

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 24.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

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

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

WHERE WE MAY SELL.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF THE MARKETS THAT ARE OPEN AND OPENING.

Where the Goods that can be Produced in our Mills and Factories can be sold or offered for sale.

Business maxims that will apply to a single man, will apply to a community of men.

When a man proposes to go into business if, wise will ask: "What business am I best qualified, by nature and training, to conduct?" Having settled this question; it is naturally followed by another: "Have I—or can I command the requisite capital?" and this by still another: "Is there a sufficient market for the article or articles I propose to sell?" Satisfactory answer to each of these questions must be made before a wise man will venture into any kind of business. The reason for the almost numberless failures, that have transpired in the near past, is foolish neglect to either ask or gain answers to these questions. I think there has been given already good and satisfactory answers to the first two questions with regard to the business prospects of this city. The third remains to be answered—is there a sufficient market for the articles proposed to be manufactured here?

"When you have anything to sell—sell it," is a good trade maxim, the utterance of which would seem to be quite unnecessary. Yet a great many people have things for sale which they do not sell, though there is a purchaser for anything that is offered in trade. The reason evidently is that the two parties do not meet. They may be hunting for each other, and still never meet.

You ask the reason? They do not advertise their wants. They want to sell. They want to buy; but nobody knows it except themselves. The business man who does not advertise his wares is a first-class fool,—and in every vehicle of advertising that comes to hand. I have heard of a man in St. John who will not advertise in a certain paper because it is opposed to him in politics. Let me give that man a piece of advice. The man who conducts his business on the basis of sentiment is on the road to failure. I suppose this man would not refuse to sell his goods to a political opponent—then why refuse to tell him that he is in business, and thus court his patronage? Want to sell, and want to buy—these are the sentiments that fill the papers of the day. The advertisements may not go in under the head of wants, but they amount to the same thing.

The homely advice to the fisherman to "catch your fish before you eat him" is in time here. Though it might be just as well, perhaps a little better, to cook him before he is eaten. Go make your goods, or buy them, before you offer them for sale. The question is pertinent, however, "who will buy my goods if I make them?" The answer is at hand: "The whole world is your market," if you observe the conditions of trade. If the article you make is better or cheaper than another you have the market.

True, the protective duties on all articles of home production in the United States, practically shuts out the States as a market. The same is largely true of Mexico; and in fact is true to some extent, of all nationalities. The doctrine of Free Trade is a mirage; and the government that should make Free trade the rule, with no exception that would protect the interests of its own people, would not be worthy of respect or support—it would be idiotic. The United States is protective in its policy, thanks to the prevalence of good sense, and thus retains a grand home market for its own manufactures; which enables the workman to obtain better pay than elsewhere on the globe. Under nominal free trade—or under the wacry of "Tariff for revenue only," by one of the political parties, labor was as cheap before the war as anywhere else; but with the cost of the war of rebellion, came the other and better policy: "Tariff for revenue, with incidental protection," under which, in twenty-six years, notwithstanding the devastations of a four year's war, the wealth of the country has quadrupled, chiefly from the enhanced value of labor.

Men are crying out here for free trade with the States. Suppose it to come—absolutely no tariff on either American or Canadian goods, for it will be that if any change be made, and in a very short time Canada will be reduced to a merely agricultural people. American manufacturers would send their surplus goods here, and sell at rates that would make it impossible to work at anything more than till the soil. They do the same thing in the States now. Massachusetts has the monopoly of the shoe business—they can sell in Chicago a Lynn made shoe cheaper than one of Chicago manufacture. You can buy Minneapolis flour cheaper in London than in Boston. If

England were not dependent upon outsiders, for flour, this could not be done. Competition among American flour makers for riddance of their surplus stock, sends the price down to the cost price; which they can well afford—since they have the home market to themselves.

No reciprocity with the United States is the true policy of the Dominion Government if anything more than potatoes and apples are to be exported.

Well, the United States and Mexico being counted out of your market for manufactured goods, to whom shall you turn—All the rest of mankind. What! to England. Yes, to England. An American mill, not long ago, to my knowledge, filled a London order, that took three hundred looms six months to complete. That looks like sending coals to Newcastle, but even that has been done. England, however, is a limited market for anything that is manufactured—they can, as a rule, produce cheaper than any one else, so retain the home market. But China belongs to no one but the Chinese, and is a comparatively open market. There are between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 people in China, the bulk of whom wear cotton goods. It is of no use to affirm that the English manufacturers have the control of that market for it is not true. Immense shipments of American-made goods are made for the Chinese market. According to a recently published item a Massachusetts mill corporation shipped 3,000 bales of cotton goods to China via the C. P. R. in one consignment. English manufacturers, greedy for gain, have over-stuffed their cotton goods with clay, and the Celestials are becoming dissatisfied with it; and are quite ready to buy a better article of anybody that has it for sale. In China there is a market for more cotton goods than St. John could possibly manufacture, by many fold. By means of the Pacific Railway St. John is a good twenty days nearer China than is Liverpool, via Suez Canal. But not only is China a vast market for cotton goods—India and Africa are open. Of India I need say nothing. Of Africa, with its probable 250,000,000 of people, the bulk of whom are just becoming known to the civilized world, it may be said that it is a new market. The inhabitants may now be half or wholly nude—ere long intercourse with civilization, will create tastes for dress that must be met. St. John may enter into competition with all the world, with favorable auspices of success, for this trade.

Moreover, South America is not to be despised as a market. There are 50,000,000 of people there to be clothed, and St. John may do as much as any city towards that desirable consumption. But only enumerate—the market at St. John's command for manufactured goods comprise at least 1,000,000,000 of people with safe and speedy transit across the continent, and connection with steamers for the Asiatic trade; with good ships and skillful seamen, to carry merchandise to Africa and South America. I do not see why St. John is not most advantageously located for entering into competition with any people for the trade of the world.

END-TO-SEE.

Fashion Notes.

Ladies' cloth is used for small girls' winter dresses; white, pale rose, salmon, ecru or sky blue cloth are for their dressy frocks, while the darker Gobelin blues, copper-scarlet and blue-greens are for general wear. Pretty and cheap cashmeres also come in the same shades and are scarcely less effective than the more costly materials.

The fancy for wearing black stockings with all colored costumes has in the case of children given way to the tendency to match each costume. For winter wear the heavy ribbed English wool hose are the best and most economical, because of their warmth and wearing qualities. Silk stockings are worn in the house in the evening with patent-leather low ties, but even these are ribbed and very heavy, many mothers knitting these themselves and getting thereby a better stocking than can possibly be bought.

Coats for girls are made of rough-finished check goods having the new-market pleats, a belt clasped with metal clasps and a silk-lined hood. These are made either long or short, and have also metal clasps at the throat. A new fancy for trimming for girls' coats, and even for the entire garment, is astrakhan cloth of rich dark red. When the entire jacket is made of this cloth, which almost perfectly imitates the real article, it is cut in plain jacket shape, with black frogs buttoning it down the front and trimming the sleeves.

Invariable Indications.

If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach, a choking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, then you have sure indications of Dyspepsia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure. It has cured the worst cases on record.

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

Western Assurance Company.

Fire Risks Taken at Lowest Current Rates.

E. J. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent. R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince William Street.

RIDING ON HORSE CARS.

BOUNDER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE HORSE CARS.

An Old Man Tells All About the Ways of Getting to Indiantown for the First Sixty Years—A Little Girl's Idea.

The greatest weakness I possess if for new things—I do not mean new clothes for every man who works like old clothes and when he casts off an old coat a feeling of sadness comes over him. He feels as if he had parted with a dear old friend. Besides tailors and shoemakers do not study their art well enough. Old clothes and old shoes are ever so much more comfortable than new ones. If I were a tailor or a shoemaker I would try to make new clothes and shoes fit the wearer just as well as old ones. I would do this because in my opinion men who now wear old clothes because they are the most comfortable would put on new ones. My affection for new things arises from a desire for change, and change generally means progress. Last Monday I took a ride on the new street railway. It was the first day of the railway and the majority of those who rode were invited guests consequently the ride was not nearly so interesting as the one I took the next day.

I have ridden a good deal on horse cars in other cities, and when the Peoples' street railway was running here, on its cars. But I found a great many people, particularly young girls and boys who were enjoying their first ride on a street car. It was amusing to watch the people who were trying the cars for the first time. They neither knew how to get on or off a car, and scarcely know how to sit down, and when they went to the upper end of the car to pay their fares or get change some of them narrowly escaped tumbling on their noses. It requires experience to get on and off a horse car and to walk up and down the aisle when the car is in motion. But there are people to whom no amount of experience seems to be of any service. Instead of grasping the rail on the body of the car when getting on or off they thake hold of the dasher rail, and if the car starts up quickly only an acrobat can keep on his or her feet. There is nothing in this world so difficult to do as to step off the rear platform of a car with a hold on the dasher, and light square on one's heels. A good many people have tried it but the majority have come to grief.

I enjoyed myself during my second ride watching other people enjoying themselves. When I got in the car it had only two occupants an old man and a young girl. The former looked dreadfully in earnest as he sat in the middle of the car grasping a rough looking stick which he no doubt had cut for himself in the woods near the city said to me as I took a seat beside him, "Young man have you ever rid in kysars before?" I owned up that I had been guilty and he went on. "They be great things they do, and I guess they'll fix the busses, mister," he continued "I am a pretty old rooster and I have lived most of my life in these parts (the car was passing through Portland) and I've seen a great many changes. I can remember as if it were only yesterday when the road connecting Indiantown with the city was so rough that it was risky to drive a horse over it. When the steamboats started to run on the river —"

"Hold on old chap" I ventured as I thought my voluble friend must be drawing to some extent on his imagination. You don't remember the first steamboats on the river. Why they commenced to run in the early part of the present century."

and then there were no steamboats at all. I don't remember the steamboats don't I? Yes I do though, the first one was the old General Smyth and she made the first trip on April 11th 1819, and as I am 85 I don't see why I shouldn't remember it. Besides I steambooted on the river myself before I got old and stiff but I take an interest in the river. Well as I was sayin' down to 1840 or 50 the road between St. John and Fredericton was about as bad as it could be. Up as far as Parson Harrison's church it was pretty good but after you passed the church there was nothing but rocks and swamps. It was great fun I tell you getting a team of horses and a heavy load down Indian town hill. At some seasons of the year you might as well try to drive down the front of the rocks along the Narrows. But as business increased the road got better. George Williams, he's still alive used to drive a big wagon over to the foot every day she went over river but the boys who worked in the shops about town used to carry over all the small packages. I've seen as many as thirty boys all loaded down with parcels making their way over the rocks and through the swamps to Fredericton. They would get there in time to see the boat off and George would give them a lift back if the roads were not too bad. Anyhow he would let them ride down hill, and I tell you what it is these young fellows made thing mighty lively as they went home. The boys in those days were not so quiet as they are now; they were stirrin', very stirrin', a mighty sight too stirrin' some times.

"Well after a while we got a good road over to Indiantown and the big heavy old wagons were taken off, and since then everybody has been doin' the trucking over to the boats. Perhaps you don't remember the old fashioned busses. Well I do, they were queer heavy affairs and took half an hour to make the trip, and if they were full they took longer. There are some few of them in existence still, but the most of them went to pieces when the first street railway commenced running. Do I remember the first railway? of course I do. They had mighty fine cars at first, velvet cushions and a whole lot of fixtur's. They had only one door, though, at first, the end furthest from the driver being rounded. This made the cars very heavy and long stops necessary when passengers wanted to get on or off, consequently they made very slow time. After a while—just before the cars stopped running, the rear end of the cars were squared and platforms built on them, so that they got along a little quicker, but not a great deal. In my opinion, young man, the cars would have been running yet had the line been properly managed. But it wasn't and so the boys had a good time last Monday afternoon at the openin', and from what I can learn they had a mighty fine time.

"After a while the old car got so badly played out and there was so little money coming in that the sheriff stepped in one day and sold the machine out. We came back again to 'busses, but such 'busses. The like was never seen anywhere before and it is not likely they will ever be anything quite as bad anywhere else. "I tell you my friend" said the old man with great earnestness. "I didn't mind those old fashioned heavy wagons of thirty years ago, for it was comfort to ride in one of them compared with the "things" that were used for some years after the street railway stopped. How my poor old bones used to suffer. But that is over now. I will be able to get to town often now than I used to. But bless my soul I've been talkin' to you until I have run past the place I was goin' to, I'll see you again young fellow and tell you more about what I know of old times around Indiantown. Good bye," and the old fellow was gone. While the old man had been relating his experiences the car had filled up until the young girl, who with the old man and myself were the

only passengers at the start had been shoved up against me. "Nice old man that!" she remarked as the old fellow stepped off the platform. "I meet him quite often. He's always talking about old times and what he has seen around Portland and Indiantown. I like to listen to such people talk. They make me feel as if the place was growing. Some people talk as if the place was going down hill all the time but when one hears an old man like that tell what the place was like twenty years ago it makes me, at least feel as if we were going ahead. But ain't these cars an improvement, why it is solid comfort to ride in them. Do I go to the city often? Oh yes, let me see I go on Tuesday and Thursday for my music, to see grandpa on Saturday and to take painting lessons on Wednesday." As she finished her list she smiled, and then went on. Before the cars started I used to go over in a buss when I could get one but the trouble was I never knew when to expect one, they were so irregular. Now I know just when to expect a car and can be all ready when I will get to town. Now ain't that nice. Besides my grandma lives in Lower Cove and the cars go down there so that I can make my visit no matter how wet it is. How easy the cars run to, and how quick they go. Oh they are ever so nice, I'm sure I'll like 'em." And then she pulled the strap, smiled and blushed as she stepped out of the door and into the street.

She was gone and as there was no one else who seemed to be either particularly interested or interesting, I sat still and listened to the running fire of compliments that were being showered on the managers of the line. Everybody seemed pleased with the change excepting the bus drivers and they did not seem to have a single defender. They had incommoded, checked and overcharged the public for so long that no one sympathized with them. One passenger put it very well when he said, "No, I am not sorry for the 'bug' drivers; not a bit of it. They were too disobliging by half to suit me. Why, I have got into a bus at Market Square and been detained there for fifteen minutes, while he waited for the bus to fill up."

Every car that passed was full. I did not see a single empty one at all. Riding in the cars seemed to be the fashionable amusement for the time being. All the swells of the city took turns and in the evenings the young fellows took their best girls out for a drive. But I hardly think that the cars are good places for love making even under the most favorable circumstances. Personally I have never tried it but I have seen a young fellow squeezing his girl's hand in a corner and looking unutterable things at her, but while he seemed to enjoy the thing first rate there was a decided lack of sympathy on the part of the girl, and one sided love making isn't worth looking at. It is the one thing that a fellow needs a good deal of assistance in order to make it a success.

ROMPERS.

Fisk Jubilee Singers. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers who are well known in St. John will appear at the Mechanics' Institute for three nights, commencing Thursday, Oct. 27. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers gave their second concert of their series at Chickering Hall, in the presence of a large and evidently well pleased audience. They all possess voices full of the sweetness and sweetness which are familiar features of the vocal work of their race, and when to the earnestness of their work is added the unflinching favor of the religious feeling which animates their singing, no one need be at a loss to fathom the secret of their strong hold upon a large portion of the public. —[New York Times.

WHAT FUNNY MEN WRITE.

Some Clippings from the Writings of Alleged Humorists.

When two women, who were school-mates together, meet after a separation of five years, there is a likelihood of a sudden lingual freshet and the organ grinder who would carry his instrument into their neighborhood expecting its music to be heard would get left.

SID DIDN'T WANT TO INJURE IT.

In a horsecar, a gentleman (rising from his seat to lady standing)—Pray take this seat, madam.

Lady—Thank you, sir, but I would rather stand.

Gent—You are quite welcome to the seat, I assure you.

Lady (impressed with his politeness)—You are very kind sir. (Then lowering her voice.) But the fact is I have just put on a new bustle and I don't want to run the risk of injuring it by sitting down.

Gent resumes his seat blushing deeply.

RECKLESSLY SOBBER.

Mrs. Pompano (time, 2 a. m.—Is that you, Adolphus?)

Pompano—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Pompano (alarmed)—What makes you act so strangely?

Pompano (with dignity)—I assure you, my dear, I have not touched a drop tonight. I am perfectly sober.

Mrs. Pompano—Oh, I see! I knew something was the matter.

Chicago Girl (to Eastern young man): "You are quite sure, George, that my wealth has not influenced you?"

George: "Ah, no, dear, it is love alone."

Chicago Girl: "And will you move to Chicago?"

George: "Move to Chicago? Why, I would move even to St. Louis for your love, my dear!"

After that she no longer doubted his devotion.

"Gentlemen," thundered the judge to the contending lawyers, "this case must be settled before the court adjourns. There has been dilly-dallying enough. Well, what is it?" he said, turning to a court attendant who had ventured to bespeak the judicial attention, "I am very busy."

"A couple of political friends of yours," whispered the attendant, "are outside waiting for you to join 'em."

"Upon further consideration," said his Honor, "I declare this court adjourned until to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

Stranger (to servant): "How is Mr. B. to-day?"

Servant: "He is very low, sir, and is not expected to live more than a few hours."

Stranger (in a startled tone). "Is that so? Then I must see him at once!"

Servant: "Are you an intimate personal friend?"

Stranger: "No, I'm the gas collector."

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl in a low, thoughtful, this-is-serious-matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until to-night?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."

Among the Indians.

"While my husband was trading in furs he came across an Indian who was taken to his lodge to die. He had inward pains and pains in his limbs. He gave some Yellow Oil internally and applied it externally, and cured him. It also cured my husband of rheumatism, and I find it valuable for coughs and colds, sore throat, &c." Mrs. A. Besaw, Cook's Mills, Serpent River, Ont.

SHARP'S

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

BALSAM

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

HOARHOOUND

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

ANISE SEED.

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

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PIANOFORTE.
This instrument is prepared to receive a few lines of instruction on the piano, at moderate terms.
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To have your CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED
at the **St. John Dye Works.**
C. E. BRACKETT & CO.
94 PRINCESS STREET.

DRINKS OF ALL NATIONS.
THE EASILY GOVERNED NATIONS
DRINK NO STRONG LIQUORS.

Curious Observations of the Man Who
Went Around the World on a Bicycle.
Gazing Habits of the Aggressive Na-
tions.

Taken all in all, perhaps the English
residents in India spend more money for
drink than any other people in the world.
Plenty of people are, of course, ready to
condemn this sort of thing, and say the
Anglo-Indians ought to quench their thirst
with non-intoxicants. More temerous and
less brassy and champagne, it is claimed,
would materially lessen the rate of mor-
tality from enlarged spleen, the bane of
Anglo-Indian life. This may be strictly
true, but the fact remains that a mere
handful of hard drinking Britons are ad-
ministering the affairs of 300,000,000 prac-
tically non-drinking people.

Some of the natives of India consume
more or less arrack and palm toddy, but
the Brahmins, the gentlest and easiest
governed people in the world, drink no
stronger than water. The only tribe of
people in India who drink to excess are
the Zats of the Punjab. The festive jat
gets drunk on arrack and indulges in
manly sports like n-civilized being. On
the field of battle he is equal to a round
dozen non-drinking Hindus, and forms
today the flower of the native British-Indian
army. He it was that stood firmly by
the English during the mutiny, and
performed prodigies of valor scarcely
second to Tommy Atkins himself. He
calls the water drinking natives of Oude
and Bengal "peerbahs," and is superior
to them in every manly attribute.

In Mohammedan countries very little
alcohol is consumed in proportion to the
number of people. The Koran declares the
seductive pleasures of its material para-
dise to Mussulmans who indulge in the
flowing bowl of mead here below. The
Shiaks are considered the Catholics of the
Mohammedan religion. The whole Per-
sian nation belongs to this sect, and in
10,000,000 of people are governed with the
same ease as the same number of sheep
might be by a few officials who care nothing
for their welfare except to squeeze them
like an orange whenever they feel like it.
The 10,000,000 never touch any
thing intoxicating from one year's end to
another. The governing few consume a
flery arrack by the pint daily in wanton
disregard of the Koran and its teachings.
The village klan and subordinate govern-
ment of a province keeps by him a stock
of arrack and drinks from half a pint to a
pint with his midday meal. He has no
appetite and makes himself feel boozily
while eating, and is frequently put to bed
limp as a dervish by his retainers at night.
The Japs are the most encouraging ex-
amples that the east presents of a nation
progressing from Asiatic to an European
plane of civilization. They had far more
years to be more European in their
habits than the majority of Europeans
of themselves. One would care to asser-
t that the vast quantity of sake consumed
by the Japanese has anything to do with
their superiority in this particular over
all other Asiatics. It is merely pointing
facts, leaving the reader to draw his or her
own conclusions therefrom.

No nation in Asia drinks so liberally
and steadily as do the Japanese. The
average Jap consumes about half a pint
of sake or rice beer with each meal—a
pint and a half, however, nothing
about further social indulgence in the
evening. Both men and women drink
sake by the pint daily, and think no harm
of it, either. At meal times the sake is
served up in slender, big necked earthen-
ware bottles, holding about a pint. The
favorite way is to drink it warm. It is
usually warmed by setting the bottle in
boiling water for a while before putting it
on the table. Rice beer is rather more
deceptive name to give sake, as it resembles
liquor more than beer, both in color, con-
sistency and intoxicating property. In
the consumption of alcohol the Japs, as a
nation, rank way ahead of any other
Asiatic country. In addition to sake,
they are also rapidly coming to the fore
as consumers of beer and brandy and
whisky. Their consumption of these
beverages keeps a continually ever-increas-
ing progression toward what we
are pleased to consider our own higher
plane of civilization. When they first be-
gan to think of wearing European clothes
they contented themselves with import-
ing French brandy and English and Mil-
waukee beer. Now, however, the govern-
ment compels all its officials to adopt
European clothes, and the upper crust so-
ciety of Tokio are far from being alone in
Europeanizing their habits and costumes.
Consequently the Japs have commenced
brewing their own beer and making a
very good imitation of French brandy.

The Chinese as a nation consume very
little intoxicating drink, although they
make a beverage from rice called "torri"
almost the counterpart of the sake of
Japan. Whenever there has been war
between the two nations the Japs have
variably walloped John Chinaman almost
as thoroughly as the arrack drinking Jats
of the Punjab were wont to make things
warm for the total abstaining Hindus in
'57, and before.

The Turks are a nation that drink next
to nothing of a stimulating character, un-
less tiny cups of strong black coffee may
be so considered. As Mohammedans they
are less sanctimonious but more consistent
than the Persians. The Ottoman official
sometimes indulges in mastic, but if he
does, he consumes it in the guise of medi-
cine, the prohibitive voice of the Koran
not including alcohol used as medicine.
The Turks are brave and warlike, and if
when their star of empire was in the
ascendancy and their crescent banner
floated over half Europe, they had for-
saken the prohibitive tenets of the Koran
and went into brewing and drinking beer
and whisky, who knows but that they
might be occupying Moscow today instead
of being bullied by the Russians?

The Russians are a nation of hard
drinkers. Vodka is consumed by the Mus-
covite peasantry in vast quantities. The
rout's bits of a holiday is to get skin
full of vodka, and then lay down and
hang on to the ground. This ludi-
crous performance is gone through with by
the Russian peasant as often as he can pro-
cure the necessary quantity of vodka. He
has a saint's day to keep most three
hundred and sixty-five times a year, and
the only thing that prevents him from
celebrating every one of them by filling
himself up with vodka is the necessity of
making the living and the lack of money
to thus indulge his appetite. With all
this one would naturally expect to find
the country going to the devil and dete-
rioration. This fate, however, we find
reserved for the total abstaining Turks,
while the Russians make more and more
noise in the world, and spread out and
are thought by many to be the coming
nation.—Thomas Stevens in New York
Sun.

LEATHER FROM HUMAN SKIN.
A Flourishing Tannery Where It Is Pre-
pared for the Shoemaker.
I remember that two or three years ago
I incidentally referred to a prominent phy-
sician of this city wearing shoes made
from the skin of negroes. He still ad-
heres to that custom, insisting that the
tanned hide of an African makes the most
enduring and the most pliable leather
known to man.

Only last week I met him upon the
street with a brand new pair of shoes. I
looked at his foot wear, as I always do—
his pedal coverings have an irresistible
fascination for me—and said, with a smile:
"Is the down trodden African still be-
neath your feet?" In the most matter-of-
fact way, and without the shadow of a
smile, he answered: "I suppose you mean
to inquire if I still wear shoes made of
the skin of a negro. I certainly do, and
I don't propose changing in that respect
until I find a leather that is softer
and will last longer and present a
better appearance. I have no senti-
mentality about this matter. Were I a
southerner—in the American sense of
that word—I might be accused of being
actuated by a race prejudice. But I am a
foreigner by birth, although now an
American citizen by naturalization. I
fought in the rebellion that the blacks
might be freed. I would use a white
man's skin for the same purpose if it
were sufficiently thick, and if any one has
a desire to wear my epidemics upon his
feet after he has drawn my teeth he
has my ante mortem permission."

The doctor's shoes always exhibit a
peculiarly rich lustrousness in their black-
ness. He assures me that they never hurt
his feet. The new pair he was using
when I last saw him emitted no creaking
sound and appeared as comfortable as
though they had been worn a month.
His predecessors, he told me, had been
in constant use for eight months. He
obtains the skins from the bodies of
negroes which have been dissected in one
of our big medical colleges. The best
leather is obtained from the thighs. The
soles are formed by placing several layers
of leather together. The shoes are fas-
hioned by a French shoemaker of this city,
who knows nothing of the true character
of the leather, but who often wonders at
its exquisite smoothness and says that it
exceeds the finest French calfskin.

Do not for a moment think that this
doctor presents an exceptional case of one
who puts the human skin to a practical
use. Medical students frequently display
a great variety of articles in their
skins or bones of some dissected mortal
has been lately utilized and in bursts
of generosity they sometimes present these
to their friends, who prize them highly.
The doctor's shoes are made of a
match safe covered with a portion of the
skin of a beautiful young woman who was
found drowned in the Delaware river. He
still retains its natural color. Another
young man with whom I am acquainted
carries a cigar case made of negro skin,
a chestnut shell and crossed in an open
place of the entrance lobby, where all
who come in may see them; when they
hear their cue they push through a knot
of followers and enter the stage along
the platform, acting as they go. Indeed,
important portions of a scene which de-
pends entirely on such a bearded
footway as is used by European conjurers.
Faithful to the canon of no illusion, the
performer dressed in an open
place of the entrance lobby, where all
who come in may see them; when they
hear their cue they push through a knot
of followers and enter the stage along
the platform, acting as they go. Indeed,
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of followers and enter the stage along
the platform, acting as they go. Indeed,
important portions of a scene which de-
pends entirely on such a bearded
footway as is used by European conjurers.

A Sneak Thief's Dodge.
A new dodge in the workingman in dis-
tress line. A lean and yellow, with a
most villainous expression, halted me at 3
in the morning in Madison square and de-
manded, civilly enough, if I did not want
to buy his coat—which garment he pro-
ceeded to strip off when I stopped him. He
was a bookkeeper out of a job, he said. In
spite of his sinister and forbidding face I
was on the point of giving him the price
of his lodgings when he gave a shout and
started at a dead run over grass and seats.
He had caught sight of an approaching
park policeman. The officer told me he
had halted a number of persons with the
same plea as he had made to me and the
same offer and had got money from several.
"He's a sneak thief, just down from
Sing Sing," said the officer. "Didn't you
notice how short his hair was and how
yellow his complexion?"
Here are signs by which you may know
Sing Sing's pensioners, it seems.—Alfred
Trumble in New York News.

Minimum Army Transportation.
The throwing away of superfluous con-
veniences began at daybreak. The old
campaigner knows what to carry and
what to throw away. Each group of
messmates decided which hatchet, stew
pan or coffee pot should be taken. The
single wagon allowed to a battalion car-
ried scarcely more than a grip-sack and
blanket, and a bit of shelter tent about
the size of a large towel for each officer,
and only such other material as was
necessary for regimental business. Trans-
portation was reduced to a minimum, and
fast marching was to be the order of the
day. Wagons to carry the necessary am-
munition in the contingency of a battle,
and a few days' rations in case of absolute
need, composed the train of each army
corps, and with one wagon and one am-
bulance for each regiment made very re-
sponsive "impediments," averaging
about 800 wagons to a corps.—Capt. Daniel
Oakley in The Century.

Severe Tests for Firearms.
"Do the arms manufacturers have any
quarrel with Gen. Benet?"
"No. He tries to buy all their arms
in order to turn the business into the
Springfield arsenal, where they make a
breach loader also. As Sandy Hook is a
perfect graveyard for men who are shoot-
ing off big cannons, so Springfield is a
graveyard for inventors and their assist-
ants in small arms. The tests required
are terrific. There is the rust test where
they let a gun get rust equivalent to lay-
ing out three years in the rain and dew,
and then try to see if the parts will fit
and if it will still shoot. You would be
astonished to find that we make rifles
which come and pass the tests out of
George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.

A Case of Absent Mindedness.
An amusing incident illustrative of
absent mindedness is narrated of the last
session of the German reichstag. Herr
Wichmann was calling the roll of mem-
bers, when, upon reading out his own
name, he naturally received no response.
He called the name the second time, in a
louder tone, and finally roared it out like
a healthy lunged bull. But at this jun-
cture the laughter of his colleagues showed
there must be something wrong, and they
realizing the ludicrous situation, he joined
in the hilarity and marked himself pres-
ent.—The Argonaut.

Call and examine it
At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.
HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.
City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing
Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes,
Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees,
Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables,
Bookcases, Whatnots, etc.,
Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.
In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

J. & J. D. HOWE.
PIANOS & ORGANS,
The Best and Cheapest,
SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.
Small Musical Instruments, Strings of Kinds.
PICTURE FRAMING
Of all Kinds.
Engravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c.

WM. MURPHY & Co.,
4 Charlotte Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

CUTLERY
AND
Plated Ware
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
W. H. THORNE & CO.,
Market Square.

JOHN WHITE,
93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.
A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs,
Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE!
GRAND OFFER.
THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL
BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE
UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR
THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR
25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.
This Offer remains open for one Month
until September 15th.

A. G. BOWES & Co.,
21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.

Call and examine it
At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.
HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.
City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing
Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes,
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RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1887

ON and after MONDAY, June 13th 1887

the train for Montreal will run daily

(Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS..... 7 00

EXPRESS FOR QUEBEC..... 8 30

EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 10 00

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 to Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

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

EXPRESS FROM QUEBEC..... 8 30

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX..... 12 00

DAY EXPRESS..... 12 00

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,

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

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains

will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.00 p. m., and Carleton at

2.35 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and in-

termediate points, arriving in St. George at

5.14 p. m.; St. Stephen at 7.42 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.50 a. m., St. George at

10.00 a. m., arriving in Carleton at 1.00 p. m.; St

John at 1.15 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk

will be received by James Morrison, 49 Water

street, up to 5 p. m., larger weight and bulky

freight must be delivered at the Warehouse,

Carleton, before 10 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at

Moncton's, Water Street, where a truckman will

be in attendance.

J. N. GREENE, Engineer,

E. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

BOSTON!

EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th,

and until further notice, Steamers of this line

will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday

and Friday at 5 a. m., for Eastport, Portland

and Boston; and every Saturday evening at

7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m.,

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Portland at 5 p.

m. same days, for Eastport and St. John.

Also leave Boston for St. John via Annapolis

every Thursday at 8 a. m.

H. W. GHISOLM, Agent

Union Line.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st,

the splendid Steamer David Weston will

leave Indiantown, for Fredericton, Gibson and

Intermediate Stops, as follows: (local time.)

Wednesday at 10 a. m., Friday morning at

10 o'clock, and on Monday and Saturday afternoons

at five o'clock.

RETURNING, will leave Fredericton on Mon-

day, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning

at seven o'clock, and at Indiantown about two p. m.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY

H RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SIB,"

"JES," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

After throwing George Carefoot into

the bramble-bush, Arthur walked steadily

back to the inn, where he arrived, quite

composed in manner, at about half-past

seven. Old Sam, the ostler, was in the

yard, washing a trap. He went up to

him, and asked when the next train

started for London.

"There is one as leaves Roxham at

nine o'clock, sir, and an uncommon fast

one, I'm told. But you beant a-going

yet, be you, sir?"

"Yes, have the gig ready in time to

catch the train."

"Very good, sir. Been to the fire, I

suppose, sir?" he went on, dimly perceiv-

ing that Arthur's clothes were torn. "It

were a fine place, it were, and it did blaze

right beautiful!"

"No, what fire?"

"Bliss me, sir, didn't you see it last

night?—why, Isleworth Hall, to be sure.

It were burnt right out, and all as was in

it."

"Oh! How did it come to get burnt?"

"Can't say, sir, but I did hear say how

as Lady Bellamy was a dining there last

night along with the squire; the squire

he went out somewhere, my lady she

goes home, and the footman he goes to

put out the lamp and finds the drawing-

room a roaring, fiery furnace like as

parson tells us. But I don't know

how that can be, for I heard how as the

squire was dying, so 'tant likely that he

was a-going out. But, lord, sir, folk in

these parts do lie that uncommon, 'tant

as it used to be when I was a boy. As

like as no, he's no more dying than you

are. Anyhow, sir, it all burned up

tinder, and the only thing so 'I'm told as

was saved was a naked stone statty of a

girl with a chain round her wrists, as

Jim Blakes, our constable, being in liquor,

brought out in his arms thinking how as

it was alive, and tried to rewrite it with

cold water."

"At that moment Sam's story was inter-

rupted by the arrival of a farmer's cart.

"How be you, Sam?"

"Well, I thank yer, for seventy-two,

that is, not particular ill."

"Have you a gentleman of the name of

Heigham staying here?"

"I'm he," said Arthur, "do you want

me?"

"No, sir, only the station-master at

Roxham asked me to drop this here as it

was marked immediate, and he handed

Arthur a box.

Arthur thanked him, and taking it

went up to his room, leaving old Sam

dejected to find a new listener to his

story.

It was from the florist and contained

the bouquet he had meant to give Angela

on her wedding-day. He drew it from

the zinc-well in which it was packed in

moss and cotton-wool and wondered

what he should do with it. Suddenly an

idea struck him, and he repacked it in

the paper. Why, it's only a few days

ago that you left to be married."

"A few days, a few years, you mean."

"I've been jilted, that's all, nothing to

talk about, if you don't mind. I'm like

a nag with a flayed back, don't like the

sight of a saddle at present, and poor

Arthur, mentally and physically ex-

hausted, put his head down on his arm

and gulped.

The old lawyer took in the situation at

aglance.

"Hard hit," he said to himself, "and

gone on the burst," and then aloud, "well,

well, that has happened to many a man,

in fact, you mightn't believe it, but it

once happened to me, and I don't look

much the worse, do I? But we won't

talk about it. The less said of a bad busi-

ness the better that's my maxim. And

so you are going abroad again. Have

you got any friends at Madeira?"

Arthur nodded.

"And you want some money. Let me

see, I sent you £200 last week."

Next morning Arthur rashed his check,

and started on his travels. He had no

very clear idea why he was going back

to Madeira, or what he meant to do

when he got there; but then, at this pain-

ful stage of his existence, none of his

ideas could be called clear. Though he

did not realize it, what he was searching

for was sympathy, female sympathy of

course; for in trouble members of either

sex gravitate instinctively to the other

for comfort. Perhaps they do not quite

trust their own, or perhaps they are

afraid of being laughed at.

Arriving at Madeira, Arthur was greet-

ed by his friend, the manager of "Miles's

Hotel."

"Glad to see you, sir, though I can't

say that you look well. I scarcely ex-

pected to find anybody for us at this

time of year. Business is very slack in

the summer."

"Yes, I suppose that Madeira is pretty

empty."

"There is nobody here at all, sir."

"Is Mrs. Carr gone, then?" asked

Arthur, in some alarm.

"No; she is still here. She has not

been away this year. But she has been

very quiet; no parties or anything, which

makes people think that she has lost

money."

By this time the boat was rising on the

last lull, to be caught next moment by

a dozen hands and dragged up the hotel.

It was evening, or rather verging that

way, and from under the magnolia-trees

below the cathedral there came the

sound of the band summoning the in-

habitants of Funchal to congregate,

chatter and flirt.

"I think," said Arthur, "that I will

ask you to take my things up to the hotel.

I will come by and by. I should like

the same room I had before, if it is

empty."

"Very good, Mr. Heigham. You will

have the place nearly all to yourself now."

Having seen his baggage depart,

Arthur turned, and resisting the impu-

lunties of beggars, guides, and parrot-

sellers, who had not recognized him as

an old hand, made his way toward the

Quinta Carr. He walked on through the

beautiful gardens to the house. The

EASTER IN MODERN NAZARETH.

How the People Enjoy the Day—Women

at the Well.

It is the Greek Easter, and many are in

town from the surrounding country, while

of Nazarenes, every one seems to be out

of doors. All day long the shady olive

grove between the monastery and the

church is thronged with the girls and

children running hither and thither, or swing-

ing to and fro under the swaying branches.

The entire orchard is a scene of life and

escape of color, for these Greeks have

an eye to that, and are evidently trying to

outdo in glory the poppies and daisies of

their feet. In comfortable looking groups

sit fathers and mothers and all sorts of

relatives, chatting and singing and thor-

oughly enjoying the glad Easter. Not the

slightest indelicacy, if you please, but

everybody's manners in harmony with

the best of taste and good sense. There

is a real sense of the occasion, and the

colorings and tuckers in the quaintest

of contrasts. All are having a hearty good

time, and the women are in the rarest

of colors and tuckers in the quaintest

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AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 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, \$1.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will be obliged to make their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and also to send them to the office on one side of the paper only.

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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.

An intellectual young lady in Boston has invented an outdoor game, in which she says the Court Journal, poetic declamation, croquet, and modulated football are combined in about equal proportions. Lawn Tennis would be a good name for it.

Mayors are to the fore in fall athletics. The Mayor of Louisville attacked his council single handed and shed much gore before they escaped from his hands, while the Mayor of Minneapolis led the mob which hanged an offending editor in effigy. We have two mayors in our immediate vicinity, but fortunately they are peacefully inclined gentlemen.

LONDON FIELD says: "Mr. John Jameson, of the Irex, has communicated with the New York Yacht Club, announcing his intention to compete for the American Cup next year. It is reported that Mr. Jameson has already given orders for the building of his vessel, it being his intention that the designer, builder and crew shall be Irish." It is about time for Canada to join the procession. This sprightly youth has beaten his grandpa so often in sports that there should be little difficulty in also cleaning out his aunt.

The profession of train-robbing presents more difficulties than it did formerly. A mail agent on the Southern Pacific on Friday last, dealt it perhaps the most discouraging blow it has yet received. Three men stopped a train and shattered the door of the mail-car with a bomb, but the first one who made his appearance at the breach was welcomed with a load of buckshot, which killed him and started the others on a foot race for the adjoining county. The example set by the mail agent is a very encouraging one. The turning of the surprise-paralysis business on train-robbers works well.

The sale of stock at the Government farm took place on Tuesday last. Although the prices obtained were better than last year yet the number of animals to be disposed of was not sufficiently large to come anything like paying the expenses of the farm. Experience has demonstrated beyond all doubt that the selection of the farm was a blunder. The land is in no way adapted to the purposes for which it is now put and the result is that not more than half enough cattle can be kept on it to pay the running expenses. The government will probably take the matter into their serious consideration before the next session of the

legislature. At present the stock farm is costing the country over \$2,000 annually or about \$200 for every thoroughbred animal sent out. While it is not expected that the farm can be made to pay even the interest on its cost surely a farm can be found somewhere in the province that will pay running expenses.

THE STREET RAILWAY AND OTHER THINGS.

The St. John city railway was formerly opened on Monday last, and on Tuesday commenced running its cars regularly. The opening of a new street railway is a matter of little importance in cities where such means of transit already exist. Here the case is different. Fifteen years ago we had a street railway, but through the stupidity and incapacity of those who controlled it the railway ceased running. Its tracks becoming a nuisance were torn up. The present road was built because necessity demanded it. Our own people, though the question was often urged upon them did not see it. Strangers, however, looking for a profitable investment for their money found St. John without a street railway, and they have come here and built it not only over the original lines, but extending the system to take in all important points.

The new road starts out with better prospects than the original one had. Its promoters have had the experience of the past to guide them, but if they had not, they are men who understand this branch of the railway business. If they continue as they have started success is assured. The increasing number of people who travel between St. John and Portland have long wanted better means of transit than that afforded by that unreliable and altogether eccentric conveyance known as the "army worm." The street railway is what they have long needed. Now they have it they will patronize it.

The opening of the street railway marks another era in the progress of St. John. There are many people in this city who will doubt its becoming a permanent one. It was those same ill-minded people who believed that the new cantilever bridge would fall just as soon as the ends of the bridge were connected together. For three years trains have passed and repassed over this bridge every day in the week and it still stands, as it doubtless will, for the next century, if proper care be taken. The street railway has come to stay this time and having come to stay it marks an era in our development as a city.

We have heard much of the vastness of the lumber trade and the material benefits which resulted from it. The importance of shipbuilding has been dilated upon till the majority of people have tired hearing about it. Either or both were but factors in the development of this city. Important factors, it is true, but nevertheless only factors. Every dollar's worth of lumber exported in excess of the annual growth represents a draft on the capital of the province to just the amount of the excess. The same is largely true of the shipping industry, but not to so great an extent, for when the ships are not sold but remain the property of our own people, they bring in a steady revenue to their owners, subject, of course, like other property to the fluctuations of the market.

Where, may we ask is the money made out of New Brunswick lumber? How much of it is invested in the province today? Not one-tenth part of it. Some has been squandered in London. The income from more than a million families in Liverpool, New York and elsewhere. Like the lumber, the people who made fortunes out of it, have gone from the country. While they remained with us they fostered but one industry. When they went away others took their places. The particular industry they were identified with did not therefore suffer, but the surplus money they made out of the country's lumber and its inhabitants' labor which, if invested here, would have been a material help to other industries, is gone. It holds, therefore, that the benefit St. John and the province has derived from the lumber business has been at most temporary. If we would make it permanent we must increase the extent and variety of our manufactures in wood, and enact more stringent laws for the preservation of our forests.

The export of agricultural produce is an altogether different matter. The crop is an annual one, and its extent limited only by the labor of the agriculturist. Every acre added to the area of cultivated soil and improvement made in farming means so much wealth added to that already existing. Railroads are an essential in the opening up of any country. Without them there would be no Chicago or St. Louis. Instead of being great cities would have remained unknown villages. The real development of New Brunswick therefore dates from the completion of the first railroad, and if this is doubted just let the doubter turn to Moncton, Woodstock and a dozen other places that never would have existed had it not been for the railways. New Brunswick is rapidly completing its railway system, and none too soon. Some unnecessary roads have been built and some important links are still wanting, but these will come in due time, and when they do come the benefit will be felt all the more in the remote

as well as the near parts of the province. If we would prosper we must of necessity cease to mourn for the decay of the lumber industry. It is not altogether gone yet. Indeed for years it will be one of our important products, but no longer the only one. We must pay attention to the opening up of the country—to the encouragement of agriculture, fishing and manufacturing. It is to these things we must look in the future.

In the development of a city, street railways are quite as important as steam roads are on the larger lines. They furnish a quicker and safer means of transit than the old-fashioned omnibus, and besides they are the locomotives of paved streets which must follow as a necessity. We congratulate the company on the push and enterprise already displayed, and a year hence we hope to congratulate the stock-holders on a handsome dividend.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSIONER.

Sir Charles Tupper is to be the Canadian representative on the Fisheries Commission. There could only have been one better choice—the premier himself but as parliament will probably meet before the labors of the commission are out of the question. Sir Charles is a Maritime Province man and as such has a thorough knowledge of the value of the fisheries and so far as ability goes is not likely to be outwitted by the representatives of the United States. Up to the present Canada has had the best of the argument in this fishery matter. Intelligent Americans while holding that the provisions of the treaty of 1818 are scarcely modern and believe their country to be bound by them until some other and better arrangement is made.

There is an element in the United States who seem of opinion they can carry everything by bluff. They have done business successfully on this capital stock for so long at home that it is quite a revolution to find that their blatant, ignorant talk two years ago did not terrify the whole of Canada out of her boots. It is noteworthy in this connection that those persons who talked loudest have been the first to cave in and admit that a settlement of the vexed question would be beneficial to the United States.

The opposition newspapers have been filled for the past year with articles on the benefits Canada would derive from a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The prospective benefits are figured largely from the results of the treaty of 1854. Thirty years have brought great changes in Canada and there can be but little doubt that a fair measure of reciprocity between the two countries would be beneficial to both. We in Canada could hardly expect a treaty framed on the same lines as of 1854 to be so beneficial. All that Canada wants from the United States is the privilege of free interchange of natural products. This would give us a market for our surplus agricultural products and would give the United States at least a much cheaper food supply than they now have.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

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

Can nothing be done to stop the nuisance of corner loafing in St. John? It is one of the customs of the past that still clings to our people. There was a time when the greater part of the business of the city was transacted on the streets, and it might be said that all the political meetings were held on one or the other street corners. Business is now done in stores and offices and politics are as a rule discussed in the committee rooms and the daily newspapers. Corner loafing is now simply corner loafing. It has no apparent object, but contrary to natural law it exists and indeed seems deeply rooted in the hearts of some people. Perhaps when the present gang of corner loafers become civilized the fool killer will go abroad with the heaviest club and corner loafing and loafers will become a thing of the past.

I notice by the daily papers that a young lad had his foot badly hurt while playing around a horse-car. This is not to be surprised at as next to a buzz saw a horse-car is about the worst thing one can find to play with. The first day the cars were running I noticed boys and girls getting on and off the cars all along the street. It could hardly be expected that all would escape injury and one of the lads who was pushed from the platform by a passenger had his foot so badly crushed that a portion of it had to be amputated. Perhaps the accident to this little fellow will prove a warning to others, but most likely it won't. Even small boys fail to learn by the experience of others. They must have it for themselves no matter if it costs a leg.

I think I have written before of the necessity of spittoons distributed around our public buildings. Tobacco chewing is not the most cleanly habit in the world, but the frequent presence of spittoons would render it less objectionable than it is now. There is not a single spittoon in the custom house, the banks, the city hall, the court house or indeed any of our public buildings save the police court. Very few tobacco chewers

are so depraved but they will spit in a spittoon if they can find one handy. Failing to find one they spit on the floor because they must either spit or choke, and it isn't always convenient to choke. Spittoons are not costly and I am convinced that the floors of our public buildings would be a great deal cleaner if a few score of them were put into service at once. And I don't think either the fair or other members of the anti-tobacco society would object to this apparent recognition of a wicked habit.

JUGGERNAUT IS DOOMED.

The Great God Has Had His Day—Coolies Are Now Hired to Drag the Car.

The announcement that the once famous festival of Juggernaut has so declined in popularity as to render it necessary for the priests to hire coolies to drag the car is a measure of the extent to which the destructive solvent of Western thought is being applied to Eastern creeds. The car of the great god of Pooree was one of the most sacred of Brahmanic "properties," and the Rath Jatra, a festival which, in importance, yielded to that of no other deity in the Hindoo pantheon. From every part of the vast empire of Hindostan pilgrims flocked to share in it, and when the car of Juggernaut was dragged once a year from the temple in order to bathe the gods in the cold water of the tank, a mile and a half distant, the wildest enthusiasm seized the vast multitude of devotees. Thousands rushed to seize the cables; and so eager were the volunteers for his holy service that the best and greatest men of Orissa struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes. To use the language of an old writer who witnessed the Rath Jatra in its palmy days, "they are so greedy and eager to draw it that whosoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or in any insolent way, can lay a hand upon the rope, they think themselves blessed and happy. And when it is going along the city there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright. Some get broken arms, some broken legs, so that many are destroyed and think to merit heaven."

At even a later date martyrs to Juggernaut, or Jagganna'hi, as she is more correctly termed, were not infrequent. When Francis Buchanan was in Pooree early in this century he described the harsh grating of the gigantic car as it moved a long, the obscene songs of the priests in honor of the god, and the fierce glances which the fanatics bestowed upon the beef-eating Englishman as a pilgrim announced himself ready to become a sacrifice to the idol. No one daring or caring to prevent the self immolation, the man prostrated himself in front of the tower as it moved along, lying on his face with his arms stretched forward. The multitude passed around him, leaving the space clear until he was crushed to death by the wheels of the ponderous structure. Then a wild cry of praise was raised, and, as the god was seen to "smile," at the libation of spouting blood, the devotees threw cowries and pieces of money on the body of the victim in his approval of the holy deed by which he had won immortality in the Hindoo Walhalla.

It is, therefore, suggestive of a strange revolution in Hindoo opinion to hear that not only are victims lacking, but that, instead of thousands struggling for the honor of a place at the drag ropes, laboring men, at so many annas per diem, have to be hired to perform the sacred function. The awe of the Indian people for "the lord of the world" has been declining. For many years past the fame of the great god of Orissa has been on the wane, and the time when a human sacrifice was deliberately offered up to the hideous idol is fast getting beyond the power of the very oldest of old Indians to recall. Admitting that the number of devotees this year is smaller, owing to the loss of two pilgrim ships and the prophecy that a third will be wrecked before the year will be out, it is undeniable that Jagganna'hi is doomed, and the wealth which it brought to the priests and the townspeople of Pooree is likely to vanish before many years elapse.

Will Emin Pasha Rescue Stanley?

[London Truth.] With considerable astonishment I observe that a valuable zoological collection, presented by Emin Pasha, has just reached the Natural History Museum. The articles were despatched in November last, and have arrived, without any mishap, via Zanzibar. I have been under the impression that Emin was cut off from civilization and in such dire straits that it has been thought necessary to send out an expedition, at immense cost, to succor him. If certain individuals had had their way the British taxpayer would have been laid under contribution for this purpose. Yet it turns out that Emin is employing himself in stuffing birds and collecting butterflies and that he can transmit them to South Kensington with as little difficulty as though he were in the next county. It strikes me that Mr. Stanley is likely to eclipse his historic "rescue" of Livingstone, if Emin Pasha does not previously rescue him.

A Rare Combination. There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements, as does Burdock Blood Bitters in its wide range of power over such Chronic diseases as Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Scrofula and all humors of the blood.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, LAUDIBLE ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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EVENING CLASSES will re-open MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10. Hours 7.30 to 9.30.

Ten per cent. discount will be allowed all who enter at once for full winter term.

SPECIALTIES. Book keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, etc.

Send for our new circular. S. KERR, Principal, Odd Fellows' Hall.

COME AND SEE THE GRAND OPENING AT 61 CHARLOTTE STREET.

COME AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE IN FANCY GOODS! They beat everything—new, bright and shining, free from all limitations as to origin and destination.

THEY CAME From up and down, from East and West, and North and South, far and near, And are Ready to be Scattered in like Don't fail to ask to see the NEW CARUSALS. Come and See!

The Fine Art of the Italian, the Beauty of the Japanese, the Quality of the Bohemian, the Wisdom of the German, and not least, the Funny Things of the Americans. Pretty things, real, and real things so homely they are handsome.

Again, I say, Come and See! Christmas is coming notwithstanding the Jubilee. F. & S. L. GORBELL.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y. (ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect October 22nd, 1887. Leaves St. John Inter-municipal Station—Eastern Standard Time.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN. 5.45 a.m.—Except Monday Morning—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

LEAVE CARLETON. 8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 11.10 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.30 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

Messrs. DeFOREST & MARCH having secured the services of a Superior Cutter,

Mr. WM. CHRISTIE, of Glasgow, Scotland, who has had experience in the Old Country as well as in the United States, are now prepared to turn out

First-Class Work in all the Branches of TAILORING. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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ESTABLISHED 1868. GEO. ROBERTSON & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS

West India Merchants Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

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AGENTS FOR Royal Family Cigarette

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

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 KING STREET.

Absent but not Forgotten! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND INTEND in a few days to have on sale a splendid assortment of CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR

BIRTHDAY CARDS entirely new, among which will be found cards with appropriate mottoes for TEACHERS and SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

Plain, Bevelled, Fringed & Corded. This year's selection is the best yet and to my Customers I will give a liberal discount when purchased in a certain amount.

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

Nerve and Stomach Tonic. IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU. W. HAWKBER, Druggist, St. John, 110 PRINCE WM. ST.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO BUY YOUR TEAS AND COFFEES

Great London & China Tea Co's, No. 33 King Square.

TEAS of the finest flavors COFFEES Always Pure and Fresh. Sugar Retailed at Net Cost. Handsome and Useful Presents given to all Purchasers of TEAS AND COFFEES.

G. L. & C. Tea Co's, KING SQUARE.

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy, DOMVILLE BUILDING.

NEW CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS COMMENCE TUESDAY, the 11th. Afternoon at 3.30. Ladies and gentlemen at 5 same evening. Terms as usual in advance. Lessons continue Tuesday and Saturday afternoon, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Good time to commence private lessons day or evening. (Waits a specialty.) A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

JUST RECEIVED! JUBILEE BELLS, GIPSY POTS, TINKER POTS, TRIPOD EASELS, BRASS EASELS, BRASS ORNAMENTS for Triangles, BRASS MATCH SAFES, BRASS LINK STANDS, WOOD and BRASS CABINET and PHOTO FRAMES.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CUTLERY, PURSES, LUNCH and MARKET BASKETS, POCKET BOOKS.

All the above goods will be sold at very low prices at WATSON & CO'S, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Per sehr Welcome Home: 10 Cases ANGOSTURA. THOS. L. FOSBERG, 11 and 13 Water Street.

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MICAWBER CLUB, LESSRES.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

TUESDAY,

25th OCTOBER.

J. S. MURPHY,

and now Favorite Company in

Shaun Rhue.

Introducing all the Original Features,

and Mr. Murphy's wonderfully

successful songs,

A Handful of Earth.

Prices as Usual.

Plan at A. C. SMITH & CO'S.

The St. John Y. W. C. A.

Has the pleasure to announce the engagement,

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JUBILEE SINGERS,

THE ORIGINAL COMPANY.

From Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.,

for Three of

Their Inimitable Concerts,

at

Mechanics' Institute,

on

Thursday, Friday & Saturday,

October 27, 28 and 29.

ADMISSION: Reserved Seats, 50c.; Gallery,

50c. Seats can be secured in advance, at the

store of A. C. Smith & Co., Charlotte street, on

and after MONDAY, Oct. 24th.

Homeopathic Medicines

We keep in Stock a large assortment of

OTIS CLAPP & SON'S

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—AND—

HUMPHREY'S

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A. C. Smith & Co.,

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New Cloths.

Received to-day ex Uluda:

New Autumn

—AND—

Winter Overcoatings,

SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS,

In all the New Shades and Patterns.

A Full Stock Now on Hand

from which to select.

A. R. CAMPBELL,

46 KING STREET,

Over Colonial Book Store.

1,200 PAIRS

BOYS'

Laced Boots!

SIZES: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

—SELLING FOR—

One Dollar 1/2 Upwards

900 PAIRS

Youths' Laced Boots,

SIZES: 10, 11, 12, 13.

—FROM—

90 CENTS PER PAIR UP.

Also Solid Leather, Inner

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LIFE INSURANCE.

Some of the Principles of the Temperance and General Life Insurance Company.

DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn's greatest divine, pointed out a truth the force of which few people understand when he said that the majority of men die poor. Few men when in the full vigor of youth expect to die poor. They have plans by which they expect some day to get rich, but the years slide by and one after another of their plans fail, until the dark angel knocks at the door and they are called away, often from large families, who, the provider being gone are left destitute. This is the experience of nine-tenths of the men and women of the world. Life insurance was the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse when he spoke the important truth that most men die poor. How can the loved ones be saved from want is a question every man of family should ask. It makes no difference whether he be a wealthy man of business or simply dependent on a salary this is a question he should ask and asking he should also answer. "If there be anything more pitiable," says Dr. Talmage, "than a woman delicately brought up, and on her marriage day, by an indulgent father, given to a man to whom she is the chief joy and pride of life until the moment of death, and then that same woman going out with helpless children at her back to struggle for bread in a world where brawny muscle and rugged soul are necessary—I say, if there be anything more pitiable than that I do not know what it is." All this suffering may be avoided and comfortable provision made for a family by means of a life insurance policy.

There are scores upon scores of plans of life insurance. It is two hundred years since the first company commenced business and the general scheme of life insurance has undergone many changes and improvements since then. Among the more recent life insurance companies is the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company. This company was incorporated by a special act of parliament and is intended to give life insurance to total abstainers at a lower rate of cost than non-abstainers. Similar organizations have been in existence in Great Britain and Australia and their experience justifies the assertion that total abstainers as a class live longer than those who drink intoxicants either to excess or in moderation. Being longer lived total abstainers are entitled to a lower rate of insurance than the others. The Temperance and General is the only Canadian company recognizing this fact and giving the abstainers the advantage of the lower rate of insurance figures have proved him entitled to and the advantage is considerable. The death rate among total abstainers compared with that of moderate drinkers being as 67 to 71 per cent. Part of the plan of the Abstainers' graded plan is to give insurance at the lowest possible rate and secure safety. The rate is advanced each three years not in an uncertain amount but on a regular fixed scale. After ten years the profits are divided among surviving policy holders. The Temperance and General is the only company making such liberal terms with the assured or giving total abstainers such a decided advantage over non-abstainers.

In addition to the graded plan, the Temperance and General has introduced another new feature into life insurance, and one that is likely to become very popular—the Instalment bond. These bonds are issued in any amount up to \$1,000. (Where a larger amount is required the applicants receive more than one bond.) These bonds are redeemable in 10, 15, 20, 25, and 30 years. The purchaser pays for them in annual instalments, and at the expiration of the period receives the face value of the bond with the profits added. Should he die before the expiration of the bond, the company undertake to pay his beneficiary the face value of the bond, upon receiving proof of death. One of the advantages offered by the Instalment bond is that it can be sold to the company at any time after three years at a value agreed upon, and written in the bond. As in the Graded plan the annual premium is dependent upon the age of the assured at entry. To meet the wants of another large class the Temperance and General offer a third plan—the Semi-Endowment. In this class the assured pays a fixed annual premium for 10, 15, 20, 25 or 30 years and at the end of that period he can draw half the amount of his assurance or should he die before the full sum goes to his beneficiary. All policies in this branch are convertible into paid up policies after two or more annual payments have been made. All policies of this company are indisputable after three years. In the Endowment and other branches with the exception of the Instalment bond the profits are divided every five years and may either be drawn in cash or applied to the reduction of premiums.

So much for the general plan on which the Temperance and General does business. The plans are all good ones and it would be useless to say which is the best as one which suits one man or class of men will quite as surely be condemned by another class. The chief feature of difference between the Temperance and General and other companies is not so much in the plan of insurance, though improvements, suggest-

ed by experience have been made but in the fact that in all their plans the total abstainer is given the advantage of his greater longevity, a feature which cannot help but popularize it among a large class. But the moderate drinking public are not excluded from its benefits. Provision is made for them in the general class where the rate of premium are as low as those of any first class company with a division of profits at the expiration of every five years.

The company as before stated is a new one, but it has a full government deposit and has complied with all the other safeguards established by law for the protection of the insured. It is no wild cat scheme under the management of persons unacquainted with the insurance business. Mr. O'Hara, the Managing Director, has been a life insurance man for about a quarter of a century, having "graduated" as such with the oldest Canadian company. The Secretary, Mr. James B. Fudge, also has had many years' experience with a leading Canadian company. The experience of several companies in Great Britain and Australia doing business on the same plan shows a marked difference in longevity in favor of abstainers.

The business of the company has been most gratifying since operations were commenced. To use a strict expression the plan has "caught on" with all classes. Though only five weeks in business in this city one agent has made a fine record and about \$100,000 of business has been written. This, for a new company is not bad. The headquarters of the company for the maritime provinces are in Pugsley's building, corner Prince William and Church streets. Mr. Herbert C. Parke, a young man of wide experience in life insurance, is the manager. Mr. W. J. Jones occupying the important position of inspector of agencies in this district. The Temperance and General offers unusual inducements to agents who wish to take up territory and canvass for life insurance on an absolutely safe plan.

The Canada Accident Assurance Company is also under the same management and furnishes accident insurance to both abstainers and non-abstainers giving, however, to abstainers a discount of 20 per cent. off the ordinary rates.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

LOCAL.

The fishery schooner Acadia is at St. John. While she was here the French war ship Bouvet was also visiting the port.

Dr. George A. Hamilton a well known medical practitioner died on Sunday last at his residence Coburg street. He was buried on Wednesday.

Rev. Thos. Stewart of St. George has been called by the Presbyterian church at Sussex.

The Kings municipal elections take place in Kings next Tuesday.

There was quite a matrimonial boom last week. Among those who quit bachelorhood was Dr. Joseph Andrews, whose departure was greatly regretted by one section of his friends while his reception among the benedicts showed that his friends were not all among the bachelors.

A double wedding also took place on Tuesday, Rev. L. G. McNeil of St. Andrews church, being the officiating clergyman. The happy brides were the Misses McLean sisters, the grooms being two young men from Massachusetts.

D. W. Hoegg has put up 104,000 cans of sugar corn this year at their Sheffield factory. This is 24,000 cans more than were put up last year.

A high tide on Tuesday made several gaps in the dykes of the Tantamara marsh on Tuesday. Conductor Trueman's train bound to Halifax, encountered a wash out while crossing the marshes and left the iron. The engine and fireman were drenched and slightly bruised while the cab of their engine was smashed and the passengers in the train very badly scared. No other damage was done.

Hon. A. G. Blair has gone to Quebec to attend a convention of leading politicians of the different provinces to discuss matters of provincial government particularly with its bearing on and connexion with the Federal government.

The St. John city railway was formally opened on Monday, the exercises taking place at the new car shed and stables. On Tuesday trains commenced running on schedule time.

GENERAL.

More sensational stories of starvation in Labrador are being circulated. Fighting London, starving Labrador and agitated Ireland abroad and crim. con. suits at home seem to be the chief capital stock of the New York newspapers.

W. W. Thomas a well known sporting man who occasionally visits these parts and who was until recently United States minister to Sweden was married on the 11th inst., to the daughter of a prominent Swedish diplomat. The marriage took place at Stockholm. It is a matter worthy of note, in this connexion, that the most serious charges that can possibly be preferred against a foreign minister have been laid at the door of Mr. Thomas' successor.

Attention is directed to the change in the time table of the New Brunswick Railway which goes into effect on Monday next, the 24th inst.

From Across the Ocean.

I am informed by a near relative of the family writes a London correspondent, that the condition of Jenny Lind is hopeless, though she may survive some few weeks. The thousands to whom the dying songstress has afforded so much pleasure by her marvellous voice will be glad to know that she does not suffer, and that her death will be a painless one.

The funeral of Aimee, who once at least was as pretty as a picture, was very simple and slightly attended. They called her L'Americaine in Paris, and during her long absences in the United States she and her former friends drifted far apart. The cause of her death was an ovarian tumor. As soon as the operation became necessary she shut herself up in a small private hospital at Anvers. When her death was certain, and the American friend who had nursed her through her sickness informed her of the inevitable, Aimee only laughed, and said, "Is it not droll that I, who in my wanderings have survived thirty railroad accidents, have passed unharmed through cholera-stricken and fever-racked cities, should succumb to such a little thing?" Her fortune, which is not large, was bequeathed to the Paris Orphan Dramatic Fund.

Apparently well pleased by the scandal caused by the publication of "La Terra," Zola has just completed a new work of even a more outrageous character. The title of the work is unprinted, according to English ethics, and so audacious that even his old backer and friend, Publisher Charpentier, has refused to allow it to be issued from his presses. Unless Zola consents to change the title he will have to seek a new publisher. He will not need lanterns for his search, for there are many who would only be too glad to be associated with him in exploiting the prurience of the Parisians.

The London correspondent of the New York World cables: "For some time past the agitation against the excessive use of feathers in the trimming of robes and bonnets has been unsuccessful. Yesterday, however, several influential ladies of the Haute Societe met and decided that such trimming should no longer be considered in good taste or fashionable. Of course, against this fiat no one will offend. The crusade, which owed its inception to nature-loving John Ruskin, was only successful when once our countrywoman, Lady Randolph Churchill, who presided at the meeting, threw her great influence into the scale."

When a girl tells a young man that he is "an impudent, saucy thing, and just too horrid for any use," he ought to feel depressed, but he generally doesn't. Generally she feels repressed.—Somerville Journal.

The Nude Will Still Obstin.

The pretty girls have left the shore. They're dead to be at home. The beach they will eschew no more. In ocean's briny foam. When they are gone the charm has fled. We wish not to be there; The glory of the beach is dead. The sands are lone and bare. The maidens fall—Oh! where is she. The beach's beauty, mar bells, by me. Who used to cling so tight to me. As shoreward rolled the swell? She's back to town, but what of that. I do not dare to call. Perhaps some night I'll meet her at A german or a ball.

The dancers on the floor I see. The music thrills mine ear. The ball's begun, but where is she?— Ah! she is not here. What! here she is and, when! I had dressed Than when her bath she took. The neck so low—well I'll be blest I scarcely dare to look!

She saw me and she opened wide Her eyes, so bright and blue. Then, crossing over to my side, Said sweetly, "How do you do?" My heart was filled with sudden pain. My tongue was almost mute— Said I, "When you come here again Come with a bathing suit!"

Mulium in Parvo.

There is much in a little, as regards Burdock Blood Bitters. You do not have to take quarts and gallons to get at the medicine it contains. Every drop in every dose has medicinal virtue as a purifying, system regulating tonic.

School dresses for girls are made with a belted waist gathered to a yoke and a full gathered skirt. Serge, homespun, chevrons or gay plaid woollens are used for these dresses.

A Cure for Deafness.

There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Haggard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for pain, inflammation and soreness. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, sore Throat and Croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

The New York job printers are on strike. Their demands are such that the employers are not likely to accede to them even during the busy season. Out of 520 book and job offices in New York 462 are non-union offices. The intention of the strike is to bring all the larger offices under the rule of the union.

Beyond Dispute.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

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

New Fall Cloths

LADIES' JACKETS - - AND - - ULSTERS.

HUNGARY ART CHECKS, OLYMPIAN STRIPE CURLS, FANCY CURL CHECKS, FANCY CURL MIXTURES, BLACK STRIPED CURLS, and BLACK ASTRACHANS, All New and Extra Value.

NEW BLACK JERSEYS,

Splendid Value and Extra Heavy, for Fall and Winter,

DOWLING BROS.,

49 CHARLOTTE STREET.

CARPETS

—AND—

House-Furnishing Goods.

Skinner's Carpet Warehouse.

MY FALL STOCK

IS OPENED AND READY FOR INSPECTION.

As I buy from Manufacturers only, Customers can

rely on getting First-Class Goods at the Lowest Prices.

A. O. SKINNER.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

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.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in informing our Customers and the Public that we now are

prepared to take orders for all kind of

FUR WORK.

SEAL AND ASTRACHAN JACKETS

A SPECIALTY.

P. S.—Parties requiring Furs Dyed, Altered or Repaired, &c., will find it to their advantage in leaving their orders as early as possible so as to ensure an early delivery.

MANKS & CO.,

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

NOW OPEN

AT THE UP-TOWN HARDWARE STORE,

97 KING STREET!

—A BEAUTIFUL LOT OF SILVER PLATED—

Casters, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands,

Sugar and Cream Sets, Forks, Knives,

Spoons, &c., &c.

—ALSO NEW GOODS IN—

Kitchen Hardware.

Household Hardware,

PAINTS IN THE LATEST NEW COLORS,

All ready for use.

VARNISH, GLASS, OILS, &c.

COAL SCUTTLES, SHOVELS, &c., at Low Prices

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

ROBERT C. THORNE.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works.

JAS. ROBERTSON,

IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT

AND

Manufacturer,

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets.

WILLIAM GREIG, - Manager.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 51 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 50c, 12lb. and 25lb. caddies.

PUGSLEY BUILDING, COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS. DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company. W. A. Finn, Wine Merchant. Hawker, Druggist. W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant. Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St. Rooms 1, 2, 3—D. B. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul. 4, 5, 6—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc. 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law. 8—R. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc. 9—James J. Kaye, C. C. Barrister, etc. 10—Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co. 11—Charles Doherty, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity. 12, 13—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc. 14 & 15—Charles J. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts. Second Floor. Rooms 16, 17—New Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor. 17, 18, 19—C. R. Skinner, Q. C. Barrister, etc. 20—C. Skinner, Judge of Probate. 21, 22—Hannington, Millidge & Wilson, Barristers. 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Oliver, Secretary. 24, 25—G. Herbert Leo, Barrister, etc. 26—Office of Conductor, Railway of Canada. 27, 28—G. Sidney Smith, Barrister, Solicitor Bank N. B., and City of St. John. Third Floor. Rooms 29, 30—The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, J. De W. Spurr, President. 31, 32—E. J. John, Deputy Governmental Architect. 33, 34—C. Anthony Davis, Barrister, etc. 35—Wm. J. Brophy, Janitor, etc. Top Floor. Rooms 36, 37—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE Repairing & Refitting OF EVERY DESCRIPTION Promptly Attended to at E. S. STEPHENSON'S, 53 SMYTHE ST. N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH, MANUFACTURER OF Woven Wire Mattresses OF several Grades and Varieties, which are Warranted to be the Best in the Market. Also: Woven Wire Cots. These Goods are sold by the principal Furniture Dealers in the Lower Provinces.

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

WANTED. 50,000 MEN to have their Gollys and Colls laundered at UNGER'S STEAM LAUNDRY, 107

READY TO GO. Mince Filled, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongues, Sauces, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Hams, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables, &c. T. W. SEEDS, 15 WATERLOO ST.

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

Gents' Furnishings, Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overshirts, Trunks, Valises, etc. I can also make clothing to order from my Jersey and well selected Scotch, and English Cloths. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms Reasonable. City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

MRS. STOWE AT HOME.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" FAILING IN HEALTH.

Visit at Her Hartford Home—Telling How She Wrote Her Famous Story. The Order in Which Her Works Should be Read.

"No, I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done!" Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more tragic cannot be imagined than the effect of the above few words, coming in broken and faltering accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The bright intellect of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is unconsciously shattered cannot be longer denied. The dim gray eyes light up in conversation, however, and some sparks come from between the pale lips now and again that impress one with what must have been her manners had she more than a common courtesy air, and are tinted with the grace of modern as well as old time customs. Her hearing is wonderfully acute, and her intelligence glides along side by side with that of her guests, whom she receives with the air of an old traveler, without a young one more than a foreign part—neither curious nor interested, but forbearing.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

"Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For these I used to get \$15, \$20, \$25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced writing Tom's Cabin, but when I first roused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati, and used to see escaping slaves come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah, me! it shreds me even now, the sight of those poor creatures! Now a young girl, suggesting the lover, parent or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again the strong husband, aged father or stalwart brother. Oh, I must write a book to set the dreadful bringing the characters to life, till the fugitive slave law lashed me into fury, and I commenced what I meant to be a short story like the others. But it grew, and grew, and grew, and came, and came, and came. I wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it turned out. It was only full of the wrath, and the story built itself around it as I wrote. A publisher was waiting a story from me. I told him the subject I had undertaken. He wrote, saying, 'You have struck a popular topic for heaven's sake keep it short.' I wrote in reply, 'I shall stop when I get through, no before.' He never got it, for I had to make a book of it."

"While writing it I was filled with an enthusiasm which transcended my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and was not a moment hard; but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written, just as much—aye, and more, too! It was as though it was written through me, only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. What was done was finished, and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote. 'Dread!' Ah! yes, it was on a heavy, too, but it was different. 'Paganic People' interested me deeply. I grew to have a deep sympathy for little girls at an age and of a disposition to be mischievous and treated. Dolly is a fair simile of myself as a child. I wrote it to help the other children.

"After that I wrote for money, I believe I have felt the need, and now tasted the good of it, with more or less interest of excitement. 'My Wife and I' and 'We and Our Neighbors' should be read together, then 'The Minister's Wooing,' 'Nine Girdles,' 'The Pearl of Orr's Island,'—that is not good—but there are none of them like Uncle Tom and Little Eva. Poor old Uncle Tom. Ah, so many, and so long ago!"

Here the gray eyes drop the light out of them, the thin brows sink, and the white locks, and those knowing the dear old lady well know that soon they will be asked to excuse her while she lies down "to rest a little while, and then I have done!" And she lies down a little while—"to rest."

Speaking of this wonderful woman's brain and attainments, her husband, Professor Stowe, was wont to say that he always felt like a bad sitting beside an apple tree compared to her. Yet he was a very learned man, a professor in Cambridge University, and was one of those who helped translate the New Testament. He was a great book lover, and was known for his basket of books which he carried on his arm, without which he never appeared, at home or abroad, morning, noon or night.

His death, about two years ago, has added years to the loving and devoted care she has done more than any other of the untoward circumstances of her eventful life.

Her home adjoins that of Mark Twain, the little beaten pathway running from the simple "back stoop" of the authors to the more solid, more elegant veranda of the great American humorist.—Fannie Edgar Thomas in Chicago Herald.

Cost of "Instantaneous" Photos. When the work began four years ago, was completed, \$30,000 had been expended and 100,000 plates exposed; and the final results, as reproduced by a photographic process, extend in the completed work, through 781 folio sheets, presenting over 29,000 positions assumed by men, women and children, draped and nude, and by birds and animals in motion. Human action is extended through all the round of work and play, for both sexes drawn upon for animals, the university for instances of disease, and the entire field of athletic action was covered by university students, some of them "record breakers." The photographs of moving animals taken in this work nearly equal all others, while those taken by Mr. Muybridge covering a series of motions automatically timed are many fold the successive exposures ever elsewhere.—Talcott Williams in The Century.

New York's Roof Garden. The roof garden has been made so popular in New York since its successful introduction at the Casino that the idea is being imitated in, or rather on, private look at the least, and when he appealed pleasantly to a broker with the plea that he had no money to buy his dinner with, the broker said: "You can get fifty cents for your kaiser at the pound. That's all I pay for my dinner now."—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

A SLIP.

A brooklet and a pretty maid o'er mossy stones went tripping. And then the pretty maiden said, "I'm awfully 'frail of slipping.' The saucy brooklet laughed aloud, as it ran o'er a boulder. And whispered, 'She'd have surely slipped if he'd been here to hold her.'—W. A. Ketchum in The Century.

TO KILL THE GERMS.

Heat and Moisture as Disinfectants—Effects of Fumigation. Articles of clothing, bedding, etc., may carry the germs of smallpox, scarletina, diphtheria, etc., and you never see an oriental plague. When any such infection is suspected, the only way to secure safety is to heat the germs contained—over the disease for at least an hour in an atmosphere charged with superheated steam. All packages must be opened, so that the heat can penetrate to every particle without hindrance. The most intense cold that has been produced by science does not destroy the germs contained in the case of the United States ship Plymouth, a few years ago, the most intense cold of a Boston winter proved incapable of destroying the germs of yellow fever which had before that time been supposed to be destroyed by a slight frost.

Heat and moisture are the best disinfectants to employ against disease germs of any kind on a large scale. Fumigation with sulphur gives off suffocating fumes which have a characteristic odor, and have long been known to possess disinfecting properties. The vapors produced in this way are composed of sulphur combined with oxygen, the sulphur dioxide of the chemist. They have a powerful effect on the sulphuric acid, which forms compounds with the sulphurates, and disinfectants, killing microbes and arresting, in this way, all forms of fermentation. Sulphur fumes are also used in the disinfection of finny for water, with which they unite to form sulphurous acid, which forms compounds with the sulphurates, and disinfectants, killing microbes and arresting, in this way, all forms of fermentation.

The collection of insects was forty years in gathering, and in the work more than twenty thousand dollars have been expended. Some of the specimens cost \$100, \$200, \$300 and \$500, and scores of them \$1 and \$10. There is no private or public collection in all this western hemisphere that can equal it. The London museum has a somewhat larger collection, but in order and variety of arranged specimens this private collection would be exchanged for two of England's kind, and for none in the entire world. If fire should sweep it up, the collection in America would be destroyed that no century could replace. The butterflies might be had—where, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars.

There is no country, no climate, no altitude, no solitude that has not been penetrated for the odd and beautiful specimens of butterflies and moths. Some are as tiny as a musquito, and others as large as a half fledged pigeon. The owl moth of Brazil measures a foot across the wings. Where do they come from, these many different little creatures? When the second Ross expedition was made in search of a northern passage, the first species of colias, afterwards called boot-bill, was found in a few specimens, the only ones known to this day, in the Arctic regions and Lybia. In the Pacific, Africa, can be seen here. Only about a dozen are known. Suits of the golden green and Lybia. In the Pacific, Africa, can be seen here. Only about a dozen are known. Suits of the golden green and Lybia.

Two Hotel Men Abroad. Mr. Porter Palmer, the well known proprietor of the Palmer House, Chicago, is over in Europe for a little rest and pleasure. As he says: "I have no plans at all. I don't believe in traveling above here and by machinery. I don't climb up into any towers, and I don't go down into any caves. There's a good lot of this sight seeing, and I shall see it all. When I get tired of Paris I shall simply move on somewhere else, but just where I can't say. About London? Oh, I rest, evening, I want, only I have to pay for it. Some Americans come over here, put up at a place where they only pay a few dollars a day, and then they go and spend at Paris hotels. If you are willing to spend \$7 a day you can be as comfortable here as anywhere else."

Another hotel man, with different ideas on this subject, is Mr. Darling, the proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. "During my stay here," said he, "I always stop at the Hotel Bristol, which is the most select hotel in Paris. Well, what is it? There is no reading room, no smoking room, no waiting room, nothing at all for the convenience of the general public, and the entrance looks more like that of a stable than anything else. I have frequently occupied the suites in the Hotel Bristol, and I assure you that the proprietor of a first-class American hotel would be ashamed to offer such accommodation to the future king of England. He does not seem to mind, though, and will stand out in the corridor enjoying a cigar and chatting with his friends just like any one else. All his callers sign their names in a register, and he is very proud of the signatures which he has collected in that way."—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

The Longest Street Railroad. The longest street railway in the world will be that which is to run between a number of towns near Buenos Ayres. It will also be exceptional in that sleeping cars will be run on it for the convenience of through passengers. The sleeping cars and all the other equipments of the line are being supplied by a Philadelphia firm. These sleeping cars are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water coolers, linen presses and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other rolling stock comprises four double decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondolas, six refrigerator cars, eight poultry cars furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material and 300 box cars.—New York Tribune.

A Financial Sign. You can always tell when money is extremely tight on the street by the absence of the peddlers. The other day I found only two in the shadow of the stock exchange. One was a stout man who was trying to sell silk braid at three yards for a quarter. As there was hardly a straw to be seen on New Street he did no business, and announced finally that he was going off to have himself shaved. His stock in trade, the other peddler had a queer looking half breed, hairy terrier for sale. He could not get any one to look at the least, and when he appealed pleasantly to a broker with the plea that he had no money to buy his dinner with, the broker said: "You can get fifty cents for your kaiser at the pound. That's all I pay for my dinner now."—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

HIS 70,000 SPECIMENS.

THE GREATEST ENTOMOLOGIST IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

A Collection of Rare Insects—Butterflies and Lepidopteral Curiosities Without End—A Buttery with '88' on its Wings—The Dead Leaf.

The most eminent authority on butterflies and moths in America is Herman Strecker, Ph. D., of Reading, Pa. He is the one man who has made this place familiar to scientists in every known quarter of the globe. He inherited his fondness for scientific studies, and evinced this inclination at a very early age. The great repository of this lepidopteral collection is in a fine three-story brick mansion, with skylights, and built in the favored suburb of the city. Up two flights of stairs and we have entered into a room where the largest and rarest collection of butterflies and moths is deposited—over seventy thousand different specimens. Here our distinguished entomologist is happy. It is night, and the light of the moon is shining through the windows. He is barred, for sunlight soon affects the luster of his treasures.

On the north side of the wall a pine case is placed, looking much like the arrangements of a large post office. We are told that this is the filed correspondence of all the distinguished scientists of entomological fame in this and foreign countries, covering thirty years. The world is rendered tributary to this man of scientific genius and scientific research to gain the newest and best information of butterflies and moths in every corner of the globe.

FORTY YEARS OF LABOR. This collection of insects was forty years in gathering, and in the work more than twenty thousand dollars have been expended. Some of the specimens cost \$100, \$200, \$300 and \$500, and scores of them \$1 and \$10. There is no private or public collection in all this western hemisphere that can equal it. The London museum has a somewhat larger collection, but in order and variety of arranged specimens this private collection would be exchanged for two of England's kind, and for none in the entire world. If fire should sweep it up, the collection in America would be destroyed that no century could replace. The butterflies might be had—where, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars.

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Among the curious specimens may be mentioned the "bee moth," so named from its exact resemblance to the common bee. It is a very counterfeited of the honey making insect. What a freak is the Oiketicus pair! The female has no wings, no legs, never sees the light, and lives for the winged gentleman goeth as he pleases. Then look at the eccentric resemblance of the "sawyer moth." On a creamy but color black anchor is marked, like a tattooed arm with the tar symbol. Here also is a resident of the Amazon river forests, known to the natives as "eighty-eight," because of the figures 88 marked on the silvery white ground of the under side of its hind wings. Then there is the curious moth from Sierra Leone, in West Africa, known as the "Argus moth." It is remarkable for the unparallelled length of the tails of the hind wings in the male. Then there is the world famed "dead leaf butterfly" of China, India and the Pacific islands. When the wings are open it has a surface of grayish blue crossed by an orange band; but when closed, as the animal is at rest, the resemblance to a dead leaf is perfect. The day butterflies number 8,000 species; the night flies are ten times as many.

To attempt a description of the bewildering effect as cause after case is drawn out from his hiding and samples of the 70,000 specimens are displayed under the light is simply futile. The endless variety of their forms, the gorgeousness of their harmonious dress, have no equal among any living thing of the domain of nature. What is pretty in emerald or sapphire, what is brilliant in diamond or ruby, what is rich in plum or leaf of flower, what is glorious in rainbow or sunset—all can be found in this array of insect creation dazzling, glistening, gayly disappearing under the flash of light.

The process of preserving them is also an art, and a somewhat tedious task. They are sent from distant entomologists in labeled paper wraps, secured in boxes. They are in no shape; they must be put into a wooden press of particular design, must be moist on pins and rendered pliable in a moist sand jar and then be arranged with mathematical precision in their respective cases. Exchanges are made by the lepidopterists the world over, which go the rounds, and specimens of insects are given and taken as the collections may lack kinds. Cocoons even are received from distant lands and are nursed into life a year or two later.—Reading (Pa.) Cor. New York World.

The Only Honest Way. When a course and obdurate woman steps up in front of a line of twenty men at a postoffice money order window, why does not the man in front have the courage to tell her to fall back into her proper place? And why, when he allows her to take five minutes of his time, does he not realize that he is giving her more than an hour and a half belonging to nineteen other men? The only honest way he can be contented in such a case is to resign his position and take one of the rear of the line.—New York Tribune.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

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

ST. NICHOLAS For 1886-87.

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

The Social Stories include "Jan and Juanna," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city. Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historical 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 Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. H. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS! WE have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets. For Ladies and Misses. They are highly recommended by the leading modistes, the fashionable dress makers, and the most eminent physicians in the United States and Europe.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 95 KING STREET.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER! Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. Now conceded to be the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. AT SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

New Classes for Beginners meets every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon Classes meet Tuesday and Saturday. Call at the Academy for information and terms. Private Lessons given day and evening to suit pupils. Violin Lessons given on reasonable terms—a capital opportunity for beginners. A fine line of COSTUMES TO LET, or made to order. Also, will let responsible parties out of town. Violins and Strings for sale. Best quality at low prices. NICE ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Bazaars, and all respectable gatherings. Chairs, Tables, Dishes, Knives and Forks, Spoons &c., all at low prices, to let. Good Supplies in connection with the Academy for those wishing the same. Plans to Let by the night, or moved at low rates, as I have on hand the slings and competent men to discharge this duty.

COME AND SEE ME. A. L. SPENCER.

Next door to Turner & Finlay's Dry Goods Store.

P. S.—Violins and other Musical Instruments selected for those wishing to purchase. No pains will be spared to have the rooms in good order at all times.

BROADCLOTHS AND DOESKINS FOR DRESS SUITS. WORSTED CLOTHS. SILK MIXTURES. A. GILMOUR TAILOR, 72 Germain Street, St. John.

Myers' Machine Shop, ESTABLISHED 1854. Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power ELEVATORS.

ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses. Manufacturers of Russell's Frictionless Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Steers, Steam Engines, Juleau Governors, Steam-Driven Blowers, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys. Special machinery made to order. Repairs promptly attended to.

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

IMPORTANT!

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

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



As this Institution is supported largely by voluntary contributions, all are invited to subscribe, each according to his means. EDWARD SEARS, Jr., Secretary. JOHN E. IRVINE, Treasurer.

Notice of Sale.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Office (to be 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 instrument of mortgage bearing date the 10th day of August, A. D. 1881, made between Alfred B. Stanton, then of the City of Saint John, merchant, and Mary L., his wife, and Gilbert H. Pugsley, of the same place, barrister at law, and George L., his wife, of the one part; and Ward Chipman Drury, executor and trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased, of the other part, as follows:—

1. The 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 Robbinston (formerly the Parish of Hanington) in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, the original grant and bounded and described as follows:—

2. The 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 Robbinston (formerly the Parish of Hanington) in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, the original grant and bounded and described as follows:—

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RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.

ONLY 600 JOURNALS PUBLISHED IN THE CZAR'S ENTIRE EMPIRE.

All the Noted Newspapers Conducted by Independent Writers Have Been Abolished—Official Statistics—Why Russia is Almost Newspaperless—Warnings.

A complete stagnation threatens the Russian press. It is because nowadays there are no able writers in Russia. The trouble is that the present minister of the Interior, Count D. Tolstol, has succeeded in abolishing all the noted journals conducted by talented and independent writers. The list of the periodical publications that have been suppressed during the last six years is far more interesting and valuable than all the papers now living. Now there is no originality about this that domestic stirring interest in the days gone by used to so much attract attention in all parts of the great empire.

The suspended Golos (The Voice) has left fully 50,000 subscribers without any paper to their taste, for none of them dare to defend the constitutional form of the government as The Golos did. In the Russian journals, no freshness and none of that domestic stirring interest in the days gone by used to so much attract attention in all parts of the great empire.

The number of periodicals issued in Russia amounts to a little over 600. As the population of the czar's empire is 100,000,000, it is evident that it takes 175,000 Russian subjects to support one periodical, whereas in the United States every 4,000 souls support one publication.

RUSSIA'S 400 PERIODICALS. Putting aside 200 periodicals published in other than the Russian language, the 400 Russian periodicals are classified as follows: Daily, 5; weekly, 8; monthly, 87; several times per week, 40; several times per week, 128. Not only are the Russian periodicals published in the capital of the empire, St. Petersburg, and one-third in seven of the largest towns, leaving for the rest of the great empire less than 100 periodicals. In the czar's country there are many towns of 10,000, 20,000, or even 40,000 inhabitants, but there is not a periodical of any kind. The whole of Siberia, with 4,000,000 of population, has only two newspapers and one monthly of a geographical society.

According to the official statistics furnished by the post department last year in Russia there passed through the mail about 77,500,000 copies of Russian periodicals of all sorts, and 4,500,000 of foreign periodicals were received in Russia. Thus it appears that there is not for each subject of the czar during a year even a single copy of any periodical, Russian or foreign.

Why is the Russian press so insignificant as to its volume? Some say it is because fully 80 per cent of the Russians are illiterate. But if the educated and schooled Russians would read newspapers as freely as Americans do in Russia, there would be 5,000 periodicals instead of 600. There are other causes that make the czar's country almost newspaperless. In the first place, there is no political life at all, and the industrial life there is in its embryotic state. Russians have not so much money to exchange as in other people in other countries have. In the second place, the autocratic government systematically and most strenuously opposes the growth of the press. Czars have always been aware that writers, even though in the clutches of censors and under political supervision, are apt to think for themselves, to argue and to criticize. Thus they develop in themselves a preference for a literary and most decidedly objectionable in imperial subjects. Every job printer in Russia must procure a police certificate of good character and furnish bonds, and every publisher, besides these qualifications, must maintain an imperial residence at his own establishment.

In Russia every editor of prominence must pass a part of his life in prison. It is said that the imperial minister of the interior, prohibition of inserting advertisements, heavy fines and suspension, were all handed out to the editors of the periodicals, but that among Russians there are men and women ready to enter the career of journalism, which ranks in danger next to that of conspirator.—Moscow Letter.

A Boston Boy's Toys. One top is named Stonewall Jackson, because of an unconquerable tendency to "ride ahead" of the rest. This small shows that "Barbara Freitchie" has stuck in the memory of at least one small boy. Another long-legged top, which has a decided preference for a stationary attitude in spinning, and wears an aspect of patient, smiling dignity, is named Gen. Grant, because, its owner said, it suggested to him Gen. Grant "sitting in his window and smiling down on the children going by to church"—obviously an incident of the general's last illness which had impressed the small boy's imagination. There is a certain battered old top, seemed with lashings and perforated with hostile pig holes, which nevertheless lies very close to its owner's heart, and which proudly bears the designation, always quoted at its full length, of "Daniel Webster, the old war horse." One top has the name of Pegasus, a title which the "Listener" fondly fancied showed a classical tendency on the part of Tommy's tastes until, upon inquiry, he found that it was borrowed from the name of a highly approved locomotive on the Boston and Lowell railroad.—Boston Transcript.

"Listener."

Napoleon on English Society. The English appear to prefer the bottle to the glass of their ladies. This is illustrated by dismissing the ladies from the table and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. If I were in England I should certainly leave the table with the ladies. Were an English woman I should feel very discomforted at being turned out by the men to walk the or three hours while they are drinking.—Napoleon.

On Mount Katahdin's Summit. A cone of branished tin, twenty inches in height and twelve in diameter, has been placed on the summit of Mount Katahdin by the Bangor (Me.) Appalachian club, in order to note the distance from which the peak can be seen.—Chicago News.

Highly Essential Oil.

I came across a queer old fishmonger at Quincey market, the other day, who had for sale a most curious variety of oil obtained from funny inhabitants of the deep, most of which I had never heard of in my life before. He kept them on a long shelf, in a row of enormous glass bottles. Of the contents of many of them, he said, apothecaries bought large quantities for medicinal purposes. No. 1, he explained, was porpoise oil, derived from the jawbone of that interesting animal, which for lubricating watch machinery is unequalled. The big fish of the sea supplies an oil—exhibited in jar No. 2—that is highly recommended for rheumatic patients, and in the treatment of this complaint is also employed—see jar No. 3—the oil obtained from the fat that lies beneath the turtle's upper shell. The oils tried out from the entrails of eels and pickled are frequently prescribed, so the vendor of fish declared, for deafness. The fish of the sea, by and by, and a sovereign cure for cramps if tied around the waist. More than half of the big bottles were filled with cod liver oil. Of this production is, of course, far greater than that of all the rest combined.

The process of refining it, I am told, is quite elaborate. To this—by the far the greatest fish market in the United States—many millions of livers are brought every season by fish-catchers, who sell them at the docks to manufacturers of oils. The crude oil is passed through boiling water, so that it may be thoroughly cooked, and then poured into canvas bags. These bags are squeezed beneath hydraulic presses, the hard like steaming remaining inside, while the oil comes out ready to put up for the market. This cod liver oil, of the best quality, can be obtained from the manufacturer by any one who cares to bring his own receipted at \$1.25 per gallon. Apothecaries charge about this per quart. Among the many fish products exhibiting by the old market man was melon oil—so called because it has the fragrance of the muskmelon. It is a secretion in the nose of a pilot whale, and is the best lubricant known—short of porpoise oil—for delicate machinery. It is a secretion in the nose of a pilot whale, and is the best lubricant known—short of porpoise oil—for delicate machinery. It is a secretion in the nose of a pilot whale, and is the best lubricant known—short of porpoise oil—for delicate machinery.

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LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The soft woolly sheep are knee deep in the snow.

The little lamb bleat
As they list for your feet,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!

As they wait for your step in the morn.

The little bird swings on a bough by the window
And chirps to her young in the nest,
And the butterfly's wings
Are the daintiest things,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!

For he's dressed himself all in his best.

The roses are waiting, the lilies are waiting,
So fresh from their bath in the dew;
The crocus are waiting,
To greet the little boy,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!

For the whole world is waiting for you.

—Mary Riddell Corley in Boston Transcript.

DESTRUCTING A RAILROAD.

The Effectual and Expeditious Method Carried out by Sherman's Army.

A knowledge of the art of building railroads is certainly of more value to a country than that of the best means of destroying them, but at this particular time the destruction seemed necessary, and the time may again come when such work will be necessary. The most effectual and expeditious method of destroying railroads tracks should become one of the lost arts, I will here give a few rules for the guides of officers who may in future be charged with this important duty. It should be remembered that the rails are the heart of long experience and close observation. A detail of men to do the work should be made on the evening before operations are to commence. The order to be detailed being, of course, dependent upon the amount of work to be done, I estimate that 1,000 men can easily destroy about five miles of track per day, and do it thoroughly.

Before going out in the morning the men should be supplied with a good breakfast, for it has been discovered that soldiers are more efficient at this work, as well as on the battlefield, when their stomachs are full than when they are empty. The question as to the food to be given the men for breakfast is not important, but in suggest beef, turkey, chicken, fresh eggs and coffee, for the reason that in an enemy's country such a breakfast will cause no unpleasantness, and the commissary and the soldier, inasmuch as the commissary will only be required to provide the coffee. In fact it has been discovered that an army moving through a hostile but fertile country, having an efficient corps of foragers (vulgarily known in our army as mulemen), requires but few articles of food, such as hardtack, coffee, salt, pepper and sugar.

Your detail should be divided into three sections of about equal numbers. I will suppose the detail to consist of 3,000 men. The first thing to be done is to reverse the main line of the track, and to place the rails on the ties up and the rails under them. To do this, Section No. 1, consisting of 1,000 men, is directed to the right side of the track, one man at the end of each tie. As a given signal each man seizes a tie. He then gently tilts it across a vertical position, and then at another signal pushes it forward so that when it falls the ties will be over the rails. Then each man loosens his tie from the rails. This done, Section No. 1 moves forward to another portion of the road, and Section No. 2 advances and is directed about the portion of the road recently occupied by Section No. 1. The duty of the second section is to collect the ties, place them in piles of about thirty ties each—place the rails on top of these piles, the center of each rail being over the center of the ties, and then set fire to the ties. Section No. 3 then follows No. 1.

As soon as the rails are sufficiently heated, Section No. 2 takes the place of Section No. 1, and upon this develops the most important duty, viz, the effectual destruction of the rail. This section should be in command of an efficient officer, who will see that the work is not slighted. Unless closely watched, soldiers will content themselves with sending the rails around trees. This should never be permitted. A rail which is simply bent can easily be restored to its original shape. No rail should be regarded as properly treated till it has assumed the shape of a doughnut; it must not only be bent, but twisted. To do this twisting, the rails and road books are necessary, for it has been found that the soldiers will not seize the rails from the ends, but will cut them in the middle. To do this twisting, the rails and road books are necessary, for it has been found that the soldiers will not seize the rails from the ends, but will cut them in the middle.

When a spider is preparing to moult it stops eating for several days and fasts itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its frame, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax, and is pulled off by the front legs. Next the abdomen is uncovered. Now comes the struggle to free the legs. It works and kicks vigorously and assigns to its legs a new but continued perseverance for about fifteen minutes brings it out of the old dress, and it seems almost lifeless and limp. It is turned out by the front legs of mulberry trees a fiber is found which in fineness and tenacity is not exceeded by silk, and the object of the invention is to treat the bark and isolate the fiber by a mechanical process. Three English houses are said to have already made offers to purchase the entire production emanating from this novel process.—Frank Leslie's.

Queen Christina's Tact. A well known poet of Spain, deservedly famous for his work, was at the same time a man of most advanced radical opinions, and waged such bitter and open war against the regency that he was at last arrested, tried and exiled. He was but scantily endowed with the world's goods, and the wife and children he left behind him were in absolute poverty. The poet petitioned Queen Christina for pardon in their behalf, and was at once permitted by her to return to Spain and to his family. He obtained an audience and went in person to tender his thanks to the sovereign and offer the expressions of every gratitude and homage. He was graciously treated, less as the enemy that he was than the future friend.

Sudanese Literature. "You are not rich, senator; literary men of merit are old, and you have a large family, have you not?" "I have six children, your majesty." "Six?" continued the queen; "then there are three for you and three for me." "From that day the poet's three daughters were cared for and educated at the queen's expense, who considers them as her special and personal charge.—Chicago Herald.

The Worst Water of All. The native born American is the worst watter of them all. He comes to the business through mistake, and he is a disgusted, disheartened and thoroughly greivable man. He is bound to show his contempt for the work by slamming the dishes upon the table, growling at the guests, grumbling at any extra service, and accepting his tips without thanks. There are some good watters of almost every nation and language. He was graciously treated, less as the enemy that he was than the future friend.

A Substituted for Silk. Gelsolin is the name of a new material resembling silk. A writer in the Journal Commercial et Maritime says of it that two students in Italy have invented a substitute mulberry fiber for cotton, and have given it the above name. It is being turned out by the front legs of mulberry trees a fiber is found which in fineness and tenacity is not exceeded by silk, and the object of the invention is to treat the bark and isolate the fiber by a mechanical process. Three English houses are said to have already made offers to purchase the entire production emanating from this novel process.—Frank Leslie's.

How Spiders Mould. When a spider is preparing to moult it stops eating for several days and fasts itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its frame, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax, and is pulled off by the front legs. Next the abdomen is uncovered. Now comes the struggle to free the legs. It works and kicks vigorously and assigns to its legs a new but continued perseverance for about fifteen minutes brings it out of the old dress, and it seems almost lifeless and limp. It is turned out by the front legs of mulberry trees a fiber is found which in fineness and tenacity is not exceeded by silk, and the object of the invention is to treat the bark and isolate the fiber by a mechanical process. Three English houses are said to have already made offers to purchase the entire production emanating from this novel process.—Frank Leslie's.

Against Dialect Literature. We are not a nation of dialect yawpers. As a people we do not believe that American humor borrows any excellence or any real acceleration of current from bad language or a hideous pronunciation, and yet our magazines and newspapers are too often guilty of presenting our literature as a course joke, told by ourselves at the expense of our own dignity. I do not say that what we are pleased to call dialect literature ought to disappear, but I do say that its supremacy in our published writings is the exponent of a total lack of patriotism in our literary life, for if we were sincerely American in our literary work, we should delight in a nobler strain of art when attempted to represent American life and American aspirations.—Merritt Thompson.

DAWN:

(Continued from page three.)
what a said, but I believe I spoke what was in my mind. She faints, and I left her.
"Ah, you spoke harshly, perhaps."
"Spoke harshly! Now that I have had time to think of it, I wish that I could have had ten imaginations to shape my thoughts, and ten tongues to speak them with! Do you understand what this she has sold herself to a brute—oh, Mildred, such a brute—she has deserted me for a man who is not even a gentleman."
"Perhaps she was forced into it."
"Forceful—nonsense; we not in the Middle Ages. A good woman should have been forced to drown herself before she consented to commit such a sacrilege against herself as to marry a man she hated. But she, my love, my dove, my undefiled—she whom I thought whiter than the snow—she could do this, and do it deliberately. I had rather seen her dead, and myself dead with her."
"Doesn't you take a rather exaggerated view, Arthur?"
"Ah, and yet she could do it, and I thought her better than you."
"Does not think that you should speak bitterly of her, Arthur; I think that you should be sorry for her."
"Sorry for her? Why?"
"Because, from what I have gathered about her, she is quite an ordinary young woman; however badly she may have treated you, she is a person of refined feelings and susceptibilities. Is it not so?"
"Without a doubt."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dr. Williamson was a rising young practitioner at Roxham, and, what is more, a gentleman and a doctor of real ability.
On the night that Lady Bellamy took the poison he sat up very late, till the dawn in fact, working up his books of reference with a view to making himself as much the master as possible of the symptoms and most approved treatment in such cases of insanity as appeared to resemble Angela Carefoot's. He had been called in to see her by Mr. Fraser, and had come away intensely interested from a medical point of view, and very much puzzled.

At length he shut up his books with a sigh—for, like most books, though full of generalities, they did not tell him much—and went to bed. Before he had been asleep very long, however, the surgery bell was violently rung, and, having dressed himself with the rapidity characteristic of doctors and school-boys, he descended to find a frightened footman waiting outside, from whom he gathered that something dreadful had happened to Lady Bellamy, who had been found lying apparently dead upon the floor of her drawing-room. Providing himself with some powerful restoratives and a portable electric battery, he drove rapidly over to Roxham House.

Here he found the patient laid upon a sofa in the room where she had been found, and surrounded by a mob of terrified and half-dressed servants. At first he thought life was quite extinct, but presently he fancied that he could detect a faint tremor of the heart. He applied the most powerful of his restoratives and administered a sharp current from the battery, and, after a considerable time, was rewarded by seeing the patient open her eyes—but only to shut them again immediately. Directing his assistant to continue the treatment, he tried to elicit some information from the servants as to what had happened, but all that he could gather was that the maid had received a message not to sit up. This made him suspicious of an attempt at suicide, and just then his eye fell upon a wine-glass that lay upon the floor, broken at the shank. He took it up, in the bowl there was still a drop or two of liquid. He smelt it, then dipped his finger in and tasted it, with the result that his tongue was burnt and became rough and numb. Then his suspicions were confirmed.

Presently Lady Bellamy opened her eyes again, and this time there was intelligence in them. She gazed round her with a wondering air. Next she spoke.
"Where am I?"
"Is your own drawing-room, Lady Bellamy. Be quiet now, you will be better presently."
She tried first to move her head, then her arm, then her lower limbs, but they would not stir. By this time her faculties were wide awake.

"Are you the doctor?" she said.
"Yes, Lady Bellamy."
"Then tell me why can not I move my arms?"
He lifted her hand; it fell again like a lump of lead—and Dr. Williamson looked very grave. Then he applied a current of electricity.
"Does it feel that?" he asked.
She shook her head.
"Does it not feel that? Do not trifle with me, tell me quick."
Dr. Williamson was a young man and had not quite conquered nervousness. In his confusion he muttered something about "paralysis."

"How is it that I am not dead?"
"I have brought you back to life, but pray do not talk."
"You fool, why could you not let me die? You mean that you have brought my mind to life, and left my body dead. I feel now that I am quite paralyzed."

He could not answer her, what she said was only too true, and his look told her so. She gazed steadily at him for a moment as he bent over her, and realized all the horrors of her position, and for the first time in her life her proud spirit absolutely gave way. For a few seconds she was silent, and then, without any change coming over the expression of her features—for the wild gaze with which she had faced eternity was for ever frozen there—she broke out into a succession of the most heartrending shrieks that it had ever been his lot to listen to. At last she stopped exhausted.
"Kill me!" she whispered, hoarsely, "kill me!"
It was a dreadful scene.
At length the patient sank into the coma of exhaustion, and Dr. Williamson was able to leave her in the care of a brother-practitioner whom he had sent for, and in that of his assistant. Sir John had been sent for, but had not arrived. It was then eleven o'clock, and at one the doctor was summoned as a witness to attend the inquest on George Carefoot. He had, therefore, two hours at his disposal, and these he determined to utilize by driving round to see Angela, who was still lying at Mr. Fraser's vicarage.

Mr. Fraser heard him coming, and met him in the little drive. He briefly told him what he had just seen; and what, in his opinion, Lady Bellamy's fate must be—one of living death. The clergyman's remark was characteristic.
"Ah, yet," he said, "there are people in the world who say that there is no God."
"Is Mrs. Carefoot?" asked the doctor.

"She had a dreadful fit of raving this morning, and we had to tie her down in bed. She is quieter now, poor dear."
"Is she absolutely nothing to be done," said the doctor when he had seen her.
"We can only trust to her fine constitution and youth to pull her through. She has received a series of dreadful mental shocks, and it is very doubtful if she will ever get over them."

Mr. Fraser accompanied him down to the gate, where he had left his trap. Before they had got out of the front door, Angela had roused herself again, and they could hear her beginning to quote Homer.

"A very sad case! She has a poor chance, I fear."
Mr. Fraser was too much affected to answer him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The inquest on George's body was held at Roxham, and was the object of the greatest possible interest. When Philip, after spending one of the worst half hours of his life in the witness-box, at length escaped with such credits of reputation as he had hitherto possessed altogether torn off his back, his greeting from the mob outside the court may fairly be described as a warm one. As the witnesses' door closed behind him, he found himself at one end of a long lane that was hedged on both sides by faces not without a touch of ferocity about them, and with difficulty kept clear by the available force of the five Roxham policemen.

"Who sold his daughter?" shouted a great fellow in his ear.
"Let me come, there's a dear man, and have a look at Judas," said a skinny little woman with a squint to an individual who blocked her view.

The crowd caught at the word. "Judas!" it shouted, "go and hang yourself, Judas! Judas!"
How Philip got out of that he never quite knew, but he did get out somehow. Meanwhile Sir John Bellamy was being examined in court, and notwithstanding the almost aggressive innocence of his appearance, he was not having a very good time. It chanced that he had fallen into the hands of a rival lawyer, who hated him like poison, and had good reason to hate him. It will be remembered that Sir John, in his last interview with Lady Bellamy, had declared that there was no title of evidence against him, and that it would be impossible to implicate him in the exposure that must overtake her. To a certain extent he was right, but on one point he had overshot himself, for at that very inquest Mr. Fraser stated on oath that he (Mr. Fraser) had spoken of Arthur Heigham's death in the presence of Sir John Bellamy, and had not been contradicted.

In vain did Sir John protest that Mr. Fraser must be mistaken. But the jury and the public looked at the probabilities of the matter, and, though his protestations were accepted in silence. By the time he reached the exit into the street, the impression that he had had a hand in the business had in some mysterious way communicated itself to the mob outside, many a member of which had some old grudge to settle with "Lawyer Bellamy," if only chance put an opportunity in their way. As he stepped through the door, utterly ignorant of the greeting which awaited him, his ears were assailed by an awful yell, followed by a storm of hoots and hisses.

Sir John turned pale, and looked for a means of escape; but the policeman who had led him out had locked the door behind him, and all around him was the angry mob.
"Here comes the — that started the swim," roared a voice, as soon as there was a momentary lull.
"Gentlemen —" piped Sir John, all the

pippin hue gone from his cheeks, and rubbing his white hands together nervously.
"Yah, he poisoned his own poor wife!" shouted a woman with a baby.
"Ladies—" went on Sir John, in agonized tones.
"Pelt him!" yelled a sweet little boy of ten or so, suiting the action to the word, and planting a rotten egg full upon Sir John's imposing brow.

"No, no," said the woman who had nicknamed Philip "Judas." "Why don't you drop him in the pond? There's only two feet of water, and it's soft falling on the mud. You can pelt him afterward."
The idea was received with acclamation, and, notwithstanding his own efforts to the contrary, backed as they were by those of the five policemen, before he knew where he was, Sir John found himself being hustled by a lot of sturdy fellows toward the filthy duck-pond, like an aristocrat to a guillotine. Some ten seconds afterward, a pillar of slimy mud across and staggered toward the bank, where a crowd of little boys, each holding something offensive in his right hand, were eagerly awaiting its arrival. The squint-eyed woman contemplated the figure with the most intense satisfaction.

"He sold me up once," she murmured; "but we're quits now. That's it, lad, let him have it!"
But we will drop a veil over this too painful scene. Sir John Bellamy was unwell for some days afterward; when he recovered, he shook the dust of Roxham off his shoes forever.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS.

The convention of the dancing-masters of the United States, which has been in session in New York and Brooklyn during the past week, decided many mooted questions. One of the first subjects to engage the attention of the convention was the various standards of time which prevailed in different sections of the country among acknowledged authorities in executing popular dances. It was discovered that, as a general rule, the towns and cities furthest from New York had adopted the slowest "temp," as the time of dancing-music is scientifically called. As the metropolis was approached, the standards increased in briskness, and rapidly of beats to the minute, in all the many kinds of dances, until in New York the time is the fastest. To adjust and equalize these differences, in a manner satisfactory to all localities, required skill, patience, and much rehearsal. Each favorite standard received a careful trial. The result was the adoption of a national standard, which will be accepted alike in Boston and San Francisco, at Bar Harbor and Lake Ponchartraine. The object of the convention is as follows: Waltz, three-four time, counted by metronome, half-note, sixty-five measures, one hundred and ninety-two beats to the minute; polka, two-four time, fifty-eight measures, one hundred and sixteen beats; scotchische, four-four time, thirty-six measures, one hundred and forty-four beats; galop, two-four time, seventy-four measures, one hundred and forty-four beats; mazourka, three-four time, forty-eight measures, one hundred and forty-four beats; quadrille and lancers, two, four and six-eight time, fifty-eight measures, one hundred and sixteen beats. A day was taken up with the discussion of the Saratoga lancers, and it was finally decided that they are to be danced in the manner prevailing in good society circles in New York and Brooklyn. Among the new dances which were rehearsed and which received the sanction of the convention were the "Mistletoe Minuet," the "Octagon," the "Highland Gavot," and the "Pin-Wheel." The "Minuet," a courtly production, set to slow and stately music, can be used at wedding receptions and the like, where, aided by the effect of elegant costumes, it presents in each succeeding change a pleasing tableau. Precision and dignity form its principal features. Twelve persons, six ladies and six gentlemen are required for each set. The "Octagon," so named because of its octagonal form, is danced by eight couples, and is especially attractive in all its five parts. The "Highland Gavot" is a round dance of Scottish origin. The "Pin-Wheel" is a new figure of the german. The leader, standing in the centre, forms the pivot for the changing and reversing rings, and the effect is varied and picturesque. The last dance of the professors of poetry and motion related to the correct position of both sexes in the waltz, to this effect: The gentleman must hold the lady with his fore-arm, and place the back of his hand flat against her back, so that no part of his arm, above the elbow, shall come in contact with her body. Her left hand must rest upon his arm, four inches from his shoulder, and the lady's right arm be held out entirely straight at an angle of 45 degrees from the body, her right hand resting in the gentleman's left palm, knuckles uppermost. The lady should not bend her right elbow, for then the requisite mutual support will be lacking.

A decidedly mean trick (says Town Topics) was played upon a party of young people engaged in that charming diversion known as a straw-ride, one evening last week at Lenox. It was a lovely moonlight night. The party was made up of half-a-dozen couples of young men and women, two or three discreet married people as chaperones, and a small boy of mischievous tendencies, who occupied a seat on the box alongside the driver. Under the latter's sent the aforesaid small boy hid, with a mischievous thought, secreted a big dark lantern. This remained quietly in its place of concealment all the evening, until the wagon containing the party was on its homeward way. At this time a long stretch of dark road was passed, where rows of trees thickly branching overhead kept out even the smallest ray of the moon's bright light. Several of the affectionate couples in the party thought this an opportunity not to be lost, for young people are but human, after all, even in formal old Lenox, and they were enjoying to the utmost the welcome obscurity, when of a sudden all were brought into a blaze of light from the powerful bull's-eye flashed upon them by the wicked small boy. As may be inferred, somewhat of a scene ensued, while the pleasure of the homeward ride, from that moment, was quite spoiled for many in the party. Nothing much was said to the boy that night, but the next day, a vigorous young man, who had been one of the party, and who had been appointed by the other men as a committee of one, for the purpose, made it pleasant for him with a trunk-strap.

Mrs. Reformer Jenness-Miller's latest objective point is the bustle. In the September number of her magazine, Dress, she remarks the amusing alacrity with which women fly to the defense of this bustle, whenever that highly ornamental and pestiferously obtrusive article of dress is assailed. She quite overlooks the most grotesque phase of the bustle question; that is, the constant solicitude of the average wearer when on the street. Single out any well-dressed woman you happen to meet on promenade, and ten to one, if you follow her, you will observe that about once in every block of her walk she will give her bustle a flip, furtive or bold, according to her disposition. No woman is ever certain ten minutes at a stretch that her bustle is in the regulation state of discipline, hence her mind is forever on the rack.

On the first night of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Madison Square Theatre in New York, a young woman occupying a seat in the front row of the parquette circle, was dressed, with the exception of her petticoats, exactly like a man. She had on a man's hat, collar, necktie, and coat, and her general get-up reminded one very forcibly of a fast young girl who played boys' parts at the dime theatres. "I looked at her in amazement for a minute" says a correspondent of New York Truth, "and she very calmly and deliberately framed her forefinger and thumb into a circle, put it up to her right eye, and gave a stare which very nearly knocked me out of my seat. She was in excellent company, and belonged to an excellent family, but I think some of her relatives out to teach her a lesson in good manners."

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