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

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and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam.

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The Gazette.

THE HARBOR COMMISSION.
A BRIEF REVIEW OF SOME OF THE FEATURES OF THE SCHEME.

The Effect on the City Assessment—If the Commission is Formed there will be a Large Saving to the Tax Payers.

It is impossible without a large amount of labor and difficulty to ascertain exactly the amount of old city debt chargeable to the harbor, but it is quite within the mark to estimate the sum at \$50,000 the interest on which at six per cent. would be \$3,000 bringing the total charges on account of the harbor paid out of general revenue to \$8,885. These figures are within the mark.

Provided the harbor were put in commission the would no longer be called upon to pay this amount of money. The general revenue account on the other hand would lose some \$13,000 of its revenue leaving an apparent shortage in this account of \$4,000. This is an argument frequently used by opponents of the commission who claim that the harbor is a source of profit to the city.

But there is another light to look at the question—its broker light. The city would receive from the government the total sum of \$500,000 for the harbor rights and property now owned by the corporation. Of this sum \$400,800 would go into the coffers of the east side. The city now holds over \$55,000 of old city debt debentures in its sinking fund that could be paid off at once which would reduce the old city debt to less than \$280,000. The remaining \$350,000 of the harbor purchase money would have to be invested, and say that not more than four per cent could be obtained for the money it would yield \$14,000 a year. The interest on \$280,000 at six per cent. would be \$16,800 which would show a loss of \$2,800 from which should be deducted the sum of \$2,000 the interest on \$50,000 at four per cent. leaving a net loss of only \$800. This loss would grow smaller every year as the city debt falls due and until at the expiration of five years there would be a profit instead of a loss.

We come now to the question of assessment and the effect of the harbor commission on that. There is levied on the citizens an assessment of \$3,785, for the Pettigill property debentures, and \$2,246 to meet the public debt is levied on the citizens now which would no longer be necessary if the harbor properties were sold—a direct saving to the citizens of \$6,031 annually. In other words, with the harbor in commission, the interest on the old city debt of \$369,852.68 is provided for and is no longer a charge upon the revenues of the city. This would be accomplished by paying off immediately \$50,000 of the debt and investing the balance of the purchase money at 4 per cent to meet the maturing debt and the interest. By doing this the general revenue would be relieved of an annual interest charge of \$18,881.82 or \$5,000 more than the harbor revenues amount to. The other sinking funds are in such a condition as to meet the outstanding harbor indebtedness and pay it when due so that the council, if they placed the harbor in commission could, after the first year, reduce the assessment levied on the citizens by \$11,000 or \$12,000, and steadily every year thereafter.

Besides, with the money on hand to pay of the city's indebtedness, it is most probable that some arrangement could be made through the legislature to call in the city debt debentures and make a fresh start. Could this be done the city debt instead of being in the neighborhood of a million and a half of dollars could be reduced to three-quarters of a million. And the reduction in debt would cause the loss of but very little revenue producing property. It is all very well to point to the revenue of \$30,000 derived from the harbor, but when five-sixths of that goes to pay interest, salaries and repairs it ceases to be a benefit. Besides all this to place our harbor in the position it should be would require an expenditure of at least \$175,000, and to do this would be simply to burden the citizens and tax payers with a load they could not bear.

Now that the wharfage rates have been doubled by the city and private wharf owners it is simple folly for the opponents of the harbor commission to talk of the proposed commission placing greater burdens on the trade of the port. If the present rate of wharfage is continued and the trade remains at the port the revenue will be \$40,000 instead of \$30,000, but this extra revenue is derived at the expense of the trade of the port. Instead of higher wharfage rates we want them lowered and this the commission could do. The scheme has been opposed by the wharf owners and many people hold that their rights should be guarded. It is well always to see that the private right of no party is interfered with, but when private individuals attempt to limit the rights of the masses

To summarise these statements briefly the general revenue receives from the harbor the following sums:
Salaries and expenses.....\$10,152.94
Harbor Master's returns.....2,912.44
Rents.....2,912.44
\$16,067.82
And there is paid out of this account:
Sinking Funds.....2,222.38
\$13,845.44
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Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Total \$5,885.30

or interfere with them the position of affairs is altogether changed. The great public has no right to suffer for the benefit of one or two men and the matter largely rests in the hands of the people themselves. In another article we will deal with other phases of this all important question.

KINGS AND PRINCES.
Crawford's Description of Some of the Kings Visiting England.

I had an opportunity the other day, writes T. C. Crawford of the New York world, of seeing all the visiting royalties when they were not on dress parade. It was upon the occasion of their last Monday's visit to the Wild West Show, where a private performance was given for their benefit. There was not a striking-looking person in the group with the exception of the Prince of Wales. The King of Saxony is a very ordinary-looking man. He has the appearance of a retired merchant with a small nose, a thin mustache, narrow eyes, and a high forehead, with sloping, round shoulders. His hair is gray, his complexion sallow; his eyes cold gray; his nose large and straight; a snowy-white mustache and white side-whiskers concealed if I measure the weak character of the lower part of his face. He wore a black frock suit with a light spring overcoat buttoned up tightly to his chin. His hat was a high silk one; his gloves were dark yellow. He very rarely spoke and appeared to be half asleep. He was one of the first to move away from the performance, although the shouts at one time appeared to wake him up.

The King of Belgium was the most forceful-looking of the visiting sovereigns. He was tall, straight, with a full chest and broad shoulders. His hair is a dark-brown-black, and when he lifted his high hat to some of the princesses as they arrived I saw that it was parted 'exactly in the middle. His eyes were dark, set deeply under very straight eyebrows. His nose was straight, full, sweeping brown mustache and very full brown beard descended upon the breast of his black frock suit. He wore a dark overcoat; on his hands he wore brown gloves. He was very formal and very stiff in his movements. Although there were not about twelve or fifteen persons present as spectators outside of the royal personages, the Belgian King moved exactly as if he were upon dress parade. He is a frequent visitor to England. His son is said to be a suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales. He is received with great favor in England; he is seeking to establish close relations with the English Government because he fears that his country is being threatened by the prospect of a renewal of the struggle between the French and the Germans.

The King of Denmark is tall, with a broad, compact figure. He wears a high hat similar to that worn by all of the royalties, and the same dark frock suit. He has the face of a sea captain; his complexion is very red, his face has not much expression and his features are irregular. He wears a mustache and side-whiskers, which are of an iron-gray color. His shaved chin is square and positive in its lines. There is nothing about any one of these royal personages, with the exception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to suggest their holding high positions. The King of Denmark might have been the captain of a merchant ship on shore on leave. The King of Denmark, as everybody knows, has seen hard times. He was, until his elevation to the throne of Denmark in 1863, very poor. He did not evidently have the ability himself to conquer any favors from fortune. He was obliged to live in the most narrow and economical ways. Then came the change in his life so great a character as to suggest the way of the magician in the fairy tales. From poverty and obscurity he reached the throne, while three of his children occupy the most prominent places in the royal circles of Europe—one daughter is the Empress of Russia, a second the Princess of Wales, while his third child is King of Greece. His fourth daughter is the unfortunate Duchess of Cumberland. His sixth son is married to the daughter of the Duc De Chartres. His son, the King of Greece, who stood near his father, is very tall and slim, with a dull, heavy face, sleepy, blue eyes, thick, straight nose, and a drooping, brown mustache. You would find hundreds of more distinguished and better-looking young men in almost any of the business offices in New York.

The Princess of Wales is the most interesting member of this Danish family. She looks every inch a Princess. In the first place she is very handsome, with regular, features, fresh, clear, plain complexion, and a dainty manner of refinement, which is her chief charm. Her figure is as slim and graceful as that of a young girl. She dresses with the air and grace of a Frenchwoman, while she has a dignified carriage and the manners of a reserved Northern people. She has a democratic tendency as her husband, she is as fond as appearing in public as

he, and if Royalty continues in England after the death of the Queen, its continuance will be owing largely to the popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales. They are popular with people simply because they take pains to please. The Princess of Wales was one of the later arrivals at this morning's performance. She came walking down the platform in front of the grand stand in company with Major John E. Burk, the agent of Cody. The three little princesses preceded their mother. These three young ladies are very plain. They have none of the beauty of their mother, neither have they the ease or vivacity of their parents. They are plain, stiff, young English girls, who never speak unless they are spoken to, and who stand about in a stolid way that no American girl could by any possibility assume, least of all when in the presence of such an exciting entertainment as that of the Wild West. The Prince of Wales was the only man in the group who was at all easy in his manners. He wore a light gray frock suit, with a dark overcoat, buttoned up tight to the throat. There was a pink rose in the short lapel of his overcoat. He wore a high white hat which was the only white hat in the group. White hats are not popular in London, and even the powerful influence of the Prince of Wales upon London fashions is not sufficient to make the London swells wear these white hats, except for country drives and for visits at country places.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.
NEW BRUNSWICK'S SUMMERING PLACES AND COOL RETREATS.
They are Constantly Increasing in Number, Popularity and Accommodation.

Rome was not built in a day. It took years of patient labor to bring that great city to the completeness enjoyed while the Caesars held sway over it. The growth of New Brunswick as a summer resort has not been as rapid or as steady as its natural advantages would warrant. Indeed it was only within the last ten years that our province was visited by any great number of excursionists. Since the completion of our railway system to connect with the west there has been a continuous and steady growth of eastward bound travel. One reason—the great one why we have not got more travel than formerly, is that the hotel accommodation outside of the chief cities has been notoriously bad while even that of the cities could scarcely be termed first-class. The last decade has witnessed improvements of many things and in none more than in the providing of more comfortable accommodations for travellers. We are still lacking in hotel accommodation in St. John—that is accommodation such as will cause people who come sight-seeing to remain over for a day or two or perhaps to remain here during the season. Thousands of tourists pass through St. John every year who would remain over for a few days each if they could be accommodated as they would like. Improved hotel accommodation is something our people should see to at once. Tourist travel comes farther east every year. Bar Harbor, formerly a quiet watering place, is as noisy as the others and now Campobello is the resort sought by quiet people. And when this becomes too generally frequented where next? Why the North Shore of New Brunswick, the finest place in the world for summering and where there is room for a hundred Bar Harbors, Long Branches or Atlantic Cities.

The oldest New Brunswick summer resort is Grand Falls, which has always been a favorite resting place—even before railroading days. Better hotel accommodation is urgently required at this point. Now-a-days when a large party arrives in Grand Falls they invariably have difficulty in getting proper accommodations. The best are none too good, but on the other hand the rates charged are low. Higher rates and better fare would be an improvement on the present rule at Grand Falls. The little town is kept in such a dilapidated and dirty condition that it is a scandal on the province. The place is well laid out and with the expenditure of a small sum of money could be made a delightful spot. St. Andrews is the next in order of summer resorts of the province and it bids fair to become the leading one. Hundreds of persons now go to St. Andrews every year. Sir Leonard Tilley has a residence there and there are quite a number of cottages for rent at a comparatively small charge. It was proposed some time ago to erect forty or fifty small cottages as an experiment. These cottages if built could be easily rented as the buildings now obtainable in St. Andrews by summer visitors are devoid of many essential modern conveniences. The move to erect the cottages has not yet taken practical shape, but it most likely will before long. In the matter of hotel accommodation St. Andrews is well attended to. The Argyll, the best known of our summer hotels has a beautiful location and is excellently managed. Every year it grows more popular and increases the number of its guests. As a town St. Andrews is clean and quiet. There are scores of pleasant round drives out of the town and the scenery is exquisite, look where you will. As a central spot for the sportsman St. Andrews has no superior on the Atlantic coast.

Dalhousie is another new resort. It is a romantically situated town on the Intercolonial Railway and affords a magnificent opportunity for sea bathing, boating and yachting. The Inch-Arran, the leading hotel, opened about three years ago, has been doubled in size for this season, and there is every reason to think that even with the increased accommodation thus afforded the house will be crowded again. Many of the patrons of the Inch-Arran come from the Upper Provinces, and the number is being added to every year. Delightful old Richbroct is the latest place to start in as a summer resort. For years this pleasantly situated old town has struggled along with the disadvantages of insufficient and poor hotel accommodation. This year the magnificent new hotel The Beaches has been opened under the management of Mr. E. E. Phair. It starts out with a goodly number of guests, and as the season advances will have more. The advantages for rowing, sailing and fishing are unexcelled, and the scenery and drives in all directions are well worthy of columns of praise. There are scores of places equally as good as those mentioned but at present they are lacking in hotel accommodation.

People Talked About.
Verona Baldwin has made her debut as a dramatic reader in San Francisco. Her programme consists largely of an article dealing with her past life and myriad libel and damage suits. Emma Jones, according to a current paragraph, is the brightest of the crops of Washington woman correspondents. She is unmarried. She has a good income and maintains a nice little home. She is not pretty, but good. General Sherman, having taken a cottage at Lake George for the season, will be pleased to read the statement of a correspondent there to the effect that "never since the place was a place has there been such promise of gay times and pretty girls."

They are organising a Whittman Club in Philadelphia, one of the objects of which is to provide for the wants of the venerable poet during the rest of his life. This is a commendable construction of the late Mr. Ward's observation as to "fondling with a club." There has been a boom in the market price of log cabins since the days of Davy Crockett. Joaquin Miller is said to have sold his cabin at Washington for \$5,267. He has now advanced to the dignity of a so-called "castle" which he is erecting near San Francisco. Dr. Tourjee, Director of the New England Conservatory, is still ill at Block Island, but he expects to be able to resume his duties at the opening of the fall term. Mr. and Mrs. Tourjee are to have the assistance this fall of the Rev. Charles Cotton Kimball, D. D., of Bennington, Va., and Mrs. Kimball.

Capt. Samuel P. Griffin, who died at Aspinwall on independence day, wore not a few medals of honor. That most highly prized by him was a decoration conferred by Queen Victoria in recognition of his services on the Grinnell expedition, which secured the first traces of the lost Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin. The march of innovation in Boston is about to overwhelm Mother Harrington's famous overhelmet on School street, governors, literateurs and men of mark in many lines have long hobbled at her tables. John A. Andrew, the Executive of the war days, was wont to slip his Java here. Banks, Gaston, Rice, Butler, Henry Wilson, James T. Fields, E. F. Whipple and many others have often called for the jocund pumpkin pie in the dim, gas-lit recesses of this historic restaurant. The fact that the prices were low and the napkins not always immaculate did not deter their patronage. Wilson Waddingham, of New Haven, Conn., recently purchased the Antonio Ortiz grant of one hundred and sixty-three thousand acres of land situated in San Miguel County, New Mexico. Mr. Waddingham is said to be the largest landed proprietor in the world. He owns in fee one million five hundred thousand acres, about five hundred thousand acres more than are claimed by the Duke of Westminster. Private papers found in the Tuileries showed that Rouvier's wife had received five hundred francs a month from the Emperor's private purse, with no specification as to the services for which the money was paid. President Grevy is accused of having made prime minister a man of whose table gentlemen can not bring their wives, and whose wife is not a proper associate for respectable women. Mme. Rouvier is known to be a woman of talent and a sculptor of considerable ability.

THE STOMACH.

An Old New Yorker Gives Some Advice in Regard to Its Treatment.

An old New Yorker, who was brought up in hotels and restaurants, and knows all about eating, gives some points to a reporter of the Sun the other day about the way for a man to make friends with his stomach. "There are two big mistakes that almost all persons make," said he. "One is that they don't eat the right things, and the other is that what they do eat they don't eat right. Dyspepsia and indigestion are killing more people than run ten times over. Why delirium tremens is joy compared with a bad digestion. When a man has the tremens he's happy sometimes, because he forgets himself, but when he's got dyspepsia his stomach is always with him, and he's always conscious of it. He can't sleep. His food doesn't taste right. Boils break out over him. He's morbid. All his friends seem to have deserted him, and some day he goes off and blows his brains out, and the public and newspapers say he had business troubles. Business troubles! Why, what does a man care for business troubles when his stomach's all right? If his stomach is right, his head will be clear, and he'll prosper. No glutton or dyspeptic can stand up alongside of a man with a sound stomach and a clear head.

"When you get up this morning what do you do? Went right off to breakfast and filled yourself with your nose in the papers and your mind wandering over the earth. You don't know what you ate, or how much or how long it took. For all the good it did you, you might as well have swallowed bacon and cornbread, or turkey and buckwheat cakes, or any other mixture that would take up space in your stomach. Then, while you ate, you gulped down ice water, and coffee alternately, and when you got through you lit a cigar and went down town, glad you had done part of the work of the day.

That's not breakfasting. It's loading up your stomach, and it's worse for you than if you hadn't eaten anything. Then you have a headache and feel bad, and grow fat, and wonder why it all is. It's because you don't pay as much attention to your stomach as you do to your office boy. Your stomach takes its revenge by making you wretched. To squelch it you pour a lot of liquor into it and gulp some ice water on that with a cracker or pretzel and a bit of cheese. What sort of a mixture is that? Just imagine the cheese and rum and pretzel and think that something inside of you has to get away with that. If you want to drink, drink and enjoy your drink. Don't down it and fling things at it when you've got it down. Take a glass of wine and enjoy it, but don't fling it into your stomach as you would your fist into somebody's eye. Your stomach ought to be your friend, but if you go to pitching into it it'll show fight, and you might as well understand that it will get the best of it.

"When you get up in the morning take a big drink of water. Your system wants water first. An engine isn't first fired up and then some water let into the boiler. Clean your teeth, and let the water run from the spigot while your doing it. Then drink a pint of it. Use common hydrant water, no ice, no salt, no mineral water. Ordinary water is good enough for an ordinarily healthy man. Keep away from drugs and pills and give your stomach a show.

"If you're in a hurry to read the papers, read them before breakfast. When you sit down to the breakfast table be happy; you're going to do something pleasant. Breakfast isn't a penalty imposed on you or a task to be performed as soon as possible, but a pleasant, enjoyable occasion. Try and have somebody talk to you, and talk yourself. Laugh. Start off with fruit—some oranges, say. Then eat some fish and stale bread, or stale rolls of toast. If you want anything more eat some meat. Take your time to it all. I stay at the table an hour, and eat all the time. Don't eat much, but take your time to it. If you haven't time, eat less. The time you spend at breakfast will be saved over and over again during the day.

"If you've been up the night before, don't take a cocktail or ice water. Try some broth and some tripe if your stomach's pretty far gone. When a man's been off a little his stomach is raw and inflamed. He doesn't want to start right off with more rum. Let him give his stomach a show. I'll pay him to. Coddle your stomach in the morning and I'll stand up for you at night. If you go pitching into it first thing it will have its revenge.

"Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and you must drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. Try this thing of starting off fair and square. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening, and it won't tell on it. A man's stomach is his friend, and if he'll only treat it kindly the first half of the day it will show its appreciation and stick by him at night."

ered reputable girls, but a little wild. The two quarrelled over the possession of a young fellow named Duke Callbaugh for a dance, and after they were separated they agreed to retire into the woods and have it out according to prize ring rules. Accompanied by a few friends of each they adjourned out of sight and hearing of the picketers and got to work. The beginning of the first round was scientific, but the girls soon began pulling each other's hair and scratching, and this was continued every time they got together. Both were badly disfigured.

Girls in Sailor Hats.

How They Are Trimmed and Worn and Their Effect on Mankind.

This is the season of the sailor hat. The sailor hat came to New York last year and quietly took possession of the town. It retired into temporary oblivion throughout the winter months, gathered itself together for the spring, as it were, and suddenly descended on the heads of all New York. It constitutes the craze of the hour. It is confined to neither age, sex, complexion nor temper. It is worn by everybody. It is worn all the time. It arises in the fresh and dewy morning and prances down town with the shop girl. About 9 o'clock it appears on the head of every schoolgirl from six to sixteen. It gambols gaily on the green of Madison square and Bryant Park. It is worn alike by the baby in the perambulator and the nurse who perambulates. It drives languidly up Fifth avenue in the brougham and victoria of the proud patrician, and it rushes to its plebeian home in Avenue A by way of the cross-town cars. It is seen on coach tops and at church, at the theatres and at afternoon teas.

It is trimmed with a straight and boyish band or it is garnished with a lot of high, defiant bows, or trembles with nodding plumes, or is covered with tulle or wreathed about with garlands gay. Its form is legion, its shape is various and its possibilities are large. It may be worn either fore or aft, according to the taste of the owner. It may be hoisted at the stern or dipped at the stem, or poised amidships or rigged gracefully over either the larboard or starboard ear.

A severe and hairless girl may choose a sailor hat with an inflexible, cast-iron order of brim and wear it at the public in a manner which will inspire both awe and respect. A giddy girl with gilded hair can adjust the sailor hat at an angle which will encourage the weary dude to float after her for six or seven blocks. A plump, pretty, pink-cheeked girl with a baby stare can place a sailor hat straight on the top of her head and knock three years off her age. A thin, hollow, old girl under a sailor hat gathers a demigod, dissipated, semi-seasick expression which affords much pleasure to her friends.

A cap or hood is worn with these garments; they are made up in fawn color with heliotrope silk facing, or in gray blue with dark navy blue silk. They reach to the heel and wholly protect the garments underneath.

Travelling dresses for summer journeys by rail or steamer are made of lustrous mohairs, either in shades of French gray or gray and white stripes, or solid dark blue. Some of these dresses are braided with picot braid in flower patterns, while others have only stitching. Some of these mohair travelling gowns, made for June brides, have been trimmed with the many rows of narrow moire ribbon so popular just now. With them are worn little, close bonnets of gray straw, trimmed with Russian tulle and clusters of red carnations, forget-me-nots or bluebells.

The cobwebby Indian silk fabric that used to be known years ago as "pine-apple gauze" is re-introduced under the name of "sunshiny" and comes with the edge lined with five or six rows on the edge more closely woven than the rest. This is torn off in lengthwise stripes and serves, unhemmed, for the flounces. A pretty black dress of this gauze had a full, plain skirt with the stripes running lengthwise about it. Another full skirt over it was draped a little, and in the back was a slash of the palest pink moire, the ribbon sixteen inches in width. The waist was laced up the back, and pointed both back and front, was half low in the neck and lined with folds of pale pink crepe lisse; the sleeves were unlined and were filled at the arm-hole, held in at the elbow with five rows of narrow, pink moire ribbon.

The English girls are wearing frocks of white organdy and sheer mull, made with voluminous draperies and all the edges hem-stitched. These frocks have big bishop's sleeves, which come down full nearly to the waist and held there by a band of ribbon, a full frill falling about the waist. The neck's cut half low, with a wide frill of lace gathered on the edge and falling downward, after the fashion of our mothers' "berthas."

Around the throat English girls wear with these dresses a tight necklace of amber or gold beads or imitation pearls immediately beneath the chin. This, however, is only becoming to those who have very round, full throats that are not too long.

The Grand Circuit hangs up \$146,500 in purses this season. The ball opens at Cleveland, Ohio, July 26. In the free-for-all, throughout the circuit, Jay-Eye-See, Harry Wilkes and Oliver K. are barred.

Love's Suicide.

Alas for me that my love is dead! Sunk fathom-deep, and may not rise again: Self-murdered, vanished, fled beyond recall: And this is all my pain.

'Tis not that she I loved is gone from me: She lives, and grows more lovely day by day: Not death could kill my love—but, though she lives, My love has died away.

Nor was it that a form or face more fair Forswore my truth, for so my love had proved: Eye-deep alone, not rooted in the soul: And 'twas not that I loved.

Nor that by too long dalliance with delight And recompense of love, my love had grown Surfeit with sweets, like some tired bee that flaps 'Mid roses overblown.

None of these slew my love: but some cold wind, Some chill of doubt, some shadowy dissonance, Born out of too great concern, did o'ercloud Love's subtle inner sense.

So one sweet changeful chord too long sustained Falls at its close into a lower tone: So the swift train, sped on the long, straight way, Sways and is overthrown.

For difference is the soul of life and love, And not the barren oneness weak souls prize: Best spurs from strife, and dissonant chords best Divinest harmonies.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

Rosina Vokes Gives Her Opinion on the Clothes of Her Sex.

Rosina Vokes said recently in an interview: "What I object to, when a woman wears modern trappings on the stage, is that she practically can not move. Of course she can walk, and perhaps she can fall in a pleasant-looking faint, but as for being graceful in high-heeled shoes, with her dress tied back as tightly as it will go, and particularly with her sleeves so tight that it is an impossibility for her to raise her arms an inch, it simply can not be done. Just imagine a girl trying to embrace a big, broad-shouldered lover or husband, when, to save her life, she could not get her elbows four inches from her waist!" Miss Vokes has, as every woman anxious upon the subject knows, invented some sort of divided skirt to wear when dancing. It is very simple. The foundation garment is very like what Mrs. Jenness Miller calls "leg-lettes"—a sort of silk trouser, wide and straight, reaching to the ankle and hemmed. Just at the bend of each knee a kilt is put on which falls just to the edge of the hem. It is about two yards and a half around, but kilted into just the size of the trouser, and stitched on.

At the thigh another kilt of equal width is stitched on, that one falling over the other at the edge of the hemmed trouser. Standing erect in these four kilts it would be impossible for the keenest-eyed woman to say that there was anything to it but a very "funny" full skirt. Over this divided skirt is put another skirt of the same material, but gathered to a yoke some five or six inches below the waist. This reduces the amount of clothing over and around the waist to very few thicknesses, while the limbs are kept as warm and as closely covered as possible. Of course, it goes without saying, that it makes the most absolutely modern dancing dress that ever was known. The utmost abandon, the most trying poses, may be indulged in, and there is not even the least tantalizing glimpse of a slender ankle to be had—only a fascinating frill of frill of silk and lace. At first Miss Vokes used her reformed garment only on the stage, but afterward, having caught her heel in her petticoats and nearly broken her neck in climbing a four-in-hand coach on the other side, she had some divided kilts made for walking skirts, and has used them ever since, taking the greatest comfort in them, and knowing all the while that, no matter what accident befalls her, she will not have the discomfort of realizing that she has made an unpleasant display of white lace and lawn. This, in detail, is there is to Miss Voke's invention, and it seems to be beautifully on the boundary line between the vice of the modern tailor gown and the inappropriate and unbecoming dress-reform frock as we usually find it. It is not an expensive innovation to make in one's wardrobe, and there are certainly times in all women's lives, in these days of coaching tricycling, and tennis, when such garments would be invaluable. You can't trip up on a petticoat like that, and you can't catch your heel in it, two great points gained. For rainy weather, or for wear with a heavy walking dress, the regular petticoat beneath the dress may be omitted, but for usual wear it is desirable, for it takes away all possibility of that look of "no petticoat" another woman's eye is so sure to see.

Love and Science.

I do adore a learned man, And our new neighbor is no wise, I really think sometimes he can All secrets read of earth and skies.

My mother bade me cease to dream Of what must all division prove, For though responsive it might seem, Science was not akin to love.

But youth and hope go hand in hand, And faith than doubt is far more sweet, Where love doth loyal hearts command And hold them subject at her feet.

And he was young though wondrous wise, And plausible enough he found For studying optics in my eyes, And from my voice the laws of sound.

We studied ardently and long, And the result so sweet both prove, My mother's dictum wholly wrong, For science is akin to love.

Normal Park, Ill., June 29. C. H. TRAYER.

Gossip from the Track.

The famous thoroughbred stallion Ten Brock, the greatest performer on the running turf that has ever lived, died in Kentucky on Tuesday last. He was only fifteen years old, and the American turf as well as Ten Brock's owner, sustains a great loss. He was the most sensational performer that ever appeared on the turf. His career commenced when he was a two year old, and continued till he was six years old, when his owner retired him to the stud, because there was no chance for him to make any new conquests. Ten Brock started twenty-nine times, and only lost six races, and then when out of condition. He had the best running records every made for the mile, two miles, three miles and four miles, and was justly called "King of the Turf." And as sure he has been no less celebrated. In five years his get won the enormous sum of \$201,225 in public money, and are the recognized peers of other thoroughbreds on the American turf.

Maud S. is now at Mr. Bonner's Tarrytown farm, and she is moving strongly and without a particle of friction. Mr. Bonner himself has driven her a quarter in 33 seconds, and she has not won weights, nor made a single break this season. She ought to round into great form. Murphy, who has been quite ill of late, was well enough last week to go to the farm and sit behind the queen.

The sensational running horse, Trot-mo, owned by the Messrs. Dwyer Brothers, has broken down. He is only three years old, and it is a matter of regret among horsemen that this promising colt, who was unambitious in his two-out-of-training. Trouble with his feet, which the best of treatment has failed to heal, is the cause of his retirement. It is believed, however, that the colt may yet recover, and be able to run and win in his four-year-old form, and add still others to his present unbroken record of thirteen successive victories.

A Pretty Hat.

Another pretty Leghorn was trimmed with light, transparent masses of pale green tulle, in which were set two big clusters of daisies with long, flexible stems. The flexibility of the brims of these Leghorns gives them endless possibilities of shape, and there are few faces to which they cannot be bent or twisted into becoming. The summer bonnets are mostly of tulle with tulle strings and tiny tulle bows. These are generally of a shade to match the costume, and have a light, erect spray of flowers as a garniture. The daintiest fancy for a summer evening toilet is silver tulle over apple green faille Francaise. The tulle is draped from the shoulder back and front in clusters of soft folds, confined to the waist by an apple-green moire sash, folded narrow about the waist and held to a point in front by a small buckle of old-fashioned brilliants. The edge of the silk skirt is wrought in deep silver embroidery done in light, bold designs; the drapery is full and bouffant, the stockings are of green silk, the slippers have small rhinestone buckles, and the long gloves are of pale green kid.

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**Alone.**

I miss you, my darling, my darling,  
The embers burn low on the hearth;  
And still is the stir of the household,  
And hushed is the voice of its mirth:  
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,  
The wind past the lattice moans;  
The midnight chimes out from the minster,  
For I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling:  
I am tired with care and with fret;  
I would nap in the glaze beside you,  
And all but your presence forget.  
In the hush of the happiness given,  
To those who through trusting have grown  
To the fulness of love in contentment:  
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!  
My voice echoes back on my heart:  
I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
And, lo! they fall empty apart.  
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,  
The words that we only have known,  
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,  
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!  
With its yearning my very heart aches;  
The load that divides us weighs harder;  
I shrink from the jar that it makes.  
Old sorrows rise up to beset me,  
Old doubts make my spirit their own,  
Oh, come through the darkness and save me,  
For I am alone.

**DAWN:**

A NOVEL BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

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

(Continued.)

"Ah, Mr. Carefoot, you have not forgotten how to be gallant; but let me tell you that it entirely depends upon what light I am in. If you saw me in the midst of one of these new-fangled electric illuminations, you would see that I do look odd; but what can one expect at forty?" Here her glance fell upon Angela's face for the first time, and she suddenly started; the great pupils of her eyes expanded, and a dark brown spread itself for a moment over her countenance. Next second it was gone. "Is it possible that that beautiful girl is your daughter? But, remembering her mother, I need not ask. Look at her, Mr. Carefoot, and then look at me, and say whether or not I look odd. And who is the young man? Her lover, I suppose—at any rate, he looks like it; but please introduce me."

"Angela," said Philip, crossing to the window where they were talking, "let me introduce you to Lady Bellamy, Mr. Heigham—Lady Bellamy."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Carefoot, though I think it is very generous of me to say so."

Angela looked puzzled.

"What do you not guess why it is generous? Then look at yourself in the glass, and you will see. I used to have some pretensions to good looks, but I could never have stood beside you at the best of times, and now—Your mother, even when I was at my best, always killed me if I was in the same room with her, and you are even handsomer than your mother."

Next minute George entered the room, with a stupid smile upon his face, and looking as dazed as a bat that has suddenly been shown the sun. Angela's heaven-it beauty had come upon his gross mind as a revelation; it fascinated him, he had lost his command over him.

"Oh! here you are at last, George," said Lady Bellamy—it was always her habit to call him George. "We have all been like sheep without a shepherd, though I saw you keeping an eye on the flock through the window."

George started. He did not know that he had been observed.

"I did not know that you were all here, or I would have been back sooner," he said, and then began to shake hands.

When he came to Angela, he favored her with a tender pressure of the fingers and an elaborate and high-flown speech of welcome, both of which were inexpressibly disagreeable to her. But here Lady Bellamy intervened, and skillfully forced him into a conversation with her, in which Philip joined.

"What does Lady Bellamy remind you of?" Angela asked Arthur, as soon as the hum of talk made it improbable that they would be overheard.

"Of an Egyptian sorceress, I think. Look at the low, broad forehead, the curling hair, the full lips, and the inscrutable look of the face."

"To my mind she is an ideal of the Spirit of Power. I am very much afraid of her, and she for him—nodding toward George—'Pitiable him even more than I was prepared to,' and she gave a little shudder. 'By the way, Mr. Heigham, you really must not be so rash as to accept my father's invitation.'"

"If you do not wish to see me, of course I will not," he answered, in a hurt and disappointed tone.

"Oh! it is not that, indeed; how could you think so, when only this morning we agreed to be friends?"

"Well, what is it, then?" blankly.

"Why, Mr. Heigham, the fact is that we—that is, my old nurse and I, for my father is irregular in his meals, and always takes them by himself—live so very plainly, and I am ashamed to ask you to share our mode of life. For instance, we have nothing but bread and milk for breakfast," and the golden head

sunk in some confusion before his amused gaze.

"Oh! is that all?" he said, cheerily. "I am very fond of bread and milk."

"And then," went on Angela with her confusion, "we never drink wine, and I know that gentlemen do."

"I am a teetotaler, so that does not matter."

"Really?"

"Yes—really."

"But then, you know, my father shuts himself up all day, so that you will have nobody but myself to talk to."

"Oh! never mind—encouragingly. 'I am sure that we shall all get on.'"

"Well, if, in spite of all this and a great deal more—oh! a very great deal that I have not time to tell you—you still care to come, I will do my best to amuse you. At any rate, we can read together; that will be something, if you don't find me too stupid. You must remember that I have only had a private education, and have never been to college like you. I shall be glad of the opportunity of rubbing up my classics a little; I have been neglecting them rather lately, and actually got into a mess over a passage in Aristophanes that I shall ask you to clear up."

This was enough for Arthur, whose knowledge of the classics was that of the ordinary University graduate; he turned the subject with remarkable promptitude.

"Tell me," he said, looking her straight in the face, "are you glad that I am coming?"

The gray eyes dropped a little before the boldness of his gaze, but she answered, unhesitatingly:

"Yes, for my own sake I am glad; but I fear that you will find it very dull."

"Come, Angela, we must be off; I want to be home by a quarter to six," said Philip just then.

She at once rose and shook hands with Arthur, murmuring "Good-by till to-morrow morning," and then with Lady Bellamy.

George, meanwhile, with the most unworldly hospitality, was pressing her father to stay to dinner, and when he declined, announcing his intention of coming over to see him on the morrow. At last he got away, but not before Lady Bellamy had bid him a seemingly cordial adieu.

"You and your charming daughter must come and see me at Bewtham House, when we get in. What have you not heard that Sir John has bought it from poor Maria Lee's executors?"

Philip turned pale as death, and hurried from the room.

It is good," reflected Lady Bellamy, as she watched the effect of her shaft, "to let him know that I never forget."

But even when her father had gone, the path was still blocked to Angela.

"What?" said George, who was, when in an amiable mood, that worst of all cads, a jocos cad, "are you going to play truant, too, my pretty cousin? Then first you must pay the penalty, not a very heavy one, however." And he threw his long arm round her waist, and prepared to give her a cousinly embrace.

At first Angela, not being accustomed to little jokes of the sort, did not understand what his intentions were, but as soon as she did, being an extremely powerful young woman, she soon put a stop to them, shaking George away from her so sharply by a single swing of her lithe body that, stumbling over a footstool in his rapid backward passage, he in a trice measured his length upon the floor. Seeing what she had done, Angela turned and fled rather than fight.

As for Arthur, the scene was too much for his risible nerves, and he fairly roared with laughter, while even Lady Bellamy went as near to it as she ever did.

George rose white with wrath.

"Mr. Heigham," he said, "I see nothing to laugh at in an accident."

"Don't you?" replied Arthur. "I do; it is just the most ludicrous accident that I ever saw."

George turned away muttering something that it was perhaps as well his guest did not hear, and at once began to attack Lady Bellamy.

"My dear George," was her rejoinder, "let this little adventure teach you that it is not wise for middle-aged men to indulge in gallantries toward young ladies, and especially young ladies of thews and sinews. Good night."

At the same moment the footman announced that the dog-cart which Arthur had ordered was waiting for him.

"Good-by, Mr. Heigham, good-by," said George, with angry sarcasm. "Within twenty-four hours you have killed my favorite dog, taken offense at my well-meant advice, and ridiculed my misfortune. If we should ever meet again, doubtless you will have further surprises in store for me," and, without giving Arthur time to make any reply, he left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

Early on the day following Arthur's departure from Isleworth, Lady Bellamy received a note from George requesting her, if convenient, to come and see him that morning, as he had something rather important to talk to her about.

"John," she said to her husband at breakfast, "do you want the brougham this morning?"

"Because I am going over to Isleworth."

"Hadn't you better take the luggage-cart too, and your luggage in it, and go and live there altogether? It would save

trouble, sending backward and forward," suggested her husband, with severe sarcasm.

Lady Bellamy cut the top off an egg with a single clean stroke—all her movements were decisive—before she answered.

"I thought," she said, "that we had done with that sort of nonsense some years ago; are you going to begin it again?"

"Yes, Lady Bellamy, I am. I am not going to stand being bullied and jeered at by that damned scoundrel Carefoot any more. I am not going to stand your eternal visits to him."

"You have stood them for twenty years; rather late in the day to object now, isn't it?" she remarked, coolly, beginning her egg.

"It is never too late to mend; it is not too late for you to stop quietly at home and do your duty by your husband."

"Most men would think that I had done my duty by him pretty well. Twenty years ago you and that vulgar beast Carefoot, comparatively speaking, nothing. Now you have a title and between three and four thousand a year. Who have you to thank for that? Certainly not yourself."

"Curse the title and the money! I had rather be a poor devil of an attorney with a large family, and five hundred a year to keep them on, than live the life I do between you and that vulgar beast Carefoot. It's a dog's life, not a man's," and poor Bellamy was so overcome at his real or imaginary wrongs that the tears actually rolled down his puffy little face.

His wife surveyed him with some amusement.

"I think," she said, "that you are a miserable creature."

"Perhaps I am, Anne; but I tell you what it is, even a miserable creature can be driven too far. It may perhaps be worth your while to be a little careful."

She cast one swift look at him, a look not without apprehension in it, for there was a ring about his voice that she did not like, but his appearance was so indifferently wretched that it reassured her. She finished her egg, and then, slowly driving the spoon through the shell, she said:

"Don't threaten, John; it is a bad habit, and shows an un-Christian state of mind; besides, it might force me to cross-rush you, in self-defense, you know, and, John and the egg-shell having finally collapsed together, Lady Bellamy ordered the brougham."

Having thus sufficiently scourged her husband, she departed in due course to visit her own taskmaster, little guessing what awaited her at his hands. After all, there is a deal of poetic justice in the world.

Lady Bellamy found George sitting in the dining-room besides the safe that had so greatly interested her husband. It was open, and he was reading a selection from the bundle of letters which the reader may remember having seen in his hands before.

"How do, Anne?" he said, without rising. "You look very handsome this morning. I never saw a woman wear better."

She vouchsafed no reply to his greeting, but turned as pale as death.

"What?" she said, huskily, pointing with her finger to the letters in his hand, "what are you doing with those letters?"

"Bravo, Anne; quite tragic. What a Lady Macbeth you would make! Come, quote, 'All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! Go on.'"

"What are you doing with those letters?"

"Have you never broken a dog by showing him the whip, Anne? I have got something to ask of you, and I wish to get you into a generous frame of mind first. Listen now, I am going to read you a few extracts from a past that is so vividly recorded here."

She sank into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and groaned. George, whose own features betrayed a certain nervousness, took a yellow sheet of paper, and began to read.

"Do you know how old I am to-day? Nineteen, and I have been married a year and a half. Ah! what a happy lass I was before I married; how they worshipped me in my old home! 'Queen Anne' they always called me. Well, they are dead now, and pray God they sleep so sound that they can neither hear nor see. Yes, a year and a half—a year of happiness, half a year of hell; happiness while I did not know you, hell since I saw your face. What secret spring of wickedness did you touch in my heart? I never had a thought of wrong before you came. But when I first set eyes upon your face, I felt some strange change come over me. I recognized my evil destiny. How you discovered my fascination, how you led me on to evil, you best know. I am no coward, I do not wish to excuse myself, but sometimes I think that you have much to answer for, George. Hark, I hear my baby crying, my beautiful boy with his father's eyes. Do you know, I believe that the child has grown afraid of me; it beats me with its tiny hands. I think that my very dog dislikes me now. They know me as I am; Nature tells them; everybody knows me except him. He will come in presently from visiting his sick and poor, and kiss me and call me his sweet wife, and I shall eat the living lie. Oh! God, I can not bear it much longer—"

"There is more of the same sort," re-

marked George coolly. "It affords a most interesting study of mental anatomy, but I have no time to read more of it. We will pass on to another."

Lady Bellamy did not move; she sat trembling a little, her face buried in her hands.

He took up a second letter, and began to read a marked passage.

"The die is cast, I will come; I can no longer resist your influence; it grows stronger every day, and now it makes me a murderer, for the shock will kill him. And yet I am tired of the sameness and smallness of my life; my mind is too big to be cramped in such narrow fetters."

"That extract is really very funny," said George, critically. "But don't look depressed, Anne, I am only going to trouble you with one more dated a year or so later. Listen:

"I have several times seen the man you sent me; he is a fool and contemptible in appearance, and, worst of all, shows signs of falling in love with me; but, if you wish it, I will go through the marriage ceremony with him, poor little dupe! You will not marry me yourself, and I would do more than that to keep near you; indeed, I have no choice, I must keep near you. I went to the Zoological Gardens the other day and saw a rat-taken fed upon a live rabbit; the poor thing had ample room to run away in but could not, it was fascinated, and sat still and screamed. At last the snake struck it, and I thought that its eyes looked like yours. I am as helpless as that poor animal, and you are much more cruel than the snake. And yet my mind is infinitely stronger than your own in every way. I can not understand it. What is the source of your power over me? But I am quite reckless now, so what does it matter? I will do anything that does not put me within reach of the law. You know that my husband is dead, I know that he would die; he expired with my name upon his lips. The child, too, I hear, died in a fit of croup; the nurse had gone out, and there was no one to look after it. Upon my word, I may well be reckless, for there is no forgiveness for such as you and I. As for little B—, as I think I told you, I will lead him on and marry him; at any rate, I will make his fortune for him: I must devote myself to something, and ambition is more absorbing than anything else—at least, I shall rise to something great. Good night; I don't know which aches the most, my head or my heart."

"Now that extract would be interesting reading to Bellamy, would it not?"

Here she suddenly sprang forward and snatched at the letter, but George was too quick for her; he flung it into the safe by his side, and swung the heavy lid to.

"No, no, my dear Anne, that property is too valuable to be parted with except for a consideration."

Her attempt frustrated, she dropped back into her chair.

"What are you torturing me for?" she asked, hoarsely. "Have you any object in dragging up the ghost of that dead past, or is it merely for amusement?"

"Did I not tell you that I had a favor to ask of you, and wished to get you into a proper frame of mind first?"

"A favor. You mean that you have some wickedness in hand that you are too great a coward to execute yourself. Out with it, I know you too well to be shocked."

"Oh, very well. You saw Angela Carefoot, Philip's daughter, here yesterday?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"Very good. I meant to marry her, and you must manage it for me."

Lady Bellamy sat quite still and made no answer.

"You will now," continued George, relieved to find that he had not provoked the outburst he had expected, "understand why I read you those extracts. I am thoroughly determined upon marrying that girl at whatever cost, and I see very clearly that I shall not be able to do so without your help. With your help the matter will be easy; for no obstacle, except the death of the girl herself, can prevail against your iron determination and unbounded fertility of resource."

"And if I refuse?"

"I must have read those extracts to very little purpose for you to talk about refusing. If you refuse, the pang of conscience will overcome me, and I shall feel obliged to place these letters, and more especially those referring to himself, in the hands of your husband."

"You have only seen this girl once; is it possible that you are in earnest in wishing to marry her?"

"Do you think that I should go through this scene by way of a joke? I never was so much in earnest in my life before."

Lady Bellamy, as she heard these words, rose from her chair and flung herself on the ground before him, clasping his knees with her hands.

"Oh, George, George!" she cried, in a broken voice, "have some little pity; do not force me to do this unnatural thing. Is your heart a stone, or are you altogether a devil, that by such cruel threats you can drive me into becoming the instrument of my own shame? I know what I am, none better; but for whose sake did I become so? Surely, George, I have some claim on your compassion, if I have none on your love. Think again, George; and if you will not give her up, choose some other means to compass this poor girl's ruin."

"Get up, Anne, and don't talk sentimental rubbish. Not but what," he ad-

ed, with a sneer, "it is rather amusing to hear you pitying your successful rival."

She sprang to her feet, all the softness and entreaty gone from her face, which was instead now spread with her darkest and most vindictive look.

"Pity her!" she said. "I hate her. Look you, if I have to do this, my only consolation will be in knowing that what I do will drag my successor down below my own level. I suffer, she shall suffer more; I know you are a fiend, she shall find a whole hell with you; she is purer and better than I have ever been, soon you shall make her worse than I have dreamt of being. Her purity shall be dishonored, her love betrayed, her life reduced to such chaos that she shall cease to believe even in her God, and in return for these things I will give her—"

Your new plaything shall pass through my mill, George Carefoot, before ever she comes to you; and on her I will repay with interest all that I have suffered at your hands," and, exhausted with the fierceness of her own invective and the violence of conflicting passions, she sank back into her chair.

"Bravo, Anne! quite in your old style. I dare say that the young lady will require a little mending, and she could not in better hands; but mind, no tricks—I am not going to be cheated out of my bride."

"You need not fear, George; I shall not murder her. I do not believe in violence; it is the last resource of fools. If I did, you would not be alive now."

George laughed a little uneasily.

"Well, we are good friends again, so there is no need to talk of such things," he said, "the campaign will not be by any means an easy one—there are many obstacles in the way, and I don't think that my intended has taken a particular fancy to me. You will have to work for your letters, Anne, but first of all take a day or two to think it over, and make a plan of the campaign. And now good-by; I have got a bad headache, and am going to lie down."

She rose, and went without another word; but all necessity for setting about her shameful task was soon postponed by news that reached her the next morning, to the effect that George Carefoot was seriously ill.

CHAPTER XXII.

The dog-cart that Arthur had hired to take him away belonged to an old-fashioned inn in the parish of Bewtham, situated about a mile from Bewtham House (which had just passed into the hands of the Bellamys), and two from Bratham Abbey; and thither Arthur had himself driven. His Jehu, known quick for her fine figure as "old Sam," was an ancient hostler who had been in the service of the Bewtham "King's Head" man and boy, for over sixty years, and from him Arthur collected a good deal of inaccurate information about the Carefoot family, including a garbled version of the death of Angela's mother and Philip's disinheritance.

By ten o'clock the following morning, Arthur, his dog, and his portmanteau had all arrived together in front of the Abbey House. Before his feet had touched the moss-grown gravel, the hall door was swung open, and Angela appeared to welcome him, looking, as old Sam the ostler forcibly put it afterward to his helper, "just like a hangel with the wings off." Jakes, too, emerged from the recesses of the garden, and asked Angela, in a tone of aggrieved sarcasm, as he edged his way suspiciously past Aleck, why the gentleman had not brought the "rampaging lion from the Zoologic Gardens" with him at one? Having thus expressed his feelings on the subject of bull-dogs, he shouldered the portmanteau and made his way with it upstairs. Arthur followed him up the wide oak stairs, every one of which was squared out of a single log, stopping for a while on the landing, where the staircase turned, to gaze at the stern-faced picture that hung so that it looked through the large window facing it, right across the park and over the whole stretch of the Abbey lands, and to wonder at the deep-green inscription of "Devil Carefoot" set so conspicuously beneath.

This room was the largest upon the first landing, and the same in which Angela's mother had died. It had never been washed from that hour to this, and indeed, in a little recess or open space between a cupboard and the wall, there still stood two trestles, draped with rotten black cloth, that had originally been brought there to rest her coffin on, and which Angela had overlooked in getting the room ready.

This spacious but somewhat gloomy apartment was hung round with portraits of the Carefoots of past ages, many of which bore a marked resemblance to Philip, but among whom he looked in vain for one in the slightest degree like Angela, whose handiwork he recognized in two large bowls of flowers placed upon the dark oak dressing-table.

Just as Jakes had finished unbuckling his portmanteau, a task that he had undertaken with some groaning, and was departing in haste, lest he should be asked to do something else, Arthur caught sight of the trestles.

"What are those?" he asked, cheerfully.

"Coffin-stools," was the abrupt reply. "Coffin-stools!" ejaculated Arthur, feeling that it was unpleasant to have little details connected with one's latter

Continued on page six.

NEXT WEEK!

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Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

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.

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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.

We are unable to find space this week for our new story, The Earth Trembled, by E. P. Roe. Arrangements have been made to have the story appear next week. It is also the intention to introduce new features every week hereafter until the GAZETTE is made the most readable and best weekly paper in the Maritime Provinces.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A COLUMN has been erected in Rome on Monte Pincio, with this inscription: "The neighboring palace, once the property of the Medici, was the prison of Galileo, who was guilty of having seen that the earth revolved around the sun."

A GERMAN mathematician has calculated that the snowfall of central Germany from December 19th to 23rd weighed no less than ten million tons, in the area between 50 degrees and 52.5 degrees north latitude, and between 7 degrees and 18 degrees east longitude.

Down in Georgia they still believe in mad-stones and the owner of one says he would not take \$25,000 for it. The Atlanta Constitution remarks that if there really is virtue in them the state should buy up as many as possible and distribute them. There is a good deal involved in that if.

The fund of £500,000, or \$2,500,000 left by George Peabody for building improved houses for the poor of London, has, through rent and interest, grown to £910,768, \$4,513,340. There are now 5,014 separate dwellings, containing 11,150 rooms, and the average rent of each dwelling is less than \$1.25 a week.

In the evictions at Coolgraney, County of Wexford, on Saturday last, a man named Darcy and his three daughters made such a stubborn defense at their house against the bailiffs who attempted to eject them that the officers in their anger attacked the girls and badly injured one of them on the head. Three of the bailiffs will be arrested and charged with assault for this. In the next house a tenant and his wife made considerable resistance, but they were put out and then arrested for scolding the police with hot water.

The case of a child who has recently been reported who had four sets of teeth before the age of 15 years was reached. The first set appeared at the age 6 months. These teeth were all shed at 9 months. At 11 months she began teething again, another set of teeth being erupted in four months. Six weeks after these teeth began to crumble and were entirely lost. Her weight at this time was 10 pounds. At 30 months the third set appeared, and these remained till the age of four years, when they were extracted. The fourth set began to erupt at 11 years, and the dentition was complete at 15.

Father Gualdi, who accompanied Mgr. Persico in the special Papal mission to Ireland, states that Mgr. Persico will first obtain all possible information from the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. He will then be happy to receive any other information on the subject of his inquiry, no matter from what source it may be offered, and listen to all person desirous of expounding their views on the questions before the country, regarding either education, the land or politics. Mgr. Persico and Father Gualdi will visit all the important cities of Ireland. It is impossible, Father Gualdi says, to say at present how long they will remain in Ireland.

While at Osborne the late Prince Consort was in the habit of getting up early and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some enquiries, knocked at the door, and asked the servant if his master was in. The

servant replied: "He is in, but not downstairs." "Oh, very well," was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to leave your name, sir?" said the servant, "my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called." "Very well," said his royal highness, "you may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed "Walker."

The Queen reviewed 60,000 soldiers at Aldershot on Saturday. Her Majesty was received with great enthusiasm. A large number of stands had been erected at the point of review and they were all packed with fashionable and aristocratic people. Many volunteers who took part in the review came from long distances and travelled all night in order to be present. The whole spectacle was very imposing, and the review was a great success. The Duke of Cambridge, on behalf of the troops, presented Her Majesty with a jubilee address, the men cheering heartily during the presentation. The march of the men was splendid, and the Guards, marines and volunteers were loudly cheered by the spectators.

All sorts of strange things are being found of late. We have scarcely caught our breath from hearing that Ovid's tomb had come to light, when now here is Kosciusko's will turned up again. But, between poet and patriot, I am inclined to consider the last resting place of the author of the "Art of Love" the most important and interesting discovery of the two. There is no knowing what may not be buried in that tomb along with Ovid's bones. I have always imagined that the poet was hen-pecked, and his mistress deceived him; therefore, if he was like other men, he must have left some writings which, "though not intended for publication," would eventually show he didn't know much of life as he thought he did. Meanwhile, the world waits anxiously to see if Old Time has dealt gently with the "remains."

A KENTUCKY murderer condemned to death has taken advantage of the craving on the part of the public to gaze on a man who is to be choked to death legally, by demanding five cents from each person who desires to have a look at him. He has done a flourishing business, having gathered in some eighty dollars or more. He stimulated trade one day last week by saying, "This is your last chance, ladies and gentlemen, for I shall be in heaven to-morrow." He placed a curtain before the opening in his cell door, and whenever a nickel was dropped in he drew aside the curtain and permitted his customers to have a brief glance at his face. The money came in rapidly and he was cheerful, though his peace of mind was sorely and justly ruffled by one dishonest person who dropped in a counterfeit coin and cheated him out of the coveted look. The money is to be expended in procuring the enterprising murderer a sumptuous coffin, and to defray the costs of his funeral. We hear every now and then of the end justifying the means, but rarely of one who makes his own end serve the same purpose.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS.

We gave space last week to an excellent article on parks and round drives in and near the city. That the cities of St. John and Portland are deeply involved in debt is quite true and while it is useless now to cry over spilled milk, still it seems a great shame that we should have to go on suffering forever for the transgressions of our civic representatives of the past four or five decades. There never was a debt more dishonestly piled up than that of St. John; and Portland at the present time is operating much in the same way. St. John did twenty years ago. But no matter how dishonestly this debt was made and how little capacity was shown in the handling of it it is there, and until the pall is removed great improvements in the appearance of the city cannot be expected. But something can be done and ought to be done at once. If these matters are allowed to wait a more favorable time we will not be one jot further ahead at the end of next decade than we are now, but if the work is advanced by easy stages each year the people will be surprised at the progress made and not feel the expenditure. Who is there that regrets the money spent in making new walks in the King and Queen Squares? No public expenditure for years has met with such general approval; and so it would be with other expenditures that would add to the beauty and attractiveness of the city. The common council should first place the old Burial Ground in better condition. The walks should be covered with asphalt and the caretakers grant increased so that he could afford to put out at least ten times the number of flowers. But all this would be comparatively useless if a new fence were not erected and in this latter work the common council should be aided by a public subscription from the citizens. Public spirit needs

cultivation in St. John, and we should commence to cultivate it at once.

The next work of the common council should be the opening up of Crown street and its extension through to Sheffield street. This would form the finest drive within the city limits and could be extended around the barracks point at a comparatively small cost. This would be the initial steps to the entire uprooting of Sheffield street and the transformation of the whole southern end of the city into a playground for the city's children. This beautiful spot is going to waste as it is while the expenditure of a few thousands would make it a grand playground and not in any way injure it for military purposes.

When the city of St. John is at work making improvements within its own borders Portland should do some thing towards making a park on Fort Howe. Roads could be constructed and the initial steps taken and enough work done each year to make an improvement without adding too much to the burdens of the city. The larger scheme of a park behind Lily Lake must rest for a time. If some public spirited citizen would give the land there is but little doubt that means could be found of improving it, but there is little likelihood of any of our men of wealth being attacked with a sudden fit of generosity. It rests with the people themselves to make the improvements—and if the work is gone about in the proper way we can have all the parks in ten years, and that too without feeling the cost. When the work is in hand it can be carried on slowly or fast as the purses of the people will admit.

The Provincial government should build the round drives our correspondent suggests. Hundreds of dollars are annually wasted by the members for St. John city and county on useless roads. Now the citizens of St. John do not get one cent from the Provincial treasury for their roads, and if the common council and Portland city council were to memorialise the Provincial government asking that the Beach and Mahogany roads be connected together. Also that a short piece of road be built along the bank of the Kennebecasis to connect the Sandy Point and Marsh roads, the latter body should begin work without an hour's delay. They owe it to the city of St. John alone, and the petition of the common council should be sufficient of itself to have the work done.

The joint action of the three bodies would soon bring about the needed improvements and make St. John one of the brightest and pleasantest spots in America.

Ladies Dresses.

The most remarkable thing about ladies' dresses at the present time is the wonderful combinations of color that are used. Last season, heliotrope was the favorite shade; this season the favorites are pinkish shades of lilac. Many of these colors are substantially the same but they reappear from season to season under different names. What used to be called marine blue is now frozen blue. Then we have a ripe peach color, a beautiful silver-mauve shade of purple. Those are the "swell" shades that are being made up for dresses, and used in combination with other colors. Then, for this season, there is, in thin materials, a shade of mahogany. It is not so much the fashion to combine so many shades together as it is to use very odd shades that have never been used before. For instance, this season we put together a shade of silver-gray with tan color. But every season this tan color would approach the gray, and the gray would approach the tan color (because these goods are changing all the time) and that is why we are able to use them together. Very bright colors are used this season in what are called changeable silks, which have two or three shadings in them. These peculiar silks are worn with one color one way, and another the other.

John Paul Boeck, a hard-working Philadelphia journalist of note, has been honored by having some of his poetry inserted in E. De Laney Pierson's well-selected work just issued under the title of "Society Verse by American Writers." Mr. Boeck is a bright and versatile writer and he well merits the distinction which has been accorded him.

Probably no trotter ever lived that has equalled his record the number of times that Little Dick has. He has a record of 2,281, and stopped in that notch three times in 1885, and no less than eight times in 1886, and repeated the trick a few days ago, and is now credited with placing his mark at 2,241. Little Dick is one of the trotters of to-day that has a brilliant future before him.

Look out for next week's Saturday Gazette.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

A great deal is written from time to time in the papers concerning an alleged exodus of our people to the adjoining republic. That people are coming and going all the time is proven by the existence of transport lines between the two countries. If there were no travellers there would scarcely be any need of railways or steamboats, and if the travel was all the one way it would also be extremely unprofitable for the transport companies. Inasmuch as all the lines connecting St. John with the United States pay dividends I am forced to the conclusion that there is trade both ways. In other words that people are coming and going all the time. Another proof that the city is not being entirely depopulated is that there has been a steady increase in the number of taxpayers every year. If additional proof were required it is obtainable in the fact that the number of families in the city and Portland also increase every year. I am one of those who regret that the material progress of St. John has not been as great as her most patriotic citizens would have it but I do not rank (and from conversations I have had with others there are many like me) these journalistic cranks and liars among the patriotic citizens. The reason they publish the paragraphs they do is in some way influence public opinion against the party in power. There is nothing more absurd in the world than to hope to benefit the city by lying about it. There are many in the opposition ranks who are just as loyal to their city, and some of them more so than those who support the present government. These men look with disgust and properly so on the efforts of some of their newspapers to hold the country up to the people of the neighboring republic as going to ruin. Our country is just as good a country as any state in the union and is making greater progress than any of the New England states, and were our natural resources even half developed we could make a still more favorable showing.

The way the political machine is run at present is scarcely in the interests of the country. We have two great parties—the Ins and the Outs and that is about all the difference between them. When an election is held—but more particularly a general election we have arrayed on one side an army of government contractors and opposed to them another army of would be contractors. The party of the second part points out the dreadful iniquities of the people of the first part, and the party of the first part points how much more wicked the party of the second part was when they had the chance. There is not the slightest doubt that the country has been most shamefully robbed by the "workers" on both sides of politics. Double and sometimes fourfold prices are charged the government for goods sold and work done—and this system of robbery has gone on under both parties. Reputable business men very often charge the government more for supplies than they would sell the same articles to a private individual, notwithstanding that in the one case they are sure of their pay while in the other they have to take the ordinary commercial risk. The worst feature of the whole business is that the men who howl loudest at the corruption of the party in power are those who when their friends are in, charge the highest prices. I always regard a man with suspicion who subscribes to an election fund on either side of politics because such subscriptions are given, not for the purpose of paying the honest expenses of the election, but for the purpose of corrupting the electorate. The man who gives a hundred or a thousand dollars to an election fund is just as bad as the man who sells his vote for \$2. The only difference is that the man who gives the big sum is the most expensive for the country.

But one might go on until all was blue enumerating the dishonesty of politicians and the sickening corruptions of elections and accomplish no good. We will have dishonest politicians just so long as it is possible for a man to buy his way into parliament. When the time comes that an elector will knock down a political healer who offers him money for his vote then we will have less corruption in parliament and less of the giving away of valuable franchises to supporters of the party for no value whatever. That both parties have done this no sane person will attempt to deny, but the time is now come when the press of Canada should follow the example of the press of New York and bring to justice any bootler who is caught, red handed.

We talk a great deal about the terrible iniquity of the United States and point to the legislators and public officials of that country as the worst corruptionists in the world. That there have been and still are hundreds of dishonest men in public life in the United States, no one will attempt to deny but when caught they are punished—and some of them most severely punished at that. We have not advanced this far in Canada yet. Instead of taking extreme measures with those who rob the general and civic chest, they have been compromised with. While this system lasts how is it possible to expect official honesty.

My attention was called the other day to an unusual spectacle on one of the

public streets—a man and a woman handcuffed together. These unfortunates had been convicted before the Portland police magistrate of some misdemeanor and sentenced to the county jail for a term. To get them there the policeman in whose custody they were had to handcuff them together. Surely the time has come to put an end to such exhibitions on the public streets. Why can the Portland authorities not procure some sort of a conveyance to transport such people to jail? It is an outrage on public decency to march a man and a woman through the streets handcuffed together and an exhibition that ought not to be repeated.

There is likely to be an interesting war of rates between the bus drivers and the street car lines when the latter get into operation. I was informed the other day by one who knows something of these matters that the bus owners will reduce the rates between Market Square and Indiantown to three cents. The contest, however, will not likely last long as the street car company is the stronger of the two by a long way. Had the bus drivers and owners accommodated the public a little more when they had the chance, then they might deserve a share of public sympathy and support. But everybody knows that whatever improvements have been made in the bus service in the past three years was the result of public agitation and not by any means voluntary on the part of bus owners. With one or, perhaps, two exceptions they endeavored to resist the law until they found it was useless. Then and only then did the disgraceful vehicles formerly run between St. John and Indiantown disappear from the route. From what I can learn the street car company intend to furnish first-class accommodations.

Mayor Thorne has inaugurated a new departure in the management of his office which his successors will do well to follow. For some time back certain parties whom the law compelled to take out licenses were allowed to pay in the fees in installments. Mayor Thorne has insisted that the fees should be paid in a lump sum. This is correct and should be continued. The plea usually made by the people allowed to pay in installments was that they were poor, but other people just as poor as they were obliged to pay up without delay. The result is that all, or very nearly all the license fees are in the city treasury where they should be. The chamberlain has less work under this arrangement, and the city is sure not to make any losses as sometimes has been the case in the past when some of the licenses due May 1st were not paid until December 31st.

DENVY.

GOSSIP ABOUT LOCAL EVENTS.

A well known city printer started out to fish Lily Lake the other day with a complete outfit, including a fishing basket, landing net and a full assortment of flies, but he failed to obtain any fish.

There is a very peculiar kind of disorderly house case in progress before the Portland police magistrate. It is said that some queer things will come to light before the case is finished.

We are having a large number of distinguished visitors in St. John this summer, to judge from the personal columns of the newspapers.

It is told of a drug clerk that a lady from the United States visited the store recently and bought a one cent stamp, tendering a Yankee cent in payment. "This is American money," said the clerk politely. "Yes, I know," the lady remarked, "I have just come from America." This caused the clerk to collapse, feeling himself a postage stamp out.

The street railway is due at St. John in a short time now. It is gradually nearing Portland bridge. Another month should see it in operation.

BARNEY.

Already a Lot of Electric Motors.

(Electrical Review.) Many will be surprised by the statement that more than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country on street cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the General Manager to be only one-half the cost of horse power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horses are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton, Wis., and Denver. Electric railways are either in course of construction or under contract in twelve other cities, and thirty-seven companies have been formed or other steps taken for the building of such roads. Upon none of the roads now in operation in this country, however, is force supplied by storage batteries attached to the cars. In most cases power is communicated by an overhead conductor.

The first omnibus in New York commenced running in 1830. It had the word "omnibus" painted in large letters on both sides, and was a puzzle to most pedestrians, who pronounced it variously. The name was generally supposed to be that of the owner.

READY AUGUST 9TH. A GUIDE

TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

Saturday Gazette

ON OR ABOUT AUGUST 9th.

A GUIDE

Province of New Brunswick.

The GUIDE will contain a brief synopsis of the History of the Province; Descriptions of its Scenery, Cities and Towns, together with a full description of the summer and winter resorts of the Province.

It is the intention to make this GUIDE the most complete that has ever been issued, and something that every visitor to the Province ought to have in his possession. A large space will be given to St. John City and County, Fredericton, Moncton, Grand Falls, Woodstock, Richibucto, Dalhousie, St. Andrews, and other places worthy the attention of visitors.

There will be a chapter devoted to the fishing places in the provinces that will be supplied by a veteran sportsman—one who knows almost every trout and salmon stream throughout the entire length and breadth of the country. The Saint John River and its tributaries will receive careful treatment. No effort will be spared to make the Guide Book not only interesting but reliable in all its statements.

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THE PRINCE OF STAGE ROBBERS.

H. M. White, alias Burton. Now in Denver—Some of His Barbing Adventures.

(Denver News.)

H. M. White, alias Burton, the well-known stage robber, whose exploits of the frontier have given him a national reputation, is now supposed to be in Denver. Last January, under a technicality of the law, he was released from the penitentiary in New York State, where he had been sent to serve a life sentence. There has been but little said about him during the past few months, and, in fact, the general public seems to have lost trace of him. Following up the rumors of the other day, a representative of the News who had been detailed to investigate these reports ran across ex-United States Marshal P. P. Wilcox, who said: "I had been in hopes that this report would not reach any of the newspaper offices. Burton is now out of jail, and I hope he will try and reform and change from his old style of life. I can't state positively that Burton is in the city, but a Denver detective who used to know him says he has seen Burton on the streets. Of course you know the desperate attempt Burton made to escape from me on the train near Detroit when I was taking him to the penitentiary at that place. Well, the detective referred to told me that he had seen Burton on the streets. The reason of his telling me was the fear that he had heard that Burton, if in the city, might attempt to revenge himself by making an attack on me."

One of Burton's most noted exploits was the robbing of the stage coach between Lake City and Alamosa June 28, 1881. When the stage had arrived within nine miles of Alamosa at about midnight suddenly the cry of "Halt!" was heard. A masked man, fearless yet courteous, with a cocked revolver, approached from the darkness and politely requested the passengers to alight. Across the road a heavy branch and canvas had been placed, and behind it the passengers observed dark objects, which appeared like men holding their rifles ready for use. "Don't shoot, boys," said the highwayman, who was no other than Burton himself, turning around and speaking to the supposed guard behind the canvas. The passengers readily yielded to his demands, and after first being blindfolded, were robbed of their money, amounting, it is said, to \$2,000, and Burton then departed in the same quiet manner he had first advanced and cried "Halt." But what was the amazement of the passengers, after his departure, on making the discovery that there were no men behind the canvas, and that what they supposed to be rifles were sticks. Fourteen passengers had been robbed by one man. The robbery was all the more daring when it is remembered that Burton was a consumptive and lame in one leg.

A few days later Burton was captured by Pat Desmond in Pueblo, and July 1 started with his prisoner for Denver. But Burton made a bold attempt for liberty while on route to this city, jumping from the train which was running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Desmond and a number of passengers soon followed him, but it was not until after Desmond fired a close shot at him that Burton was recaptured. On arriving in Denver he was placed in the county jail and some stories of his past exploits began to be circulated. It appears that at the time of his arrest he was under indictment in Texas for robbing stages there. Five years previous he had been sent to the penitentiary for robbing stage coaches, but had been pardoned out by President Hayes about six months before coming to Colorado. His coolness and daring were equal to that of any highwayman that ever lived on the frontier. At one time, when he was in jail and was being guarded in his cell by Deputy United States Marshal Sam Cantrill, of this city, he made a bold play for liberty. Suddenly producing a tinfall pistol he shouted to Cantrill: "Hold up your hands!" Cantrill at the time did not detect the ruse, but nevertheless made a rush for the prisoner, expecting to have a life and death struggle with Burton. It was only a short time previous to this that Billy LeRoy had escaped from Cantrill on a train near Wallace, Kan., and he was determined that Burton should not be so successful. Seizing Burton, Cantrill threw him on the floor, and then discovered the ruse the highwayman had attempted.

After his trial and conviction, United States Marshal P. P. Wilcox started with his prisoner for Detroit, for no Western jail was considered strong enough for so desperate a man. When near Detroit, Burton, by some means never yet found out, suddenly removed the handcuffs himself and knocked Marshal Wilcox down by striking him over the head with the cuffs. But the Marshal, regaining his feet, grasped his prisoner, who exclaimed: "Wilcox, I'll have my liberty or die." The passengers rushed from the car, and both men continued their hand struggle. Both were bleeding freely from the wounds of the encounter. Suddenly Burton made a grasp for the Marshal's pistol. And while the Marshal and the desperate outlaws were writhing and twisting in their close fight and Burton using almost superhuman efforts to obtain possession of the weapon, a passenger came to the Marshal's relief and Burton was rehandcuffed. Burton was after-

wards taken from Detroit to Philadelphia and then to the penitentiary in New York, for no jail in the country was considered too strong for him. Under a decision of the Supreme Court that criminal prosecution should be by indictment, and not information, Burton was released in January last, although in prison under a life sentence. "If it be true that Burton has returned to Colorado," said a prominent gentleman yesterday, "it may be that he wished to recover some of the gold he possibly had buried in the mountains. It is more than likely he has some plants in the State, and if here, will try and find some of the lost treasure he has buried."

The supposition is not altogether an unlikely one. Whether Burton be here or not the question of his presence in this city has been an interesting topic in detective circles during the past three days.

The Girle in Gotham.

(Fleaneur in the Argonaut.)

The girle has grown to be a monstrous fad with the girls. This morning, in an elevated car, I found myself beside an acquaintance who has some pretense to social position. Her slim figure was encircled by a huge silver girle, from one side of which dangled forty-six little chains. At the end of every chain was a trinket. We fell to talking about them, and I looked them over, while she chatted about the history of every one. There were fourteen Roman coins, a latch-key, pen-holder case, vinaigrette, skating medal, button-hook, glove-button, silver address-tablet, tiny silver bon-bon box, a corkscrew, a miniature scimitar, a chatelaine watch, a small oxidized iron parasol which when opened became a fan, a buckle with which she had killed a bear on her brother's ranch, a card-case, a lock of hair in a locket, two miniatures—one of Herbert Keloy with a drooping mustache, and the other of Osmond Tearle with his eye turned heavenward—a chain purse, a compass, a small paper-cutter, a dozen odd trinkets of every conceivable shape, and a double-dog-whistle.

"Where did you collect them all?" I asked. "Everywhere," said she, with a shrug. "Don't you find them troublesome?" "Oh, no; they're vastly useful."

"How so?" "They supply subjects of conversation to men who are a little stupid in the morning," she said, sweetly, as she wandered out of the car at Fourteenth street.

Quida's Fifty Years Old.

"Quida," the extravagant, passed her 50th birthday some time ago, and is still Miss de la Ramona. She is rather masculine in figure, and from much exposure to wind and weather, her face, including her nose, has become decidedly rufous.

Her "amber hair," which she used to wear flowing over her shoulders, in the style she favored in her earlier novels, is cut short, pushed back from her forehead and confined with a narrow ribbon. On festive occasions she wears white velvet, a favored material of hers, judging from the frequency with which she arrays her broidered in it, but ordinarily she is dressed in the most dowdy English style. She lives with her mother in a villa situated about four miles from Florence, which is literally crammed with all sorts of choice and artistic possessions—old embroideries, satins, gold and silver brocades, fine old porcelains, bronzes, pictures, etc. In fact, it is said that she has sunk most of the large sums that she has received for her later novels in these purchases.

She is also extravagantly fond of dogs, and is always accompanied in her daily walks by some 10 or 15 of these canine pets, which are usually of the largest possible size. Also she delights in driving in a high dogcart at a tremendous rate of speed, and has been more than once fined for too rapid driving.

How an Electric Shock Feels.

(Westchester Record.)

George Ecker, of Cedarville, North Coventry, who was almost killed by an electric belt at Conshohocken the other day, says when he awoke to consciousness next morning, and found himself in bed in his room at his father's house, and saw a watcher sitting by his bedside, he imagined that he had been sick with a fever. When informed of the real cause of his prostration he would not at first believe it, and thought he had been in the shop at Pottstown the entire day. His mind gradually became clear, however, and then he remembered that he had been standing in the doorway of the little scale house watching the storm, and the next thing he was at home in bed. The intervening twelve hours was a perfect blank. Mr. Ecker bears several marks upon his body as the result, and continues to feel strangely.

Taking Every Precaution.

(Savannah News.)

A certain farmer of Hart County, talking about his crop of cotton, told us that his preacher's patch was the best cotton he had. "Where is your preacher's patch located?" "Why did you put it in the centre of the field?" "So that the Lord couldn't send rain on the preacher's patch without raining on mine!"

The date fixed for the great race at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, is August 31.

DAWN.

(Continued from page three.)

and brought thus abruptly to notice. "What the deuce are they doing here?" "Brought to put the last as slept in that bed on, and stood ever since." "Don't you think," intimated Arthur, gently, "that you had better take them away?"

"Can't do so; they be part of the furniture, they be—stand there all handy for the next one, too, maybe you," and he vanished with a sardonic grin.

Jakes did not submit to the indignities of unbuckling pormantises, and having his legs snuffed at by bulldogs for nothing. Not by any means pleased by suggestions so unpleasant, Arthur took his way downstairs, determined to renew the coffee-stool question with his host. He found Angela waiting for him in the hall, and making friends with Aleck.

"Will you come in and see my father for a minute before we go out?" she said.

Arthur assented, and she led the way into the study, where Philip always sat, the same room in which his father had died. He was sitting at a writing-table, staring at work on farm accounts. Rising, he greeted Arthur civilly, taking, however, no notice of his daughter, although he had not seen her since the previous day.

"Well, Heigham, so you have made up your mind to brave these barbarous wilds, have you? I am delighted to see you, but I must warn you that, beyond a pipe and a glass of grog in the evening, I have not much time to put at your disposal. We are making a curious house-hold. I don't know whether Angela has told you, but for one thing we do not take our meals together, so you will have to make your choice between the dining-room and the nursery, for my daughter is not out of the nursery yet," and he gave a little laugh. "On the whole, perhaps you had better be relegated to the nursery; it will, at any rate, be more amusing to you than the society of a morose old fellow like myself. And, besides, I am very irregular in my habits. Angela, you are staring at me again; I should be so very much obliged if you would look the other way. I only hope, Heigham, that old Pigott won't talk your head off; she has got a dreadful tongue. Well, don't let me keep you any longer, is is a lovely day for the time of year. Try to amuse yourself, somehow, and I hope for your sake that Angela will not copy by herself what you do as she does with me, by herself as though she wished to examine your brains and backbone. Good-by for the present."

"What does he mean?" asked Arthur, as soon as they were fairly outside the door, "about your staring at him?" "Mean!" answered poor Angela, who looked as though she were going to cry. "I wish I could tell you, all I know is that he can not bear me to look at him—he is always complaining of it. That is why we do not take our meals together—at least, I believe it is. He detests my being near him. I am sure I don't know why; it makes me very unhappy. I can not see anything different in my eyes from anybody else's, can you?" and she turned them swimming as they were with tears of mortification, full upon Arthur.

He scrutinized her depths very closely, so closely indeed, that presently she turned them away again with a blush. "Well," she said, "I am sure you have looked long enough. Are they different?" "Very different," replied the oracle, with enthusiasm.

"How?" "Well, they are larger."

"Is that all?" "Deeper—that is nothing. I want to know if they produce any unpleasant effect upon you—different from other people's eyes, I mean?"

"Well, if you ask me, I am afraid that your eyes do produce a strange effect upon me, but I cannot say that it is an unpleasant one. But you do not look long enough for me to form a really sound opinion. Let me try again."

"No," she will not; and I do believe that you are laughing at me. I think that is very unkind," and she marched on in silence. "Don't be angry with me, or I shall be miserable. I really was not laughing at you; only, if you knew what wonderful eyes you have got, you would not ask such ridiculous questions about them. Your father must be a strange man to get such ideas. I am sure I should be delighted if you would look at me all day long. But tell me something more about your father; he interests me very much."

Angela felt the fell-tale blood rise to her face as he praised her eyes, and bit her lips with vexation; it seemed to her that she had suddenly caught an epidemic of blushing.

Why She Wouldn't Dine.

Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer: 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you say: 'Just in

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

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Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

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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 15th 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 R. Pugsley, of the same place, barrister at law, and Maggie J., his wife, of the one part and Ward Chapman Drury, executor and trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased, of the other part, as follows:— A certain right title and interest which the said Charles Drury had at the time of his decease in and to all that lot of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Robbsey (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 on the north by lands formerly belonging to the late Honorable John Robertson, and a portion of the Kennebecasis River, on the east by the western line of the Intercolonial Railway, on the south by land owned by John Anderson, formerly of the said grant and on the west side by the said Kennebecasis River, containing eight acres more or less, and being all the land there formerly owned by the said Charles Drury, lying to the westward of the western line of the said railway, which will more fully appear in reference to a plan on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the said County of Kings, which indenture of mortgage is recorded in Book G. No. 4, pages 20, 21, 22 and 23 of Records on the 20th of August, A. D. 1881. The above sale will be made under and 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. Dated this 16th day of June, A. D. 1887. WARD CHAPMAN DRURY, Executor and Trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased. HARRISON & PUGSLEY, Solicitors of mortgage.

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.

NO REWARD. "Any reward out for Charles Ross?" he inquired yesterday at the sergeant's desk in the central station. "I guess not," was the answer. "Won't you give anything?" "No." "Five dollars?" "No." "One dollar?" "No, sir."

THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT. "I don't believe in feeding tramps at the door," said Mrs. Crimmonbank. "You feed them once, and they're sure to come back."

TAXES. You are frightened at that loud, roaring noise, are you? Think it's an earthquake because it jars the windows, hey? Well, it isn't—it's simply a prominent citizen down at the court house paying his taxes.

HE WOULDN'T CELEBRATE. "When do you think of celebrating your wedding?" asked one citizen of another. "I'll be the cautious reply, 'don't mention it! There are altogether too many broomsticks and rolling-pins in the house already.'"

DIDN'T PRAY VERY HARD. In the course of a prayer last Sunday an Old City clergyman asked the Lord for rain. In going home from church a little five-year-old asked her mother why Mr. —prayed for rain just before the Fourth of July.

THERE ARE MANIES LIKE HIM. "Confound that Jones! He'll never pay a cent he owes, but he'll give his last cent to a man who claims to be in distress."

MEM, FOR THE LONG-WINDED. "I've been writing my essay every Saturday since the term began and now I have sixty-seven pages, and the subject is only half exhausted."

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE. "I hope, my dear, said a newly made Benedict, 'if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you won't be lonely.'"

A THOUGHTFUL SON. "You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife.

Maud S., 2084, and Jay-Eye-See, 211, are both in capital condition and improving in form.

Another Snare for Innocent Youth.

(San Francisco Reporter.)

The tall and slender young woman has found a new and pretty way to arrange her summer sash. The tie, the loop and the twist are so coquettish that coat-buttons and canes become willingly involved in the intricate but graceful mesh.

Lively Scene at an Irish Wedding.

(London Standard.)

During a wedding ceremony yesterday at the Presbyterian Church, Ballymena, the parties united being John Thompson and Mary Stairs, the mother of the former began to anathematize the bride and apply vile epithets to her.

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Rooms 12, 13—H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc. Master in Equity.

Rooms 14, 15—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

Second Floor. Rooms 16, 17—New Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor.

Rooms 18, 19—C. N. Skinner, G. C. Barrister, etc.

Rooms 20, 21—H. C. Primmer, Judge of Probate.

Rooms 22, 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Clark, Secretary.

Rooms 24, 25—G. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc.

Rooms 26, 27—G. S. Donnelly, Barrister, Solicitor.

Rooms 28, 29—Wm. J. Brophy, Janitor, etc.

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Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission (Naval Academy)," and "Recollections of the Naval Academy," "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Margaret "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwabke, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Ross Hawthorn Athorp, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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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. NEEDHAM AND COL. JOHN HAY.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his terms 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 undying interest by a great audience, will open less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. General O. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. 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," etc. begins 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 "Ten Years in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberia and other prominent American authors, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Beckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers, articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

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Can you afford to be without THE CENTURY? THE CENTURY CO., New York.

12-21-88

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1887

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS..... 7 00

ACCOMMODATION..... 11 00

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 22 15

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:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 5 30

EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX..... 8 30

ACCOMMODATION..... 12 05

DAY EXPRESS..... 15 00

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1887.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

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

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

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

9.00 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.

8.40 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.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, 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 and Woodstock. Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

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

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

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

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

5.40 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton.

5.00 a.m.—From Fairville.

H. D. McLEOD, F. W. GRAM, Supt. Southern Division, Gen. Manager.

J. S. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 23, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.

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

**Base Ball Notes.**  
Pechiney, the Cleveland pitcher, was released on Tuesday last, and went home to Cincinnati. He is in bad form and health.

Johnny Valentine is not creating any greater sensation in the League, as an umpire, than he did in the American Association.

Manager Mutri says that the Detroit Club will have to play that disputed game over again, and that they (Detroit) will never get it.

The Baltimore players do not expect to do better than second place by the end of the season. They say that their only ambition is to keep pushing the St. Louis team.

It is said that the Pittsburgh Club will make an effort to get back into the American Association next season. It is also reported that Detroit will jump over to the American Association.

Arundel of Indianapolis was fined \$62 and costs in the Indianapolis police court for drunkenness and assault during his recent spree. The management then stepped in and fined him \$100.

Fitcher Kirby, who was bought last Saturday from Indianapolis by Cleveland, went to Cincinnati and was over- come by the heat in last Sunday's game, and knocked out in the first inning.

Nicol, the right fielder of the Cincinnati Club, is probably one of the smallest men now on the ball field, but when a fly comes over his way he reaches for it in a way that would make a six-footer turn pale.

J. B. Munyan, who was to have been purchased from the Bridgeport, Conn., Club by Cleveland got into an argument with the club about advance money, and during it Cleveland concluded that it didn't want him, and he will not come at all.

A St. Louis player may be kicked in the stomach, run over by a freight train, struck by a cyclone, have an eye knocked out, both legs broken or spine twisted in four ways, but he is always able to play ball and question the umpire's decision.—[Kansas City Journal.]

It is rumored that the American Association will adopt a rule this fall prohibiting players from playing with other clubs during the winter months. The rule will be aimed more particularly at pitchers, as it is claimed that several men last winter practically ruined themselves for pitching this season by their continuous work.

Burke, whom Detroit has signed, is a perfect Hercules, weighs about 200 pounds and sends a ball through with terrific speed. He pitched for the Pioneers of San Francisco, and in a recent game with Van Halten's club struck out 14 men. He is said to be quite a batter, but not the all round ball player that Van Halten is. He has only played on the slope about six months.

Hurley's life as an Association umpire was very brief. He officiated in the four Louisville-Cincinnati games and then resigned. The Louisvilles state that the Cincinnati's kicking disgusted Hurley so that he sent in his resignation. "The Cincinnati are getting to be the worst beefers in the business," said Hecker. "They all crowd around the umpire when he makes a decision and nearly chafe him to death."

Pete Browning of the Louisville Club has the most enviable record ever known to be held by any ball player. At present he leads the Association in three respects—batting, number of stolen bases, and number of runs made. He has overtaken O'Neil of St. Louis in the race for the batting honor, and has stolen more bases than Latham, Collins, Stovey, Welch, or any other of the crack sprinters. This splendid batting and base running records means, of course, that he leads in the run getting.

One of two things must happen in base ball. The number of clubs must largely diminish or players must be content with smaller salaries. One result will bring about the other in time. If managers find they cannot run teams profitably and pay present prices for players, they will give up the attempt except in a few of the large cities. This in turn will lessen the demand for players and the smaller demand will make competition less sharp and bring salaries down where they should be.—Bridgeport News.

Manager John Kelly has made the Louisville Club a strong winning team by his indefatigable energy. He makes the players pull together and work in harmony. The men have become acquainted with all the finer points of ball playing under Kelly's instructions, and now their tactics are fully as scientific as that of any ball team on the diamond. Pete Browning is playing the greatest game of his life, and Ramsey pitches as he never dreamed he was capable of doing. This is the effect of Kelly's discipline and good management.

A correspondent says: "Every now and then base ball managers give young players rats for revolving, or playing with more than one club. For a lad whose business takes up most of his time an occasional game for exercise may do very well. But a player who aspires to be a professional (and knows or feels he has the ability) can't keep in trim by playing a game every week or two, and then possibly practice daily to be effective, and the amateur who would

amount to anything must play on any and every team he can till his skill becomes known. This is the only way he can advertise himself. Give the revolver a chance."

As far as can be learned from inquiries among the American Association Clubs, President Wheeler Wikoff is in no danger of being supplanted by Joe Fritchard of St. Louis, who is making a personal and epistolary effort for the office. The following clubs are certain to support Wikoff: Brooklyn, Louisville, Metropolitan, Cleveland, and Baltimore. The position of the Athletics is not known, and Cincinnati and St. Louis favor Fritchard. According to letters which Fritchard is sending to the clubs he is already elected. So have other men been in the past—until the meeting—when they have managed to get one or two votes, and no more. Wikoff is blamed because of poor assignment of umpires. He is not to blame in the matter. The principal in Fritchard's candidacy is President Von der Ahe of the Browns.

**Two \$5,000 Coffins.**

[Boston Herald.]  
"A year ago last April a firm of manufacturing undertakers in this vicinity were given the most extraordinary commission which they had ever received. They were told to make two mahogany caskets of a particular design, to be about the usual size, and in many parts fully six inches in thickness. They were cautioned not to say a word to any one about what they were doing, as their customer dreaded publicity in the matter. The caskets were made as ordered. It required \$700 worth of mahogany to complete them, as only the best wood and planks wide enough to make each side consist of one piece would answer. When they were ready to be shipped from the factory a photograph was taken, and an inkling of the affair got out in this way. I know that the reporters of almost every Boston paper tried to get a look at them to learn for whom they had been made, but without avail. They were taken from the factory in two two-horse wagons, each one making a heavy load for a pair of horses to draw. Outside cases of the same material were also provided at great expense. The owner of the caskets had them taken to his estate and placed in a building which he had erected on purpose to receive them. In that building two of the best wood carvers to be obtained have worked on these caskets steadily for the past fourteen months, and they have nowhere near finished the first one. They were carrying into the mahogany the most wonderful and intricate designs which you could imagine, all from sketches furnished by eminent artists. There is a spider in the centre of a web so delicate that one's breath would almost seem to move it; skulls, from which life-like serpents are crawling; owls; hour glasses, and a hundred other things with symbolic meanings. At the same time the carvers are progressing it will take several years to finish their work, and when it is done it will be the most marvellous thing of the kind in the world, I'll venture to say. I should think \$10,000 would be a low figure for both caskets. The insides will contain silken hammocks, in which the bodies will lie, and many other strange and unique embellishments. The gentleman who is having the caskets made has purchased an entire knoll in one of the most beautiful of our cemeteries, and, it is said, will expend \$125,000 upon the tomb in which they are ultimately to be placed."

"And who is this eccentric individual?" queried the reporter.  
"He is a gentleman connected with the medical profession, having an office in Boston. His wife, who takes, if possible, more interest in the caskets than himself, is said to be the granddaughter of a baron, and is reputed very rich in her own right."

A blind beggar in London has on the card he wears plastered on his chest the words: "Please bestow a glance and a copper on one who can bestow neither."

- HOTELS.**
- Hotel Dufferin**  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.
  - Royal Hotel,**  
T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r  
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ST. JOHN, N. B.  
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(LATE ROYAL.)  
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Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First class in all its appointments.

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Nothing so deliciously pure and palatable has been offered the Public of St. John as our Candies, at the following low prices. Come and Try Them.

- FRENCH CHOCOLATE CREAMS ONLY 25 CENTS A POUND.**
- CARAMELS, of all Flavours, ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.**
- GUM DROPS ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.**
- FINE MIXED CANDIES 12 1-2c., 15c., 20c., and 30c. A POUND.**

At 55 KING STREET, NEAR GERMAIN ST.

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At The Blue Store Union Street, near Waterloo. To-Night. To-Night.

You can Buy French Chocolate Creams, Caramels, Gum Drops, Pure Mixed Candies of all flavors at very low prices. Our Famous Jubilee Mixture 15 cents a pound. Also, Fine Syrups for 25 cents a Bottle, of all flavours. Be sure and try our 12 1-2c. Boston Mixture.

BLUE STORE UNION ST., - - - NEAR SYDNEY.

## HAROLD GILBERT'S NEW CARPET WAREHOUSE.

2,5000 YARDS

## WOOL AND UNION CARPETS!

The above Goods, having arrived too late for the Spring Trade

WILL BE SOLD AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Intending Purchasers will find it to their advantage to inspect these Goods.

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