

ATTENTION!

READ This Announcement! IT IS A LIST OF FEATURES FOR MAY.

We commence last week the publication of a new series of short novels, similar in length to the stories we have been publishing for the past few months.

Look at this list of authors. Robert Louis Stevenson. Rebecca Harding Davis. Henry James, Jr. S. Baring Gould. M. Theed.

A NEW SERIAL. The Bank of California. A story of the deepest interest will be commenced NEXT WEEK, and will run through a dozen issues.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, Published Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888. The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES. THE ELECTRICAL REVIEW says that the lightning rod is a relic of superstition, and that the day will come when a lightning rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a door.

Mrs. Betsey Torrey of Scituate, Mass., a sprightly old lady of ninety, who still enjoys the best of health, has one claim to fame in that she has often drunk from the original "Old Oaken Bucket," which the poet Woodworth made famous in song.

The late Samuel J. Tilden was an invalid for something like eight years, during which time he had the almost exclusive services of Dr. Charles E. Simmons. The doctor has just rendered a bill against the estate for \$143,000.

The papers are once more attacking legal phraseology, and a New Zealand journal declares that if people in private life used language like that of legal documents they would be in imminent danger of incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

The relation of mortality to the life of our ancestors may not have been any closer than it is to our own, but it was more ostentatious. It was dragged forward like a haughty child on all possible and impossible occasions; and a droll instance was given recently by the fashions of her youth.

A WELL KNOWN southern newspaper is much impressed with the ugliness of the portrait in the Century of Robert Louis Stevenson. It says: "If he looks at all like the portrait, he will depopulate the state. It is not necessary that a man should be a nightmare in order to be a poet."

A FEW days after the death of Martha Hook, the only surviving child of Theodore Hook, which occurred in a suburb of London early in April, the following letter was published in the London Chronicle.

MR. CRUIKSHANK has growing in his hotbeds in the old Burial Ground, many thousands of pansies, some of which are in bloom, verbena and sweet sylvia, also in blossom, and calendula, stocks, candytufts, French margyolds, mimulus, migration, asters, larkspurs and other annuals in almost endless variety.

MR. F. H. C. Miles holds classes in drawing and painting at his Studio 74, Germain street, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, where the mechanic, teacher or amateur can acquire a thorough knowledge of drawing, painting, or decorative work in all its branches.

MR. TABLIER says he hopes to see the entire Cape Breton Railway completed by the end of the year. Six hundred men are employed on the contract now, but the number is expected to be increased to fifteen hundred.

MISSING MEN.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Samuel Bonnell, which occurred a little more than two weeks ago, recalls that of Elias White, under somewhat similar circumstances, on the 8th of March, 1884. The apathy of the authorities on that occasion, would have been looked upon with horror in almost any other community;—here, where he was well known, outside of a small circle of relatives, little interest was manifested in his fate except in one newspaper office, where considerable time and money were expended in a futile effort to determine if he had been the victim of foul play, or by accident had come to his end in the river or harbor. It is most likely that his fate will remain forever unknown.

Sparring exhibitions, it appears, are no longer to be tolerated in St. John. This is well. They are demoralizing, degrading, brutal.

A contemporary says: "The present management of the Maritime Institute have the sympathy of the community in their effort to retain that institution and restore its usefulness. But the community will not support the Institute because of the good it has done in times gone by."

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A Letter From Mexico.

A letter from Mexico says of the production of sulphur: "In view of the value of sulphur deposits of Popocatepetl, it seems incredible that they have not been more thoroughly worked. At present Sicily is the principal source of the world's sulphur supply, that country producing more than four-fifths of all that is consumed on the globe.

The expenses of production are very small. The workmen receive seventy-five cents per arroba (twenty-five pounds) for bringing up crude sulphur from the interior of the mountain and delivering it at Flamaca. This labor is exceedingly laborious and full of danger; not only are large rocks constantly rolling down the sides of the crater, threatening to engulf the tiny windlass and crush the stomp of humanity being lowered into the depths by a frail rope, but the sulphurous vapors and exhalations are extremely injurious to the health.

The workmen remain in the crater a month at a time, eating and sleeping in that inferno, after which they are hauled up and the places supplied by others.

It is said that in a short time their teeth fall out and the hair drops of their heads like bristles from a scalded pig, and the man who goes down in the stoniest of oxide boots and the stoniest of new clothes, comes up the end of the month in the dilapidated condition of Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years nap.

JOHN K. STOREY, 21 KING STREET. H. C. MARTIN & Co. PORTRAIT ARTISTS. Studio, 52 King Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

INDIA INK, WATER COLORS, CRAYON, OIL, &c., Copied from any style of small picture. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., HATTERS, Having received the larger portion of our Spring Stock of New Styles

Hats, Caps, &c., We are now prepared to offer at Lowest Prices as Large and Fashionable Assortment of Head Wear as was ever offered in the Maritime Provinces.



Ribbons, Carbon Paper and Typewriter Supplies all in Stock.

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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

Our Stationery Department. WEDDING, INVITATION, VISITING, AT HOME AND BALL CARDS, &c. DINER AND MENU CARDS; COLOR STAMPING; DIERS, MONOGRAMS, CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS out to order.

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Caligraph. WHY "IT STANDS AT THE HEAD." We guarantee the SUPERIORITY of the "Caligraph," and that it will wear out any other make of writing machine, safe by side, on any kind of work; and take pleasure in referring inquirers to 100,000 operators and customers in substantiation of all claims made by us for our instruments.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & Co., Agents for Maritime Provinces.

GEO. ROBERTSON & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS AND West India Merchants Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store, 50 KING STREET. Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

Notice of Sale. To Robert Smith and Margaret Ann, his wife, and all others whom it may concern: We hereby give you notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys, owing to me by the undersigned Margaret Ann Partridge by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage executed by her, bearing date the sixth day of April, A. D. 1886, we shall on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-third day of May next, at Church's Corner, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, at twelve o'clock noon, proceed to a sale of the mortgage lands described in said Indenture as follows: "All that certain lot, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Wolford above-mentioned, and being the said Robert Smith by one John Colwell, his wife, by deed, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1872, bounded and described as follows, that is to say bounded northerly by the Brookfield Road to Richibucto (so called) southerly by the Herby Road so called; westerly by a Brook running from said Herby Road to said Brookfield Road, being a triangular piece of land, the whole as present occupied by said Robert Smith, and supposed to contain about forty acres, in execution of the power of sale vested in me the said Margaret Ann Partridge by virtue of said Indenture.

For Family. MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS, ALSO OYSTERS SHELLED. By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from 18 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

JOHN H. BUTT, Merchant Tailor, 68 Germain Street.

D. WHELLEY, 9 1/2 Canterbury St.

Plumber & Gas Fitter, Steam and Hot Water Heating, JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Satisfaction guaranteed.

H. S. Cruikshank, FLORIST, Old Burying Ground and Foot of Golding St.

FOR SALE. FOR SALE, a place of five acres, with house, barn and other outbuildings, on the West Shore of Bonaventure Bay, near Chapel Grove, and about eleven miles from the city. Enquire of TRS. EDWARDS, On the premises.

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IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

Jury in its last issue asks if Postulata is an hereditary title on the Telegraph. Progress copies the item and places the head over it, "Yes it is."

It was exceedingly unkind of the Sun to point out as it did on Thursday last that the "editors" of the new sheet were carrying the same methods into their own sheet, which have helped to kill the Telegraph.

THE LOUNGER.

The Inner Man.

Over four hundred years ago "Strawberries" was a cry of the London streets, and the garden of the Bishop of Ely at Holborn, was famous for its fine growth of the luscious berry.

The country girls are on the tops of the Fifth Avenue stages again. Difficult as the feat of mounting the boxes, and often as it is attended with the gathering of crowds of men, the young women brave it in great numbers.

The late importations of costumes from Paris show a great many new features that were not seen in the earlier ones. The general outlines of the dresses, even, are changing under the hands of the French modistes, impelled by the new ideas that have seized them.

Historical.

There are 4,000 women in Government employ at Washington.

Lace of very delicate texture was made in Flanders in 1320. Its importation into England was prohibited in 1483, but it was used in the court costume of Elizabeth's reign.

The divorce of the Emperor Napoleon from the Empress Josephine was decreed by the French Senate Dec. 16, 1809, and the marriage of the emperor to Maria Louise of Austria took place April 1, 1810.

The first stone of the present University of Edinburgh was laid Nov. 17, 1789.

The art of preserving flowers in sand was discovered in 1653.

Marselles was founded by the Phoenicians 600 B. C., by whom it was called Massilia.

Gas lighting was introduced into New York in 1823-4.

Modern history dates from the age of Charlemagne, about 800.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

Black threatens to become a popular color than ever in certain classes of Parisian society. There has already been much discussion about "black corsets," and it will be remembered perhaps by readers of French novels that M. Paul Bourget, in his recent volume entitled "Mansonges," clothes his heroine, Mme. Moraines, in a corset-robe, which is regarded by her more Puritanical female friends as a badge of unpardonable levity.

E. B. Pearson is the name of the young woman who won the Bowdoin prize at Harvard, but who did not get it. The prize for the best essay, one hundred dollars, is intended for the male students at Harvard, and not for the young ladies of the Annex.

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The paintings most likely to impress the visitor are, Studies from Life, No. 6, by Miss Davidson, No. 8, by Miss Woodburn, No. 14, and No. 82, by Miss Jack, No. 19, by Miss Kaye, No. 54, by Miss Holly, No. 58, by Miss Campbell, No. 84, by Miss Peters, and Sunday Morning after Tea, by W. Hawkins, by Miss Smith, Time Passes, after Blair Brno, by Miss Shives, Fisherman's Daughter, after K. Cotridge, by Miss Bull, Study of a Head, after J. H. Caliga, by Miss Hagarty, Rosamond, after J. H. Caliga, by Miss Shives, and Boy with Thorn, from a cast, by Miss McGivern.

Mr. Norman McDonald (Boxer) a resident of New Harris, near Bonaventure, C. B. who was undoubtedly the oldest resident in Cape Breton, if not in the Province, died at his home in St. John, N. B., on the 10th inst. He was 110 years of age.

THEIR SHIP WAS TOWED BY A WHALE. Singular Encounter Between a Leviathan and a Fishing Craft in the North Atlantic.

A letter has been received at Gloucester, Mass., from the cook of the schooner H. B. Griffin, Captain George Nelson, now absent on the Banks, in which a story is narrated which illustrates the dangers attending the life of a fisherman, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Polonaises become more popular as the season advances, and are made of cashmere, over silk skirts, in many of the old designs worn 12 or 15 years ago. Nun's veiling and piece lace are also made up as polonaises over silk skirts, and may be suited to thin and stout figures alike.

Soft silk jackets, belted like the new Garibaldi waists, or else mere blouses with five tucks from the neck down in a point and at the top of sleeves, are made of scarlet, cream, old rose or blue silk, and of shot silks, to be worn in the afternoon and at home in the evenings.

At the opening of the School Exhibition in the Owens Art Institution, on Thursday last, a lady remarked to a GAZETTE reporter, "I am pleased with many of these pictures, because many of them speak to the heart as well as the eye."

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Noses and Ears.

If large noses were thought of a sign of genius, it is not usually the case with long ears, characteristic of the donkey, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe.

Herick alludes to the same belief: "One ear tingles; some there be That are spinning now at me."

An earlier writer (1598) says: "If their single they say it is a sign they be some enemies abroad that do or are about to speak evil of them."

The ear was in Egypt a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying, "walls have ears," is very old. Chaucer says, "That fields hath eyn, and the wood hath ears."

Hanged to the Door Hinge.

Charles J. Rutgers, a well known lawyer, aged 52 years, committed suicide on the 4th inst., by hanging himself at his lodgings in East Hanover street, Trenton, New Jersey. He had been moody and depressed, owing to the fact that he was made a co-respondent in the Williamson divorce case, the trial of which created a sensation here a short time ago.

Every thinker and utterer of good thoughts is a pioneer, pushing his way through the Brambles to contend against darkness, ignorance and superstition.

HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO., Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest Styles:

SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats, In Light, Medium and Dark Colors.

Also children's Straw Hats in Gypsy, Sailor and other Fashionable Shapes. MANKS & Co., 57 King Street.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms

Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match; Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match; Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match; A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz., Madras, India Crape, Ghentille, Burmah, Turcoman, etc.

A. O. SKINNER, 58 King Street.

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BUILDERS' HARDWARE: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HARDWARE: IN TINWARE, AGATEWARE, KITCHENWARE, FIRE IRONS, COAL VASES, DISH COVERS, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE: Best SPOONS, FORKS, &c., in many designs; CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER COOLERS, ICE PITCHERS, and a variety of other articles, a large stock always on hand: FINE CUTLERY, Table and Pocket: SILVER GOODS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

Call and Examine our Stock, Prices as Low as any in the Trade. SPORTING GOODS, suitable for the Season. Wholesale and Retail.

S. & M. UNGAR, 32 WATERLOO STREET.

Lace Curtains

Cleansed Equal to New at 50c. per pair. We guarantee not to injure the finest of Curtains, and on any showing us that we have done so we are prepared to replace them with new.

FAMILY WASHING: 60c. per dozen. 2 Handkerchiefs or 2 Towels will be counted as one Piece. ESTABLISHED 1861.

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We have in Stock the following Choice Wines, &c.

- FINE OLD PORT WINE. EXTRA TABLE SHERRY WINE. ROYAL DUNLOP WINE. CHAMPAGNE, Quarts and Pints. GUINNESS' DUBLIN PORTER, Quarts and Pints. BASS' PALE ALE, Quarts and Pints. CRICKE ASSORTED SYDNEY. SIX YEAR OLD RYE WHISKY. CENTURY BOURBON WHISKY. HAY FAIRMAN WHISKY. SUPERIOR CHERRY BRANDY.

47 DOCK STREET.

New Canfield Langtry OUR LANGTRY BUSTLE.

SO ARRANGED with springs as to fold up when the wearer is sitting or lying down, and resume its proper position immediately upon rising. The size can be altered by means of an adjustable cord to suit the style and taste of the wearer. It is light and easy to wear. Never get out of order, and it is of the very latest and most approved shape.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The Only Exclusive Rubber Store East of Boston.

and she would have allowed her husband to keep a messenger in the back porch, let alone adopting a stable boy, rather than permit the question of return to be discussed.

About a week after the morning breakfast, he had never been consoled since his return. Dr. Despres was present at his last passage, and declared the face over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder, and led him out into the garden, where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.

"Jean-Marie," he said very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shuffling people moving on, and there are very few leaders whose feet are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No, your situation, then, is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; having a good table; a man, neither as friend nor foe, to be depended on. I offer you your food and clothing, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be largely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me the door shall be open, and I will give you 100 francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge right. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself; and that if I make the proposal it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive a clear advantage to myself. And now reflect."

"I shall be very glad, I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the doctor, warmly, "and at the same time and wiping his brow for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Anastasia. "How had and heavy it the evening, to be sure! I have always had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Long Bridge. I should lie under a water lily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life—do you not think so, boy?"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufficient almost as much as if he had been an English school boy of the same age. "And now," he added, "I will take you to my wife."

Mme. Despres sat in the dining room in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tiled floor had been recently polished with water; her eyes were well shut, but she affected to be reading a novel to her attendants. Through the open door, however, she saw the doctor, who had just entered, and she enjoyed repose between while and had a remarkable appetite for sleep.

The doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake."

"Is it very pretty?" said Anastasia. "Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

"Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?" the doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "You have you a foot, Anastasia?" he said. "What is all this I hear about the fact of women? Heavens know, I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child."

"I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasia; "but I will try to do better."

The doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your conduct was so idiotic, my charmed one, and so utterly and distinctly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try—if it is possible for a woman to understand young people—but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible, at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

Anastasia did as she was bidden, and considered the doctor's behavior. She observed that he addressed the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in little affairs, and only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the doctor's error to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Despres went to his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is sometimes difficult to understand. You will soon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I. I am not clever, but I am very good natured. Will you give me a kiss?"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The doctor, mistaking friend for foe, concluded that his wife was in the fault; he was just beginning in an awful voice, "Anastasia!" when she looked to him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

CHAPTER IV.
THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER.

The installation of the adopted stable boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the doctor's home. Jean-Marie did his horse and carriage duty in the morning; sometimes

A Sure Relief.
I suffered from a hard cough contracted by damp feet. Having consulted a local doctor without effect I thought I would try Hagar's Pectoral Balm as a last resort. Before I had finished the first bottle my cough had entirely disappeared, and to-day I enjoy better health than ever before. I can conscientiously recommend it. Chas. H. Kent, Telegraph Operator, East Selkirk, Man.

Let us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home—life.

Women are naturally truthful, especially when they are talking about another woman that they don't like—Somerville Journal.

A Successful Result.
Sirs, I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint, I used a great deal of doctors' medicine, which did me no good. I was getting worse all the while until I tried Burdock Blood Purifiers. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can recommend it for dyspepsia. Miss Mattie L. Swift, St. Williams P. O., Ont.

Branch of Tea Plant.
After the midday meal and a proper period of digestion he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie, for madams would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts and ready to drop asleep over a novel the instant she was disengaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never showed any signs of discontent or jealousy when she slept.

On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease and repose when she had her own possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken. They held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters. To the extreme disappointment of the doctor, they occasionally sallied off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church. Madame and he, both in their Sunday best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases, and in short, the doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic; their relation was an intimate, friendly and confidential as their nature suffered.

I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, Madame kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virtues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, one who, in the way of meeting the eye, looked volubly, charming, a little vice—the promise of a second Dr. Despres's wife. She had never repeated that remark, for the doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal blindness of her mind, bemoaning her fate as to be unequally mated with an ass, and what touched Anastasia more nearly, manning the table china by the way of his postulated. But she adhered silently to her opinion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, she would sometimes take the opportunity in the doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, and kiss him, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would say; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I can assure you that it makes no difference to me."

The doctor's view was naturally different. That gentleman never wearied of the sound of his own voice, which was, to say the truth, agreeable enough to him. He was a new hand listener, who was not so cynically indifferent as Anastasia, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, he was not educationally indifferent as Anastasia, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, he was not educationally indifferent as Anastasia, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections.

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6.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.
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7.00 p.m.—From St. Stephen, and from St. Andrew, Fredericton, Hamilton and Woodstock.
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FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE HAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE MERRIFUL PRESS WRITE.

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

A squeaky sofa squeals on the young people—New Haven News. The successful lover thinks he is getting ahead when he is getting a heart—Boston Courier. Affection and confession go together. That is the reason your best girl's so sweet—Philadelphia Call.

The plea of the financially embarrassed swain is "Love me little, love me short"—Merchant Traveller. A lover always wants his love returned, but if she really does give it back to him, because she does not want it he is not happy—Boston Post.

A young man ought not to propose too gracefully. If he does the girl may get the idea that he has had more practice than she deems desirable—Somerville Journal.

The cottonseed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes fabric, the fabric becomes a gown, the gown becomes a wrapper and the wrapper becomes a beautiful woman.

The declaration of Bishop Foster to the Vermont conference, "that he would as soon pray for a plague to come into his church as for an evangelist," reminded us of the emphatic declaration of Bishop Fowler to the Maine conference: "Preach sanctification, but not crankification."—Globe's Herald.

Wife—I just received such a nice letter from Sister Sue. Husband—That so? What color's her new dress? Wife—Here's a sample she sent. Husband—And didn't she have a new Easter bonnet? Wife—Yes, here's a piece of the trimming. Husband—And hasn't John got a new wig? Wife—Yes, here's a handful of his hair enclosed.—Duluth Paraphraser.

A man went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low.—Epoch.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?" "Yes; but why do you ask?" "Because you will be here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose.—Judge.

A woman in Halifax sat up late in the night recently to see a pail of ice-water had hung above the bed. She looked on her husband, when he returned from the "club." She got tired and went to bed. In the morning she found all about the pail until she opened the door to admit her mother. The two ladies are still as mad as wet hens.

"Do you know if Brown is a man of ability, Dumley?" "I don't know anything about Brown or his ability either, and don't want to know. He refused to lend me twenty-five dollars six months ago, and I haven't noticed him since."

"He seems to be a man of financial ability, Dumley." "I am surprised, Bobby," said his father reprovingly "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy with an air of having the better of it.

Minister's wife (whose husband is short of a sermon): "Here is an old one, dear, that you preached several years ago, before you accepted your present call; why not use that?" Minister: "What is the text?" Minister's wife: "It is about the camel and the eye of the needle." Minister: "That wouldn't do at all. Don't you know that I preach to a two-hundred million dollar congregation every Sunday morning?"

If your hat blows off in the street follow it placidly and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.—Harper's Bazar.

We are sure that a man can glorify his Maker by publishing a newspaper as effectively as he can by preaching the gospel, but he must have a long list of prompt paying patrons to make his work a success.

Editor (to intellectual looking young man)—No poetry this morning, my friend. We're full of it. Young man (handing him manuscript)—It's not poetry, sir, it's prose. Editor (looking at the manuscript)—How—yes—yes, one month, seventy-five. Just leave it, please, and I'll read it at my leisure.—Tid-Bits.

"Ah, my dear brother," said the minister to his unregenerate parishioner, "I have talked to you many, many times, but today I have come to ask you directly to become a Christian." "Um—er—er—" replied the parishioner. "I am very sorry, Mr. Pastor, but you see this is house cleaning week, and really, you are asking too much. Come around later."

"You seem thoughtful, this evening, Bobby," said the minister, who was making a call. "Mr. Goodman," inquired Bobby, "rushing himself, 'what is a vocabulary?'" The minister kindly told him. "I heard it this morning," Bobby explained, "and I didn't know what it meant. Ma said she had no idea what a vocabulary was until she heard him asking down the parlor stove."

Publications.

In the May number of WOMAN commences a series of remarkable articles, by Helen Campbell, on the wretched condition of the working classes of London. This series will be one of great interest, and will portray the miseries of the poverty-stricken workers of Berlin, Paris and Rome. The illustrations, by Hugh Eaton and Edgar J. Taylor, are of the highest class of pictorial art. Olive Thorne Miller begins in this number her articles on Representative Woman's Clubs, the Sorosis and Meridian Clubs of New York being the subjects of the first paper.

Price \$2.75 a year. Woman Publishing Co., N. Y. THE SAINT JOHN ATLAS, recently published by the Canada Railway News Co., contains a panoramic view of the city, a fine portrait of King's Square, Mount Pleasant, the Suspension and Cantilever bridges and many of the public buildings. The book, which is thoroughly artistic and correct, is sold by Mr. Mulhall at the News Stand, and by all booksellers.

Good housekeepers, will find much useful information in "Ferry Stove," by Thomas J. Murray, late caterer at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and the Astor House, New York. The soups are all of an economical character, and the directions for making them cannot be misinterpreted. It is one of the most charming little cook books ever published, and the vignette on the cover is worth all it costs. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York, and sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Crises, by W. E. Norris, author of My Friend Jim, A Bachelor's Blunder, and many other charming stories, comes to us from the National Publishing Co., Toronto, through D. McArthur, the King street bookseller. The book is full of absorbing incidents, and novel situations, and will delight all its readers.

Literary Notes. Mr. Ruskin has written sixty-four books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach \$20,000. Ten tons of paper were used for the new edition of Stones of Venice.

It was reported a little while ago that certain writers had received authorized material for a biography of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe publishes a letter denying that she has given any material for such a biography, or any authority to write the same.

In an article in America, Julian Hawthorne alludes to the manuscript of his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, saying: "I never saw him in the act of composition—no one ever did, but I have seen several of the MSS. of his books. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales are written throughout with scarcely an erasure; the same is the case with The Blithedale Romance, which I examined carefully, and found only one correction—a omission of a paragraph. The MS. of The Romance of Monte Beni is a mass of corrections. Regarding others of his books, I cannot speak; but there is no reason to suppose that he differed essentially in this respect from those I have mentioned."

Emily Ruess was a born princess of Oman and Zanzibar, the Sultan of Zanzibar being her father. She has written "Mama Ruess's" and has given a clear and interesting description of Oriental harem-life. She and her brothers and sisters appear to have had a good deal of freedom and indulgence while the sultan, her father, lived; but after his death the usual intrigues and palace revolutions occurred, everything was upset, a new dynasty arose, and the young princess had a hard time of it.

The writer of the memoirs married a German and escaped with him to Europe, but in doing so lost the bulk of her inheritance, her brother, who had made himself sultan in the Eastern fashion, refusing to recognize her claims. She should have been glad enough to get away from it altogether. Evidently, however, she regrets the pale existence to some extent, and quite possibly finds the conventional life of a German town too confining and artificial. There is a certain Bohemianism in the harem which has nothing in common with nineteenth-century Teutonic respectability.

A delicate, ethereal, gossamer-clad girl stole furtively into the dining room of the St. Charles Hotel at Richmond the other morning, and sunk languidly into a chair, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News. A worthy Ethiopian bedeviled and panting, approached. She met his deprecating bow of recognition with a wan smile.

"Boo-teeak, mutton chops, fried liver and fowl," he whispered, hoarsely. His tones, suppressed as pent-up agony itself, bore an awful meaning to the beauteous maiden's ear.

"Never!" cried the unhappy girl, folding her shapely arms across her billowy bosom. "Sooner shall I die and feed writhing worms than harbor your base proposition. Know, William Johnson, and know it once for all, that in this virgin breast burns and surges and heaves, with the tiger fury of volcanic fires, an all-pervading, all-devouring, all-consuming, brain-toppling and soul-rendering passion for cold boiled beans."

It was none other than Miss Amelie Rivers. A story of Melville W. Fuller's frisky days in Maine as a newspaper man, is told by the Chicago Times. While reporting the legislature he once made a wager that on the next day, in his report, he would put a Shakespearean phrase in the mouth of every member in the House who spoke. He did it, even to the member who made the motion to adjourn. On the day following the House was so pleased with the work of the young reporter that it grew magnanimous and voted him an extra supply of pencils and rubbers. He was called out from his work, complimented and then invoked for a speech, to which he responded.

The general beetle has made its appearance to overlook the planting of the potato fields.

Horse Talk.

Thousands of Persians, says a writer in the Stable, own beautiful horses which they would not sell for love or money, although these men are quite ready and willing to sell anything else, including their honor, at a fair price. And the gold and silver and turquoise and rubies that are lavished by them upon the equipage of their beasts! It is simply marvelous, and is one of the few bits of medieval splendor and chivalric romance that have survived even in Persia in this nineteenth century. But to come to the cold facts in regard to the different breeds of horses. There are three of them of pure lineage (besides several mixed breeds)—the Arab, the Turcoman, and the Persian. The Persian horse enjoyed a pre-eminent reputation in ancient times; and the poets and historians, both native and Greek, have loudly praised his fine build and fiery spirit. But to-day the Persian horse is a poor, much abused creature, of ungainly shape, knob-headed, and on time, and rough of coat. The natives call him "yaboo," meaning a homely old critter. The decadence of this breed was due to the conquest of the country by the Arabs twelve hundred and fifty years ago. The best of the conquering race made the native horses despised; as the religion of the conquerors was Mohammedanism, and their owners were also despised and trodden under foot. All judicial breeding of the native animals was neglected and abandoned, and no care in the selection of stock further exercised, thus gradually making out of the once famous and high spirited Persian horse a poor, degraded slave, used to kicks and lashes from the earliest days of the foalhood. For all that the yaboo is still a remarkable creature. In some respects he is the most servicable beast that could be conceived of. Indolent when he thinks he can afford it, fed on a poor and decidedly cheap diet, he is indefatigable when it comes to the point of an untrailing climber, sure of his patient as a dog, and on time, never sick; no matter how much exposed to the rigors of a tickle climate, he is sure to get through safe and sound, and, provided you spare neither spur nor whip.

The Persians of to-day, as those of old, are a "horsey" race, born riders, fond of their horses, looking never completely ill seen in the saddle, with all the luxurious trappings and ornaments they love to bestow upon their steeds and their equipages. The beauty and superior breed of a horse, together with the costliness of his apparel, are an unfailing indication of the owner's wealth and station. And such harness, such saddles, such blankets! It is the Arabian Nights revived. On race day last spring, after a fine day of racing, the Sultan of Persia, his finest charger, a Turcoman of magnificent proportions, to be brought in front of the huge pavilion tent, where the whole European and American diplomatic corps was assembled. What a fine fellow that horse was and how he was admired and caressed by the ladies! But what was especially noticeable about him was the splendor of his accoutrements. A saddle blanket of the finest washable, every square inch of which was thickly incrustated with diamonds and pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. A saddle blanket of the finest washable, every square inch of which was thickly incrustated with diamonds and pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. The whole outfit was worth a large fortune; and this was but one of many.

What a Mistake. A careful examination would convince any one that a catarrh of the bladder in New England has been, or is, or will be afflicted with catarrh of the nose and throat.

No doubt more than half of those persons have tried every blood purifier they have heard of, with the erroneous idea that catarrh is a constitutional disease and must be purged out of the blood.

Why a greater mistake was never made! Stop for a moment and think or ask any reputable physician what common catarrh is, and what causes it, and the answer can be only this: "It is an irritation or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat caused by neglected colds, damp piercing irritable winds, foreign matter in the air, which is poisonous to some persons and not to others; just as the bites of certain insects is a poisonous irritation to some and has no unpleasant effect upon others."

The reason for this is found in the different structure of the skin and its counterpart which lines all the inner organs of our bodies. Some people have chapped hands and chapped chins, and others are never so afflicted because of the peculiar structure of the skin of different individuals.

Therefore stop dosing. It is not blood purifiers you want, but good wholesome food, the plainest the better, then "keep your feet dry and warm, your head cool and bowels open," and use an external application, Johnsons Anodyne Lintment is the best we know, to allay the inflammation, cleanse the surface, heal the sores, and your catarrh will disappear like magic. We do not say never to return, because you may cure a severe cold and in three months catch another equally bad, so with catarrh and bronchial troubles. Exposure may bring it on again. We learned more about treating catarrh from the wrapper around a bottle of Johnsons Anodyne Lintment, than we ever knew. Certainly this good old medicine deserves to be called "A universal family remedy." No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, just to learn how to use the lintment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.

First Steps to Authorship. She continued to write poetry on kindred subjects, for the following eight years, until about sixteen, and then they grew more sad and sentimental, and finally she developed her talent for telling stories in prose. Wild ghostly tales were her delight at first, then fairy tales, and finally she commenced to contribute to the newspapers. That was when the family removed to Boston again for a time. Her first story was published in "Gleaner's Pictorial," for which she received the sum of \$5. Less than a year later she wrote the story called "Rival Prima Donna," which was published in The Saturday Evening Gazette, and for which she afterward received \$10. Her

"Flower Fables," in poetry, which were written about this time, were not published until she was twenty-one. They were dedicated to Miss Ellen Emerson, of Concord, who had been a younger playmate of the Alcott children, and for whom, and the Hawthorne children, the stories were written. These have been recently published anew, which is eminently fitting, inasmuch as the book contains much that is of a very high order, especially considering the early age at which it was written. One experiences a deep regret in reading her poetry, that we have so little comparatively, when it is fully equal to her best work in prose. Not that we would have had less prose, but more of both poetry and prose. Beside the stories mentioned, she was for many years a contributor to Frank Leslie's. The stories were highly sensational, however, and soon pulled upon her taste. From "Ladies May Alcott," by CARRI H. HOWARD, in "Woman," May, 1888. God may have use for cowards, but has never yet so advertised. Let every man be himself as God intended and the world will grow steadily better. As love casteth out fear, so does fear cast out love.

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