 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 Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by S. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Townbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc. The subscription price of ST. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsmen everywhere, or by the publishers. New volumes begin with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars, etc.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

MADAME DEAN'S

SPINAL SUPPORTING

CORSETS!

WE have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets.

For Ladies and Misses.

They are highly recommended by the leading English and Continental dress makers, and the most eminent physicians in the United States and Europe.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.

95 KING STREET.

Myers' Machine Shop,

ESTABLISHED 1854.

Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power

ELEVATORS.

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

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

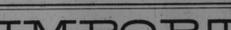
IMPORTANT!

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

MAGNET SOAP.

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

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM ST. JOHN.



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

EDWARD SEARS, Jr., Secretary.

JOHN E. IRVINE, Treasurer.

Notice of Sale.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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

"A LL the right title and interest which the said A. B. Sheraton and his wife had at the time of his decease, lying and being in the Parish of Hantsbury (formerly the Parish of Hampton) in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid being part of the southwest half of Lot No. 13 in the original grant and bounded and described as follows:—

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

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

HARRISON & PROSSER, Solicitors of mortgage.

PUBLICATIONS. THE CENTURY For 1886-87.

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

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOSEPH HAY.

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

THE WAR SERIES,

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

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger" (published in November). The novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

(With Illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Test Life in Siberia," who has just returned from the most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with references to his bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedral; Dr. Egleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Began, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate; Lincoln's last days, articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

PRICES. A FREE COPY.

Subscription price, \$4 a year, \$3 cts. a number. Dealers, postmasters, and publishers take subscriptions. Send for our beautifully illustrated 24-page catalogue (free), containing full prospectus, etc., including a special offer by which new readers can get back numbers to the beginning of the War Series at a very low price. A specimen copy (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper. Can you afford to be without THE CENTURY? THE CENTURY CO., 122-23-25

NEW GOODS.

JAPANESE TOILET SETS, JAPANESE CUPBOARD, JAPANESE CHAIRS, JAPANESE BED ROOMS, JAPANESE IRON TRAVEL, VICTOR FLOUR SIFTERS, ROUND BREAD PANS, OVAL DISH COVERS. McROBERTS & CRAWFORD, 160 Union Street.

NEW DOMINION Paper Bag Coy.

WRAPPING PAPER AND TWINES. Quality unequalled. Prices unvaried. Satisfaction to all. 221 UNION ST., AND 10 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOT KNOWN TO FAME.

One of the Chivalric Deeds of the Nineteenth Century—Capt. Judd's Fate.

"That order is still in force," said another lieutenant, "and, of course, we cannot criticize it. But how much goes on in the navy of which the outside world knows nothing. Take the example of poor Judd. When Preston became ugly at Colon last year and seized the steamship Colon, Capt. Kane, then of the navy, sent Judd ashore to demand an explanation. Preston promptly seized Judd, the American consul, Wright, and M. Connos, the local agent of the Pacific Steamship company, and placed them in the calaboose."

"Then he sent word to Capt. Kane that as the first gun the Galena fired off the first marine or sailor she landed, he would execute the prisoners. They were kept in the 'calaboose' all night, expecting to be shot in the morning. In the morning Preston came to them and told Judd that if he would sign an agreement that the arms on board the Colon would be delivered up he would let them all go. Judd did so and Preston released his prisoners. Judd returned on board the Galena and what he had done he told meantime Capt. Kane had driven the Dagos off the Colon and towed her into the stream. When Capt. Kane learned what Judd had done he said the arms should not be delivered to Preston. Now Judd had purchased his life by signing the agreement that they would be, so he immediately returned ashore and told Preston that he could not keep his compact."

"Preston promptly put him in the 'calaboose' again, and the next morning took him out to Monkey Hill to be shot. Before Judd's grave was dug, however, Col. Uloos came dashing up with the government troops, and in the fight Judd escaped and went to the elements. "It was then that Capt. Kane landed his men, and Judd went with them, eager for revenge. The day after the massacre and the burning of Colon took place, and all day Judd fought bravely. But for two nights and three days he remained had been under the most terrible strain and his reason gave way. "He is now, as you all know, a hopeless maniac, but I think his voluntary putting himself in the power of Preston, when he found he could not keep the promise to him by which he had purchased his life, is one of the most chivalric things of the century. When he went back he went to almost certain death, and he knew it. But he knew it and he liberally rather than break his word. Now how many people who read of the burning of Colon knew the story of Judd?"—New York Tribune.

Donkeys and Carts in Rome.

And there are the donkeys, equally a feature of Rome. You see many a poor little beast no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, lumbering along, laden with a load of vegetables on each side, and sometimes a family of three or four. These are the lampas, the donkeys. The city brutes have it even harder. One poor little fellow, whose ears are one-fourth of his weight, is hitched to a cart that looks like a mountain beside him. A brother donkey is ranged on each side of him. In the wagon is placed a load of stones, heavy enough to bludge a locomotive, and they are expected to pull it, and so on. The comparison between motor and object is such as to suggest the abduction of Juno by a couple of musquitos.

Facts Concerning the Gulf Stream.

Some concerning the facts concerning the Gulf stream are set forth by a Boston scientist. It is, he says, a stratum of warm blue water not more than fifty or sixty feet deep, and flows in a current that would take it to England within a hundred days. Off Cape Hatteras this northward flowing stream is the form of a fan, its three warm bands spreading out over the Atlantic surface to an aggregate breadth of 107 miles, while two cooler bands of an aggregate breadth of 63 miles are interposed between them. The innermost warm band is the one that shows the highest temperature, and its velocity being greatest where it is pressed laterally by the Arctic current, it is the fastest of the three. It is occasionally observed. The peculiar blue color of the water is probably because the river silt washed into the Gulf by the Mississippi is held in suspension.—Boston Budget.

Teumseh Aging Rapidly.

Gen. Sherman refused to be interviewed while passing through Pittsburgh, the other evening, and the reporter thus takes revenge: "The great commander seemed to be aging rapidly, as his hair and beard are now gray. He is becoming conspicuously bald and his form and features are assuming a shrunken appearance."—Chicago Tribune.

Despising the Seine.

The work of despising the Seine to a depth of three meters (10 feet) has been finished. The river can now be navigated by vessels of about 1,000 tons burden when they are fitted with movable masts and chimneys for the bridges.—Chicago Tribune.

Postoffice in the Dominion.

There is one postoffice to every 633 people in Canada, and the Dominion has more postoffices to the same number of people than any other country in the world. In this republic there is one postoffice to every 1,092 inhabitants.—Chicago Times.

Abject poverty is the only spur which can induce a European gentleman into marrying an American woman, says a letter writer on the other side.

The Prince of Wales has set the fashion of wearing wide and curly brimmed hats in England.—Chicago Herald.

If the center aisle is known as the bridal path, coachmen ought to know the road.—New York Journal.

There are about 1,400 lawyers in San Francisco, or one to every 170 inhabitants.

Washington policemen are required to wear white gloves and carry canes while on duty.

BEFORE THE BREATH OF STORM.

Before the breath of storm, While yet the long, bright afternoon was warm, Under this staid arch of azure sky The air is filled with gathering wings of light; Yet with the shrill shrill and loud delight Comes the foreboding note of this cry— Till the storm seater and the boom depel, Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Why will ye go so soon, In these soft hours, this sweeter month than June? In these soft hours, this sweeter month than June? A veil of dreams—where do ye find the sting? A gold enchantment sleeps upon the air, And purple hills—why have ye taken wing? But faint, far heard, the answers fall and swell— Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

—Charles B. Roberts in "Outing."

The Trades People of Paris.

Paris is utterly given over to the Philistines in the shape of a class known here as "the buying Americans," who keep in the 'calaboose' all night, expecting to be shot in the morning. In the morning Preston came to them and told Judd that if he would sign an agreement that the arms on board the Colon would be delivered up he would let them all go. Judd did so and Preston released his prisoners. Judd returned on board the Galena and what he had done he told meantime Capt. Kane had driven the Dagos off the Colon and towed her into the stream. When Capt. Kane learned what Judd had done he said the arms should not be delivered to Preston. Now Judd had purchased his life by signing the agreement that they would be, so he immediately returned ashore and told Preston that he could not keep his compact."

"Preston promptly put him in the 'calaboose' again, and the next morning took him out to Monkey Hill to be shot. Before Judd's grave was dug, however, Col. Uloos came dashing up with the government troops, and in the fight Judd escaped and went to the elements. "It was then that Capt. Kane landed his men, and Judd went with them, eager for revenge. The day after the massacre and the burning of Colon took place, and all day Judd fought bravely. But for two nights and three days he remained had been under the most terrible strain and his reason gave way. "He is now, as you all know, a hopeless maniac, but I think his voluntary putting himself in the power of Preston, when he found he could not keep the promise to him by which he had purchased his life, is one of the most chivalric things of the century. When he went back he went to almost certain death, and he knew it. But he knew it and he liberally rather than break his word. Now how many people who read of the burning of Colon knew the story of Judd?"—New York Tribune.

Disclosures of English Private Life.

The queen of England has set the example of writing accounts of private life almost as candidly as the most candid of domesticity. She prattles about her court and her family, her servants and her friends; tells stories of her own life, and her life as it is lived. In a style that oversteps all the ordinary barriers of delicacy or reticence. The French and high and mighty, but the high, follow the precedent. Hardly a year elapses without the publication of a book which tells us of a quality, replete with gossip and sometimes scandal, about persons of importance and unimportance which the subject never expected would be revealed. To say nothing of the exceptional Grenville memoirs, there are Lord Beaconsfield's, Lord Houghton's, Lord Salisbury's, Lord Macaulay's, Lord Minto's, Lady Bloomfield's, and last month, Sir Francis Doyle's, all of which have appeared within the last few years, all are crowded with incidents of private life, and all are read with interest and pleasure. The freedom of their disclosures in the twelve years that I lived in England.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

The Goats of Bolivia.

While riding along we saw on the side hills many flocks of goats grazing. It seemed to be without a guardian. Observing this to my captives he said: "Oh, they keep dogs guard the goats." Just as they are sent out with them, being fed before starting. If any goats are missing they get nothing at night. If the flock is here at least there was no dog. I had hardly passed when my mule gave a start and a kick. Looking round I saw a shaggy black dog trying to bite my animal.

The Astors and Their Gift.

The Astors have always considered themselves absolved from the obligation of giving to the city because the first of their name to acquire prominence founded the Astor Library. To the \$400,000 which he bequeathed, something like \$100,000 has been added by his descendants, and the addition was sorely needed. I remember, not long ago, that you could not get at the library a bit of paper as large as your hand to take notes on. If you wanted any sort of stationery you had to supply it yourself. What a condition was that for a great library of the metropolis to be in!—New York Cor. Boston Record.

Don't Dinner at an Hour (be it early or late) when you have time to digest it.

The blood, like anything else in the economy of nature cannot occupy two places at one time. If the brain cannot at the same time be in the stomach to digest the food. There is more dyspepsia from a hurried dinner in the life of the day than from dinners eaten at night after the brain work is over.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Comedrum!

Mr. Bones—Now, sir, can you tell me why an operator is called a "pump" or "interceptor"?—I don't know, Mr. Bones; why is an oyster dealer like a suction pump?—Mr. Bones—Because he works by valves. Interceptor—Mr. Hoarse will sing.—When the Bridge Begins to Turn.—Ramblor.

The gulf is growing wide between Lazarus and Dives, only the two have changed places. Dives is in Abraham's bosom.—Col. Bob Ingersoll.

A church that can't do anything but keep itself straight is a failure.—Rev. Sam Jones.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Variety in Eating and the Food of the Future.

The race is becoming more sensitive, and gradually developing a finer, more highly strung nervous organization, it is said. Physicians note that while the normal pulse-beat is put at seventy to seventy-five by the medical authorities, there is scarcely one person in ten in whom it is not quicker than that. It proves that we are developing more and more the nervous organization of the future. But that need not necessarily mean that we are growing weaker, or that the race is running out. A nervous man need not be a sickly man. It may mean only that the line is becoming more and more distinct between man and the hog, or ox and elephant. And it certainly means that if we are becoming to have a finer nervous organization that we should change the character and quantity of our food. The finely strung, and delicate man of the future cannot eat as much as our fathers did, consuming those monstrous "fried dinners," consisting of huge amounts of green peas and cabbage, those piles of fried bacon, swimming in lard, will disappear. Their place will be taken by more fruits, cereals, eggs, and milk—broiler foods and smaller quantities.

Already the change seems beginning. People who were tried to declare that they can sustain life on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

The fasting men and women—those who live on half the quantity of food considered necessary in the old times. At the same time they are becoming more and more voracious. There are persons, writers and others, among the most intelligent members of the community, who live on one solid meal a day. They are in good health and work constantly.

He Kept Selling the Darky.

"There were many ways to make money in the old time that can't be worked now," said Col. Bill, as he sat in the corridor of the Grand hotel, Cincinnati, yesterday afternoon talking to a friend. "Back in 1847 I was steward of the Golden Age—as good a craft as ever sailed between here and Orleans. One day a colored man with a good deal of white blood in his veins came to me and said: 'Say, massa, you want to make some money?'

"Yes, I do," I answered. "Well, you can take me down to Orleans and sell me for \$1,000. I'm a likely nigger, and worth dat."

"But do you want to go into slavery?" "Not much, you sell me. I can escape; come back; we divide the money. Then you can sell me again."

"It was not without some misgivings that I accepted the novel proposition, but I took him along with me, and as soon as the Golden Age reached Orleans I led him to the slave market. The auctioneers dressed him up in a new suit, put a smart cap on his head and the sale commenced. He was a likely nigger, smart enough, and sold for \$1,000. I got \$1,000 in cash and a mortgage for \$400. Well, I came back to Cincinnati, and in about three months I had traded for a right smart sum. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it's the honest truth, I sold that nigger fourteen times. This time Finks—that was his name—did not turn up for six months, and I thought he was done for, sure; but he came round one day and we divided up. Then the mortgagee appeared, and appeared to have been every day sayin' the coon had escaped. Well, it

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Some Facts and Figures Concerning the Enormous Income of the London Morning Press.

[Special Correspondence of the World.]

LONDON, July 16.—The London newspaper field is a most prosperous one.

London is so large and so rich that the newspapers published here have great resources at their command.

London is so broad and is made up of so many different localities that the prominent business people are absolutely driven to advertise themselves in the newspapers if they wish to make themselves known and not become lost in the crowd.

The result is that all of the prominent papers are loaded down with advertisements.

In almost all of the cities of the United States some one newspaper has the monopoly of publishing the small advertisements, such as "wants" and the like.

Here nearly all of the morning papers have their share of this paying class of business.

The morning newspapers of London are great blanket sheets, clumsy in size and awkward to handle.

The greater part of this space is given up to advertisements and editorials. News occupies a subordinate place.

The collection of news is a most expensive item of outgo in the accounts of American newspaper management.

The subordination of news in the London papers makes them cost very much less to produce than papers occupying corresponding positions in the United States.

Their telegraph bills are small and they have but few reporters.

The Daily Telegraph, the Daily News and the Daily Standard are eight-page newspapers, with eight columns on each page.

This morning's Telegraph, which is a fair average edition, has thirty-seven of its sixty-four columns given up to advertisements.

More of its columns are devoted to the money market and shipping intelligence; three columns to Parliament, four and a half columns to editorial articles of the regulation length, leaving less than fourteen columns for news.

The Times is a six-column paper, but it prints so many supplements that it publishes as a rule more matter than any other one of the London morning papers.

The paper having the largest income in London is the Daily Telegraph.

This paper is owned by Levy, sr., and Lawson and Lawson, jr. The Daily Telegraph is by far the richest paper in London; indeed, I do not believe there is any newspaper in the world which has so large a net income.

I have asked a number of men whose business is closely connected with newspaper publishing concerning the income of the Daily Telegraph. Those who are familiar with the advertising rates of the Telegraph and who know the figures of its circulation say that the net income of the Daily Telegraph reaches the enormous sum of £300,000 per annum, or \$1,500,000.

This paper is said by all financial authorities to have a reserve of 6,000,000 of pounds invested producing an income which can be used at any time for any extra expenditure, like a great war or a fight against competition from any new newspaper enterprise.

Its circulation is in the neighborhood of 280,000; that is its average. Although it is a Conservative paper, it comes closer to the people of London than any other newspaper published here.

It has almost no circulation in the rural districts. Its great circulation is almost entirely confined to the city of London.

The Times newspaper has a circulation now of something less than 60,000. This paper will have to come down in its price, as its circulation has fallen off considerably the last few years.

Its income is about half that of the Telegraph, namely, \$150,000. A large part of this income is from its advertising. It has a larger amount of advertising than any other London paper. It is the highest-priced newspaper published to-day in the world.

The three pence charged for it corresponds to six cents of American money. The Times in the rural districts is read out. It is often taken by three people who divide its expenditure and its cost. In this way its readers are brought up to over 100,000.

The Standard has a circulation in the neighborhood of 200,000, and its income is about £150,000. The circulation of the Daily News is placed at 100,000, and its income at £100,000. These are the most profitable papers in London.

The Chronicle, which is a later newspaper in point of establishment, is published by the owner of Lloyd's Weekly. Lloyd's Weekly clears for its owner from £50,000 to £70,000 a year, and it is estimated that the Chronicle brings his income up to about £100,000.

The Graphic and the Illustrated London News are very prosperous newspapers. They bring in to their publishers a net income of £100,000 a year.

There are a great many trades papers published in London; all of them make comfortable incomes. The evening newspapers are not so prosperous as the morning papers.

The Globe has the largest income, which is estimated at £50,000, but none of the other evening papers have any income which can at all compare with those of the morning papers.

It is a remarkable fact that in this rich field, where prosperity follows almost every form of newspaper publication, there should be less enterprise in news collecting than in any one of the minor cities in the United States.

Few of the morning papers receive despatches after

11 o'clock at night, and it is very rare that they make special efforts to get news outside of their regular routine sources.

The result is there is great sameness in all the papers. The essential difference between them is found only in their editorial pages.

The Morning Post, which I have omitted from the list of morning papers is very rich. It prints no special news; it is made up entirely of the routine press despatches, the paragraphs from Court, Circular and social paragraphs.

These latter paragraphs are paid for where a person is not of sufficient prominence to secure a free notice. The rate is 75 guineas per column for this class of matter.

The income of this paper is about \$100,000. Its editor is Sir Algernon Borthwick. He is a member of Parliament and a thick-and-thin supporter of royalty.

He has recently been rewarded with a title. He is a popular man and prominent in all the clubs.

T. C. CRAWFORD.

Gossip From the Track.

Jack Shepherd, jr., by Jack Shepherd, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dropped into the 2:30 list at Mystic Park, on the 20th ult.

First Love, with which Jack Brown won the Clay stakes at Albany, is a little off at present, and will not appear on the turf again until late in the season.

Just as arrangements were being perfected to buy a nomination for the great trotter Whitesocks, who has been quartered at Mystic Park for the past two years, in the Cleveland \$5,000 race, the white-legged trotter met with an accident, which will prevent him from appearing in that contest.

The injury is a clean cut on the inside of the left fore leg, received during a trial mile at Mystic. It is thought to have been caused by stepping on a piece of horsehoe on the track, as he was never known to strike himself there, and did not make a brake during the mile. He will probably join the 2:55 class in the grand circuit at Rochester, and come down the line, trotting every other week.

Harry Wilkes and the noted pacer Johnston had a great race at Detroit on Thursday. It was for a special purse of \$5,000. Johnston holds a record of 2:06, as a side beeler, while Harry Wilkes has a trotting record about eight seconds slower. Johnston, to make up for his being a pacer, was handicapped by being driven to wagon. It was a race for blood, and it was generally conceded that if the pacer could get the first heat, he was sure of three straight, in the pole position. Fortunately he won the pole at the start, and won the first heat in 2:16. The second heat was a remarkable one, resulting in the great side wheeler lowering the best record to wagon, made by Hopeful in Chicago, by one and a half seconds. Johnston made the mile in 2:14, without skip or break, and almost without urging. In the third heat there was a great surprise in store. Johnston was forced off his feet by Harry Wilkes, and the trotter went in and won a straight heat. After the second heat, offers of \$50 to \$5 on Johnston went begging. The owners of Wilkes backed him throughout, and are heavy winners.

The great running meeting which Dave Blanchard will give at Mystic Park in September, is attracting a great deal of attention from Boston horsemen, and the success of the meeting is an assured thing. Mr. Blanchard is just the man to make a success of races of this kind, and the many lovers of running races in this vicinity hope that he will continue to give the meetings at frequent intervals.

Mr. Frank Siddals, the millionaire owner of the noted pacer Johnston, record 2:06, offered \$30,000 to the Dwyer Bros. for Harry Wilkes, who recently defeated Johnston at Detroit, but the Dwyers refused to part with him at any price.

The English jockey Luke, now in this country under engagement to August Belmont, is considered by experts as one of the best in his profession in the United States. His riding is much admired and if he only had the "Chance" would make a name for himself.

Sporting Notes.

Hanlan has accepted Teemer's challenge to row a three-mile race for \$1,000 a side. The race will be rowed on the Toronto Bay on August 12 or 13. Hanlan will sail for Australia on August 15 to row Beech.

The New York Athletic Club will devote two days to its club championship swimming races this year. The 100 yards race will take place on August 9, and the half-mile race on August 12 on the Harlem River.

The champion trotter Harry Wilkes, record 2:13 1/2, is matched against the h. g. Patron. They are to trot on July 29, mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5, for a purse of \$2,500, offered by the Cleveland Club Driving Park Association.

Uncle Jake Vanderbilt is looking hale and hearty, and is still driving, although now 80 years old. He has not been on the Boulevard or Fleetwood since the Commodore's death, but takes daily spins on Staten Island behind his favorite trotter Boston.

W. M. J. Barry, Ireland's amateur champion heavy-weight thrower, has been elected a member of the New York Athletic Club. He looks big and strong enough to lift an ox. He has begun training and will wear the Mercury's foot in the championship games in the fall.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

What is Going on in Commercial, Legal, Financial, Social and Sporting Circles.

There is nothing of unusual importance to chronicle in this column to-day. The week has been extremely quiet everywhere. Business as always at this season of the year is dull and there is but little movement in any line of goods save produce. Retail business holds out better than was expected, but there is still room for improvement. There have been no local sales of stocks, bonds or real estate to show whether the market has moved since the preceding sales. But there is no reason for change, and none is likely to take place.

There has been an unusually large number of tourists in the city during the past two weeks. Indeed it has been extremely difficult to get accommodation at the first class hotels. Every year goes to show that we want a first class summer hotel in St. John. Such an hotel would not affect the business of the hotels we have at present, but on the contrary would tend to increase the number of guests. Hundreds of people pass by St. John every year without stopping because of the uncertainty of obtaining first class accommodations. Could these people be properly provided for they would remain over for two or three days at least and the existence of an hotel for the accommodation of tourists would have a tendency to increase travel so that the houses now in existence would be as full as ever. We have lots of hotels in St. John, but only three of them can be regarded as first class and the whole of these if united together would not give the accommodation the old Victoria did. And who is there bold enough to say that tourist travel has not increased in the past ten years. Make the improvements in the city suggested by our correspondent Arbor Vite and it will be one of the best and most popular resorts of first class travel in Canada, or on the Atlantic Coast of North America.

The death roll of last week embraces the names of three of our oldest citizens. Charles MacLachlan, for many years a large shipping merchant, extensively engaged in the West India and other trades was the first to go. His form had been one of the most familiar to the frequenters of Water street. He has outlived the generation of merchants, he did business with but within a few days of his end, he was out and apparently in his usual health. Mr. MacLachlan will be sincerely regretted by a large class of this townsmen. Another name associated for half a century with the manufacturing interests of the city, that of George Fleming has disappeared from the roll of the living. Before settling in St. John Mr. Fleming worked in the United States, Nova Scotia and in the northern part of the province. In 1835 he began business with Thomas Barlow and John Stewart, the former a carpenter and the latter an iron moulder, Mr. Fleming was himself a machinist. In 1849 Mr. Fleming associated Thomas Humbert with himself, this partnership being dissolved in 1858. Since this his sons William and George have been partners in the business. During his fifty-two years business experience in this city Mr. Fleming always enjoyed a reputation for the highest integrity and the fairest of commercial dealing. Both old gentlemen were natives of Scotland. The most recent death of that Mrs. Russell. She was a native of Queens County, but spent the greater part of her life in St. John. Her age is put down at 85 and she is one of the oldest people in the city. The united ages of these three people is something over 240 years. Surely this speaks well for the healthfulness of St. John city as all were residents for more than fifty years of the city. Two more deaths of very old people Mrs. Woodley, aged 93 and Mrs. Kinneer mother of John and Charles F. Kinneer, aged 84 also occurred during last week. Mrs. Kinneer was the wife of Harrison G. Kinneer, who formerly did a large business on Prince Wm. street.

The most exciting event of last week was the Salvation Army on Thursday evening at the Roller Rink. It was the second wedding in the Salvation Army since the corps bombarded St. John, but the first taking place in Carleton this one drew the largest crowd. Adjutant Southall and Captain Jennie Langtry were the contracting parties. The celebration had the effect of bringing a score or more "officers" of the Army to town. Among these was a young man who wore a blood red coat down to his knees. He attracted considerable attention on the streets, but seemed better pleased than otherwise with the remarks of the crowd on the peculiarity of his appearance. If the Salvation Army dress keeps on developing it will soon be more remarkable than that oft talked of coat of Jacob's.

We are soon to have another batch of emigrants from Great Britain. It is said that labor is very scarce through the country and that strong boys willing to work are in demand in every section of the province. There are numbers of idle youths in the city who do not seem to have any visible means of support. It would be a good thing to ship these to the country where they would be employed.

Money in Prize Fighting.

(Chicago Herald.)

When Jack Burke landed in this country three years ago the 7th of this month he did not have a nickel. Since that time he has made over \$40,000, of which \$30,000 he has saved \$25,000. All this shows that there is money in prize fighting—at least when the fighter is clever in his art and has the good sense to save his money.

Seven months' interest, the good-natured Irish lad sat down at his desk one hot night this week and figured out his winnings in three years. Here they are:

Fight with Cleary..... \$500

Fight with Walsh..... 1,200

Fight with Kilrain..... 700

Six weeks on the stage..... 2,400

Fight with Dalton..... 1,200

Exhibitions on the stage..... 1,000

First fight with Greenfield..... 2,300

Second fight with Greenfield..... 1,000

Fight with Sullivan..... 5,000

Exhibition tour in the South..... 2,250

Seven months' tour to coast..... 6,000

Fight with Cleary..... 2,200

Third fight with Cleary..... 1,800

Exhibitions at St. Louis..... 1,400

Fight with Glover..... 2,000

Fight with Mitchell..... 1,000

Fight with Dempsey..... 4,000

Exhibitions at St. Louis..... 1,400

Last tour..... 1,000

One week at Lyceum..... 600

Exhibitions with Nolan..... 1,000

Three nights with Davene..... 500

Total..... \$40,000

Burke is now in Grand Rapids, where he is at work with Paddy Carroll for their trip to Australia. While on his way to the antipodes, Burke and Carroll will give exhibitions in Sioux City, Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne, and Salt Lake City. When they reach 'Frise it is probable that Burke and Paddy Ryan will have an encounter. Both pugilists are in correspondence, and it is thought they will come to terms. After leaving California, Burke and Carroll will give an exhibition in Honolulu, and from there they will go to New Zealand, where they will spend several weeks. In Australia Burke will issue a challenge to fight any man in the colony. From Australia, Burke and Carroll go to Europe by way of the Suez Canal. They will go to London, where a royal reception is sure to be accorded them. The boys expect to be gone about eighteen months, and returning will come to Chicago, where they will settle down. Mrs. Burke will accompany her husband.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

A calf in Cassville, Wis., was picked from a track by a train and carried on the cowcatcher to a point opposite its stable, where it jumped off unharmed.

A Beaver Falls boy was pulled into the river by a fish that took his bait. The boy held on to the pole until he was in danger of drowning, when he let go and swam to the shore.

An eight-pound salmon was recently captured in the river at Williamsport, Pa., by a man named Comer, by striking it with a directed blow with a stick that stunned it. It had been napping.

A party of twelve from Pocatello, Idaho, recently went fishing at Fabbie and took over 400 trout in four hours. They think that any good fisherman should fill a twelve-pound basket in two hours.

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that ARNER DEERD has been appointed Pound Keeper for the City of St. John, and he has been authorized to impound any dogs found loose or going at large, whose owners have not procured a license, and conform to the following Sections of "A Law to impose a tax on Dogs in the City of St. John."

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall grant a license to any inhabitant to keep a Dog within the City, on or before the first day of January, and the license shall be numbered, and shall expire on the first day of May next after the same is given.

SECTION 4.—Any license so granted shall be numbered, and the person named therein shall cause the same name and his surname at length, to be plainly and legibly marked on a collar to be kept about the neck of the Dog intended to be licensed, and no Dog shall be considered as licensed unless the provisions of this section be complied with.

SECTION 5.—It shall be the duty of all police-men, constables and dog rescue within the city, and it shall be lawful for all other persons, to take up and impound any Dog which shall be found loose or going at large within the city, without a collar marked and numbered as required by the law.

SECTION 6.—It shall be the duty of the pound-keeper to receive of the owner or owners thereof all dogs, and to keep them until they are claimed and paid for, and to destroy any dog which shall be found loose or going at large within the city, without a collar marked and numbered as required by the law.

This notice is given for public information. Owners of Dogs are required to comply with the law, which, after the FIFTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, will be strictly enforced.

HENRY J. THORNE, Mayor.

Mayor's Office, July 29th, 1887.

TO LET.

Shop, No. 9 Canterbury St.,

Lately Occupied by R. WELCH, as a Custom Tailor.

—Also—

SHOP, 161 BRUSSELS ST., Suitable for a Jobbing Blacksmith or Horse Shoeing. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to

A. G. BOWES & CO., No. 21 Canterbury St.

J. D. McAvity, 39 BRUSSELS ST., DEALERS IN

Coal and Groceries.

Everybody says that McAvity's Buttermill is the best in the City.

J. D. McAVITY.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing

Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes,

Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees,

Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables,

Bookcases, Whatnots, etc.,

Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.

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

J. & J. D. HOWE.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., July 21st, 1887.

MR. JOHN HOPKINS, Union Street.

DEAR SIR,—For some years we have been using your pressed Beef and Tongue and have never experienced any injurious effects from their use.

We have confidence in your care and methods of preparing the same, that you would not allow anything to be done to affect their purity, and we have no hesitation in continuing the use of the same.

SIGNED

Henry J. Thorne, Mayor.

L. B. Botsford, M. D.

Geo. A. Hamilton, M. D.

Henry C. Preston, M. D.

Hamilton Cochran.

Wm. F. Butt.

Will E. Farnchase.

J. T. McKean.

W. J. Robinson.

Morris Robinson.

Shos. D. Henderson.

Geo. A. Knodall.

Byrd McEldam.

W. G. Gibson.

J. W. Silwell.

Edw. F. Law.

E. J. Hall.

Wm. Farnchase.

Arthur P. Tippet.

T. M. Ray.

T. C. Wetmore.

C. C. Bowman.

Ed. Seely.

H. L. Spence.

Rev. Thomas Marshall.

T. C. Foster.

T. C. Washington.

Morton L. Harrison.

James Harris.

Rev. W. O. Raymond.

S. H. Sherwood.

Mont. McDonald.

R. D. McArthur.

J. Prichard.

Sam. A. Hixon.

Rev. Robert Wilson.

W. J. Higgins.

James Thompson.

George Goulet.

David O'Connell.

Thomas S. Street.

W. F. Burditt.

J. O. Miller.

Henry Harvey.

John Risk.

S. Kerr.

Rev. H. P. Cooperthwaite.

Wm. M. Smith.

Thos. C. Hamberg.

Joe. S. Wetmore.

C. Farnlow Met.

W. H. Hayward.

Rev. Henry Pope, D. D.

John Crutcherbank.

Thos. M. Robinson.

Chas. C. Ward.

BOILED AND PRESSED YESTERDAY

CORNER BEEF AND TONGUE.

Also, Something New

PRESSED HAM

Also, Fresh Meat, Poultry, Vegetables, Etc.

BOOTS, SHOES & SLIPPERS

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

Are now Showing a Splendid Assortment of

Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes,

In all the Leading American Lines.

ALSO THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

Boys', Youths', Misses' and Children's Boots

To be found in the City.

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

LANDRY & CO.,

52 King Street, St. John, N. B.,

Represent the following

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 13.

[12 PAGES.]

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

A GREAT TRADE CENTRE.

SOME OF OUR FACILITIES FOR TRADE.

St. John Now in a Better Position for Doing Business than Ever Before.

There is no place in the Maritime provinces of Canada so well situated for trade as St. John. Look at the map of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and you will see that St. John is the geographical centre of these three provinces. London is the geographical centre of the world and London is the largest and greatest city in the world. True London has been the home for centuries past of the greatest traders the world has had, but no amount of enterprise on the part of her merchants and capitalists could have made London what she is had it not been for the central position she occupied. St. John is the centre of the Maritime Provinces and the largest city in them. The import and export trade of Halifax shows greater at the present time than that of St. John, but this state of things cannot last if the people of St. John put their shoulders to the wheel, forget the failures of the past and make one mighty effort to retrace the backward steps which were caused by the great fire of 1877. St. John now is the most important manufacturing centre east of Montreal and the industries of the city will in the nature of things increase year by year.

Let us glance at the past. Before the Loyalists came to Farnborough the name borne by St. John before its incorporation into the British government discovered that St. John was the best place on the Atlantic Coast to obtain masts for the wooden walls of Old England. Quite a trade was done in this line for five years before the landing of the Loyalists. At that time New Brunswick was an almost unbroken forest. There had been several attempts at settlement by the French, but all had proved abortive and their ports were little else than trading posts. The productive marshes at the head of the bay had been settled by some adventurous Englishmen and Ireal Perley had established a small colony on the river St. John. The arrival of the Loyalists brought an entirely different class than the first settlers. Among them were men accustomed to trade and the increase of population made trade a necessity. It was not long before the people came to realize that the forest all around them contained untold wealth. Lumber was cut and floated down the river to the harbor where it was shipped first in round logs then squared and finally sawn into deals, planks and boards. At first this work was largely done by hand, but as time wore on machinery was brought into requisition and the export trade doubled, trebled, and quadrupled. Indeed at one time nearly the entire population of the city was engaged in some branch of the lumber industry. Many worked in the mills, others in the ship yards and stores. More were needed to do the trade caused by the employment of so many men in the great industry of the country. St. John grew rapidly; its population increased and its trade with the outside world became greater every year. A large population alone were required to man the merchantmen owned at this port. These ships traded between St. John and Great Britain, Australia, California, India, Japan and Africa. It was the proud boast of St. John that her flag floated on every sea and her name was known in every port of the habitable globe. But the ocean trade was not the most profitable for the city. A large and very remunerative business was done with the West Indies. Many of St. John's wealthiest men were in this trade. Lumber and fish were sent to Cuba, Jamaica and the other islands to the south east of us and in return our vessels brought home rum, molasses and sugar—the chief products exported from the West Indies thirty and forty years ago. From the beginning of the present century down to 1875 no city made greater progress than St. John. Nearly every citizen was in comfortable circumstances many were wealthy and a few could be ranked among the very wealthy. We all remember the terrible ordeal the city passed through between 1875 and 1877. Trade everywhere was depressed. The bottom had dropped out of the gigantic boom which followed the civil war in the United States. Thousands of people in the great cities there were beggared by speculation and thousands of respectable artisans were obliged to feed at the soup kitchens established in every great city. We were rising slowly from the effect of this depression the indirect result of which was felt all over the world, when that dire calamity the fire came upon us. St. John had been burned many times before, but the fire of June 20th, 1877 was the worst calamity that ever came upon any city. Two-thirds of the city was left in ruins. Four-fifths of the

value of the city had been burned up in a single night. The savings of many were swept away and people who had never known want were impoverished beyond repair. The surplus capital of the city was gone; money could not be found for new enterprises and our merchants were in many instances compelled to limit their trade for want of the necessary money to carry on their enterprises. Following this calamity came a period of commercial depression the like of which the present generation of merchants have never before witnessed. St. John could have met one of the other of these evils unimpared, but both together would have crushed energy and spirit out of any but the most courageous of men. But St. John is still in the front. Many have fallen in the fray, others are sadly scarred, but our business men still present a firm front and cater for the trade of eastern Canada in such a firm determined manner that they are bound sooner or later to get it.

Within ten years greater changes have taken place than in the half century preceding the last decade. The telegraph system has been extended to every village on the continent; a chain of cables encircle the earth; railroads connect every town and hamlet in the country. We can buy and sell goods in Europe every day and land them there ten days later by steamer. Formerly merchants did business by letter; now all important and great transactions are done by wire. All these changes have added to the cost of doing business and have had a tendency to reduce margins, and in a hundred different ways render it difficult for men of small capital to compete in any of the principal avenues of commerce with men of great wealth or reputed great wealth, for it is quite as useful to be considered wealthy as it is to have the actual cash. During this commercial strife St. John lost some of its trade but it has been made up in other directions. That we have been able to hold out at all under the dispiriting circumstances of the past ten years goes to show that when the time comes; when business improves, St. John will expand and widen out the avenues of its trade until it becomes the distributing centre not only of the Maritime Provinces but of a portion of Quebec as well.

The struggle which St. John has been waging to hold her trade has been an unequal one but what appeared the weaker side at the outset has been gradually gaining ground. This struggle might be compared to a tug-of-war in which the heavier men had at the first pull almost dragged their adversaries off their feet, but the latter being the more sinewy had in the end obtained the mastery and were gradually pulling the heavier ones back to the starting point with the certainty of winning the heat. The uphill pull has been longer than was hoped. It commenced when the Intercolonial railway was opened connecting Halifax and St. John with the west. Markets that had formerly been our own were then opened up to the competition of other centres, and our great calamity following soon after we lost some trade which Short Line which is to open this fall or next spring, being the first road to be completed to the west things would have been different. St. John would have been the nearest winter port to the west and what we hope and look forward to then would have already taken place.

It is, however, but little use to recall the mistakes of the past, what we must look to is that no more blunders are made in the future. The Short Line will give us easy and rapid communication with the west. It will enlarge the area of our trade and do good in a hundred ways. Freight to Manitoba will be little more from St. John than they are from Montreal, a change that will place our manufacturers on a footing to compete for western trade on a more equal basis than at present.

In regard to our facilities for driving trade. The railway system of New Brunswick extends to all the principal points of the province. The completion of the Short Line railway will make St. John the distributing point for the trade of a considerable portion of Maine. The New Brunswick and Intercolonial railways open up both sides of the Province for us. The Central railway will give us improved means for reaching the heart of the province, and when the link to the north is built, as it will be some day, we will have closer connexion with the North Shore. Unfortunately for the interests of St. John much of the railroad building in the province had been in opposition to the interests of St. John. The rest of the province has been greatly benefited but the trade of St. John has suffered. Sooner or later these errors will be corrected. A shorter line will be built to give St. John quicker connexion with Boston and New York. This is Grand Southern railway to Bangor in a direct line, saving at least four hours in the journey between St. John and Boston. With the completion of a direct line to

North Shore and the extension of the Grand Southern westward to Bangor, St. John would have a through line to enable her to compete for the carrying trade with the northerly line which has Frederick for its distributing centre. But what is wanted immediately is daily connexion with Digby by steamer, and the completion of the railway between Digby and Annapolis which would be followed very soon by the building of the Atlantic and Nictaux railway, which would tend to throw a large trade in the direction of St. John. With regular lines trading with the upper bay ports and the ports on the lower portion of the bay St. John would have the means of doing the inter-provincial trade she has so long needed. The government of New Brunswick has already made a move towards assisting steamers to make regular trips to the Basin of Minas and to Yarmouth. But larger subsidies will be required to assist the lines until the trade is sufficient to make the steamers self-supporting. These water carriage lines, if managed in the interest of St. John, would make St. John the one distributing centre of the Maritime Provinces. To do the trade these steamers would bring here we want weekly steamers across the ocean. We have fortnightly trips to London now but the trade that would be brought to St. John by rail and water would require better means of transit than we have at present. Another necessity is a line of steamers to the West Indies. St. John is by all means the most suitable port in Canada as a terminal point for the West India trade. It is nearer by 276 miles the west than Halifax, its only competitor, and whatever advantage there is in the water carriage St. John has. This West India trade is something St. John men should look for. We have the fish, cotton goods, and agricultural products they most require at our doors, and could sell them at a lower rate than any other competitor. In return we could take their molasses, sugar, and horticultural productions, and distribute them all over Canada. The increased trade that would be done at St. John in fish would have a tendency to bring large numbers of fishermen to St. John with their fares, and by securing the West India trade we would also become the fish market for Canada. St. John's trade in this latter line has grown very considerably within a few years. It is not long since the first carload of fish was sent west from St. John, but now not only fresh fish but smoked and salted ones are also exported almost every day. Besides the Carleton fish houses we have now two or three fish houses on this side of the harbor. It will be many years to come before there will be any perceptible falling off in the fisheries of our coasts, and it behooves the people of our cities to follow up this important industry as fully as possible. Once got the trade and far away Gloucester will be out in the cold.

But at the present time St. John has many advantages for trading and manufacturing over other cities in the Maritime provinces. We have a good harbor—the safest and easiest of approach of any harbor east of New York. It is not so large as some other harbors that might be mentioned, but it is commodious enough for double our present trade and there is almost unlimited means of extension in Courtney Bay and above the falls. A comparatively small expenditure of money in dredging would give accommodation for a dozen steamers and twice that number of large merchantmen. The dangers of the Bay of Fundy have been proved to be mythical, the pamphlet of the Board of Trade showing that there is the percentage of loss of vessels in the bay is smaller than any other commercial highway. The advantages of St. John harbor may be briefly summed thus: It is easier of approach than harbors usually are and once inside there is the best holding ground for vessels obtainable anywhere; the wharves are well and substantially built and the distance between St. John and the West is less than from Halifax. With such a harbor we have the right to look forward to a share of the Western business. How large that share will be will depend almost entirely on our own merchants, and from the history of the past we have the right to assume that they will rise equal to the emergency and do their quota to make St. John what nature destined her to be.

For manufacturing we have as good a climate as can be found anywhere in the world. The Central railway will bring us within a few miles of the coal fields of the earth millions of tons of coal—that is within a few feet of the surface which can be raised and shipped cheaper than any other coal. Water is abundant and cheap. These are the two great essentials for manufacturing, and our people should see that they are turned to good account. We have also on abundance of certain classes of raw material. In furniture alone there are unlimited possibilities. Along the banks of the upper St. John there are millions of feet

of maple, birch, poplar and other woods, especially adapted for the manufacture of every class of furniture. Our country has still almost endless wealth in her forests, but more money is now required for their development than when deals were the sole class of wood goods exported. But if it can be shown to capitalists elsewhere that there is money for them in developing the trade of this country they will be ready to avail themselves of the advantages offered. We have no reason to fear for the future.

The position of St. John at the mouth of the largest river between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi with direct railroad communication with the country to the west of us; with its still undeveloped resources of forest, mine and farm St. John will sooner or later become the great city of its fond admirers hoped it would some day become. Some depend, but these forget that St. John has been sorely tried—more so than any other Canadian city. Yet she is now emerging from the battle with victory perched on her banners. Much of the old trade the source of her former wealth and greatness is gone, but a new trade is coming, and the revival of business already commenced in the West and South will allow a further extension of this trade of which St. John is bound to get a good share. Our institutions have been tried in the fire and stood the test. It will not be long before we will reap the advantage. Hard times have made men more careful and taught them to look more into the future than the past. Let us hope they have learned the lesson well, and that they will husband their resources until the proper time comes.

NEW LINES OF TRADE.

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY BEING REPLACED BY OTHER BUSINESSES.

A Brief Sketch of the Progress of Some of Our Latest Industries.

The trade of St. John has been greatly developed in the past ten years. Some of the old trade was lost then and the lumber trade has been constantly going. Yet there has been but little diminution in the volume of trade annually passing through the city. As an instance of the changes passing over the trade of the city the development of the fish curing business may be pointed to. For many years only the fish caught in the immediate vicinity of the harbor were cured here. Now St. John is practically the depot for the fish trade of the Bay of Fundy. Fish is one of our natural productions and trade in this line is capable of almost unlimited development. The abrogation of the Washington treaty has caused the fishermen of the lower bay to look somewhere else than Gloucester or Boston as a market for their fish. Even while the treaty was in operation some of them sought St. John as they found that here they could purchase their supplies as cheaply as in Boston and get as much for their fish as in these places the length of voyage taken into consideration.

St. John is very favorably situated for supplying the Western Provinces of Canada with fish. It is the nearest commercial point by rail and possesses all the facilities for the interchange of products necessary. Flour, molasses, pork and other necessities for the equipment of fishing vessels can be purchased here at lower rates than at other points. The fishermen are beginning to find it out and each year brings more of them to this port. So far the fish sent west has realized a fair price and the trade has proved remunerative to the local merchants. As the facilities for doing this business become better known it will increase. It is less than eight years since the first carload of frozen herring were sent west over the Intercolonial. Last year and this the shipment of fish was of daily occurrence. Indeed the trade with the west and the local trade has so developed in recent years that now the number of outward bound cars is greater than those coming in.

The shipment of manufactures westward has also increased greatly within five years. Four-fifths if not more of the cotton production of St. John is sold in Western Canada. Large quantities of bolts and nuts, carriage and car springs and many other commodities made in and about St. John find a ready sale in the west. The manufacture of binder twine, a business of only four or five years growth gives employment here for a large number of people of both sexes. Polished red granite is another article of consumption in the west which is manufactured here. As yet our manufactures are only in their infancy. It is only a quarter of a century since manufacturing goods of different kinds was commenced on a large scale in St. John. Since that time some of the manufactures have been closed down. But others have taken their place and at the present time more people are engaged in manufacturing pursuits of one kind and another than ever before.

For over a century St. John has been famous for the quality of the lime manufactured, but until ten years ago little was done towards developing this great natural resource. Of course sufficient was made to supply the local demand and besides supplying the Nova Scotia market. At the present time this industry is furnishing remunerative employment to hundreds of men, which although it does not require a large amount of skill, still pays remunerative wages. There are large quarries now extending for over two miles along the Narrows of the St. John River. Others almost as extensive are located at Brookville, Torryburn and Drury Cove all in St. John County. This lime is sent not only to all points in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, but also to the Upper Provinces, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Like the fish business this new industry of lime burning is capable of great extension. We have cheap fuel, whole hills of limestone rock on the river front where it can be placed on board vessels at a low rate of cost and transported if need be to opposite ends of the earth. Another trade akin to the manufacture of lime is the burning of brick. Within easy distance of the city along the river there are numerous deposits of brick clay which will certainly be developed some day. Cheap labor and cheap fuel are the great essentials for carrying on the manufacture of brick on an extensive scale.

Sooner or later St. John is also destined to become a great depot for fruit and vegetables. Already the shipment of fresh strawberries to the United States

has become an important item of our trade with the neighboring republic during the month of July. Their season is much earlier than ours and when our strawberries are at their best theirs have all been marketed. The result is that our berries find not only a ready sale but bring paying prices. We have no competitors in the field and every year the acreage devoted to fruit culture is increasing. Not only can the export of strawberries to the United States be done in green vegetables such as peas, beans, green corn and the like. Thousands of barrels of potatoes pass through St. John every year and yet there seems to be plenty left for home consumption.

The country behind the city is building up, and the city cannot but help feel the benefit. Already the farmers within a hundred miles of the city have ceased to depend on the lumbering trade as the entire source of revenue. Their was a time when nearly every farmer dabbled more or less in lumber. He either worked in the woods himself or perhaps employed half a dozen or a dozen men. Most of them lost money in the business. They would work all winter, the merchant or speculator supplying them with the necessary money and supplies, and in the spring when the lumber they had got out had been sold they generally came out in debt. The majority of farmers now have nothing to do with lumbering only to sell such of their own productions as are in demand. They have found it more profitable to devote the whole of their time to farming, and the result is that at the end of each year they can estimate their profit to a certainty. Gradually the city is finding out that there is very little dependence for the future to be placed in lumbering. It will continue a leading industry for many years to come, but it cannot remain the sole industry. Our people have been prodigal of lumber. They have used it too freely and wasted a great deal of it. This waste has been stopped to a great extent, and the time is not far distant when much of that which is now allowed to go to waste will be marketed in one shape or another.

The trade of St. John is every year assuming a more compact form. Our manufactures have an excellent reputation where ever they are sold. Indeed goods of St. John manufacture where ever shown in competition with the same classes of goods made elsewhere in Canada have won the premiums and by competent judges been declared the best. We have no reason to feel ashamed of anything we make. Our merchants have an excellent reputation for honorable dealing. Honest goods and honest dealing are sure in time to win, and the trade of St. John will grow with it.

Killed by a Sword Fish.
(Washington Star.)
A bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, just issued, gives the following account, as described in a letter to Prof. Baird, of the killing of a man by a sword fish: "The schooner Venus is a small vessel of about twelve tons, engaged in the general fisheries off the coast of Massachusetts. On Monday morning Capt. Langford sailed from home in pursuit of sword fish. About 11 a. m., when eight miles northeast from Hallow Point, in Ipswich Bay, a fish was seen. The Captain, with one man, taking a dory, gave chase, and soon harpooned the fish, throwing over a buoy with a line attached to the harpoon, after which they fish was left and they returned to the vessel for dinner. About an hour later the Captain, with one man, again took his dory and went out to secure the fish. Picking up the buoy, Capt. Langford took hold of the line, pulling his boat toward the sword fish, which was quite large and not badly wounded. The line was taut as the boat slowly neared the fish, which the captain intended to lance and thus kill it. When near the fish, but too far away to reach it with the lance, it quickly turned and rushed at and under the boat, thrusting its sword up through the bottom of the boat twenty-three inches. As the fish turned and rushed toward the boat the line was suddenly slackened, caused the Captain to fall over on his back, and while he was in the act of rising the sword came piercing through the boat and into his body. At this time another sword fish was in sight near by, and the Captain, excited and anxious to secure both, raised himself up, not knowing that he was wounded. Seeing the sword he seized it, exclaiming: 'We've got him, any way!' He lay in the bottom of the dory, holding fast to the sword until his vessel came alongside, while the fish, being under the boat, could not be reached. Soon the Captain said: 'I think I am hurt, and quite badly.' When the vessel arrived he went on board, took a few steps and fell, never rising again. The boat and fish were soon hoisted on board, when the sword was chopped off to free the boat, and the fish was killed on the deck of the vessel. The fish weighed 245 pounds after its head and tail were cut off and the viscera removed; when alive it weighed something over 300 pounds. Capt. Langford survived the injury about three days, dying on Thursday. The sword has been deposited in the United States National Museum."

Barryard Pets.
A St. John County (Fla.) farmer heard his two-year-old daughter shrieking in the yard and ran out to find the little girl prostrate on the ground, while a rooster stood on her breast crowing triumphantly. The enraged fowl had picked one of the child's eyes out and had scratched her face horribly with his claws.
Mrs. L. Clute, of Ionia, Mich., was recently attacked by a large rooster, which flew into her face, knocked her down and followed up his assault with bill and claws. Her screams alarmed the hired man, who came to the rescue with a pail of water and a stove hook. Mrs. Clute's injuries will confine her to the house for several weeks.
Tom Gott, of Carthage, Ill., lost a valuable hen last winter and suspected a neighbor of stealing it. Last week, while his men were pressing hay from a stack in the field, they came upon the hen snoozing in the bottom of the stack. The fowl had laid a season's supply of eggs, but was nearly starved and died soon after being exposed to the sunlight.
A Rosemount County (Mich.) farmer owns a rooster that chums with a big black snake. The two hunt together for food and assist each other in securing it, but the fowl does the most of the hard work. Frogs and insects are the chief prey, and when the rooster finds a particularly fat, fine frog he will strut about, ruffle his feathers and chuck loudly until his sinuous friend comes up to eat it.
Mr. James E. Amos, of the Mobile Register, killed one of his chickens the other day and, after plucking off its feathers, laid it away in the ice box for next day's dinner. When the cook went to prepare it for the oven in the morning the remarkable fowl flapped its short wings in the darky's face, gave a mournful cry and darted out into the yard. It was captured after a long chase and eventually served for dinner.
One of Robert Bard's hens at Chambersburg, Pa., laid a large double egg last week, that was exhibited at the Spirit office as a curiosity. The outer egg was eleven inches in circumference, the inner egg of the size of an ordinary hen's egg. Another remarkable egg was laid by a hen in Hancock County, Ill. Columbus would have given a round sum for it, for it will stand only on its small end. If placed on the large end it will quickly turn to the other, and if pushed down on its side it will at once jump up again. People call it a "spiritual egg."

How Our French Cousins Bathe.
[Paris Letter to Chicago Tribune.]
At the seaside resorts bathing is the chief amusement, but it is a far different thing from bathing in America. The Frenchman attires himself in sumptuous robes, with Turkish slippers, a cigarette and eye-glasses. Then he promenades along the beach with the air of a Roman emperor. Occasionally he allows the water to dash about his ankles, and even to his knees, but never above that point. After an hour or two of such elegant attitudinizing he retires with the air of a conqueror. The French lady who bathes invariably wears high-heeled shoes dressed most to her knees. Her bathing-dress is made with long-trained skirts, which she holds above the reach of the waves with one hand, while with the other she holds a fan and smelling-bottle. She is always accompanied by a maid who holds a parasol over her head. She allows the water to dash about her ankles, and wet her shoes. But, as she wears silken stockings, her feet do not become wet.

THE MASKED LOVER. An Unexplained Episode in the Life of A Famous Actress.

"Listen," said Mlle. Mars, as she showed me a magnificent diamond that sparkled on her finger, "I will tell you the story of that ring. "Sometime in 18-- I played the role of Mademoiselle de Beauval, in Brueis et Palaprat. "Here a few words of explanation are necessary, that you may have an idea of the piece. "Brueis and Palaprat were two poets, who were in difficulties. They had written a comedy called Le Grendeur, which was their only hope, and it had been hissed off the stage. What were they to do? and what was to become of them? Already M. Crapin, the sheriff's officer, was at the door. He knocked and entered. The two poets were about to be marched off to prison, when a smiling angel, in the shape of Mademoiselle de Beauval, who, in the play, is said to be a well-known actress, rescued them from their perilous situation, and the hands of the law. She, too, the charming woman, had had debts, and knew what it was to be in distress. But she still owned a splendid diamond, which was worth a large sum. So she handed it to Palaprat, who was still free. At this conjuncture the Duc de Vendome, like a deus ex machina, arrived on the scene just in time to save Brueis; so that freedom, plenty and joy came back once more into the homes of our two poets. What Mademoiselle de Beauval's precious stone had commenced was brought to a happy close by the princely generosity of the Duc de Vendome. "The whole of this little plot is tame enough, as you see, yet the play proved a great success. "On the night of the first performance the stage manager handed me the so-called diamond ring that was to save the two friends. It was a mere brass hoop set with a bit of glass. I took it without further attention, and after the performance gave it back to one of the theatrical attendants. "Two days after the same pretty comedy was announced on the boards. This time it drew a crowded house. I was about to go forward on the stage, when, instead of bringing the brass ring of the two days before, the stage manager handed me an elegant jewel box in light blue velvet, with a note delicately sealed. A sweet perfume came from the casket. I gazed with astonishment at the message and the messenger. "Madam," said he, "the box and letter are for you. They were handed in just now." "By whom?" I asked. "By a servant in livery, who said you were to replace the ring used the day before yesterday by this one." "So saying, the stage manager put the jewel box into my hand, I opened it. Judge of my surprise when I found it to contain the most lovely diamond imaginable. I was at first dazzled by the flood of rays which shot out from its rich prison of satin and velvet. Then, casting my eyes on the letter, I broke the seal with feverish haste, in hope of discovering the meaning of so singular an enigma. It read as follows: "The ring I saw on Mademoiselle de Beauval's finger is worthy neither of her nor of you. Pray, except this one, Madam, without hesitation for the present or fear for the future. It harbors no profane thought, no sinful desire. To the artist alone is the ring offered. He who sends it will remain through life the most unknown of your admirers; he herewith pledges his word as an honest, upright gentleman to keep his engagement. "I sought for a name at the bottom of the note; it was not signed. I felt like refusing the ring, and was loth to put it on my finger. Such generous disinterestedness is so rare that I was mistrustful. Yet, what was I to do? The curtain has risen and the public awaited my appearance. Necessity did away with my scruples. "I went on the stage. My eyes during the whole performance sought to discover who the writer of the mysterious letter might be. But, it was to no purpose. The spectacle over, I regained my dressing-room, a prey to the most anxious reverie. "The very first thing my chambermaid noticed was the diamond. I told her how I came by it. "Madam," she said, "the stone must be a false one." "Why? what makes you think so?" "Because," answered the maid, "if a real diamond, its value would be enormous. I'm sure it must be spurious." "Really? Well, so much the better! The noble lords who make such presents to a woman on the stage are more often merchants who sooner or later claim the amount of their invoices, and I feel in no humor to pay that one." "Still, in spite of what I said, I carefully kept by me the letter of my unknown admirer. "My dressing-room was soon filled by a brilliant swarm of noted personages, I questioned, as it were, every face, but without success. My curiosity was at fault. The hour of departure sounded; the crowd of idle and eloquent folks disappeared. When I was left alone with my maid, the latter said to me in a gay tone of voice:

"Madame will be much astonished at what I am going to tell her." "What, I asked briskly, 'have you found out the name of the virtuous knight who wrote the letter?' "No," she answered, "but now I know what the diamond is worth, which is far preferable." "I looked at her severely. "Really, madam," said the woman, "you must forgive me. I could bear the thought of it no longer. While you were conversing in your dressing-room, I took the stone and showed it to H., the noted Palais-Royal lapidary. Oh, madam, the splendid diamond! M. H. estimated to be worth at least 30,000 francs. He said it was perfect, of the purest water he had seen in his life, and he knows." "I could not repress a movement of astonishment on hearing this; but I scolded the girl for taking such a step without first consulting me. "Well," she added, with comic seriousness, "should the invoice be sent round tomorrow, it is well for Madam to know what the ring is worth. When a person is ignorant of what he owes, he is always ill-prepared to pay his debts." "Days, months and years went by without my hearing anything about the stranger, as I called my unknown admirer. His diamond lay buried in my jewel case. In fact, I no longer dared to wear it. I looked upon it in the light of some deposit which might be claimed some day by some one. Still, I never could gaze at the gem without a heart-flutter. "One day, as I was dining at the house of one of the lady artists of the Comedie-Francaise, an old friend of my mother's hurried round to inform me that all my jewels had been stolen. I hastened home and found my servants in the utmost consternation, and the whole place in disorder. The news was but too true. Thanks to active measures at once taken by the police, and after spending much money I found out the thief. He was arrested, brought before the court, and, as you know, sentenced to hard labor for life. My jewels were nearly all recovered by the police, but smashed and broken to pieces. Alas! the mysterious ring which I prized above all else, was among the missing stones which it was impossible to find; and as the singularity of the adventure which had put it into my hands rendered it doubly precious in my eyes. I felt its loss more seriously than any other of my gems."

"A few years later, the Baronne de B. invited me to a grand masked ball. The whole Parisian society of fashion, wit, celebrity and distinction was expected to attend on that occasion. How shall I paint you a picture of the fete. It was an enchanted night. "Not until three o'clock in the morning had struck did I think about retiring. "Just as I passed through the door of a small boudoir, which a signal from the ball-room had emptied of its occupants, a hand was placed on my arm. "I started and gazed with a sort of terror at the bold and enterprising phantom who stood still in front of me. "Do not be alarmed, my dear child, nor open those large, curious eyes." "There was certainly no cause to warrant any alarm on my part, for the adventurous phantom was an elegant cavalier. A mask concealed his face; but, in spite of the care he took to hide himself, I soon discovered—for woman has a quick eye—that I had to do with a slim form and a white and delicate hand, which betrayed the gentleman. He wore the costume of the grand seigneurs in the time of Charles VII. A small flat cap plaited all round, in blue velvet, with a brooch of sparkly diamonds at the top, was proudly poised on his head, and set off to advantage the large, lustrous locks of dark hair that shone beneath it. I guessed from his gait and movements, which were full of nobleness and vivacity, that the man was young and of high lineage. "We both kept silent for a time, looking at one another. "Have you forgotten the representation of Brueis et Palaprat?" he at last enquired, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "No," I answered, full of astonishment; "how should I have forgotten?" "Thanks, a thousand thanks," said he, as he warmly pressed my hand in his. "That is the remembrance of the heart, and I had no right to lay claim to it; oh, it is the best, for it never effaces itself! The other has disappeared; do you regret it?" "As he spoke, he emphasized the word other in a manner which went through my soul. There was no mistaking his meaning. "Yes," I explained, carried away in spite of my efforts to remain calm; "yes I did regret it, not on account of its value, but because it was fraught with a mystery calculated to engross and trouble the imagination of a woman and an artist." "And if you should find it again, would you experience some joy?" "A very great joy, I assure you." "Especially," added he, with a point of sadness in his voice, "if given back to you surrounded with its romantic aureole?" "Yes, even then," I answered, while my whole frame thrilled with emotion which I was unable to control. "My heart throbb'd violently. I had lost all consciousness of the surround-

WOMEN IMPROVING. The Descent of Men and the Ascent of Women.

The skill shown by the American women in nearly every department of creative art, save that of musical composition, seems to increase constantly. This is especially noticeable in literary work. Her short story of to-day compared with her short story of the past reveals wonderful improvement in conciseness, construction and freshness. Intellectual forces are at work to balance the excess of imagination, and the over-morbidity, of sensitive women who have a talent for story-telling. The result of this is great gain to the periodicals. It is not now the exception for a woman to write a good newspaper article; it is rather the rule; and if the true inwardness of many a newspaper office were known it would be found that a fair share of the best work is done by women. To a lesser degree the same observations hold good in novel-writing. Unvarying conscientiousness and steady improvement mark most of the novels by our women authors, and the uniform tone of their books may be set against the variability of most of our masculine writers. Few of the latter maintain the positions taken by them in their earlier works. I am not speaking of individual works of merit but of growth as evidenced in any author's works taken as a whole. There is a patience about the modern woman bent upon success that leads her to take unlimited pains in developing her natural gifts, and with every recognition of merit she is apt to become more conscientious. This cannot always be said of men. The assumption of superiority, strengthened by ages of tacit admission, is now the drawback which the average man must contend against if he would hold his own in the coming race for supremacy in those fields which women are now competent to enter. A curious aspect of our modern literature is that while women, intellectually speaking, are beginning to show a certain masculine power, men are beginning to develop certain feminine characteristics, such as expansion, exaggeration, delicacy of expression and a tendency to a gossip analysis of trifles. The Howells-James school is, no doubt, partly to blame for this, but the lion's share of responsibility rests with the leading newspapers. When one sees trivial discussions in column after column on the dress, appearance and casual remarks of business men, politicians, brokers and railway magnates, one is tempted to ask—are the leading dailies written for the man of to-day or for the woman of the past? Of what value is it to know that the second son of Thomas Coffey, the eminent grocer of Pittsburgh, who has visited New York, has a round red face and that his nose is like his father's? Or that Mark Taurus, the Chicago broker, who is stopping at the Park Avenue Hotel, has much suavity of manner and wears a pair of gray plaid trousers? Or that J. M. Selem, of West Poketown Corners, with his dark Italian face becomingly set off by a light-brown Derby, every afternoon may be seen meditatively twirling the upward-curving tendrils of his moustache in the corridors of the Hotel Brunswick? To read trivialities constantly makes a man trivial, and to write them constantly must make any man an interest in the affairs of the great busy world is commendable, but can such trifling gossip be justified? If it may be argued that the modern novel is chiefly written for women, the same argument cannot apply to the daily newspaper which is ostensibly written for men. Is there no escape from the deduction that while women are climbing the stairs of progress in this line of work, men are descending by the ladder of gossip to sit by the fire and play with "painted trifles and fantastic toys?" KATE ELLIOTT CLARK.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE. A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.00. Single Copies 2 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 feaf 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.

WOMEN'S PERILS IN LONDON STREETS.

(London Standard.) A short time since I was returning on foot with my wife from Charing Cross Station. And about 9 o'clock, when passing up Regent street, I entered a tobacconist's shop, leaving my wife outside to wait for me. In a few moments she entered the shop in a state of extreme agitation, and as we left on my inquiring the cause, she informed me that as she was walking slowly up and down in front of the shop she was accosted by a policeman, who told her roughly to "move on," that he knew and had been watching her, and that if he caught her again he would "run her in!" She was too agitated to take the man's number, and when she entered the shop for protection, modesty and shame at the foul insinuation prevented her from revealing the matter in the presence of the shopman. Now, this kind of thing is unbearable, and would not for a moment be tolerated in any foreign capital. Why should Londoners tolerate it.

AN INDIGNANT HUSBAND.

My youngest daughter, not quite 13 years old, was passing through Regent street between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th ult. when her arm was seized by a well-dressed man about 50 years old, who exclaimed: "Hollo, ducky!" and when she repulsed him and threatened to speak to a policeman, commenced laughing and grimacing at her. What happened to my daughter happens doubtless to many others, adults as well as children. Surely modest females accosted in this way by the bestly fellows who prowl about Regent street ad hoc have quite as much right to complain of "hardship" as has the gentleman who, according to the police report, said he thought it "a hardship to be accosted by women." Why, then, do the police direct their vigilance exclusively against immoral women and wholly neglect immoral men? Why are not the men prosecuted for accosting females? Either the law is one sided or the police are remiss in their work.

RUSKIN AND HIS WIFE.

When quite a young man, John Ruskin became interested in an unworlly maiden, some years his junior, whom he thought beautiful, according to the rules and theories of art, and whom he wooed on art principles. He married her, and treated her as if she had been a statue, admiring her in a cold, abstract way, not altogether grateful to a young woman of ardent temperament. Months passed, the relations undergoing no change, he contented, she discontented. Meanwhile he had engaged Millais, with whom, as a pre-Raphaelite, he was much impressed, to paint her portrait. The susceptible artist was struck by her beauty, and fell passionately in love with her. But loyal to his friend, he showed her only the conventional respect that was due, stifling the hunger of his heart. Ruskin was at last aroused to his own marital defects, and to a sense of the mutual love between his wife and the painter. He acted magnanimously decided not to stand in the way of the happiness of two persons who were fitted for one another. The matter was managed quietly, and in due time she was released from her matrimonial bonds, and became Mrs. Millais. The celebrated artist having been knighted, she is now Lady Millais. The three have been good friends ever since.

Lines.

(to S. N. S.) I. When she is here, All nature teems with glad delight; The wint'ry day shines warm and bright; Less dark and drear the wint'ry night— When she is here. II. When she's not here, The summer winds are fraught with chill; A mock'ry is each gay bird's trill; While sadly sing each sily'ry thrill— When she's not here. III. When she is here, The happy hours speed quickly away, And shorter seems each joyous day— The precious moments will not stay— When she's not here. IV. When she's not here, How slowly old Time wings his flight; The day lags on, and ne'er seems bright; And tears rain through the long, long night— When she's not here. CHARLES K. TURNER.

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.

SO SINGS THE WORLD AWAY.

"Too bad, too bad!" he said as he came out of his office with a telegram in his hand.

"What is it?" "Just found this in my office as I return from a ten days' vacation. It came the day after I left."

"It is from an old friend in Sandusky, and it says: 'Telegraph me \$200 to-day or I'm financially ruined.'"

"And you weren't here?" "No."

"And he bustled?" "Very probably. Ah! well, some must fish and some must bust. The only consolation I have is in knowing that I couldn't have raised \$10 had I been home."

GETTING EVEN. She was one of those lofty, approach-me-not sort of girls, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and indignant to this day because it wasn't pure gold.

Billy Bliven had just been introduced to her at a lawn fete, and was doing his best, in his plain matter of fact way, to make himself agreeable.

After they had chatted a few minutes on the veranda, Billy concluded that he would like to know her better, so he came at the subject thuswise:

"I should greatly—I I should like very much to call on you some evening. Suppose I drop around and we go out and take a little walk."

"Thanks," she said stiffly; "I am no pedestrian."

Billy pondered a little while and then remarked in a quiet way peculiar to himself. "I'd have asked you to go out riding, only I knew you were no jockey."

—[Merchant Traveler.]

A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE. "I am devoted to George, of course," said a Chicago girl to her mother, "but I am afraid that he hasn't get-up-and-get enough about him to make any great success in this world."

"Why?" asked her mother. "Because he always kisses me on the forehead." —[Puck.]

BOTH THIRTY. "Young man," said the long-haired passenger, solemnly, "do you drink whiskey?"

"Well—I am sorry to say," confessed the young man, with a blush of shame, "that I do occasionally drink a little, sir."

"Well, try a swig at that," said the long-haired passenger, passing over a quart bottle. —[New York Sun.]

A THREE-YEAR OLD. Flies were very troublesome in the dining room of a seaside cottage, and a trap was set for them. It did its work well, and the room seemed clear of them.

But when dinner was served, they were as numerous as ever. The 3-year-old child explained their appearance by saying: "Papa, I got dey was in dere long enuf." —[The Epoch.]

HE WAS POSTED. Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—I suppose we'll have a good dinner at the Porcnos tonight.

Mrs. Wabash—Yes, and I do hope that you will be particular about your manners at the table, John. Don't eat peas with a spoon, and be careful to tuck your napkin under your chin so as not to soil your shirt front.

THE FEVER HE HAD. Bobby's mother had let him stay home from school because he complained of having a fever.

After he had looked as sick as he could for half an hour, he asked her if he could go out and play ball. "No Bobby," she replied, "not if you have a fever."

"But, ma," explained Bobby, "it's the base ball fever I've got." —[New York Sun.]

INFANT THEOLOGY. A small boy not far from Boston was the other day guilty of some outrageous mischief, which he performed alone in a closed room, but which was quickly brought to his door. When his mother remonstrated with the youth he met her reproof by the bold assertion: "You didn't see me do it."

"No," she replied solemnly, "but God did."

"Well," the uchin retorted, with an air of contemptuous superiority, "I guess God ain't going round giving away all he sees in this house." —[Boston Courier.]

THE RIGHT KIND OF A KEEPSAKE. "You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said. "I do darling," he said tenderly. "What's the matter with myself?" she whispered. "There will be a wedding shortly,"

THE CLOAK OF TRUTH.

An Eastern Romance—Written for Young and Old.

In a far-off corner of Eastern India, there lived in the days when Fairies still visited the earth, a little girl whose name was Yuddi. Her parents were poor and had to work hard and continuously to gain an even the small amount on which Oriental laborers are able to support life.

Poor little Yuddi's childhood was not very full of pleasure. For her were none of the toys and games that modern skill and ingenuity have fashioned, to make the season of youth enjoyable.

A few naturally rounded stones with which a kind of game of "marbles" was just practicable, and a bundle of rags which did duty for a doll, were her sole means of amusement. And even these she had but little time to enjoy; for as soon as she was strong enough she was required to help to weed and glean in the rice and grain fields in summer; and in winter to assist her mother in keeping their hut—which was made of twisted bamboo canes plastered with mud—in order.

In the cold season Yuddi was occasionally sent to a school presided over by a wise old Brahmin, Rhashta, who for a few "pice," as the smallest native coin is called, taught his pupils as much as their brains could absorb in the limited time they gave to study.

Many people think that India is a land where great heat prevails the year round. This is true only of certain of the southern parts; but in the north, where there are some of the highest mountains in the world, and where farming is carried on very elevated plateaus, the cold in winter, and during the long "rainy season," is often intense.

Poor Yuddi frequently suffered much from the bitter weather, her clothing being thin and scanty, while the walls of the hut and the loosely-fitting doorway admitted a great deal of frosty air.

The dearest wish of her heart was for a large, warm cloak, in which she could brave the cold when she was allowed to go to school, and wrap herself at night. Often and often she prayed that such a good gift might be sent to her, but for a long time in vain. She had heard a great deal about Fairies who watched over good children, yet the one who ought to have attended on her had never made herself known.

With the sweet, trusting faith of childhood, Yuddi did not give way to despair, but only strove to be a better girl, believing that if her guardian had not come, it was because she had not deserved the boon.

One night, after Yuddi had been asleep for several hours, she was startled from her slumber by a voice calling from the sweetest tones she had ever heard: "Awake Yuddi, and see what I have brought thee!"

The child sat up on her bed of dried rice-leaves, rubbed her astonished eyes, which at length showed tokens of the most beautiful being she had ever seen. Yuddi knew at once it was a Fairy. It was not however such a creature as our Western writers have told us of, or that we see in pictures or upon the stage in pantomimes and spectacular plays.

It was not dressed in white gauze, nor did it have butterfly-like wings and a magic wand. No! this was an Indian Fairy, with a dark olive tinted skin, and with bare arms and feet. Round the body was wound in numerous folds a scarf of some many-colored material, in which shone threads of gold. The folds fell almost to the knees, below which appeared loose trousers of a semi-transparent silver gauze. Round her wrists and ankles were massive rings studded with gems.

A single diamond, brilliant as the "Kohinoor" itself—Queen Victoria's richest jewel—glittered on her forehead, sustained by a narrow fillet of gold. From this seemed to flow a soft light, which suffused the hut. Once, when at the Bazaar, Yuddi had seen a Nautch dancer, who bore a faint resemblance to the Fairy. That dancer had been, till now, her ideal of beauty, but she saw at once how surpassingly lovely was the present visitor. Yuddi was not at all frightened, but she glanced round with some anxiety to see if her parents were awake. They were sleeping soundly, and Yuddi could not help feeling glad that she had this lovely vision all to herself.

"I am awake," she said; "what can Yuddi, the little daughter of Bi Lings, do to serve you?"

"Nothing, child," answered the Fairy. "I am come to serve you. You have longed for a cloak; see, I have brought you one," and she held up before the girl's delighted gaze the most exquisite garment she had ever beheld. It was of the purest white lamb's wool, and around the collar and edges were embroidered in letters of good some of the wisest sayings of Brahma.

"Is that really for me, my very own?" cried Yuddi.

"Yes, my child, if you can keep the conditions of the gift. This is the 'Cloak of Truth,' and no one must wear it who does not speak perfect truth. If he wears it deceives or equivocates, he will never see the word 'Faispook' will appear on it in letters of flaming scarlet. Will you take it and wear it?"

Now Yuddi had always been a very good little girl. Her mother had taught her how wicked it was to lie, and the teaching had gone home, it was not, however, without some little tremor that Yuddi answered:

"I will take it, and try to be worthy to wear it, oh my good Fairy."

"That is well. I hope you will keep it long. But there are other conditions to the gift. If the fatal word appears on it, you must instantly take it off. Then the scarlet letters will fade away, and you must find some one to take it from you. That person you must watch. If he or she wears it in truth and purity all is well, if not, you must seek till you can discover a proper and faithful owner. Will you promise to do all this?"

"I will," replied Yuddi, who was so determined to deserve to keep the cloak that the last-named conditions did not greatly trouble her.

Then let me place it round your shoulders; and may all the Powers of Good grant you strength long to retain it!"

With infinite gentleness and tenderness the Fairy wrapped Yuddi in the cloak and laid her back upon the rustling couch. A moment later and all was dark and still. Lulled by the warmth of her new covering Yuddi sank almost instantly into sleep. When she awoke again the morning was far advanced. Her father had long gone to his daily toil; but her mother stood over her looking in wonder at the magic garment.

"In the names of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu," exclaimed the wondering woman, when she perceived her daughter to be fully aroused, "where did you get that cloak?"

Then Yuddi told the marvelous story; and the good woman, who had a strong belief in the supernatural, and who, moreover, had never had cause to doubt her child's veracity, accepted it without a murmur.

"You are indeed blessed, my only one," she said as clasped her to her breast. "Strive to retain the Fairy's gift."

All that morning Yuddi was intensely happy, but at the hour of noon her father came home to his meagre dinner. He, too, saw the cloak, and was told its history. But he scoffed at the tale, and accused poor Yuddi of having found or stolen the cloak and then attempting to deceive him. The poor little girl was deeply wounded. Never before had her mother been so mistreated. On telling the story the second time to one who was almost impossible to sound. So, later, when she went out wearing the cloak, and some children crowded round her, and asked where she got it, she happily equivocated. In an instant the dreadful word "Faispook," in the flaming letters of tell-tale scarlet appeared upon her back. Her companions ran from her screaming with fear. Yuddi tore off the cloak, and almost blinded with bitter tears rushed home, and sobbed out her unavailing grief to her mother. That good woman comforted her as well as possible, and offered it to him. "Without loss of time she sought the wise old man, told her story and offered the cloak.

"My child," he said as he took it, "I will try and wear it. But I am old, and know the world and men well. To few can it be given to be absolutely truthful. I fear I am not of those. Come to me in the morning."

When Yuddi returned Rhashta was no longer wearing the cloak.

"I have lost it sooner than I expected, my child. You know how poor I am and how few pupils I have. Last night the father of Rlum Gat came to me and asked how his son was getting on. I thought to myself, if I tell him how hopelessly stupid Rlum Gat is, he will be taken away. I did not tell all the truth, and I am punished, for I have lost both cloak and pupil. When the father saw the word upon my back he said his son should come to me no longer."

Once more Yuddi took up her burden, and went to the house of a rich and beautiful lady for whom her mother sometimes worked. This lady was charitable and good, and Yuddi, of whom she had often taken kindly notice, almost worshipped her. When Yuddi had explained her errand and shown the wonderful garment, the lady, Aouda Singh, accepted it rapturously, and wanted to reward Yuddi for bringing it. The child would, however, accept nothing but thanks.

"I am but keeping my word," she said. "For so doing I must not want or take reward."

With a somewhat lighter heart she went back to her humble hut. Not many hours had passed when a "bearer" came running at his utmost speed to say that she must go at once to Aouda Singh.

On arriving there, Yuddi was greeted curiously, almost rudely, by the lady.

"Take your hated cloak," she exclaimed, "and never let me see the bewitching thing again. I wore it to the Bazaar, and bought some handsome garments that would go with it. I was, perhaps, a little too extravagant, and when my good lord asked me how much I had spent, I did not dare tell him all. And when I named less than the true amount the dreadful scarlet letters blazed out. Take it away, I say."

Again Yuddi resumed her quest for a wearer for the cloak. Among others she took it to a famous lawyer. "Child, have you come to mock me?" he cried. "I could not keep it an hour, and do my best for my clients. I might keep it an hour if I were asleep, though I believe I sometimes talk in my sleep, so even then I couldn't be sure of it."

Once more the weary search began. A wise woman, famous for herbs and medicines, refused to try it. The fabric of the truth about themselves they would surely die, when, if I bid them hope there is a possible chance for them. If I told others of what my medicines are made, they would have no faith in them. Take away your cloak."

Day after day poor Yuddi continued the task which she began to think was hopeless. Many took the cloak who had not wisdom enough to know there was not the remotest chance of their keeping it even a few minutes. Tradesmen lost it through misrepresenting the value of their goods; manufacturers through selling adulterated articles; and even an artist, who was famed as a seeker after ideal truth, through wilfully attempting to improve on nature in his landscapes and by grossly flatterer in his portraits likewise lost it.

At last despairing Yuddi gained audience with the wisest man in the land, the king's chief councillor. "You must be very young and innocent to come to me to me, my child," he said when she had told the reason of her visit. "Know that if I told the truth to my royal master about some of our foreign relations, or when he asks me what his people think of him, I should need about a hundred lives a year."

"Then let me see the king," boldly cried Yuddi, "he at least has none to fear."

"You think so, child? Well, I will contrive that you shall see him. But you may have to wait a long time."

Yuddi answered that she did not care how long. The cloak was becoming an intolerable burden to her, never long absent from her sight, and it was in her mind night and day, sleeping and waking.

She had need of all her patience, for kings are not easily seen, especially by the children of Ryots, as the Indian peasants are called.

When she was admitted into the great presence she knelt, covered her face, and was for a time too frightened to speak. The king finally succeeded in reassuring her, and she told him her errand.

"And so you think kings can be more truthful than other people?" said the monarch. "You never made a greater mistake. You are too young to understand all the reasons why we are compelled to falsify and deceive; but I will tell you one or two: Sometimes I have to meet a neighbouring sovereign who is jealous of me or of I of him—with whom, perhaps, I have been at war, and who has killed thousands of my people; yet I have to call him my loving brother. I have to put up with ministers I detest because the people demand they shall be in office. I have to tell my subjects that I know they will cheerfully pay taxes and vote supplies, when I feel the doing so will make them suffer terribly. Go, my child. Kings can speak less truth than their poorest subjects."

On leaving the palace Yuddi met an old man—a kind of priest, or dervish, who frequently preached to the people and in the intervals of his preaching begged for enough to keep him alive. He was clad in the most tattered rags, and, as Yuddi passed, he asked for something to get food and clothes. Immediately she offered him the cloak, explaining upon what conditions he could wear it.

"I think I can keep it, my daughter. Come to me here to-morrow and see."

The next day Yuddi found him, still wearing the cloak, and with its spottled purity unmarred.

"How is it that you alone have been able to wear this for a day?" she asked. "I will try to tell you, my daughter. I am very old and have no wants but food and clothing. When I ask for money for these, I speak the truth. I ask no man to build me a house or a temple; therefore, I seek no more than my daily food. I have no friends whom I must flatter and no enemies I need fear. I have outlived all but my love for God and His creatures, and I have no aim but to do good to them. I tell them that for their welfare here and hereafter they must refrain from evil, and I call to them hourly to leave the wrong and seek the right. What reason have I to tell anything but the truth? I thank you for the cloak and hope to wear it till I die."

JULIAN MAGNUS.

Education of Russian Women. (Pall Mall Gazette.) Statistics have just been issued as to the number of women who have studied at Russian universities in 1886. The total number of female students amounted to 779, and of these 243 studied philology and 336 different branches of mathematics; 587 belonged to the Greek Church and 139 were Jews; 748 were unmarried and 31 married; 437 of the ladies were the daughters of noblemen, officers, or Government officials; 89 were daughters of private citizens, 125 of merchants, of soldiers and 2 were foreigners. That the zeal for female education in Russia is still as great as ever is shown not only by the above figures, but also by the fact that a Warsaw lady has recently given 15,000 roubles for a high school for women to be built at Warsaw.

Fashion Notes.

Silk gloves of a pale tan, with long, loose wrists, are substituted for kid during the hot weather.

Small bonnets of sheer white organdie, made with many fine pleatings, are worn to church in the country, trimmed with big bows of pure white ribbon.

Ecru embroidered muslins are made with ruffled skirts, upon drapery and shirred waists, which are held in place by a broad, heavy white belt. The shoulders are ornamented with epaulets of thick, soft white ribbon bows.

The latest black lace dresses are made by sewing alternate strips of lace inserting two inches wide and black moire ribbon of the same width. The fabric formed in this way is draped diagonally across the moire underdress in front and straight in the back. The waist is shirred across the shoulders and about the neck over a tight silk lining and gathered to a point at the belt line.

Similar lace dresses are made in white and draped over either white moire or white sarrah. In these white costumes the front drapery of the waist is crossed over in surplus fashion and held at the waist with a wide moire sash. The sleeves of the striped lace and ribbon are in leg-o-mutton shape and have no lining, short moire cuffs confining them below the elbow.

Dressing gowns of exquisitely delicate mull, trimmed profusely with lace and covered with a multitude of loops of the very narrow ribbon, are worn to the breakfast table with old silk skirts that are past the prime. The ribbons are run through narrow inserting set between the mull and the lace ruffles. Under them are worn white corset covers, tied with ribbons of the same color as those in the sash, which are prettiest when of clear, buttercup yellow.

The most sensible and coolest morning gown for those obliged to remain in the city during the warm weather is a full plain skirt of pongee with a deep hem. The waist has a basque back and gathered surplus fronts, leaving the throat unhampered by a collar. The sleeves are flared at the wrist and turned back in Pilgrim fashion with a contrasting color. The fronts are tied in loosely with long ribbon bows. Dull green, pale heliotrope or dark wine tints are pretty in contrast.

A pretty evening gown is of white silk mull. It is made over a skirt of cheap white silk and has three narrow flounces of the mull edged with two rows of narrow white satin ribbon. The long drapery is edged with four rows of ribbon and is nowhere draped high enough above the flounces to expose the silk underkirt.

The waist is a low-necked, sleeveless, white silk basque, over which the mull is gathered high in the throat, held there by three rows of ribbon. There are no sleeves, and the gloves are white.

It is not the poverty that troubles me, said the impecunious man, it is the consciousness that everybody thinks me a criminal. It is much easier to endure poverty than it is to endure the scorn of those who know you are its victim.

EXPRESS.

The Intercolonial Express Co. (LIMITED.)

Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every description. Collects Bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts.

Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riviere du Loup with the

Canadian Express Co. for all points in the Province of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the

American Express Co. for all points in the Eastern and Southern States. Branch office in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. European Express forwarded and parcels purveyed.

Debiture Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for Large Consignments and further information on application.

JAMES BRYCE, Superintendent. J. B. STONE, Agent.

HOTELS.

Hotel Dufferin

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

Royal Hotel,

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

New Victoria Hotel,

ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL!

(LATE ROYAL.) King Square, St. John, N. B. G. HIX PRICER, Owner and Proprietor. Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1887

ON and after MONDAY, June 13th 1887 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

Trains will Leave St. John.

Table with 2 columns: Day Express, Accommodation, Express for Summerside and Charlottetown, Express for Halifax & Quebec. Times listed for each.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22 15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

Table with 2 columns: Express from Halifax & Quebec, Express from Summerside and Charlottetown, Day Express. Times listed for each.

All Trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., June 8th, 1887.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In effect June 27th, 1887.

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

6.40 a.m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

8.00 a.m.—For St. Stephen, and for Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrew, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

6.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

8.30 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

2.30 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

7.40 p.m.—From St. Stephen, and from St. Andrew, Houlton, and Woodstock.

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

4.30 p.m.—For Fairville, and for Fredericton and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.40 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. GRAM, Gen. Manager. J. F. CRAVITT, Gen. Pass and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., June 23, 1887.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

BOSTON!

VIA EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston; and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

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

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

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.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JES," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

(Continued.)

"I can not tell you very much about my father, because I do not know much of his life, to a great extent, a sealed book to me. But they say that once he was a very different man, when he was quite young, I mean. But all of a sudden his father—my grandfather, you know—whose picture is on the stairs, died, and within a day or two my mother died too; that was when I was born. After that he broke down, and became what he is now. For twenty years he has lived as he does now, poring all day over books of accounts, and very rarely seeing anybody, for he does all his business by letter, or nearly all of it, and he has no friends. He is not a happy man, Mr. Heigham."

"Apparently not. I can not imagine any one being happy who is superstitious; it is the most dreadful bondage in the world."

"Where are your ravens to-day?" asked Arthur, presently.

"I don't know. I have not seen very much of them for the last week or two. They have made a nest in one of the big trees at the back of the house, and I dare say that they are there, or perhaps they are hunting for their food—they always feed themselves. But I will soon tell you," and she whistled in a soft but penetrating note.

Next minute there was a swoop of wings, and the largest raven, after hovering over her for a minute, lit upon her shoulder, and rubbed his black head against her face.

"This is Jack, you see; I expect that Jill is busy sitting on her eggs. Fly away, Jack, and look after your wife." She clapped her hands, and the great bird, giving a reproachful croak, spread his wings, and was gone.

"You have a strange power over animals to make those birds so fond of you."

"Do you think so? It is only because I have living as I do quite alone, had time to study all their ways, and make friends with them. Do you see that thrush there? I know him well; I feed him during the frost last winter. If you will stand back with the dog, you shall see."

Arthur hid himself behind a thick bush and watched. Angela whistled again, but in another note, with a curious result. Not only the thrush in question, but quite a dozen other birds of different sorts and sizes, came flying round her, some settling at her feet, and one, a little robin, actually perching itself upon her hat.

Presently she dismissed them as she had done the raven by clapping her hands, and came back to Arthur.

"In the winter-time," she said, "I could show you more curious things than that."

"I think that you are a witch," said Arthur, who was astounded at the sight. She laughed as she answered.

"The only witchery that I use is kindness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I do so hope that you don't mind dining at half-past twelve, and with my old nurse," Angela said, as they went together up the stairs to the room the used as a dining-room.

"Of course I don't—I like it, really I do." Angela shook her head, and, looking but partially convinced, led the way down the passage, and into the room, where, to her astonishment, she perceived that the dinner-table was furnished with a more sumptuous meal than she had seen upon it for years, the fact being that Pigott had received orders from Philip which she did not know of, not to spare expense while Arthur was his guest.

"What waste," reflected Angela, in whom the pressure of circumstances had developed an economical turn of mind, as she glanced at the unaccustomed jug of beer.

"He said he was a teetotaler." A loud "boom" from Pigott, arresting her attention, stopped all further consideration of the matter. That good lady, who, in honor of the occasion, was dressed in a black gown of a formidable character and a many-ribbed cap, was standing up behind her chair waiting to be introduced to the visitor. Angela proceeded to go through the ceremony which Pigott's straight-up-and-down attitude rendered rather trying.

"Nurse, this is the gentleman that my father has asked to stay with us. Mr. Heigham, let me introduce you to my old nurse Pigott."

Arthur bowed politely, while Pigott made two elaborate courtesies, retiring a step backward after each, as though to make room for another.

It was a very pleasant dinner and the afternoon and evening passed much as the morning had done. Angela took Arthur round the place, and showed him all the spots connected with her strange and lonely childhood, of which she told him many a curious story. It fact, before the day was over, he knew all the history of her innocent life, and was

struck with amazement at the variety and depth of her scholastic acquirements and the extraordinary power of her mind, which, combined with her simplicity and total ignorance of the ways of the world, produced an effect as charming as it was unusual. Needless to say that every hour he knew her he fell more deeply in love with her.

At length, about eight o'clock, just as it was beginning to get dark, she suggested that he should go and sit awhile with her father.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Arthur.

"Oh! I am going to read a little, and then go to bed; I always go to bed about nine," and she held out her hand to say good night. He took it and said:

"Good night, then, I wish it were tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Because then I should be saying, 'Good morning, Angela,' instead of 'Good night, Angela.' May I call you Angela? We seem to know each other so well, you see."

"Yes, of course," she laughed back; "everybody I know calls me Angela, so why shouldn't you?"

"And will you call me Arthur? Everybody I know calls me Arthur."

Angela hesitated, and Angela blushed, though why she hesitated and why she blushed was perhaps more than she could have exactly said.

"Yes, I suppose so—that is, if you like it. It is a pretty name, Arthur. Good night, Arthur," and she was gone.

His companion gone, Arthur turned and entered the house. The study-door was open, so he went straight in. Philip, who was sitting and staring in an abstracted way at the empty fire-place with a light behind him, turned quickly round as he heard his footstep.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Heigham? I suppose Angela has gone upstairs; she goes to rest very early. I hope that she has not bored you, and that old Pigott hasn't talked your head off. I told you that we were an old lot, you know, but, if you find us older than you bargained for, I should advise you to clear out."

"Thank you, I have spent a very happy day."

"Indeed, I am glad to hear it. You must be easily satisfied, have an Arcadian mind, and that sort of thing. Take some whisky, and light your pipe."

Arthur did so, and presently Philip, in that tone of gentlemanly ease which above everything distinguished him from his cousin, led the conversation round to his guest's prospects and affairs, more especially his money affairs. Arthur answered him frankly enough, but this money talk had not the same charms for him that it had for his host. Indeed, a marked repugnance to everything that had to do with money was one of his characteristics; and, wearied out at length with pecuniary details and endless researches into the mysteries of investment, he took advantage of a pause to attempt to change the subject.

"Well," he said, "I am much obliged to you for your advice, for I am very ignorant myself, and hate anything to do with money. I go back to first principles, and believe that we should all be better without it."

Silence ensued which neither of them seemed to care to break. Meantime the wind suddenly sprang up, and began to moan and sigh among the half-clad boughs of the trees outside—making Arthur thoughtful to himself, a very melancholy music. Presently Philip laid his hand upon his guest's arm, and he felt that it shook like an aspen leaf.

"Tell me," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "what do you see there?"

Arthur started, and followed the direction of his eyes to the bare wall opposite the window, at that end of the room through which the door was made.

"I see," he said, "some moving shadows."

"What do they resemble?"

"I don't know; nothing in particular. What are they?"

"What are they?" hissed Philip, whose face was livid with terror, "they are the shades of the dead sent here to torture me. Look, she goes to meet him; the old man is telling her. Now she will wring her hands!"

There was something so excessively uncanny about his host's manner, and his evident conviction of the origin of the wavering figures on the wall (which had now disappeared), that Arthur felt, had it not been for Angela, he would not be sorry to get clear of him and his shadows as soon as possible, for superstitious, he knew, is as contagious as small-pox. When at length he reached his great, bare bed-chamber, not, by the way, a comfortable sort of place to sleep in after such an experience, it was only after some hours, in the excited state of his imagination, that, tired though he was, he could get the rest he needed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Next morning, when they met at their eight o'clock breakfast, Arthur noticed that Angela was distressed about something.

"There is bad news," she said, almost before he greeted her; "my cousin George is very ill with typhus fever."

"Indeed!" remarked Arthur, rather coolly.

"Well, I can't say it does not appear to distress you very much."

"No, I can't say it does. To be honest, I detest your cousin, and I don't care if he is ill or not; there."

As she appeared to have no reply ready, the subject then dropped.

After breakfast Angela proposed that they should walk—for the day was again fine—to the top of a hill about a mile away, whence a view of the surrounding country could be obtained. He consented, and on the way told her of his curious experience with her father on the previous night. She listened attentively, and when he had finished, shook her head.

"There is," she said, "something about my father that separates him from everybody else. His life never comes out into the sunlight of the passing day, it always gropes along in the shadow of some gloomy past. What the mystery is that envelopes him I neither know nor care to inquire; but I am sure that there is one."

"How do you explain the shadows?"

"I believe your explanation is right; they are, under certain conditions of light, thrown by a tree that grows some distance off. I have seen something that looks like figures on that wall myself in full daylight. That he should interpret such a simple thing as he does shows a curious state of mind."

"You do not think, then," said Arthur, in order to draw her out, "that it is possible, after all, he was right, and that they were something from another place? The reality of his terror was almost enough to make one believe in them, I can tell you."

"No, I do not," answered Angela, after a minute's thought. "I have no doubt that the veil between ourselves and the unseen world is thinner than we think. I believe, too, that communications, and even warnings sometimes, under favorable conditions, or when the veil is worn thin by trouble or prayer, can pass from the other world to ourselves. But the very fact of my father's terror proves to me that his shadows are nothing of the sort, for it is hardly possible that spirits can be permitted to come to terrify us poor mortals; if they come at all, it is in love and gentleness, to comfort or to warn, and not to work upon our superstitions."

"You speak as though you knew all about it; you should join the Physical Society," he answered, irreverently, sitting himself down on a fallen tree, an example that she followed.

"I have thought about it sometimes, that is all, and so far as I have read, I think that my belief is a common one, and what the Bible teaches us; but, if you will not think me foolish, I will tell you something that confirms me in it. You know that my mother died when I was born; well, it may seem strange to you, but I am convinced that she is sometimes very near me."

"Do you mean that you see or hear her?"

"No, I only feel her presence; more rarely now, I am sorry to say, as I grow older."

"How do you mean?"

"I can hardly explain what I mean, but sometimes—it may be at night, or when I am sitting alone in the daytime, a great calm comes upon me, and I am a higher, purer air, and are, as it were, tinged with a reflected light; everything earthly seems to pass away from me, and I feel as though fetters had fallen from my soul, and I know that I am near my mother. Then everything passes, and I am myself again."

This conversation—a very curious one, Arthur thought to himself afterward, for two young people on a spring morning—having come to an end, nothing more was said for some while, and they took their way down the hill, varying the route in order to pass through the little hamlet of Bratham. Under a chestnut-tree that stood upon the village green, Arthur noticed, not a village blacksmith, but a small crowd, mostly composed of children, gathered round somebody. On going to see who it was, he discovered a battered-looking old man with an intellectual face, and the remnants of a gentlemanlike appearance, playing on the violin. A very few touches of his bow told Arthur, who knew something of music, that he was in the presence of a performer of no mean merit. Seeing the quality of his two auditors, and that they appreciated his performance, the player changed his music, and from a village jig passed to one of the more difficult opera airs, which he executed in brilliant fashion.

"Bravo!" cried Arthur, as the last notes thrilled and died away. "I see you understand how to play the fiddle."

"Yes sir, and so I should, for I have played first violin at Her Majesty's Opera before now. Name what you like, and I will play it for you. Or, if you like it better you shall hear the water running on the beach. Only say the word."

Arthur thought for a moment.

"It is a beautiful day, let us have a contrast; give us the music of a storm."

The old man considered a while.

"I understand, but you set a difficult subject even for me," and taking up his bow he made several attempts at beginning. "I can't do it," he said, "set something else."

"No, no, try again, that or nothing."

Again he started, and this time his genius took possession of him. The notes fell very softly at first, but with an ominous sound, then rose and wailed like the rising of the wind. Next the music came in gusts, the rain pattered, and the thunder roared, till at length the tempest

seemed to spend its force and pass slowly into the distance.

"There, sir, what do you say to that—have I fulfilled your expectations?"

"Write it down and it will be one of the finest pieces of violin music in the country."

"Write it down. The divine 'afflatus' is not to be caged, sir, it comes and goes. I could never write that music down."

Arthur felt in his pocket without answering, and found five shillings.

"If you will accept this?" he said.

"Thank you, sir, very much. I am gladder of five shillings now than I once was of as many pounds," and he rose to go.

"A man of your talent should not be wandering about like this."

"I must earn a living somehow, for all Talleyrand's witicism to the contrary," was the curious answer.

"Have you no friends?"

"No, sir, this is my only friend; all the rest have deserted me," and he tapped his violin and was gone.

"Lord, sir," said a farmer, who was standing by, "he's gone to get drunk; he is the biggest old drunkard in the countryside, and yet they do say that he was a gentleman once, and the best fiddler in London; but he can't be depended on, so no one will hire him now."

"How sad," said Angela, as they moved homeward.

"Yes, and what music that was; I never heard any with such imagination before. You have a turn that way, Angela, you should try and put it into words, it would make a poem."

"I complain, like the old man, that you set a difficult subject," she said, "but I will try, if you will promise not to laugh at the result."

"If you succeed on paper only half so well as he did on the violin, your verses will be worth listening to, and I certainly shall not laugh."

CHAPTER XXV.

One Saturday morning, when May was three parts gone, Philip announced his intention of going up to London till the Monday on business. He was a man who had long since become callous to appearances, and though Arthur, fearful lest spiteful things should be said of Angela, almost hinted that it would look odd, his host merely laughed, and said that he had little doubt but that his daughter was quite able to look after herself even when such a fascinating young gentleman as himself was concerned. As a matter of fact, his object was to get rid of Angela by marrying her to this young Heigham, who had so opportunely tumbled down from the skies, and whom he rather liked than otherwise. This being the case, he rightly concluded that the more the two were left together, the greater probability there was of his object being attained. Accordingly he left them together as much as possible.

It was on the evening of this Saturday that Arthur gathered up his courage and asked Angela to come and walk through the re-see with him. Angela hesitated a little; the shadow of something about to happen had fallen on her mind; but of extraordinary beauty of the evening, to say nothing of the prospect of his company, turned the scale in Arthur's favor.

It was one of those nights of which, if we are lucky, we get some five or six in the course of an English summer. The moon was at her full, and the twilight ended, she filled the heavens with her light. Every twig and blade of grass shined out as clearly as in the day, but looked like frosted silver. The silence was intense, and so still was the air that the sharp shadows of the trees were motionless upon the grass, only growing with the growing hours. It was one of those nights that fill us with an indescribable emotion, bringing us into closer companionship with the unseen than ever does the garish, busy day. In such an hour we can sometimes feel, or think that we can feel, other presences around us, and involuntarily we listen for the whisper of the wings and the half-forgotten voices of our beloved.

On this particular evening some such feeling was stirring in Angela's heart as with slow steps she led the way into the little village churchyard, a similar spot to that which is to be found in many a country parish, except that the population being very small, there were but few recent graves. Most of the mounds had no head-stones to recall the names of the neglected dead, but here and there were dotted discolored slabs, some sunk a foot or two into the soil, a few lying prone upon it, and the remainder thrown by the gradual subsidence of their supports into every variety of angle, as though they had been suddenly halted in the maddest whirl of a grotesque dance of death.

Picking her way through these, Angela stopped under an ancient yew, and, pointing to one of two shadowed mounds to which the moonlight scarcely struggled, said in a low voice:

"That is my mother's grave."

It was a modest tenement enough, a little heap of close green turf, surrounded by a railing, and planted with sweet-williams and forget-me-nots. At its head was placed a white marble cross, on which Arthur could just distinguish the words "Hilda Carefoot," and the date of death.

He was about to speak, but she stopped him with a gentle movement, and then, stepping forward to the head of the railing, she buried her face in her hands, and remained motionless. Arthur watched her with curiosity. What, he won-

dered, was passing in the mind of this strange and beautiful woman, who had grown up so sweet and pure amid moral desolation, like a white lily blooming alone on the black African plains in winter? Suddenly she raised her head, and saw the inquiring look he bent upon her. She came toward him, and, in that sweet, half-pleading voice which was one of her greatest charms, she said:

"I fear you think me very foolish?"

"Why should I think you foolish?"

"Because I have come here at night to stand before a half-forgotten grave."

"I do not think you foolish, indeed. I was only wondering what was passing in your mind."

Angela hung her head and made no answer, and the clock above them boomed out the hour, raising its sullen note in insolent defiance of the silence. What is it that is so solemn about the striking of the bell-clock when one stands in a churchyard at night? Is it that the hour softens our natures, and makes them more amenable to semi-superstitious influences? Or is it that the thousand evidences of departed mortality which surrounded us, appealing with dumb force to natural fears, throw open for a space the gates of our world-sealed imagination, to tenant its vast halls with prophetic echoes of our end? Perhaps it is useless to enquire. The result remains the same; few of us hear those tones at night without a qualm, and did we put our thoughts into words, they would run something thus:

"That sound once borne upon the living ears of those who sleep around us. We hear it now. In a little while, hour after hour, it will echo against the tombstones of our graves, and new generations, coming out of the silent future, will stand where we stand, and harked; and music, as we mused, over the old problems that we have gone to solve; while we—shall we not be deaf to hear and dumb to utter?"

Such, at any rate, were the unspoken thoughts that crept into the hearts of Arthur and Angela as the full sound from the belfry thinned itself away into silence. She grew a little pale, and glanced at him, and he gave an involuntary shiver, while even the dog Aleck sniffed and whined uncomfortably.

"It feels cold," he said; "shall we go?"

They turned and walked toward the gate, and, by the time they reached it, all superstitious thoughts had vanished—at any rate, from Arthur's mind, for he recollected that he had set himself a task to do, and that now would be the time to do it. Absorbed in this reflection, he forgot his politeness, and passed first through the turnstile. On the further side he paused, and looked earnestly into his beloved's face. Their eyes met, and there was that in his that caused her to swiftly droop her own. A silence ensued as they stood by the gate. He broke it.

"It is a lovely night; let us walk through the ruins."

"I shall wet my feet; the dew must be falling."

"There is no dew falling to-night. Won't you come?"

"Let us go to-morrow; it is later than I generally go in. Pigott will wonder what has become of me."

"Never mind Pigott; the night is too fine to waste asleep; besides, you, one should always look at ruins by moonlight. Please come."

She looked at him doubtfully, hesitated, and came.

"What do you want to see?" she said, presently, with as near an approach to irritation as he had ever heard her indulge in. "That is the famous window that Mr. Fraser always goes into raptures about."

"It is beautiful; shall we sit down here and look at it?"

They sat down on a low mass of fallen masonry some fifteen paces from the window. Around them lay a delicate tracery of shadows, while they themselves were seated in the eye of the moonlight, and remained for a while as silent as still as though they had been the shades of the painted figures that had once filled the stony frame above them.

"Angela," he said at length—"Angela, listen, and I will tell you something. My mother, a woman to whom sorrow had become almost an inspiration, when she was dying, spoke to me something thus: 'There is,' she said, 'but one thing that I know of that has the power to make life happy as God meant it to be, and as the folly and weakness of men and women render it nearly impossible for it to be, and that is—love. Love has been the consolation of my own existence in the midst of many troubles; first, the great devotion I bore your father, and then that which I entertain for yourself; without these two ties, life would indeed have been a desert. And yet though it is a grief to me to leave you, and though I shrink from the dark passage that lies before me, so far does that first great love outweigh the love I bear you, that in my calmer moments I am glad to go, because I know I am wished by your father. And from this I wish you to learn a lesson; look for your happiness in life from the love of your life, for there only will you find it. Do not fritter away your heart, but seek out some woman, some one good and pure and true, and, in giving her your devotion, you will reap a full reward, for her happiness will reflect your own, and, if your choice is right, you will, however stormy your life may be, lay up for yourself, as I feel that I have done, an everlasting joy.'"

[To be continued.]

THE Saturday Gazette

IS THE BEST PAPER FOR SUNDAY READING

Published in the Maritime Provinces.

Every Family should buy it and read it.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Can be had from the following News-dealers and Booksellers:

- J. & A. McMILLAN, Prince William Street.
T. O'BRIEN & CO., King Street.
T. H. HALL, corner King and Germain Streets.
M. L. HARRISON, King Street.
D. McARTHUR, King Street.
E. G. NELSON, corner King and Charlotte Streets.
WATSON & Co., corner Charlotte and Union Streets.
D. JENNINGS, Union street.
J. D. McAVITY, Russell Street.
G. A. MOORE, corner Brunswick and Richmond Street.
R. W. McCARTY, Haymarket Square.
JOHN GIBBS, Sydney Street.
JAMES CRAWFORD, corner Duke and Carmarthen.
R. A. H. MORROW, Garden Street.
JAMES CRAWFORD, Main Street Portland.
J. D. ROBERTSON, Wall Street, Portland.
R. E. COUPE, Main Street, Portland.
ALBERT McARTHUR, Main Street, Portland.
"Is a lovely night; let us walk through the ruins."
"I shall wet my feet; the dew must be falling."
"There is no dew falling to-night. Won't you come?"
"Let us go to-morrow; it is later than I generally go in. Pigott will wonder what has become of me."
"Never mind Pigott; the night is too fine to waste asleep; besides, you, one should always look at ruins by moonlight. Please come."
She looked at him doubtfully, hesitated, and came.
"What do you want to see?" she said, presently, with as near an approach to irritation as he had ever heard her indulge in. "That is the famous window that Mr. Fraser always goes into raptures about."
"It is beautiful; shall we sit down here and look at it?"
They sat down on a low mass of fallen masonry some fifteen paces from the window. Around them lay a delicate tracery of shadows, while they themselves were seated in the eye of the moonlight, and remained for a while as silent as still as though they had been the shades of the painted figures that had once filled the stony frame above them.
"Angela," he said at length—"Angela, listen, and I will tell you something. My mother, a woman to whom sorrow had become almost an inspiration, when she was dying, spoke to me something thus: 'There is,' she said, 'but one thing that I know of that has the power to make life happy as God meant it to be, and as the folly and weakness of men and women render it nearly impossible for it to be, and that is—love. Love has been the consolation of my own existence in the midst of many troubles; first, the great devotion I bore your father, and then that which I entertain for yourself; without these two ties, life would indeed have been a desert. And yet though it is a grief to me to leave you, and though I shrink from the dark passage that lies before me, so far does that first great love outweigh the love I bear you, that in my calmer moments I am glad to go, because I know I am wished by your father. And from this I wish you to learn a lesson; look for your happiness in life from the love of your life, for there only will you find it. Do not fritter away your heart, but seek out some woman, some one good and pure and true, and, in giving her your devotion, you will reap a full reward, for her happiness will reflect your own, and, if your choice is right, you will, however stormy your life may be, lay up for yourself, as I feel that I have done, an everlasting joy.'"

- FAIRVILLE.
C. F. TILTON.
ST. STEPHEN.
C. H. SMITH & CO.
ST. ANDREWS.
JOHN S. MAGEE.
FREDERICTON.
W. T. H. FENEY.
WOODSTOCK.
G. W. VANWART.
MONCTON.
W. H. MURRAY.
SUSSEX.
H. A. WHITE.
HAMPTON.
DR. MacPHERSON.
ALBERT.
CHARLOTTETOWN.
T. L. CHAPPELL.
EASTPORT.
E. S. WAIDE.
SHEDIAC.
FRÉD. H. SMITH.
AMHERST.
G. F. BIRD.
ST. MARTINS.
M. KELLY.
YARMOUTH.
WM. BYRNE.