

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 18.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

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

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. HAROLD GILBERT, 54 KINGS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The Carpet House Furnishing Warehouse of the Maritime Provinces.

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

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FURNISHING HOTELS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CHURCHES, Etc., Orders by Mail will Receive Personal Attention.

HAROLD GILBERT.

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

DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN LAND OUT OF TOWN.

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

The past week has not been so entirely destitute of local sensations as its predecessors, but at the best the sensation has been a poor one. On Sunday night it was noised about that a boat with blood-stains on various parts of her had been picked up in the harbor. Although the boat was found at a comparatively early hour in the forenoon the police were not informed of the find until late in the afternoon. The result of their investigation was the discovery that at an early hour on Sunday morning a stranger, and from his appearance a sailor had visited a West Side saloon and told a rather strange story of an adventure in the harbor with a sailor friend. Together they had started from Reed's Point in a stolen boat, one to go to his ship in the harbor and the other no one knows where. Whether the man who attempted to board the vessel ever got there or not is a question; even if he were ever in the boat is a matter of considerable doubt in the minds of many. The pilot states the crew of the brig Munson, which had sailed for New York before the police got to work was complete and the other fellow who was known under half a dozen assumed names, was also on his way to Liverpool. The story is therefore very imperfect and while the sailor may have told the truth it is more than probable that he lied. He had a fresh yarn for everybody he met with and which was the correct version must remain a matter of doubt. No amount of patchwork will make a complete story out of the yarns he told.

How many people go missing in St. John in the course of twelve months. Dozens of men have disappeared from St. John of whom not a solitary trace has ever been discovered, nor is any such discovery even likely to be made. When a man is lost in certain parts of the harbor his body is never found. In rare instances bodies lost overboard at Reed's Point have been picked up near Red Head, but several men who have gone overboard at the same locality have never again been heard of. Every now and then incoming vessels report having passed a dead body floating in the water. Who these unfortunates are has never been ascertained. Usually bodies float so far decomposed as to be unrecognizable and whose identity could not possibly be discovered even if picked up and taken into some port. Men who have been well known have disappeared from the most public parts of the city and have never been heard of since. That they had got over the wharf is beyond question, but in one or two instances the men were well acquainted with the city and wharves and it is most pe-

culiar how they could possibly get over the wharves without assistance from some one. But how they came by their deaths remains as deep a mystery as whether there was two men in the boat when it left Reed's Point wharf on Sunday morning or only one. There is one thing that will set most people thinking now that the boat mystery has occurred. That is the lack of any find out of which the expenses of a search for the body of the murdered man, had any one been murdered, on that night, might come. There is no contingent account in connection with the police of the city out of which the expenses of making such enquiry could be paid. There may have been no one murdered last Sunday night, but the discovery of a blood-stained boat in the harbor is sufficient to cause the police to make a search. At least the harbor should have been dragged, but because there is no fund out of which the expenses can be paid prevented such search being made, notwithstanding that, everybody will admit that such a search was justified by the facts. It is to be hoped that the authorities will see the necessity of establishing such a fund at an early date. It may be argued that a large amount of money might be wasted in useless searches by the police, but such an argument should hold. Surely the chief of police is to be trusted with the expenditure of a hundred dollars or so a year, and this sum would be ample for the present needs of the city.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has been in session in the city during the week. The ladies comprising this organization are filled with a zeal for doing good, and while at times they doubtless pursue shadows there is no denying that they accomplish a large amount of good. There is room in Saint John for coffee houses and for rescue work, not because St. John is any more wicked than other cities of equal size, but because there are many people in every city who can be benefited by such labors. If the ladies can do anything towards the establishment of a reformatory for youthful criminals or more properly speaking offenders they will have done the city and province a service it will not readily forget. It is to be hoped that they will be able to accomplish this and if they do they will have done a lasting good.

In sporting circles there has been no excitement whatever save the tennis tourney at the cricket grounds. Next week on the 17th the club announce their annual sports and there is very little doubt that they will be better this year than last. There is one thing the cricket club will have to do, if they wish to popularize athletic sports and that is to have competitions more frequently. It is useless to expect to maintain interest in sports that are only held at most twice a year. There should be a monthly meeting at least, were this done there is no doubt that the final competition would be worth seeing and if made worth seeing there is no doubt that they will be well attended.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS.

Several Items of Real Interest to the Fair Sex.

There has been an innovation in women's night-dresses within a short time. A number of ladies wear pajamas instead of the usual linen night-dress, with its embroidery and tucks. They are made of pretty patterns, and those who have tried them declare that they are much more comfortable than the night-dress prescribed by conventionality. They enjoy, they say, the freedom of limb obtained by the trouser arrangement, and are happy that they can wear this masculine-looking garment even in the retirement of their own bed-rooms. A New York lady who has travelled around the world, and has been some time in the tropics, has adopted the night-dress of Java. It is a pretty dress, but hardly comfortable, one would think. The lower part is made of a straight piece of calico some ten feet long, covered with the gayest kind of patterns, which is wrapped tightly around the waist and held together with pins. The upper part is simply a loose white sacque, buttoned at the throat, and with large flowing sleeves. The nights in Java are very hot, and out of every bedroom window there is usually a balcony. When the fair Javanese ladies are too hot to sleep, they leave their beds and sit bare-footed on their balconies. The peculiar nature of their night-dress, which really looks like a petticoat and a sacque, does not make their appearance on the balconies as conspicuous as it would be if they wore the regular night-dress of this part of the world.

When a woman begins to show her age, the first part to lose its firm, youthful contour is the face and chin, then the neck and bust, and no amount of alum-water washes nor "astringent pomades" will restore firmness to the flabby muscles, and it then becomes necessary to look about for some other beauty that nature spared a little longer. The upper part of the arms and the back keep their whiteness and delicacy long after the rest of the woman is passed. For that reason was the V-shaped back invented, and therefore were sleeveless waists made which leave the arm exposed up above the shoulder. Long gloves hide many a wrinkled hand and withered forearm, and the modestly high front of the waist veils the faded bust, while the black velvet ribbon tied tightly around the throat retains the loose flesh in its snug embrace, while it whitens the rest of the neck by contrast, and it also sustains the baggy double chin, together with the "wrinkle annihilator," which is made of alum, paraffine, and a little sweet almond oil.

A London correspondent writes that she has been much struck, when attending weddings and other afternoon entertainments at which smart costumes are the order, to observe that jewelry is being worn again on all occasions. The fashion has been running in this direc-

tion since the beginning of the season, and now that the Princess of Wales has announced her intention of encouraging it with a view of stimulating the manufacture of jewelry, the fashion will spread more rapidly. Ladies wear jewels literally morning, noon and night. For some time past the diamonds and pearls and other gems worn for personal adornment were only produced on state occasions. Now, however, at conventional dinners among the well-to-do classes one sees the ladies blazing in a glory of jewelry. The most notable incident of the new departure is the fashion of wearing costly brooches in bonnets and in dresses for morning wear, and jeweled rings at all times. From an old translation of Apuleius: "Knew ye that if you spoil and cut off the hair of any woman, though she were never so excellent in beauty, though she were thrown down from heaven, sprung of the seas, nourished of the floods, though she were Venus herself, though she were accompanied with the graces, though she were waited upon of all the court of Cupid, though she were girdled with her beautiful scarf of love, and though she smell of perfumes and myrrh, yet if she appeared bald, she could in no wise please; no, not her own Vulcanus. Oh, how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold it encounterth with the beames of the sunne, and pleasest the eye marvellously."

Women will be interested in hearing that the history of kissing shows that among primitive men this art is unappreciated. To the ancient civilized nations its charms were revealed; but, as usual in the intoxication of a new discovery, they hardly knew what to do with it, and applied it to all sorts of stupid ceremonial purposes. The tendency of civilization, however, has been to eliminate promiscuous kissing and restrict it more and more to its proper function as an expression of the affections. And even within this sphere the circle becomes gradually smaller. Although in some parts of Europe men still kiss one another as a token of relationship, friendship, or esteem, yet the habit is slowly dying out. The precedent having been set in England, where it was abandoned toward the close of the seventeenth century. The senseless custom which women to-day indulge in of kissing each other on the slightest provocation—often when they would rather slap one another in the face—is also doomed to extinction.

King Pomare V., the ruler of the Society Islands has instituted a divorce suit against his youthful Queen Johanna, aged fifteen. The queen went to Paris lately, and placed her case in the hands of an able lawyer. The king accuses the queen of having for a lover a sailor on board a French man-of-war. The queen, on the other hand, accuses the king of intemperance and cruelty. Admiral Sevrès, the French commander, had almost arranged a reconciliation when Johanna heard that Pomare was also unfaithful to her. Then she made up her mind to try her luck at Paris. But Pomare got his action in ahead of her, and the case will be tried in the Otaheite courts.

SEEN AT THE POST OFFICE

ROUNDER TELLS OF THE HAPPENINGS AT THE POST OFFICE.

The Queer People who Ask for Letters at the General Delivery Window—What they do when they get their Missives.

I like to go to the Post Office every evening. Since I was knee high the post office has always been a favorite place with me after the main portion of the labor of the day was over. My first recollections of the post office was when located on Canterbury street. Compared with the business done now-a-days I think more people went to the post office then than now. There is nothing so strong as the recollections of youth, and I can see that queer looking old building as plainly now as then. The floor had three different levels, and one could always detect a stranger as he invariably stumbled more or less when moving about the hall. Then there were the queer whirrigigs through which box holders had to pass to get their mails. There were no lock boxes in those days, and the result was that everyone had to wait until one of the clerks came to the window and bawled out "All assorted." Then there was a grand rush for the window to get the mail. I think the post office was a better place for gossip then than now. All the merchants met there every evening, and the rule was to get there half an hour before the mail was assorted in order to learn the latest news of the town. The post office had also more female frequenters then than now. I have a distinct recollection of half a dozen young women who went there every night. It made no difference to them whether the night was cold or warm, wet or dry they were always there. I never saw either of them get a letter, but they went to the window and asked just the same. I very much fear that it was not letters these young women were after as much as some of the men who gathered at the post office every night. But whatever their mission may have been they were always there. Occasionally I meet a face I used to meet every night at the post office twelve or fifteen years ago but many of them have gone—where it would be difficult to say. Many are dead because I have attended scores of funerals of men who were prominent in St. John's social and business life fifteen years ago. Some who reckon of their wealth by thousands in those days are poor now, while a few who visited the post office for the sole purpose of saving the carrier's fee of two cents on their letters are now reckoned wealthy.

I still go to the post office every night—more from force of habit I think than for any real cause. The mails arrive earlier now than years ago and the lock box which admit of a man getting his mail immediately on its being assorted, have to some extent destroyed the old sociability of past times. But the place has a live interest yet. It affords a rare opportunity for the study of character, stand in such a position that you can watch the mirror near the general delivery window and observe the different faces that peer through the window in quest of some missive. Old and young alike pass before you and sometimes one can almost tell the contents of the letter that is handed out to them. Business men and others in the habit of receiving large numbers of letters rarely give any evidence of their contents in their faces. About the only thing that will move the muscles of a business man's countenance is a returned draft or the notice of a dishonored note. These things ruffle some men, but others take the matter as coolly as if everything had gone all right. But it is not so with those who are not in the habit of receiving letters daily. I have seen an old man humbly dressed ask for a letter and failing to get it display the most bitter disappointment. Who can tell what he expected. Perhaps it was intelligence of some wayward son or daughter who had gone away from home and failed to correspond regularly. I remember one feeble old woman who could be seen almost every evening at the general delivery window. For upwards of a month I saw her go there every evening. She never spoke as the clerk knew her name and address, but she always went away empty handed. The expected letter had not come, but bitter as was the disappointment she came again the following evening, and always about the same hour. I felt sorry for the poor old creature and fancied that she grew at least a year older every time she left the building. One night the clerk handed her a letter and she was so much surprised that she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. The handwriting on the envelope was that of a young girl and quickly tucking it under her shawl she went away. Her step which I thought had commenced to totter became more brisk as she left the building and her face wore something akin to a smile. I never saw the old woman again, nor could I learn what the con-

tents of the letter were, but I do not doubt that the old woman was the happier for getting the letter.

I also recall a very pathetic incident that happened a few years ago. Two girls neither of them twenty years of age, whose loud dress, careless demeanour and painted faces told but too plainly what they were, entered the post office. One of them asked for a letter, and in response the clerk handed her a black bordered envelope. The girl's face changed at once. All her gaudy departed as she broke the seal and unfolded the letter inside. The first few words told the story. The letter contained the information that the mother of the recipient had died a few days before. I have witnessed many painful scenes but none more so than the one which followed the opening of this letter. Before she received the letter this girl who had set the world at defiance, and left a plain but comfortable home that she might lead a life of shame, was careless and indifference apparently of the smiles of admirers or the sneers of her sex, broke out in tears, and cried as if her heart would break. There were but few loungers about to witness the tears and grief of this unfortunate one, and perhaps it was well that the number was so small. Her companion seeing the impossibility of calming her merrived friend succeeded in getting her into a coach and out of sight of those who would rather jibe at than sympathize with her.

What a tale of life would be unfolded if all the letters that pass through the post office in a year could be read by the one party. He would find that the friend he trusted most was his bitterest enemy. Perhaps he would ascertain that the girl he loved best sent missives quite as tender to some other fellow, that the man who deemed soundest financially was really hopelessly insolvent. He would learn of secret appointments, and that persons he had hitherto thought blameless were actually guiltiest, and that even wives and mothers were unfaithful. But evidence of this kind passes daily through the hands of the mail clerks. They do not know the contents of the envelopes they handle, and it is well that the secrets of the mails are faithfully guarded. The world is not bettered by a knowledge of its badness, and one only learns how very bad some people are when their affairs are exposed in a law court or some similar place.

It is a pleasure though to know something that is going on besides what is printed in the newspapers, and occasionally some obscure passage in the life of a worthy citizen is given to the public by accident. There are lots of interesting things that might be told by every experienced newspaper reporter did he but choose to tell all that he knows, and were the characters of some men as thoroughly exposed to the world as they often are to this class of men, there would be a large addition to the skeptical ones. But it is not well to test the faith of man in his kind too severely, and consequently the less that is said about many things we know the better.

FACTS.

- I. Saint John has cooler and more enjoyable summer than any other city in America. II. Fact I, combined with the elevated position and perfect ventilating facilities of the St. John Business College renders study, during the warmest weather, as agreeable as at any other time of the year. III. This combination of favorable circumstances is enjoyed by no similar institution. IV. We give no summer vacation. V. Students can enter at any time. VI. We give a fuller course of study than any other business college. VII. Telegraphy is a prominent specialty. VIII. Book-keeping mailed to any address for \$1.00. Circulars mailed free. S. KERR, Principal.

WANTED.

Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Wool and Wool Pickings.

Persons in the country sending the above will promptly receive the highest market prices.

THOS. L. HAY, Store-room—Head of Alley, 15 Sydney St. Tel. 4222—11 Paddock Street.

RAILROADS.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Day Express, Accommodation, Express from St. John, Express for Halifax and Quebec.

Trains will Arrive at St. John.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Express from Halifax and Quebec, Accommodation, Express from St. John, Day Express.

All Trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.



New Brunswick Railway Co's.

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

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

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

9.00 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrew, Houlton and Woodstock.

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

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

8.20 p.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

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

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

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

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.40 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton.

5.05 p.m.—From Fairville.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. GRAM, Supt. Northern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., June 23, 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 2.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 5.14 p. m., St. Stephen at 7.42 p. m.

LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 7.30 a. m., St. George at 10.00 a. m., arriving at Carleton at 1.00 p. m., St. John at 1.15 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 lbs., not large in bulk will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water Street, up to 5 p. m., all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

J. N. GREENE, Manager. F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co's.

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 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston; and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Portland at 5 p. m., same days, for Eastport and St. John.

Also leave Boston for St. John via Annapolis every Thursday at 8 a. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

Union Line.

St. John and Fredericton.

FARE ONE DOLLAR.

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

Freight carried at low rate; a careful agent constantly in attendance to receive same.

N. B.—Good facilities have been provided at Indiantown and Fredericton for embarkation of Passengers and Freight.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at Wharf, Indiantown.

THE WHIPPERS IN.

THE ARDUOUS DUTIES OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY "WHIPS."

How the Political Hounds Are Called Together—The Serious Responsibilities of the Party "Whips."

Political parties were declared by Pultney a hundred years ago, to resemble snakes, in the fact that their heads were moved forward by their tails. It might be invidious, perhaps, at the present day to discuss the anatomy of our parties in order to find out where the motive power chiefly lies; but there can be little doubt that a party without a whip, or a couple of whips, would stand a very poor chance indeed on the floor of the house of commons. The first job of the treasury may be "absent through indisposition," or the chancellor of the exchequer may stay away from some official reception, and there are plenty of occupants of the treasury bench to take their place for a night. But supposing that both whips should be incapacitated, who would be their substitutes? No other members know half so much about the party organization as they do. They are responsible—and they are aware of the fact.

It is quite ten years since, before the Liberals had been so fatally split up as they are at present, that Sir Wilfrid Lawson amused his constituents by telling them that it was the custom of the whippers in parliament to summon their political hounds together by means of a polite little circular, which "earnestly requested" the presence of each individual member who might be counted on to vote straight.

If there was no dash under the word "earnestly" it was safe to infer, said the honorable member for Carlisle, that the business to which reference was made might or might not come on that evening. One dash under the word meant that the member summoned ought to come. Two dashes meant that he certainly should come. Three underlining strokes meant that he must come. And if the whip had been lavish enough to waste no fewer than four dashes on the "earnestly," the plain significance of that was that he was chosen to stay away he would do so at his peril.

It is open to question whether the use of these marks, and to be so dear to the feminine mind, beneath the summoning words in whips' circulars have been productive of good or harm. One obvious result has been to cause legislators to have very little respect for an earnest request without the accompanying symbols of pre-emptoriness. If a whip were to be asked what possible "peril" could be involved in a member disobeying a party command and staying at home when a great division was pending, he would not doubt reply that the peril arose from the member's own conduct. But, for all that, members who are casual in the parliamentary attendance or confirmed absentees do unquestionably go in terror of the remonstrances of the whippers, apart altogether from a consideration of the effect of non-voting on the safety of their seats.

Long custom has made the rule of the whip a prescriptive one which nobody would dispute, except when considering a man to quit his party ranks and vote for once with the opposite hosts. It is a rule which is exercised with great tact and judgment, and which is not resented. Now and then, no doubt, members break away from the whips; occasionally a statesman, like Mr. Chamberlain, on leave days, refers bitterly to the party organization as being too severe, and dubs the necessity of obeying the whips "slaves in very." As a general rule, however, it is recognized that a party would be all at sea without these officials, who work so silently, and whose names are made known only for the fame which awaits the political leaders on either side.

The whip has a hard fate. He leads a scandalously irregular life, as far as late hours are concerned. He is expected to rise with the lark, although he only goes to bed with the rooster, and when the last light is being extinguished in the house of commons. Members of his party who are in trouble of any sort come to him and consult him as if he were a father confessor. He is supposed to have a kind of intuitive acquaintance with the "feelings" of the party, and he misleads the leaders in this respect he is made to repent the blunder in parliamentary sackcloth. Under possible irritations he is expected to keep his temper, to have a nod or a word ready for everybody, and to smile like an angel, even if he is kept up by an all-night sitting and racked with toothache.

"Inquire within upon everything connected with the game of politics," ought to be inscribed in letters of gold round a whip's coat collar.

Now, what is the guerdon for all this display of civic virtue? The virtue in this case, as in most cases, is its own reward, and the whip gets no pecuniary solatium whatever. He takes his salary in the esteem of his brother members, and in the consciousness that he is playing an important part in the political arena. No sooner are the doors of the house thrown wide, and the division bell sounded, than he is to be seen making his way rapidly to the front benches, there to receive his instructions as to which lobby his party is to go into, and other important matters. He is expected to have some mesmeric influence over members, so as to "keep a house." More than that, when there is danger of the cloture being needed, he has to keep such a house as was never dreamed of in the good old fashioned days, for he is responsible for having no fewer than 200 supporters in attendance, in the library, smoking room, dining room or lobby, ready to "pounce" when Mr. Smith gives the word.—London Telegraph.

Getting Acquainted.

"Why, I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet," said a Roxbury father to his 6-year-old son, who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the new next door neighbor. "Yes, Clara and I have been 'quainted lots of days,'" said the very small boy. "What did you say to her first?" asked the father. "Oh, Clara spoke to me first; she came down by the chicken house and asked me how many prayers I say nights, and I told her, and then I asked her how many prayers she says, and she told me, and then we were acquainted."—Boston Record.

The Daily Newspaper.

Though the Sunday paper is more or less literary, I do not believe that it interests now, or will in the future, interfere with the circulation of the literary weeklies and the magazines. All thinking men will naturally go to the weeklies and magazines to be informed on certain subjects. A great change would have to take place in the daily newspaper before it could be a serious opponent to the more carefully prepared weeklies and monthlies.—Oswald Ottendorfer in The Epoch.

PINE WOODS OF GEORGIA.

Old Habits of Southern Hospitality—The Small Economies of Poverty.

In an hour they were in the pine woods. At long intervals there were openings in which was a wide, low, many gabled house, with its appendage of dilapidated negro quarters and neglected farm lands—a gray, hoary wreck of prosopocera days. The snow, which still lay in drifts in the woods, had melted here from the soft, sun-baked fields. The houses usually appeared to overhang the windows, and shone redly in the closing dusk; the rooms were alive with children, with gay young people, with matrons in gaudy, gaudy, hand-dressed men loitered in the galleries or rode down the long avenues.

"You would find the old habits of hospitality kept up in these houses," said Lola. "I am sure that you would find the south. A Georgian of the higher class has a cousin all through the Carolinas and the Gulf States, just as the Virginians and Kentuckians are really all of one blood. From five to ten guests may drop in uninvited for any meal or come to a week. They are always sure of a welcome. The old class of southerners would rather give up their chance of heaven than the pleasure of seeing one of their friends on earth."

Mr. Ely's face flushed. "It is a gracious, beautiful custom!" he exclaimed. "This is delightful!" he said, as he kept with the old-fashioned systems.

"Yes," said Miss Pogue dryly; "I have known a dinner prepared in our house for twenty guests arrive unexpectedly. So it goes on all the year round."

"It is a delightful custom," he said. "It takes one quite back to patriarchal life. But it would not suit northern housekeepers nor northern cooks and chambermaids."

"It does not suit here," said Lola, promptly. "Our mothers were used to money and servants. But now that we have not enough of either, the custom keeps many a family in a state of dire distress for most women. The generation I belong to, Mrs. Ely," she said, after a pause, her thin, decisive features beaming, "has learned to practice small economies in poverty, and they are forced to see that there is a great leakage in their incomes through these old customs which seem to you so beautiful and grand. Yet," she added, with sudden pride, "I doubt if the southerner will ever give up that custom."

Mrs. Ely, taking matters over that night as usual, declared that "the Georgian girl talked and thought precisely like a New Englander. And, as far as I can see, she is not an uncommon type now in this New England. I have met women, since we came here, capable, shrewd and alive with energy. They manage plantations and shops; they raise stock, hold office, and practice small economies in poverty. They keep up with all the questions of the day. Miss Lola actually gave me some new ideas, and she is a very good one. Americans have but one blood, after all, and a hard struggle with poverty will produce the same woman in Georgia as in Connecticut."—Rebecca Harding Davis in Harper's Magazine.

What an Express Eats.

The Express of Russia has quite as vigorous an appetite as any member of her family could boast. She is in an indefatigable mood, often driving down all the sides-de-camp admitted to her dancing parties, and she accompanies the czar in his military expeditions. This keeps her in health. If one eats heartily and does not take it out in strong physical exertion the bile to which "fever" is due breaks out. A breakfast, with meat and eggs, taken in bed in the morning, a refection later on, a dinner, followed by a "high" German or a cold tray supper of an essentially meaty kind, served at night in the boudoir, is the menu for the Express. She is of royal or non-royal lineage, and only serve, if she be sedentary, to nourish gouty and other affections.—Chicago News.

Swedish Social Freedom.

The most surprising freedom prevails among the lower classes, and, for all that, it is openly hinted at Carleton among the aristocracy as well, prominent being indulged in upon every occasion, more especially at hotels, where it is expected that upon settling one's bill the chambermaid and waitress who attended the traveler must be both kissed and thanked.

This peculiar custom was particularly trying to my companion, who upon every occasion chose rather to incur the displeasure of the young ladies than to receive a grandiose and certainly excellent to good result.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Perpetual Ache.

Nobody but the boy on the farm knows how agricultural pursuits make the back ache. He is never erect in his walk. He has his hoe, his scythe, his plow, his handles; he stoops to plant corn, to spade and weed the garden, to pick potatoes, to pile manure, to dig in the meadow. Every thing, whether moving away hay in a white hot loft in summer, carrying heavy loads of swill to the clamorous hogs, or cutting hay in the windrows, turning the grindstone for the ax or the scythe—all of these affect his spinal column, and afflict him with a perpetual ache. "Polio" is in Chicago Times.

Mrs. Garfield as a Critic.

Ex-Congressman Amos Townsend, of Cleveland, told me the other day that Gen. Garfield had regarded his wife as his most severe and relentless critic in literary matters. She had been the general pupil at Hiram college and kept pace with all his literary work. He was erratic at times, but her mind was steady and even, and he submitted all his orations and speeches to her critical analysis and judgment, and frequently made corrections and amendments suggested by her.—New York Tribune.

This Is No Joke.

We forgot to join in with our paragraphic brethren of the country and help joke the shallow strawberry boxes, but this is no joke. A Kentucky grower lost over \$40 on one shipment by being away from his place and the new man putting the berries in the bottom of the box, he thinking they, being the deepest, were the tops.—Kentucky State Journal.

Not a Bit Annoyed.

"I hope our chatter does not disturb you, sir," said a miss to a gentleman who was composingly reading a paper in the midst of the hubbub caused by half a dozen vivacious school girls. "O, not at all," was the reply; "I have eight daughters of my own."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DAWN:

A NOVEL BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Angela's appeal for protection set Philip thinking.

As the reader is aware, his sole motive in consenting to become, as it were, a sleeping partner in the shameful plot, of which his innocent daughter was the object, was to obtain possession of his last inheritance, and it now occurred to him that even should that plot succeed, which he very greatly doubted, nothing had as yet been settled as to the terms upon which it was to be reconveyed to him. The whole affair was excessively repugnant to him; indeed, he regarded the prospect of its success with little less than terror, only his greed overmastered his fear.

Curiously enough, however, he had late been signally free from his superstitious fears; indeed, since the night when he had so astonished Arthur by his outbreak about the shadows on the wall, no fit had come to trouble him, and he was beginning to look upon the whole thing as an evil dream, a nightmare that he had at last lived down. But still the nightmare might return, and he was not going to run the risk unless he was very well paid for it. And so he determined to offer a price so low for the property that no man in his senses would accept it, and then wrote a note to George asking him to come over on the following evening after dinner, as he wished to speak to him on a matter of business.

"There," he said to himself, "that will make an end of the affair, and I will get young Heigham back and they can be married. George can never take what I mean to offer; if he should, the Egyptian will be spoiled indeed, and the game will be worth the candle. Not that I have any responsibility about it, however; I shall put no pressure on Angela, she must choose for herself." And Philip went to bed, quite feeling as though he had done a virtuous action.

George came punctually enough on the following evening, which was that of Lady Bellamy's conversation with Angela, a conversation which had so upset the latter that she had already gone to her room, not knowing anything of her cousin's proposed visit.

"How do you do, George?" said Philip. "Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, there will be a tempest soon." "Not before midnight, I think. Shall we go and walk down by the lake, it will be cooler there, and we shall be quite undisturbed?" Walls have ears sometimes, you know."

"Very well, but where is Angela?" "I met her on the stairs just now, and she said that she was going to bed—got a headache, I believe. Shall we start?"

So soon as they were well away from the house, Philip broke the ice.

"Some months back, I had a conversation with Lady Bellamy on the subject of what you made me to me through Angela's hand. It is about that I wish to speak to you now. First, I must ask you if you still wish to go on with the business?"

"Certainly, I wish it more than ever." "Well, as I intimated to Lady Bellamy, I do not at all approve of your suit. Angela is already, subject to my consent, very suitably engaged to your late ward, a young fellow whom, whatever you may think about him, I like very much; and her father will not consent to my daughter marry a man to whom a father would marry his daughter of his own free will, or one with whom a young girl is likely to find happiness."

"You draw a flattering picture of me, I must say."

"Not at all, only a true one."

"Well, if I am all you say, how is it that you are prepared to allow your daughter to marry me at all?"

"I will tell you because the rights of interests of a single individual. Because my father and you between you cozened me out of my lawful own, and this is the only way that I see of coming by it again."

"What does it matter? In any case after your death the land will come back to Angela and her children."

"No, George, it will not; if ever the Iseworth estates come into my hands,

they shall not pass again to any child of yours."

"What would you do with them, then?" "Marry, and get children of my own." George whistled.

"Well, I must say that your intentions are amiable, but you have not got the estates yet, my dear cousin."

"No, and never shall, most likely; but let us to come the point. Although I do not approve of your advances, I am willing to waive my objections and accept you as a son-in-law, if you can win Angela's consent, provided that before the marriage you consent to give me clear transfer, at a price, of all the Iseworth estates, with the exception of the mansion and the pleasure-grounds."

"Very good; but now about the price. That is the real point."

"One hundred thousand pounds cash," said Philip, deliberately.

George sprang from his seat, and sat down again before he answered: "Do you think that I am drunk or a fool, that you come to me with such a ridiculous offer? Why, the probate valuation was two hundred thousand, and that was very low."

"I offer one hundred thousand, and am willing to settle thirty thousand absolutely on the girl should she marry you, and twenty thousand more on my death. That is my offer—take it or leave it."

"Talk sense, man; your terms are preposterous."

When some thirty seconds had passed in silence, the attention of the pair was attracted by the crackling of dead leaves that sounded quite startling in the intense stillness of the night, and next second a tall figure in white glided up to the water's edge, and stood still within half a dozen paces of them.

Involuntarily Philip gripped his cousin's arm, but neither of them moved. The sky had rapidly clouded up, and the faint light that struggled from the moon only served to show that the figure appeared to be lifting his arms. In another second that was gone too, and the place was totally dark.

"Wait till the moon comes out, and we shall see what it is," whispered George, and, as he spoke, there came from the direction of the figure a rustling sound as of falling garments.

"What can it be?" whispered Philip. "It is only Angela," said Philip, when the sound of the strokes grew faint. "The! what a start she gave me!"

"Is she safe?" asked George, in a husky voice. "Hadn't I better get a boat?"

"She needs no help from you; she is quite capable of looking after herself, especially in the water, I can tell you," Philip answered, sharply.

Nothing more was said till they reached the house, when, on entering the lighted study, Philip noticed that his cousin's face was flushed, and his hands shaking like aspen leaves.

"What is the matter with you, man?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing. I am only rather cold. Give me some brandy."

"Cold on such a night as this? That's curious," said Philip, as he got the spirit from a cupboard.

George drank about a wine-glassful neat, and seemed to recover himself.

"I accept your offer for the land, Philip," he said presently.

His cousin looked at him curiously, and a brilliant idea struck him.

"You agree, then, to take fifty thousand pounds for the Iseworth estates in the event of your marrying my daughter, the sale to be completed before the marriage takes place?"

"Fifty thousand? No, a hundred thousand—you said a hundred thousand just now."

"You have misunderstood me, or I must have made a mistake; what I meant and mean is fifty thousand, and you to put a thousand down as earnest money—to be forfeited whether the affair comes off or not."

"Dann you!" he said, "you have me at your mercy. Take the land for the money, if you like, though it will ruin me. That woman has turned my head; I must marry her, or I shall go mad."

For a week or so after the memorable night of his interview with Philip, an interview that he, at least, would never forget, George was quite unable, try as he would, to get a single word with Angela.

At last, one day, when he was driving, by a seldom-used road, past the fields near the Abbey House on his way from Roxham, chance gave him the opportunity that he had for so long sought without success. For, far up a by-lane that led to a turnip-field, his eye caught sight of the flutter of a gray dress vanishing round a corner, something in the make of which suggested to him that Angela was its wearer. Giving the reins to the servant, and bidding him drive on hoarse, he got out of the dog-cart and hurried up the grassy track, and on turning the corner came suddenly upon the object of his search. She was standing on the bank of the hedge-row, and struggling with a bunch of honeysuckle from which she wished to pluck its last remaining autumn bloom. So engaged was she that did not hear his step, and it was not until his hand vied grating on her ear that she knew that she was trapped.

"Caught at last, you have given me a pretty haul, Angela."

The violent start she gave effectually carried out her purpose as regards the honeysuckle, which snapped in two—

(Continued on page eight.)

THE

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JOHN A. BOWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPR 10, 1887.

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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.

WHEN THE GAZETTE made the assertion that there was a large number of unlicensed dogs in the city, some of the city officials who collect information respecting dogs were very indignant. Since citizens have ascertained that the law respecting the licensing of dogs was to be carried out more licenses than ever before have been taken out. It is time the law for impounding the vagrant dogs of the city was carried out. There is no good reason why any man should be compelled to take out a license and another be allowed to keep a dog without paying the legal fee therefor.

SOMETHING should be done by the Common Council to decrease the balance against the police account. For years this account has been overdrawn and the balance against it is not decreasing. Either the expenditures should be cut down or the assessment should be increased until the police account is put on a proper basis. It seems most difficult to cut down a balance against an account. The truth of this assertion is painfully evident in the present condition of the general revenue, police, fire, and street accounts none of which will have a cent to their credit to commence the year with.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union have taken up the reformatory matter. It is to be hoped that now the agitation has been renewed the Evangelical alliance will take the matter up again and endeavor to bring the question to a satisfactory conclusion. It does not require a large amount of money, and these two bodies who deal exclusively with moral questions should be able to interest the proper authorities, and obtain a grant sufficient to pay the expenses of maintaining such an institution. There is nothing so much wanted in this province as a well managed reformatory.

The Common Council has decided by a majority vote to put down a small piece of asphalt sidewalk on Wentworth street. That the walk was a necessity is admitted by everyone, but Alderman Peters did right when he objected to new work being undertaken at present. A liberal grant was made in the beginning of the year for asphalt sidewalks—quite as large as was then warranted by the condition of the street account and the increasing of this grant is establishing a wrong principle and a dangerous precedent. We are still suffering from the evils of over expenditure in the past and it is time to call a halt.

One of the most prodigious engineering projects now on the tapis is that for tunneling the Rocky Mountains under Tray's Peak, which rises no less than fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea. It is stated that at four thousand four hundred and forty-one feet below the peak, by tunneling from east to west for twenty-five thousand feet direct, communication could be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver in Colorado and Salt Lake City in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri River, say at St. Louis, and San Francisco, nearly three hundred miles.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND MATERNITY

Dr. Hammond, the well-known New York physician and novelist, has written an excellent article to the New York World on "Why do American Women avoid Matrimony more than do the Women of Other Countries." Says the learned doctor: "It might be said with reference to this question that it is by no means certain that American Women are to a greater extent than the women of other countries disposed to shun an obligation that they owe to the human species. The sense of duty in this respect is gradually becoming less imperative with the women of all civilized countries. Very few consider it a duty at all that they should undergo suffering and discomfort in order that the State may have its population increased. Their chief regard is for themselves and their own homes and they care little or nothing for the body politic. The maternal instinct is dying out before education and refinement and is already in great part succeeded by a factor which is nothing more than an act of the intellect by which the advantages and disadvantages of matrimony are fully considered and by which a determination, affirmative or negative, is arrived at in accordance with the circumstances governing each particular case."

The causes assigned by Dr. Hammond for this state of affairs are three in number,—first, a desire for excitement, which motherhood would curtail, and the possession of children would seriously interfere with it if not retard altogether. The summer resort is, in this writer's opinion, more largely responsible for matrimony as displayed by American women than any other cause. On this subject Dr. Hammond writes: "But to return to the summer resorts, which must be held to be largely responsible for the changes which within the last fifty years have taken place in the women of America. Here from the child of less than a dozen years up to the age of maturity, bedecked in silks and satins of gorgeous hues and often blazing with diamonds and other precious stones, they assemble night after night in the ball-room to engage in promiscuous dancing with boys and men they have never met before. They are sharp enough to perceive that the women with children who are in the house cannot participate in the gayeties and that they receive little attention. The lesson is one that they never unlearn. They flirt with one man after another, employing wiles which excite, the astonishment of their elders, while the mothers are either looking after their babies or sitting in corners feeling that a summons to attend one of them may at any moment come. The belles know that only rich men can provide them with the servants requisite to attend to the wants of children, but they also know that rich men are few and far between. Through these influences and many others that might be mentioned, an undue love for the frivolities of life is engendered, and when marriage comes the bride knows that with pregnancy and childbirth, and the after care of children, her giddy days would be over, and that she would sink into the humdrum existence she both hates and fears."

The fault is placed at the door of the parents who, desirous of seeing their daughters shine in the social world encourage flirtations and sit on matrimonially inclined young men.

The doctor evidently does not approve of the intellectual development of women beyond certain limits. "Looking at the matter still more broadly" he says: "we shall not fail to perceive that the spirit of independence with which many American women are imbued, and the desire which actuates them to do nothing that may restrict them in their liberty, exercises a much greater influence over them than either of the other factors mentioned. They have in recent years arrived at the point of regarding matrimony as the one circumstance of all others that is likely

to keep them in bondage. They have nearly succeeded in emancipating themselves from the control of their husbands; every year sees them approaching nearer and nearer to the right of suffrage; motherhood would make slaves of them; a baby at their breasts would be a greater tyrant than any they have escaped; the very idea is horrible to them."

WANTED AN OPERA HOUSE.

St. John wants an Opera House badly. The Mechanics' Institute is well enough in its way, but it lacks many of the essentials of a theatre. First the building is not more than half large enough, and to increase its size to the proper limits would cost nearly as much as to build an entirely new establishment. The ceiling of the auditorium is too low, while the stage is very inferior.

What we want is a building larger than the Institute and of brick. Experience in other cities has demonstrated that an opera house or theatre should be as nearly fire proof as possible. Everything used about the stage is of a light character and easily set on fire. It is therefore essential that proper fire screens should be hung over the stage so that they could be dropped at a minute's notice. A gauze screen while it will not stop a fire by putting it out will delay its progress long enough to allow the audience an opportunity of escape. There should be plenty of exits and these should be so constructed that there could be no collision between the people coming out from different floors or balconies—in other words the upper balconies should have independent exits from those below.

This was one great defect with the old academy of music and the Institute, also before it was rebuilt. It should be centrally situated so as to be convenient of access from all parts of the city. There are several suitable sites obtainable. Mr. Dockrill has made several offers of his property which is well adapted for a theatre site and an effort has been made to form a joint stock company to build the theatre on that site. The meeting held last Monday night to take the question of site into consideration accomplished nothing. The attendance was limited to a few and there was not the go-aheadiveness that should have characterized the meeting. It is strange that when such unanimity of opinion exists as to the need of an opera house there should be so little real interest displayed in the scheme.

It is to be hoped that before long the various societies interested in the promotion of the opera house will determine what they can do. If all unite there should be no difficulty in building the right kind of a theatre.

His First Glass of Champagne.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

"Have you any champagne?"

The questioner was an awkward looking fellow, apparently from the country; the place the well-known Grand avenue restaurant, and the time early Saturday evening. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he asked:

"Do you sell it by the glass?"

"No, sir, by the bottle," replied the waiter.

"All right. Please give me a bottle."

The young man took a seat and the wine was brought and uncorked in his presence. Filling his glass after the manner of a man emptying a bottle of beer, he hesitatingly raised it to his lips, then, after a moment's consideration, he blew the froth from it and swallowed the contents with one gulp. It was so good that he repeated the dose until the bottle was empty. The occupants of adjacent chairs had meanwhile become interested, and were watching the vigorous wine-drinker with the keenest interest.

Apparently satisfied with himself, he called for a 10 cent cigar and pulled away contentedly. When he got ready to go he handed the waiter a quarter. The Teutonic beer-slinger gazed at the piece of silver, and then at the countryman, in undisguised amazement.

"Haven't you forgotten the champagne?" said he.

"Certainly not. Take it out of the quarter," glibly answered the young man. The waiter attempted to explain that champagne was not a five cent drink, but the innocent stranger would have none of it. Then the proprietor appeared on the scene, and in terms that stirred up the stagnant waters of the river demanded the reason of the man's conduct. The embarrassed would-be blood bleeder ignorance of the rules of high society, paid his bill and retired to hide his confusion from the amused crowd. The proprietor then paralyzed everybody by setting up the drinks all around.

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AROUND AND ABOUT.

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

There does not seem to be any species of amusement so popular in St. John as the open air concerts on the public squares. For four years the mayor of the city (ex-mayors Jones and Grant) provided the citizens with this amusement free of all cost. Ex-Mayor DeVeber did not follow in the footsteps of his predecessors in this respect and Mayor Thorne has followed the precedent established by Mr. DeVeber. There is nothing to compel the mayor of St. John to contribute towards the enjoyment of the citizens, but when that official is awarded a salary of \$1600 per annum for performing the duties of his office he should see to it that the citizens get value for their money. Mayor Thorne has proved himself a good official. He has—it will be general admitted done his duty fairly and well. The salary—considering the duties and responsibilities of the office together with the population and wealth of the city is a generous one, and the mayor would greatly add to his present popularity by giving the citizens an occasional free concert. Should he not be able to see his way clear to do this the council should take hold of the matter and pay the small amount that would be necessary to furnish the citizens with at least two free concerts every week next year.

People Talked About.

Mrs. Langtry is fond of surf bathing and is a fine swimmer. Last week she appeared on the beach at Long Branch in a tight-fitting jersey suit of deep black, tastefully trimmed with gold braid. She dived through the billows with grace and vigor, and swam out as far as the end of the pier.

Buffalo Bill, according to recent reports from London, is not likely to return with much money. It is said that he made an unfortunate contract with the managers of the American Exhibition to something like the effect that he was to receive one-third of the receipts of his show, and assume all the expenses of it. It is said that but for this the American Exhibition would have scored a loss.

Queen Margherita of Italy asked King Humbert at the opening of the season if he thought her still young enough to wear white muslin dresses. The king did not answer at once, and his wife gradually became worried at his silence. At length, however, she received from Paris six white dresses of the finest material and the most youthful style. By such a delicate and practical method did the gallant Humbert show his confidence in his wife's beauty.

Says London Life: "A lady visitor at the hospital in which Ruck Taylor is now recovering from the fracture of his thigh, relates that when her visiting day came she asked to see him. She was informed by the matron that the patient had been so harassed by the constant and irrepresible flow of female visitors of all ranks and ages, that in despair he had begged to be removed to another ward and protected for evermore against the invasion of these unknown and gushing admirers."

It is an open secret to any woman who has seen her or who has even examined her photographs attentively, that Queen Victoria, although she arranges herself in mourning, wears the richest and choicest materials, but the unobtrusive American mind has not allowed itself to dwell on her majesty's underclothing. Now an English newspaper proclaims that the very finest of pink-white silk stockings are reserved for her. The same firm sends hose to the pope, but they are very thick and cream-white, like his slippers.

Emperor William received a large mail at Gastein, the letters from the members of his family alone being very numerous. It is related that immediately on his arrival he found on his table a letter addressed in very large characters, which proved to be from the hand of his five-year-old great-grandson, William. An inclosure by his mother assured the emperor that no one had dictated or even looked at the letter, the first production of the writer. "I fully believe it," the emperor smiling said, "for if she had seen it she would not have allowed it to be sent. In six lines my great-grandson makes nine demands."

The New Baby.

What strange little man can this be, So weird and so wined and wive? What mystical things has he seen With those wide-open wondering eyes?

What treasures untold, from what lands, Do his soft baby fingers unfold? What word does he bring from afar, This stranger so young, yet so old?

Does he bring us some message from spheres Unheard of, from worlds we know not? Starry countries we dwell in, mayhap, As babies, and now have forgot?

Who can tell what he knows, what he thinks? He says not a word, but he looks, In a minute, more wisdom, I'll swear, Than is shut in the biggest of books.

In the blue sky overhead She the harvest-moon has hung Like a silver boat among Shells of star-bright jewels set In the earth's blue coronet. She has brought the orchard's fruit To repay the robin's flute— Which has gladdened half the year With a music liquid clear; And she makes the meadow grass Catch the sunbeams as they pass, Till the autumn's floor is rolled With a fragrant cloth of gold.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

through Carleton is the finest to be found any where on the Bay of Fundy. The local authorities of Lancaster, Portland and Carleton would greatly improve the walking. Trees planted along the road side would also be a great improvement. Some day when the people get to properly appreciate the beauties of the city and its suburbs all these things will be done. But it is never too soon to improve. Who will be the first to take the initial step in this direction? DIXY.

Just Received!

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

Remedy for Potato Bugs.

I have for sale at Low Rates to Cash Customers

500 lbs. PURE PARIS GREEN

In one pound Tins,

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Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

W. HAWKER, Druggist, St. John,

110 PRINCE WM. ST.

W. HAWKER, Esq., Druggist, etc., St. John, N. B.:

DEAR Sir,—Last year I came home from a fishing trip with a fearful Cough and Cold, and took all the medicine I could think of, to no purpose. I was told that I had Bronchitis, and was done for. A friend came to see me, and said he would send to St. John for your **HAWKER'S TONIC** and **WILD CHERRY**, which he had great faith in. After taking a dose or two the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since. It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several lots. I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it.

Yours truly,

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With the best

MOULDING ONLY.

On account of light expense I am prepared to give lower prices on

Picture Framing, Looking Glasses, Picture Mouldings, Mirror Plates, and Fancy Goods,

Than any other Dealer in the City.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Call or write and get our quotations on the above.

W. BRUCKHOF,

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

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Gold, Silver and Nickel Plater.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE CARRIAGE, SLEIGH AND HARNESS TRIMMINGS, ELECTRO-PLATER in all kinds of METALS.

Old Table ware Repaired and Replated. Such as Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

All Orders promptly attended to and Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

242 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

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.

No. 42 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR LADIES' EVENING WEAR!



Ladies' Pink Satin Oxfords. Ladies' White Satin Oxfords. Ladies' Cream Satin Oxfords. Ladies' Pale Blue Satin Oxfords. Ladies' White Satin Slippers. Ladies' Kid Slippers

In childless variety at WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Streets.

THE SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE Co., EDINBURGH.

CAPITAL, \$30,000,000.00 TOTAL ASSETS, \$85,338,362.46

Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates.

D. R. JACK, Resident Agent, Room 3, Paisley's Building, Corner Prince Wm. and Princess Streets.

WE TAKE PHOTOS IN CLOUDY WEATHER AS WELL AS ON THE BRIGHTEST DAY.

INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS. We invite all to call at our Studio and inspect our work.

W. BRUCKHOF & CO., Cor. King and Charlotte Streets, (Entrance 73 Charlotte Street).

M. N. POWERS, Coffin and Casket Warerooms, OLD STAND, 77 and 79 PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Coffin & Casket Materials OF ALL KINDS. For Sale at Lowest Prices, Orders in the City and County attended to with despatch.

ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HATS, CAPS & FURS, 63 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Trunks, Satchels, Bags, Valises, &c. (McLaughlan Building), 83 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Society Boxes and Canvas Covers Made to order. Sample and Express Work a Specialty.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

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

It is always easy to detect the novice among female bathers before she enters the water, especially if she is young and stylish. She has had her bathing dress made to order, and there a dozen or so tucks in its skirt. When once the water has reached her waist she seems paralyzed. At last she turns her head around to see who it is that is pressing down upon her shoulders. It is nobody, and in course of time she realizes that those tucks have made that bathing dress as heavy as lead. Watch for her next day and she will be seen going in to bathe without tucks. [New York Times.]

"Yes," said the good Boston lady, "my son lives out in Dakota, and is, I think, doing a good work for his town." "Is he in the ministry?" "Oh, no; but he has been running a bank there for the last five years—a savings bank, I take it—and must certainly do a great deal toward preventing the poor people from spending their money foolishly, as I know he is very enthusiastic about anything of the kind, and says his bank sometimes has no business that it can do. But the poor boy has discouragements after all; only last week he wrote about one of his dealers stealing \$50 of the rake-off, whatever that may be.—[Dakota Bell.]

You must not go down to church tomorrow evening with less than two bits in your pocket. You cannot expect to get a good sermon, fine music, and see the array of Kingston's beauty and fashion for less than 25 cents. The old nickel don't go. It is a two bit ante.

He [despondently]: It seems useless to struggle any longer against a cruel fate. Your father renounces his consent to our union, my salary is but \$7 per week, and your brother threatens to thrash me at the first opportunity. I will not conceal from you the fact that I losing hope, and have more than one thought of suicide.

She [pausing before a brilliantly lighted saloon]: Adelbert, I don't blame you. Listen; you have often told me of the fatal effects of the ice cream of to-day. I see you follow me by your palling cheek. Let us go in here. In a short time all will be over. We will die together.

"Papa, does a stand for 'zie'?" "Why, there isn't any such word as 'zie,' my son."

"Oh, yes, there is! don't you remember? When you say, 'Ple zic zeeze me!' Said the same little boy: "If i-n spells in, I suppose i-n spell out." [Epoch.]

It is not every Irish carman who will thus answer your curious inquiries: "Who lives there, my man?" "Misther O'Hara smur; but he's dead." "Is he long dead?" "No, surr; if he lived till tomorrow, he'd be dead just three weeks." [London Truth.]

It has been discovered that the average length of time that the \$12,000 a year clergyman is able to work without becoming a physical wreck and having to be sent abroad is seven months. The \$10,000 man can stand it eight months; he who receives \$7,000 nine months; the \$5,000 preacher ten months—and so on; but the man on a \$500 salary works right along all the year round and don't break down. Who can explain this?—[Tid Bits.]

Doctor—Did you give the patient that white powder at ten o'clock? Nurse—Yes, sir. Doctor—And the liquid at 11? Nurse—No, sir. Doctor—Didn't? You rascal, you. I want it understood that my orders are to be obeyed. Why did you not give the liquid? Answer me! Nurse—The patient died at 10.45.—[Omaha Herald.]

Mistress—Lena, who is that man you have in the kitchen? Lena—Aw, dot vas my cousin shoost come over from Munchen. Moriarty (in next room, sotto voce)—Arrah, but it's a nate little colleen yez are, Lena! But howly murder! The old woman's comin' in here herself. [Tableau.]—[Tid-Bits.]

First Omaha Girl—(Clara Stuckup's father gave her a magnificent diamond ring for her birthday present. I suppose she'll be around with it putting on airs. Second Omaha Girl—She won't put on any airs over me. I have a new ring, too. See here. "But her ring is diamond." "No matter, she'll feel sick when she sees this. It's an engagement ring."—[Omaha World.]

Mrs. Langtry is very seriously offended with the critics of California, and denies specifically that she wears a wig, dyes her hair, or has at all gone off in beauty or style. The New York critics put her scoldingly and say: "There! There!" but do not dispute their Californian confessions.

GOSSIP OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Some Things the Gazette Wanderer Thinks Worth Talking About.

Ald. L. C. Macnutt of Fredericton who is claimed to be one of the best looking young men of the Celestial city has at last been secured in the matrimonial net. Larry, as his friends call him, is one of the few newspaper men who go into society, and his adventures while seeking a wife would prove interesting if all the details were published. Macnutt is a good fellow and has scores of friends both inside and outside the journalistic guild, all of whom will wish him and his bride all the success imaginable.

The newspaper men of the city had quite a busy time last Sunday night investigating the alleged harbor murder mystery. It does the boys good to have a little run once and a while. For several months St. John has been devoid of sensational happenings, and while the boat mystery did not pan out very well it gave them an opportunity to stretch their legs.

Postmaster Willis who has been seriously ill for some weeks past is reported to be greatly improved. He will be able to resume active duty in a short time again.

The bazaar in aid of St. Peter's Church, Portland, is drawing well. A number of elections are in progress to determine the popularity of various persons with the frequenters of the bazaar. So far our friend John Boden stands highest as the most popular young lawyer, while Mr. John Connor is likely to carry off the palm as the most popular alderman in Portland. Both young men are deserving of their popularity which no doubt will be abundantly proved before long in some other way than by an election in a bazaar.

Bishop Sweeney does not let the grass grow under his feet when he starts a new enterprise. A week ago the public learned that he intended building a Charity Hospital on Sydney street. The contract has been let and shortly the building will be in progress of erection, and by next spring ready for opening.

Under the direction of our present Bishop the Catholics of St. John have erected many buildings, but none that is likely to be more useful than the Charity Hospital which will no doubt furnish the means for many to end their days in peace.

"Gone to the Registry Office. Come up," was the legend a good natured lawyer hung on his door in Pugsley's building the other day.

Deputy Common Clerk Wardroper is away on his vacation. He is missed by the frequenters of the City Hall. Alexander E. Sweet, of Texas Siftings, was born on Sewell street in this city. His father James R. Sweet was a native of Bridgetown, N. S., and married a Miss James, of Bridgetown. After his removal to St. John James R. Sweet did business as a merchant on Prince William street, opposite Chubb's Corner. After leaving St. John Mr. Sweet moved to San Antonio, Texas, of which place he was Mayor. He was also Colonel in the Confederate army during the war of the rebellion.

The Globe is to publish a two page supplement this evening. This is a sign of enterprise on the part of the only evening paper in St. John, and will no doubt be appreciated by the public.

Joseph Wheelock, the millionaire, proprietor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press is a native of Bridgetown, N. S. He went West about 1850 and has grown up with the country until he has become one of the wealthiest men in the Northwest.

St. John is the best site on this continent for a dry dock, but no capitalist has yet been found to avail himself of the great natural advantages and build a dock. Surely the opportunity will not be neglected much longer.

Chief of Police Marshall, although well advanced in years, enjoys perfect health. He is rarely absent from duty on account of sickness. The chief is a strong believer in lemons as a preventative of disease, and it is an unusual thing to find him without a lemon in his hand during the hot days of summer. He is also very fond of flowers, and a small bouquet always adorns his desk.

Editor Spooner, of the Kings County Record has proved that he is a man of pluck. Just when he had his paper ready to issue a fire burned up his office, destroying his press and a portion of his material. Mr. Spooner was discouraged, but not disheartened. He got another office and on Thursday last got his forms ready and brought them down to Saint John through the courtesy of manager Sterling of the Sun. The Record makes a good appearance and deserves the support of King County people generally. It is sure to succeed.

Chamberlain Sandall is one of the most industrious of public officials. He is always to be found at his post and although the outer door of his office is closed at 4 o'clock, the chamberlain rarely leaves his books until 6 o'clock. The work of the chamberlain's office has never been better performed than during the incumbency of the present head of the department. Mr. D. R. Willet the clerk in the office is an able assistant to the chamberlain.

The contractor for cleaning the streets is deserving of great praise for the manner in which he has performed his work this year. The streets of St. John have never been so clean before as they have been this summer.

A NEWPORT NERD.

Nativity Filtration as Seen Through a Borrowed Telescope.

(Maud Howe's Newport Letter in Boston Transcript.)

Yesterday I passed an hour on the sea sands watching the cool berry-green waves frothing into foam flowers as they broke on the hard white shore, looking at the bathers as they passed to and from their cabins, and the swimmers buffeting with waves or quietly swimming in the deep water beyond.

A canoe propelled by a vigorous young man carries as passenger a girl who is pretty and young, if we may judge by appearances. She leans back in the canoe with the air of a Venice Victrix; every movement of her small head and little, light body bespeaks the tyranny of youth and beauty.

He has yielded to the tyrant, the reigning belle of the hour, we see that even from the shore, by the intent, rapt manner with which he watches her slightest movement. She is a good swimmer, as well as a good dancer, as is shown by a little trick she plays upon her companion.

She attracts the attention to something on the shore, and when his head is turned away leaps from the canoe with a quick movement upsetting the light boat and tumbling her escort all unexpectedly into the water. He sinks, rises, catches his paddle and, tossing it into the empty canoe, starts in pursuit of the water-nymph, whose strong, quick strokes have carried her well away from him.

He swims after her, first on his back then on his side, then like a wind-mill, whirling his arms round and round and making a great splashing and to-do in the green water, which heaves in soft, unbroken billows beyond the line where the waves break.

He is gaining on her, slowly and surely and at last they are neck and neck.

Her head, innocent of disfiguring bathing cap or hat, is lifted well out of the water. The sun strikes her bright hair and her glistening white throat; he is well up with her now, and throws about her neck a delicate chain of brown seaweed which he has caught as it floated past him, and then, being overtaken, she turns about they both swim back to their canoe.

All this incident I have watched through the powerful field-glass lent me by a friend who comes to claim the glass, and I see no more of the little matinee performance by two unknown actors.

Not So Bustle as He Looked.

(Dallas News.)

He was decidedly rustic in appearance and would pass anywhere for a cowboy. He was taking a dry smoke as he boarded the train at Abilene. He took a seat near some Dallas men and drew from his pocket a box of safety matches. He took one of the matches from the box, crossed his legs and swiped the match across his thigh three or four times, but failing to ignite it threw it down and took another, which he put through the same ordeal with precisely the same result. This time he uttered a cuss word and selected a fresh match, the end of which he carefully examined before raking it on his breeches. This match also failed to strike fire, and the man swore some more and broke a half dozen matches in quick succession. One of the Dallas men, who had been watching him, said:

"My friend, you have to strike those matches on the box."

"Who is doing this, anyhow?" and he went on breaking matches faster than ever. Nobody interrupted him until he had wasted the whole box of matches without getting a light. He then ran his hand in his pocket and fished out another box of the same brand and commenced on it. The same Dallasite again spoke to him of the folly of wasting matches in that style, and told him that he might try until the crack of doom and he never could strike a match of that make unless he raked it across the box.

"I'll bet you \$10 I can!" said the unsuccessful match-striker.

"I'll take the bet," replied the Dallas man. The money was put up, the young man went to the glass and rubbed the match on it, and it ignited. The green young man lighted his cigar, took in the money, smiled a dry, sardonic, Mephistophelean grin and said something about the ruinous consequences of "betting on another fellow's trick."

Warn Her Heart With Heavy Words.

(Out Dumb Animals.)

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these last ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise—the language of encouragement. You know that if the floor is clean labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it somebody's fingers have toiled. Why don't you come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." If you gave one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes), fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness.

NOTICE.

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

Mid-Summer Sale of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

WM. J. FRASER,

ROYAL CLOTHING STORE

47 KING STREET.

Is offering immense inducement in the way of

LOW PRICES — AND — GOOD CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Wishing to dispose of all the SUMMER STOCK before September, he has reduced the prices on all the Stock of

MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING. COME FOR BARGAINS.

WM. J. FRASER, One Door above Royal Hotel.

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.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

Retail Department, 60 Prince Wm. Street.

We ask attention to our full and complete stock of Builders', Housekeepers' and Fancy

HARDWARE, Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c.,

Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have

One of the Largest Assortments of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces.

THE LEADING LINES ARE Housekeepers' Goods, In Tinware, Agate Ware, Ironware, Granite Ware, Cutlery, etc.,

EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS IN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, In the Latest English and American Patterns.

We mention Novelties in this Line in SALAD BOWLS, BUSTLE BOXES, CASTERS, etc., in New Designs and Colors.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PIANOS & ORGANS, The Best and Cheapest, SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

Small Musical Instruments, Strings, &c. Kinds. PICTURE FRAMING Of all Kinds.

Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c. WM. MURPHY & Co., 4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, In all its Extensive Variety.

Constantly kept in stock; the newest and latest additions in this branch.

CUTLERY, From the leading English Manufacturers.

Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have

One of the Largest Assortments of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces.

THE LEADING LINES ARE Croquet, Lawn Tennis, CRICKETING GOODS, Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes.

AGENTS FOR Archer & Panocrat Gas Fixtures, AND FAIRBANKS & CO'S., Celebrated Scales.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 6lb. 12lb. and 20lb. caddies.

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

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company. M. A. Finn, Vice President. W. Hawker, President. W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant. Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St. Rooms 1, 2, 3—D. R. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul. 4, 5, 6—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc. 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law. 8—E. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc. 9—J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co. 10, 11—Charles Doughty, Barrister, etc. 12, 13—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc. 14 & 15—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts. Second Floor. Rooms 15, 16—New Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor. 17, 18, 19—C. W. Skinner, Q. C., Barrister, etc. and R. C. Skinner, Judge of Probate. 20, 21—Hamilton, Millier & Wilson, Barristers, etc. 22—Board of Examiners, Peter Gilch, Secretary. 23, 24—H. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc. 25—Office of Conductor Bishop of Canada, and R. C. Skinner, Judge of Probate. 26, 27—G. G. Anthony Davis, Barrister, etc. 28—Wm. J. Brophy, Janitor, etc. Top Floor. Rooms 29 to 45—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE Repairing & Refitting OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S, 53 SMYTHE ST.

N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH, MANUFACTURER OF Woven Wire Mattresses

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

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

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

WANTED. 50,000 MEN to be hired by the Collars and Cuffs Laundry at UGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

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

T. W. SEEDS, 15 WATERLOO ST.

T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer.

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

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

Gents' Furnishings, Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overshirts, Trunks, Valises, etc.

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

City Market Clothing Hall, 1 Charlotte Street.

A VISION.

By hands invisible I was caught To a rare and dizzy height. Hard by the places where are wrought The miracles of the Infinite. The springs of the world were set in play Before me, and I looked far down The sapphire reaches that stretch away Through starry spaces to the Unknown. Felt Earth's fine heart beat rise and fall, Had power conferred to apprehend The immortal longings which ascend From hardened breasts in lust and hate; Saw how human instinct gropes for bliss In loving fibres all abroad, Firm grappling with its deep roots The restful soils ordained of God. —Richard Rolf.

A YOUNG NAPOLEON.

I. "When is it to be?"

I asked John Strong this question because he was my intimate friend. He had told me all about his engagement with Varina Vincent, the pretty school teacher. He had opened his heart to me, and I felt that I had the right to ask when the wedding would take place.

To my surprise Strong's handsome face clouded and he paused for a moment before making a reply. "To tell you the truth," he said, "we do not see our way clear to an early marriage. We are both poor, but we are young and can afford to wait."

I said nothing, but I could not help thinking. In a small town like Cottonville Strong was regarded as a very prosperous young man. He had saved a few thousand dollars, his salary was the highest paid to any one in the place. Only a few years before Strong had entered a country store as a clerk on starvation wages. He had advanced steadily until he had become the cashier of the only bank in Cottonville.

"I have done pretty well," resumed Strong, giving me a keen glance, "but I do not know exactly how I stand. Some of my investments may turn out well, or they may ruin me. Besides, I have borrowed some money."

"That is what I cannot understand," I interrupted. "I have the gift of seeing farther ahead than most people, and I am going to utilize it. I borrow money, but I know where to place it. I don't venture upon any of my investments until I have secured some circumstances. The most successful nations and individuals go the deepest in debt."

It was useless to argue with Strong. In our debating society he had always come off victor in every discussion. So, poised, well equipped and magnetized, there were few men, or women either, that he could not win over to his side.

"Varina understands me," he said. "She is willing to wait. She knows that it is best for us both."

"Well, my young Napoleon," I remarked, "I hope that one of your brilliant, speculative campaigns will satisfy your ambition, and that you will then settle down and marry the girl you love."

Everybody in Cottonville called Strong the young Napoleon of business. His brilliancy, his rapid intuition, his impetuous ways, and the fact that his classical features resembled somewhat those of the great Corsican, had fixed the name on him when he was in his teens. And he liked it. All men like to think that they resemble heroes and conquerors.

"Twenty thousand dollars profit in cotton futures!" It was a big thing for Cottonville. But the young Napoleon took it quietly. He was not surprised, he so to his inquiring friends. He had felt certain that he would make a ten strike.

"I am off for New York," said Strong, the next day after the intelligence of his good fortune had reached him. "Goodby, old fellow."

"But when are you coming back?" I asked, holding him by the hand. "Oh, I don't know. I can't very well say at present."

"There is Varina!" I exclaimed. "Ah, I see. After your return there will be a wedding."

"Don't bother me with that subject now," snapped my friend; "my head is full of important business matters, and I must go to New York. There is no way out of it. It is all right with Varina. Of course I am coming home as soon as I possibly can, but I have an opportunity of getting on the inside in Wall street, and I must go."

"Getting on the inside?" "Yes, I said so. But you know nothing about speculation and care less. I mean just this: I have some friends there who will put me up to something that will pay better than any of my past ventures."

"My dear friend," I urged, "why not let me see them? Your present interest you will soon be the richest man in Cottonville."

"In Cottonville?" he sneered. "There, never mind that. I like the town and I am coming back. Goodby."

People shook their heads at first. In a few weeks their suspicions were confirmed. Strong had plunged into the very vortex of the speculative maelstrom in Wall street, and it was not long before we heard that he had made another lucky hit.

"Strong is a phenomenal genius in his way," said Banker Jones to me one day. "He reads human nature at a glance, and can adapt himself to any class of men. I have no doubt that he is as much at home among the New York capitalists as if he had been one of them always. And he will impress them, too, just as he impressed people here."

I ventured to express a doubt. "You are mistaken," said Jones. "Have you never noticed a few rare men who seem to have nothing in common with the people around them—men who, from their birth, are cosmopolitan by nature, with nothing peculiar about them? Strong is such a man. A stranger could not tell from his appearance and conversation what part of the country he is identified with. In New York, San Francisco or New Orleans he would be at home. It is only here, where he was born, that he appears to be altogether different from his fellows."

Banker Jones was something of a philosopher and I had to yield to him. I saw Varina every day. Sometimes I was at the postoffice when she called for her mail, and I was always well pleased to see her head and sunny smile. It was nearly a year before Strong returned, and then it was only on a flying visit. A special car bearing some of the

Biggest railway magnates in the country passed through Strong with the party, but he left it, and spent half a day at his old home. He was with Varina most of the time and I saw him only a moment.

"No changes, I see," said he in a curt businesslike way, "not a house painted and not a hammer has been heard since I left. Everything is just the same."

"Varina, too?" I suggested. "Yes, Varina, too," he replied. "Poor little thing. Do you know that she lacks force of character?"

"I think nothing of the kind," I answered shortly, "she certainly has a great deal of patience under trying circumstances, and there is some force of character in that."

Strong's eyes fell, and he gave me a parting clasp of the hand. He had to rejoin the railway kings at their next stopping place. It was hard to tear himself away, but it could not be helped.

His visit could not have been very satisfactory to Varina, for from that time I saw a change in her. Her face began to have a weary, sad look, and she pined with next school, withdrawing herself almost entirely from society. She still received letters from New York, but they were less frequent than formerly.

When Strong paid his next visit to Cottonville, the following year, he was a millionaire. This time he remained several days, and was at his best. Everybody remarked that prosperity had not spoiled him. He was devoted to Varina, but the poor girl seemed to be in a daze of state. She saw something in her lover that no one else saw, a coldness that she alone could detect.

After his departure we all began wondering when the marriage would take place. I had said nothing to Strong about it, and he had not mentioned it to me. Only once had he said anything that remotely referred to it.

"You people call me a rich man," he said, "and I suppose I am, but you do not know how complicated my business is. I am liable any night to go home a million or two richer, or a wretched pauper. For God's sake let speculation alone!"

I thought of Strong's words often during the day, and he had not mentioned it to me. I thought of his success. Everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold. Even in New York men spoke of him as the young Napoleon.

It was an awful crash, and it carried some of the proudest firms in the great city down with it.

In our little village we could hardly realize it. Surely Strong had been prudent enough to save something out of the wreck.

Our hope proved to be without foundation. Strong and his associates had been swept away, but he would have to begin the world again owing fully a million dollars.

The heavy fellow bore up for a few days. His conduct was so manly that there was some talk of setting him upon his feet again, but it was predicted that he would retrieve his losses and make another fortune.

But the strain was too much. Finally he staggered to his bed, and when he arose from it, long weeks afterwards, his attack of brain fever had done its worst.

"He is a mental wreck," said Banker Jones, who had just returned from New York. "There is no hope!"

"None whatever. He will never regain his senses. He may improve physically, but his mind is gone forever."

"We must do something for him," I said. "Something has been done," replied Banker Jones, "Varina."

"What has she done?" "That noble woman, sir, went on to New York with her uncle. They took poor Strong and placed him in a private asylum, where he will receive every care and attention. You know that Varina has given up her school and is living with her uncle, who is going to make her his heiress. Well, those two are going to foot the bills and see to it that Strong is taken care of as long as he lives."

It was years afterward when I saw Strong for the first time since his misfortune. Business had called me to New York, and on the second day of my arrival I visited the asylum, a short distance from the city.

At first I thought that Strong had completely recovered, he was looking so well, but his talk undeceived me. "And how is Cottonville?" he asked. "Slow old place, too poor, no progress, nothing to keep a man of ability there. Why don't you come here? I have some big schemes on foot, and possibly I'll let you in."

I was glad to see that he recognized me, and I humored his rambling talk for an hour. "I saw Varina before I left," I said. "Varina! Oh, little Varina Vincent. Do you know I once thought of marrying her, but I saw that it wouldn't do. Good girl, but no force of character, you know. Why, they call me the young Napoleon of finance. How do you like such a wife have suited me? Well, I managed it so as not to hurt her feelings. I let the engagement run along, and in the end forced to release me. I accepted her not having faith in me, and got in a high dudgeon and accepted my freedom. Good, wasn't it?"

It was too much for me. I rose to go. Strong accompanied me to the door, and chattered about his imaginary speculations. "Stay," he cried, as I was leaving. He handed me a little flower from the profusion that decked his table.

"Give that to Varina," he said. I took it and rushed off, unable to speak. Of course I pressed that flower, and took the utmost care of it until I reached Cottonville.

When I gave it to Varina, and told her that I had seen it, she cried over it until I thought her heart would break. Women are so peculiar.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlantic Constitution.

An Absent Minded Person.

One of the most absent minded of men lived and died, not long ago, in a town not far from Concord. He was a most worthy minister of the Gospel, and conducted the greater part of one long, midsummer service one year of heavy spectacles on his nose and another canted high up on his massive forehead.

He once called on a lady parishioner and invited her with characteristic politeness to go to ride. She accepted gladly and "fixed up" only to find with the dominie when they reached the door that he had made his call on horseback, and that his chaise was at his home a half dozen miles away.—Concord Monitor.

The Galveston News says Texas has 2,900,000 dogs. The dogs cost their owners five cents a day per head, or altogether \$45,000,000 a year, and sheep owners \$5,000,000 a year more, a total of \$50,000,000.

Abe Lincoln's First Fight.

There does not live in the United States today one who was so actively associated with the martyred Lincoln as John White, who lives down the Bishop branch, town of Viroqua. While in the Censor office the other day Mr. White related many amusing incidents of his boyhood days in Illinois, when he and Lincoln were fast friends, split rails, did surveying and went to muck-bees together. Lincoln was his senior by a number of years, and for that reason the every act of the lamented president remains fresh in the memory of Mr. White. "I remember well," said he, "when the bully of Sangamon county, induced by some good natured wag, came to the spot where we were chopping rails and challenged Abe to a prize fight."

The bully made up for Abe and the first fall Lincoln came down on top of the heap. The champion was bruising and causing blood to flow down Lincoln's face when a happy chance befell and entered his original brain. He quickly thrust his hands into a convenient bag of smart goods and rubbed the same in the eyes of his opponent, who almost instantly begged for mercy. He was released, but his sight for the time being was extinct. No member of the trio possessed a pocket handkerchief, so Lincoln, with usual originality, tore from his own shirt front the surplus cloth, washed and bandaged the fellow's optics and sent him home. I was also present at the first lawsuit he ever conducted in justice court. Here served him well the inexhaustible supply of original ideas and ways which characterized his past and future life. In boyhood days he was as true to his friends as his great career proved him to be to his country.—Viroqua (Wis.) Censor.

Italians in America.

The faithfulness of the Italian household and the domestic character of her husband are well known. A divorcee in Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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THE \$10,000 PRIZE FOR DATE.

It is well known that for some years past a prize of \$10,000 has been offered to inventors for the first ten bales of jute grown and prepared for market in the United States, at a cost which will admit of successful competition with that from India. The principal and apparently insurmountable obstacle which confronts all efforts in this direction is the lack of a machine which will prepare the jute fiber for use at a cost low enough to offset the very cheap hand labor of India. In the jute plant the fiber lies between the pith and the bark. It is necessary, therefore, to remove the latter and separate the jute from the pith, it being also essential that this be done without injuring the fiber, which is one of the most delicate known. But as the natives of India do this work for seven to ten cents a day, a substitute machine would not only have to overcome this matter of cheapness, but would have to perform the task in as perfect a manner as is now done by Indian fingers, as well as equal in other stages to the work of preparation required before the fiber is ready to enter the factory.—Boston Budget.

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Notice of Sale.

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

All 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 Robbsey (formerly the Parish of Hampton) in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid being part of the southwest half of Lot No. 13 in section of the said and bounded and described as follows: The original grantee of the said premises being the late Honorable John Robertson, Esquire, Esquire, of the said Province, formerly belonging to Scribner, and known as Lot No. 13 in the said grant and the west side by the said Honorable John Robertson, Esquire, Esquire, and being the same as the said premises owned by the said Charles Drury, lying to the westward of the west line of the said premises, which were more fully described in reference to a plan on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in the County of Kings, which instrument of mortgage is recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in the County of Kings, No. 4, pages 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29 of Record on the 26th of August, A. D. 1881.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in the said instrument of mortgage, and the proceeds of the sale in payment of the principal and interest secured in and by the said instrument of mortgage.

WARD CHIPMAN DRURY, Executor and Trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased. HARRISON & PUGSLEY, Solicitors of mortgage.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE CENTURY For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, and is the most widely read and most interesting of the magazines of the country. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

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

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

THE WAR SERIES.

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

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady and the Tiger" etc., begins in November. The novel by George W. Cable, stories by May Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

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

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BAKU'S FOUNTAINS.

THE PERSIAN RIVAL OF PENNSYLVANIA'S PETROLEUM FIELDS.

A Great Town Built Upon the Spot Herebefore Held Sacred by the Fire Worshipping Ghebers—Twelve Thousand Square Miles of Oil Region.

The great town of Baku has now a coast line of about six miles, sweeping around a well protected harbor crowded with shipping—ships of all tonnage, all fitted with tanks to store the oil that pours from a hundred fountains. From time immemorial this spot has been deemed sacred by the Ghebers of Persia, who recognize in the flame of the native naphtha a sacred fire symbol. Here for at least 2,000 years the sacred earth and flame has burned unceasingly, and the temple of Strukhah has been a center of reverent homage to the Persian people. In other tropical fruits, including one very peculiar variety of several varieties, which is of orchidaceous growth, oranges, chilies, and pineapples. Such a comparison would hardly recommend the chila, which is really delicious. Chila is made from the juice of the chila plant, which is a large, and the juice of pineapple. In addition to their cooling properties all these fruits are rich in sugar and contain a large amount of water.

It is a plain about fifteen miles in width projecting thirty miles into the Caspian from the point where the Caucasus terminates on its shores. The whole surface of the ground is black with waste petroleum which in some places reaches to the consistency of asphalt, whereas beneath the blazing misdeeds sun the foot sinks to the depth of two or three inches. Every breath of wind raises billowing clouds of black, bituminous dust, formed by the coarse black naphtha with which the streets are periodically covered, true water being too precious to be thus wasted. This dust, combined with the dense smoke from the chimneys of some of the 800 refineries, does nothing to improve the atmosphere. And here, day and night, the oil fountains pour forth their hideous black streams. They yield an average of from 25 to 35 per cent. of pure oil, and from 20 to 30 per cent. of refuse, which makes excellent fuel for the great fleets of oil steamers and locomotives. The supply may well be described as inexhaustible, as 12,000 square miles in this region are found to be oiliferous, and of this vast surface only six miles have as yet been developed. The bearing stratum extends beneath the Caspian, where it crops up in Tehellik, a true island in the Caspian, and in the mountains of the sea from hills and cliffs, which may be said to be formed of coals—in other words, of certain parts of the eastern shore of the Caspian it reappears at various points, as, for instance, at the Neft or Naphtha hill, where the deposits are officially valued at \$25,000,000.

THE FIRE GIANT'S STORY.

Now, the fire giant who tends the great laboratory beneath the Caspian seems to annihilate the example of his brethren in New Zealand and Tonga. Hitherto he has been satisfied with such sport as turning out such an enormous quantity of petroleum for three years ago from one of the Baku springs, spouting with such force as to break to pieces a three-inch cast iron pipe which had been fastened over the well in order to divert the flow to a different direction. A neighboring oil spring, on being tapped, was found to be rich in petroleum to twice the height of the great Geyser in Iceland, forming a huge black fountain 200 feet in height. It is, however, attributed solely to the removal of the pressure on the confined gas, as there is no perceptible heat in these geyser. It was one night, however, around, and on the first day it poured forth about 50,000 barrels, and it finally subsided, leaving its unfortunate owners an Armenian company well nigh ruined by the claims brought against it by owners whose lands were destroyed by the oil flood.

Street Cleaning in South America.

A South American diplomatist said the other day: "It may be interesting to the public to know that the subject of street cleaning in New York is known in several of the South American countries, notably Chili and the Argentine republic, where men are employed to sweep the streets. This plan was first adopted by the government of Chili when most all had men in the republic were engaged in the subjugation of Peru, but it proved so successful that it was not only continued, but was adopted in the adjoining republic. Contracts are let to women or to men, as the case may be, for keeping a portion of the city clean, and every morning at about 3 o'clock gangs of women go out with their brooms and sweep the dirt into little piles, when it is gathered up by men who take it to the dump. The contracts are small, and the territory to be swept by each contractor does not amount to more than a mile or two of pavement. The streets are paved with Belgian block like Fifth avenue, and are always as clean in the morning as a dairy floor."—Washington Post.

Evidence as to Character.

Evidence as to character always introduced by attorneys for defendants in their weight with juries, but it does not appear to have as much weight as formerly. Practically the evidence as to character is worthless, as any one will find by reading the records of great crimes. It is establishing the fact that the heinous and monstrous crimes have been committed by men who before their crime had the very best character. It would appear that there is in every one a certain amount of latent evil, which needs only circumstance to develop it.—C. O. Bishop in Globe-Democrat.

The Balmoral Machine.

The Balmoral machine of the present day is the outgrowth of the little hosiery knitter. Its manufacture followed in the wake of the demand for repelle, women are employed to sweep the streets. This plan was first adopted by the government of Chili when most all had men in the republic were engaged in the subjugation of Peru, but it proved so successful that it was not only continued, but was adopted in the adjoining republic. Contracts are let to women or to men, as the case may be, for keeping a portion of the city clean, and every morning at about 3 o'clock gangs of women go out with their brooms and sweep the dirt into little piles, when it is gathered up by men who take it to the dump. The contracts are small, and the territory to be swept by each contractor does not amount to more than a mile or two of pavement. The streets are paved with Belgian block like Fifth avenue, and are always as clean in the morning as a dairy floor."—Washington Post.

Steamboat Life in 1843.

My first venture in steamboat life was in 1843, and then I thought it was a very risky one. The first boat I owned was a little stern-wheeler, the Lucia, the first St. Louis and Alton daily packet. At that time Alton had not street running back from the river bank. Close to the boat I had a little house, and I had a little fortune invested. Shortly after I had opened out, along came a minister who owned the Lucia. He was discouraged with his efforts steamboating, and wanted me to take the boat off his hands. One thousand dollars was the figure, \$800 cash and the balance in two or three months. I finally agreed on \$500 cash and the balance on time. How was I to get the money? It was a difficult solution as the interstate commerce puzzle. But I got it. I went around to the business men of Alton, and got \$25 from this one and \$30 from another, and not one of them knew that I had borrowed from the other. In about two hours I had the \$500 together, closed the bargain and started for St. Louis the next day. The boat was a success, and I cleared the money. It was a difficult solution as the interstate commerce puzzle. But I got it. I went around to the business men of Alton, and got \$25 from this one and \$30 from another, and not one of them knew that I had borrowed from the other. In about two hours I had the \$500 together, closed the bargain and started for St. Louis the next day. The boat was a success, and I cleared the money. It was a difficult solution as the interstate commerce puzzle. But I got it. I went around to the business men of Alton, and got \$25 from this one and \$30 from another, and not one of them knew that I had borrowed from the other. In about two hours I had the \$500 together, closed the bargain and started for St. Louis the next day. The boat was a success, and I cleared the money. It was a difficult solution as the interstate commerce puzzle. But I got it. 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der the strain of her backward jerk, and she turned round upon him panting with fear and exertion, the flowery bough grasped within her hand. "Am I, then, a wild creature, that you should hunt me so?" "Yes, you are the loveliest and the wildest of creatures, and, now I have caught you, you must listen to me."

"George, you must be mad." "You shall see whether I am mad or not. Did you see what the brigands did to a fellow they caught in Greece the other day for whom they wanted ransom? First they sent his ears to his friends, then his nose, then his foot, and, last of all, his head, all by post, mark you. Well, dear Anne, that is just how I am going to pay you out. You shall have a week to find a fresh plan to trap the bird you have frightened, and, if you find none, first I shall post one of those interesting letters that I have yonder to your husband—anonimously, you know; not a very compromising one, but one that will plague his curiosity, and set him making inquiries; then I shall wait another week."

"I don't see how I am to send her away." "It was in one of the worst of her fits, her 'cloudy days,' as she would call them, that she was seized with this idea. As she was dressing, Pigott brought a letter, which, recognizing Lady Bellamy's bold handwriting, she opened in fear and trembling. It contained a short note and another letter. The note ran as follows: "DEAR ANGELA: I enclose you a letter from your cousin George, which contains what I suppose you will consider good news. For your own sake I beg you not to send it back unopened as you did the last time. A. B."

SPECIAL GIFT SALE - AT THE - Great London & China Tea Co's, No. 33 King Square, COMMENCING - SATURDAY, SEP. 3rd, And ending the following Saturday. To purchasers of 2 lbs. of Tea we will give a handsome French China Mocha Cup and Saucer, worth 6s.

Secretary's Notice. The undersigned non-resident ratepayers of School District No. 1, Parish of Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, are hereby required to pay their respective School Rates, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertisement, on or before the 15th inst. from this date, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES. 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.

J. & J. D. HOWE. SAINT JOHN, N. B., July 21st, 1887. MR. JOHN HOPKINS, Union Street. Dear Sir,—For some years we have been using your pressed Beef and Tongue and have never experienced any injurious effects from their use.

BOILED AND PRESSED YESTERDAY CORNED BEEF AND TONGUE. Also, Something New PRESSED HAM Also, Fresh Meat, Poultry, Vegetables, Etc. BOOTS, SHOES & SLIPPERS FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

LANDRY & CO., 52 King Street, St. John, N. B. Represent the following First Class Manufacturers: PIANOS, ORGANS, Steinway & Sons, Esch Organ Co., Aug. Haus & Co., Mason & Hamlin Org. Co., Albert Weber, Shontager Organ Co., Emerson Piano Co. (with Chimes), T. Parlow & Mott, W. H. Haywood, Rev. Henry Pope, D. D., John C. Lamberton, Chas. M. Robinson, Thos. C. Ward.

Wines, Liquors, &c. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, FUNERAL FURNISHING Undertaker. Adult Hearse, also White Hearse For Children. No. 15 MILL STREET, RESIDENCE: 15 MAIN ST., PORTLAND, N. B. MOXIE NERVE FOOD, GINGER ALE Bottled Soda, No. 15 NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. A. WALLIS & SON. A. E. POTE, Manager.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOTELS. Hotel Dufferin SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Royal Hotel, T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r SAINT JOHN, N. B. New Victoria Hotel, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL! (LATE ROYAL.) King Square, St. John, N. B. G. REX PRICE, Owner and Proprietor.

EXPRESS. The Intercolonial Express Co. (LIMITED) Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collects bills with Goods, and issues Receipts and Accounts.

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

TO LET. Shop, No. 9 Canterbury St., Later Occupied by R. WELCH, as a Custom Tailor. SHOP, 161 BRUSSELS ST. Suitable for a Jobbing Blacksmith or Horse Shoeing. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to A. G. BOWES & CO., No. 21 Canterbury St.

J. D. McAvity, 39 BRUSSELS ST., DEALERS IN Coal and Groceries. Everybody says that McAvity's Buttermilk is the best in the City. J. D. McAVITY.