

THIS WEEK Another new Story THE PRICE SHE PAID, BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART II. LIFE IN ST. JOHN Will be in THE GAZETTE THIS WEEK.

Vol. I.—No. 45.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

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, SPRINGERS, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIRDS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS, also OIL CLOTHING.

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LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

What A Former Resident Thinks of the People and Customs of St. John.

He Discourses this Week on the Business and Business Men of Saint John.

St. John is a business city, and St. John men attend to business first. They may go in for pleasure, but not before business. The man who takes this course is sure to get left at the end of the race. In times past money was made easily, and rapidly in St. John. Men became rich almost before they knew it. They commenced in business mostly in a small way, but as profits were large and the business of the city constantly extending, they accumulated money, and as a rule, invested in shipping property. Shipping in those days—before the steamer trade got into the hands of the steamers—paid like smoke. It was no unrequited thing for a large ship to pay for herself in one or two long voyages. It is impossible to tell how much money St. John has invested in shipping, but the amount must be very large when it is taken into consideration that St. John, a city of say 40,000 people, is the sixth ship-owning port of the world. The large profits pouring into the city as a result of the earnings of this vast mercantile marine was largely reinvested in the same class of property. It was in this way that St. John people became such large proprietors in shipping. The property paid, and they reinvested their profits almost wholly in business again. Few persons when the merchant marine of St. John was almost entirely dependent wholly upon it for a living. Most of them were in some other business, and as a consequence, they could afford to reinvest their profits.

that they are men of enterprise. They have fought like an array of veterans. As fast as one was shot down another stepped into the breach, gathering up the threads of trade and holding them against other cities. The reason for this is that St. John has a good reputation amongst outside dealers. Her merchants are not tricky. They do not send out travellers with instructions to sell goods at 90 days, and then draw on a bill of lading, a trick quite too frequently played by dealers in the West. What they represent their goods to be they are. They do not sell shoddy for tweed or sand for sugar. They do business honestly, squarely, and promptly, and it has been these things which enabled the city to hold its trade against the odds above mentioned.

A Boston paper is printing the life of Kelly the distinguished base-ball player. This is a good time to publish a player's life. In the heat of the playing season the demand is mostly for the umpire's life. Mr. Snugg (reading)—"The American buffalo is rapidly dying out." Mr. Snugg—"Well, there is certainly nothing strange in that. The buffalo lives out and of course dies out. The same is true of the man, is it not?" Mr. Snugg—"It should not be allowed to die." Mr. Snugg—"But Mr. S. was gone—for coal." They were talking in a Portland barber shop about their shaking powers, and of course there was more or less lying. A gent from Indian town told this one—"One night along in the fall a good many years back I was skating down the Kennebecasis from above Milkish. It was quite dark and as there were some holes in the ice I had to keep going at a very rapid rate to avoid dropping into them. I am no ice-creeper—even now—but that night I honestly think I beat all records." "How did your great speed save you from the holes?" a listener asked sarcastically. "How did it save me? Why I could see them. I kept my skates going so fast that sparks flew from the ice in showers, making it so light that I could have seen a pin ten yards ahead."

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

Things the European Correspondents Think Worth Cabling.

The Crown Prince has so fallen off in flesh that his clothes are much too large for his shrunken frame. Last summer, in London, he weighed 204 pounds—recently only 152. His beard, moreover, has become quite white. During the last two days the Prince has written out his will and a so a political testament for his son Wilhelm. The cheery good humor and patience with which at first he bore his sufferings are now exhausted, and weary, worn and harassed he sighs for the end. I hear, writes a correspondent, that in parting with the Prince of Wales, who left Cannes the other day for London, the Crown Prince, speaking of death, said: "I had always hoped that the 'silent messenger' would come to me like a thief in the night! But he is coming as slowly as a London bus, full up, bound for New York."

There is much gossip about the decree issued by the Vatican annulling the marriage of the Count and Countess Zamoyski. The lady is the daughter of the late Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, one of the heroes of Sebastopol. Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie were her baptismal sponsors. Her mother was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, and is a relative of the Empress. Marshal Pelissier met his future wife at St. Cloud in 1850, and it was a case of love at first sight. Count Zamoyski, who belongs to one of the most ancient Polish families established at Paris, married the girl, a haired beauty from whom he has just been separated in 1881. The decree of annulment just granted by the Vatican was by her petition and bitterly opposed by the Count. The grounds on which demand was based were of the strangest nature.

It would be difficult to describe the amount of money that the London dress-makers and milliners are turning out in readiness for the coming social season. Every woman who can make anything for other women to wear has her hands full of business. The Prince of Wales will be home on Monday and will give a grand party on Saturday, March 10th. The Prince of Wales will be the first of his title to celebrate his silver wedding. The anniversary is Saturday, March 10th. But nothing is arranged yet with reference to any special Court festivities.

The London workmen and girls and women who slave from morn till night to the needle, have as one to let the public know what they are suffering and to protect them from the merciless monopolists. When any meeting of "sweaters" is held in the slums of the East End to give public utterance to their grievances, the newspapers ignore it. The life of the "sweaters" in London is very much like the life of the tenement-house toilers in New York, only worse. "Sweating" dens are set up everywhere by greedy contractors. The working people are herded in them like cattle in stock-yards, and the government inspection is made impossible. It would require an army of inspectors to suffice efficiently the provisions of the law, and even if the inspectors were quadrupled, so wretched is the condition of the workers that in many cases they themselves would aid the taskmasters in evading the official efforts at discovery and detection. The "sweaters" are practically slaves—glad of any opportunity to toil seven and eighteen hours a day for a mere subsistence. Many of them are out of work shop months of the year. The ventilation of all this wretchedness of poverty in the House of Lords is due to Lord Murray, ever well known in America, who has been studying the reports of the Labor Inspectors of the Board of Trade. He made a capital speech on the subject, and succeeded in getting a committee appointed to inquire into the grievance.

The old familiar name has once more been inscribed on the rolls of the House of Lords. Earl Russell, who succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather, the first earl, on May 5, 1878, but who did not attain his majority until 1882, was called to the peerage by his seat in the House of Lords recently for the first time. What is to be his record?

In Berlin the late words of Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag, "We Germans only fear God" are being engraved on brooches, scarfpins, medals, pipes, mugs, and everything that will bear an inscription, and the articles thus decorated sell readily. A Parisian paper, commenting on this, says the Germans ought, however, to add the words, "And Bismarck," to the inscription.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying at present at Naples, and are living in a very unostentatious fashion. The Princess is a good walker, and prefers this mode of locomotion to being jolted in the Italian substitute for an English cab. A few days back, while wandering through the picturesque but odoriferous city with her husband, the Princess was struck by some photographers who had purchased a wood which were exposed for sale in a shop window. She entered and bought two, being served by a young lad, who, it was afterwards discovered, was the son of the proprietor. On returning home, and submitting her purchases to a closer examination, the Princess was so delighted with them that she determined to get some more of the same kind. Accordingly, on the following day she returned to the shop, and was this time attended to by an elderly man who was most obsequiously polite, and professedly ignorant that he was aware of the high rank of his customer. There was little harm in this so long as he kept the knowledge to himself, and did not gather a crowd of the curious farinates for which Naples is famous. At last, however, the Princess was chosen, and it came to the question of paying for them. The old man asked a price just three times what the Princess had been charged the day before. On being taxed with this inconsistency, he not only renounced a son who never had insulted Sua Eccellenza by letting her have the frames so cheaply, but he at least knew what was due to royalty! And the Princess paid.

Writing on the unfounded statement that Sir Henry Holland would take the title of Lord Holland, the London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells the following story—It is not always safe to lay hands on titles which have figured in history, as Lord Cranbrook discovered to his cost. When he determined to take the House of Commons he chose the title of Lord Oxford—in point of association, antiquity, and euphony one of the most splendid which could be borne by an English subject. The selection was "kept dark" until a day or two before the irrevocable patent was to be signed, when it leaked out through an evening paper. The moment the news travelled down to Lincolnshire and reached the venerable Baroness Wilphyl de Enshay in her secluded seat Bourne, she promptly wrote a letter to Queen and another to Lord Beaconsfield, setting forth that she was a heir and representative of the De St. Barle of Oxford, and that her son's name, was entitled to the revival of an ancient title.

Aristocratic circles in St. Petersburg are just now smitten with a new form of amusement to pass away the dull winter. Ladies (over twenty years of age and less than forty, by the way) are to conduct sledge races. The female jockeys, who will be called along from the ranks of the upper ten, are to wear distinguishing colors, and will drive their own sledges to the winning post. The prizes are to consist of mainly diamond ornaments, and some of these have been ordered by the Empress herself.



THE UNION QUESTION. His Worship—Come along little fellow we want you. Don't squeal so. His other Worship—Cap let go my foot and attend to the City Council. They need your services more than I do.

In this wicked world the human eye is subject to frequent mishaps, and seems to be the object of much unrelenting enmity. This may be because it so frequently goes about prying into other people's affairs, or it may be because it has no legs or wings of its own with which to run or fly from danger. A discolored optic feels bad and looks worse, and is diligent in its endeavors to hide itself from the cold glance of an unimpaired and skeptical world. For when an eye gets into trouble, the world wags its head, and doubts the integrity of the eye when it lucidly explains the cause of its grief. Not unrequently the gilded youth who sees "out the road" comes back with a languished and dependent eye. He would gladly leave the eye behind him for recuperation and repose, but the eye positively refuses to accede to any such arrangement. So the gilded youth comes back to town with his moaning peeper, and at once seeks the studio of the eye painter, who relieves the eye of its shame by hiding the evidences of its disaster. Does the gilded youth remember the artist? It may be, in his prayers, but seldom in a substantial way for the eye is more likely to get into trouble when the purple is flat than when it is round—like a provincial secretary. There is always a mystery about the manner in which the eye gets into trouble. A few nights ago one of these eccentric optics tried to swallow the flat of the eye painter himself. This was in one of the up-town hotels. Next day the man with the eye called upon the painter for treatment. He explained that while returning from a revival meeting the night before, a lamp post assailed him. Very likely the explanation was honestly given.

Milkish, in Kings County, has added another spig to its wreath of laurel. It has a bull terrier that has taken charge of a brood of ducks which it drives to the creek every morning, and it sees that they are properly housed in the evening. A month ago it brought in its charge at 5 o'clock, but now, it postpones that duty till the kitchen clock marks the hour of 6. This is a fact.

Our Moncton correspondent writes—A very successful entertainment was given by the Baptist Mission Band, assisted by the Sunday school and choir in the vestry of the Baptist church, on Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of two anthems by the choir; a quartette by Master J. D. Steeves and S. Crandall, Mrs. Mills and Miss Rogers; readings by Hattie Seaman, Jenny Rand, and Georgia Estabrook; singing by the Sunday school, and a piece entitled "Odds and their Wreaths," by the children of the Mission Band and the Sunday school. Mr. C. A. Steeves presided.

It is rumored that a block of buildings, extending from the Portland Police Station to the Fort Howe road, is to be erected in the spring for mercantile purposes. A somewhat peculiar accident happened at the household of a man named Winslow, who lives on the Pushaw road, says the Oldtown Herald. It seems that the old gentleman was stretched out on the floor, when his wife, a matron of stout build, who was busy about the room, stumbled and fell upon him, breaking two of his ribs.—Bangor Commercial.

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Among the older readers of the Gazette, undoubtedly there are some who have heard of the "Original Jacobs." He kept a clothing store on Chatham street, New York, and it was his contention that in his business no one bearing his patronymic had a right to engage. But they did just the same, and to distinguish himself from the brood of upstarts he advertised as the "Original Jacobs." That he was a wise man is shown by his use of the advertising columns of the newspaper; by doing so he was enabled to harvest a large crop of kopecks, and fame as well. The Gazette, aside from the "Original Jacobs," remembers at this moment no other gentleman of that name whose fame is thoroughly established, except Jacob, who chiselled Esau out of his birthright. Old Jacob Townsend, of Sarasparrilla renown, and Jacob Sharp. The names of the four Jacobs that have been referred to have been immortalized by printers ink, and by its use the "Original Jacobs" and old Jacob Townsend "scopped the hoodle" as well. Right here in Saint John there are two gentlemen striving vigorously for ducaats and fame, but neither of them has been successful, because they neglect to employ the great desideratum—printers ink. Their stores are side by side, and when one sells a customer a pound of tea for forty cents he presents him with thirteen bars of soap; the other takes in with the soap a Jersey cow, a silk dress or a case of cerebro-spinal meningitis, as the customer may prefer. And still, neither of these gentlemen are happy; neither of them are growing rich nor famous. Why? If the Original Jacobs were alive he could tell them! They don't advertise.

The suspension of Mr. Ellis, Supt. of the Street Railway Co., to which currency was given on Thursday, occasions no little regret, and is the subject of considerable comment. He has, since the construction of the road was commenced, discharged his duties in a most efficient manner, and has made many friends here by the courteousness of his demeanour and his unflinching energy in forwarding the interests of his company and the comfort of their patrons. If Mr. Ellis is the victim of a "combine" between some of the company's inferior employees and meddlesome outsiders, the facts will doubtless reach the ears of the directors, and his reinstatement will follow. The matter is one in which the public have an interest and the Gazette trusts it will not be allowed to drop without a thorough investigation.

Mr. Miles painting, Early Morning on the St. John, near Sheffield, is one of his most pleasing productions. A group of cattle is shown on the bank and in the water of a creek running into the distance, on the right bank of which is a cluster of trees which are characteristic of the locality. The sun, just rising above the horizon, tints the clouds and spreads its light to the zenith, and with the shadows of the trees and the cattle, gives the water a very limpid appearance. The picture is low in tone, yet brilliant in color, and is very carefully painted.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really good 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 1 lb. tins and 2 lb. caddies.

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

- 11th Floor—Entrance from Princess St. Rooms 1, 2, 3—T. R. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and General Vice-Consul of Solosons was coming home to America. The mercantile telegram, which proves the greatest gossip of the evening, announced the fact, and the news was reported to the other bits of choice society news. Eager tongues in the magic circle elaborated the story through the length and breadth of Murray Hill, and long-winded slanders outside the pale added fresh revelations, glowing over them with the glories of South Sea Islanders scattering a cannibal feast. Reasons for the news were given without stint, and scarcely a show of reason in any of them; but this did not prevent each report having scores of fervent adherents. It was generally conceded that the breach was of the countess' causing, though she was none the less blamed on that account. Most people tried to think she only made matters public because she wanted to be first in the field, and, having discovered that the countess had not intended to come back to America, she had borne enough, and was apparent; but she was too proud a woman to try to excuse a scandal by a wordy narration of her wrongs. She could have told that she had been more than once dragged to bed by the beautiful hair which men raved over, and which she had written about in the papers; she could have mentioned a decent down stairs hastened by an application of no-billy's boot heels; she was likewise silent in regard to the fragment insults and crowing wrong, which no woman ought to endure, which had caused her hastily to quit her outraged and deserted home. She was not coming back to crave protection—Mrs. Laurence thoroughly comprehended this. She scented distinctly that though the bulk of her fortune was gone, she had enough left to live upon—if not, she would teach, some of her relations need be afraid of her throwing herself on their bounty. She requested her stepmother to make no mention of the clan, and to add that she no more desired to see her. She scented distinctly that, but almost before Mrs. Laurence, still young and pretty, had read and digested the news, the newspapers caught it up, the scandal mongers went nearly mad with excitement. The countess had been shot in the hand by the husband of the little Spanish lady on whose account the countess had taken her decisive step. But that was not all. Surprises are the misfortunes, they never come singly. One of the Laurences died off in South America and left his half million to his beloved niece, Adele, Countess of Solosons; she had been christened by that pretty French name, as if her mother had a presentiment it would suit best with the appellation she was to bear in later years. There was a revolution in the sentiments, at least of society, without delay. A woman returning to her old home damaged in reputation by an unexplained parting from her husband, beggarly in pocket by the extravagance of her noble lord, was a woman to be properly pounced upon and condemned. But a young widow, possessor of an ample fortune, well connected, with a title and beauty, was a person to be received with sympathy and affection. Besides, the withered old marquise, who certainly would have been taken for a chimpanzee had she lived in the Jardin des Plantes, did not scruple to make the story of her nephew's enormities fully known; and when it was discovered how much money the countess had inherited, Paris, like New York, was prepared to believe everything in her favor. But one person cared very little what people said or thought, and that was Adele, Countess of Solosons, herself, who was sailing across the ocean through those sunny June days, as weary, and a countess as ever felt her forehead ache under the weight of her diamond coronet. However, this particular countess, like a good many of her sisters, had a diamond coronet left to give her the air of an aristocrat, and she had a good many of her sisters, who were misanthropic. The family jewels of the Solosons had been passed through several generations, through from Adele's republican father learned this, he made

Drillmaster.

I do not love the less for what is done, And cannot be undone. The very weakness Hath brought these scars to me, and knowest My love will have a sense of pity in it, Making it less a worthy than before.

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY FRANK LEE BENDICT. (Copyright.) The Countess of Solosons was about to separate from her husband, the Countess of Solosons was coming home to America. The mercantile telegram, which proves the greatest gossip of the evening, announced the fact, and the news was reported to the other bits of choice society news. Eager tongues in the magic circle elaborated the story through the length and breadth of Murray Hill, and long-winded slanders outside the pale added fresh revelations, glowing over them with the glories of South Sea Islanders scattering a cannibal feast. Reasons for the news were given without stint, and scarcely a show of reason in any of them; but this did not prevent each report having scores of fervent adherents. It was generally conceded that the breach was of the countess' causing, though she was none the less blamed on that account. Most people tried to think she only made matters public because she wanted to be first in the field, and, having discovered that the countess had not intended to come back to America, she had borne enough, and was apparent; but she was too proud a woman to try to excuse a scandal by a wordy narration of her wrongs. She could have told that she had been more than once dragged to bed by the beautiful hair which men raved over, and which she had written about in the papers; she could have mentioned a decent down stairs hastened by an application of no-billy's boot heels; she was likewise silent in regard to the fragment insults and crowing wrong, which no woman ought to endure, which had caused her hastily to quit her outraged and deserted home. She was not coming back to crave protection—Mrs. Laurence thoroughly comprehended this. She scented distinctly that though the bulk of her fortune was gone, she had enough left to live upon—if not, she would teach, some of her relations need be afraid of her throwing herself on their bounty. She requested her stepmother to make no mention of the clan, and to add that she no more desired to see her. She scented distinctly that, but almost before Mrs. Laurence, still young and pretty, had read and digested the news, the newspapers caught it up, the scandal mongers went nearly mad with excitement. The countess had been shot in the hand by the husband of the little Spanish lady on whose account the countess had taken her decisive step. But that was not all. Surprises are the misfortunes, they never come singly. One of the Laurences died off in South America and left his half million to his beloved niece, Adele, Countess of Solosons; she had been christened by that pretty French name, as if her mother had a presentiment it would suit best with the appellation she was to bear in later years. There was a revolution in the sentiments, at least of society, without delay. A woman returning to her old home damaged in reputation by an unexplained parting from her husband, beggarly in pocket by the extravagance of her noble lord, was a woman to be properly pounced upon and condemned. But a young widow, possessor of an ample fortune, well connected, with a title and beauty, was a person to be received with sympathy and affection. Besides, the withered old marquise, who certainly would have been taken for a chimpanzee had she lived in the Jardin des Plantes, did not scruple to make the story of her nephew's enormities fully known; and when it was discovered how much money the countess had inherited, Paris, like New York, was prepared to believe everything in her favor. But one person cared very little what people said or thought, and that was Adele, Countess of Solosons, herself, who was sailing across the ocean through those sunny June days, as weary, and a countess as ever felt her forehead ache under the weight of her diamond coronet. However, this particular countess, like a good many of her sisters, had a diamond coronet left to give her the air of an aristocrat, and she had a good many of her sisters, who were misanthropic. The family jewels of the Solosons had been passed through several generations, through from Adele's republican father learned this, he made

her a wedding present of a new set-ornament and all. But this pretty bundle, and such other of the trinkets as he could lay hands upon, the dashing count had disposed of a good while before, to satisfy the unpleasant needs for ready money. The first time he pulled his American wife out of bed by her hair, and the last time he had an opportunity to kick down stairs, the disagreements rose out of the fact that she refused to tell him where she had secreted the rest of her gems. So now, if she wanted a coronet to make herself interesting, she would have to purchase another out of her new inheritance; but at present she did not feel much inclination to provide herself with this glittering reminder of her woes. After news of her husband's accident was brought her, she went to his house, took care of him during the brief space he had left for thought and repentance; then she turned her back on the beautiful land which so few years previous she had enjoyed with such worldly pride and unyielding ambition. When she landed in New York she found her stepmother waiting to meet her, and she kissed and was reasonably glad to see each other, having been schoolmates before handsome, penniless Lily Waters married old Laurence, whereby the two were fabled to look in position which they fought terribly, as most girls would.

"I do prefer it," Adele answered; "it was very good of you to think of me, Lily." Mrs. Laurence said something kind and affectionate, and took the opportunity to get an investigating glance at her companion's face. She looked so well, so young and well, and she thought, "and she has almost lost her beauty, but she is so good of you to think of me, Lily." "Since you are going away I must miss you," said Adele.

"What a dreadful play upon words," cried Lily, "it is a bad habit you both have—I'll fine the first who makes a pun. But now, Adele, about yourself—what will you do?" "Since you kindly put this house at my disposal, I shall be glad to stay here," said the countess, "it being perfectly understood that the expense is to be borne by the lady who occupies the house." "Such odd calculations!" exclaimed Lily, shrugging her shoulders, though she never secretly pressed. "They will make us both perfectly independent," she said, "and I am thinking of your proposal of last night, and if I get on until it is time to go back to town, I shall be glad to spend the winter with you, if you allow me to pay half the expenses of the establishment—no other than the usual running expenses, of course, of course. I only want to make myself free and comfortable, but was brought to own that it was best, and in her heart was glad to have her outlays lightened; but she was afraid to say so, and in spite of the ample fortune which she had inherited, she had been so often herself cramped.

proper thing, and was awkward and miserable, as an excitable man always will be at such instants, no matter how much training he may have had. "I am so surprised—so—" "And you did not know I was in America?" Adele asked, as easily as if his sentence had been finished according to the most rigid rules of polite conversation. "No; I have been in Texas—just got back this morning; but you had heard I was there, I suppose," he said, making a dash at his self possession, and ready to hang his head against the wall with rage at his absurd behavior. "I had not heard your name mentioned," she answered, with a low thrilling voice he remembered so well—that he had cursed so often. "It is expected to find Mrs. Laurence and"—he hesitated. "Miss Hastings," she added quickly; but quick as she spoke, she had a whole rush of thought first. He was Dora's lover now; Lily had kept the secret from her—perhaps hoping to enjoy her pain by some dramatic exposure on some future day. They are at Saratoga. I think they meant to have you meet them there."

"It was my blunder," Stuyvesant said; "I am back before my time, and thinking about the next express, hurried up at once instead of going to the club for my letters." The countess looked politely indifferent; her crushed, tortured heart, that she had thought cold and dead, was struggling and writhing into new life as she gazed in his face, but there was no sign she appeared conscious and cured—nothing more. "You will be able to reach Saratoga this evening," she observed, after a little pause, "the next express passes our station in"—she glanced indolently at the clock on the mantel—"about an hour and a half, allow me to play hostess in Mrs. Laurence's absence, and offer you some dinner."

"I was wrong to ask if you mean good-bye, and so—adieu." She held out her hand—that perfect hand which had been the envy of countless other eyes, fairly wept over in the mad passion of his youth, the sight of which made his very heart ache with a recollection of the old pain as surely as if the wound was not sealed over. He had to take it. She kept her fingers pressed slightly on his, and said, calmly enough: "Before you go, there is one thing I should like you to do—you see I am willing to accept a favor from you, though you refused mine." "Certainly," Mrs. de Comtesse; you have only to speak." "And because I bear that title, because you are just entering a new life, I can say, 'I am, Adele, I forgive you.'" She raised her beseeching eyes to his face. He fairly tinged her hand from him. "I won't do it," he said, harshly. "I don't forgive you—I never shall! You broke my heart—you destroyed my youth! Why, you so utterly ruined my life that now, though you are nothing to me—nothing, I repeat, thank God!—the memory of what you have made me suffer leaves me capable of only half enjoying my present happiness." "She bowed her head in patient submission."

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The management of THE GAZETTE take great pleasure in announcing as among the attractions of THE GAZETTE during the coming weeks

Four Stories

each of them of intense interest.

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THE REWARD OF CRIME, a Story with a moral, by CHARLES BARNARD.

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NEXT WEEK,

The Romance of a Fur Cap, a most interesting short Novel full of exciting incidents.

A magnificent Story. Don't miss the GAZETTE next week. It will be the Greatest number ever issued. Order early from your newsdealer.

The other Stories will be published as space will allow of which announcement will be made hereafter.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 24 Canterbury street, JOHN A. BOWEN, Editor and Manager.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

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

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

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

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CIVIC REFORM.

The time has come for the citizens of St. John to demand from the common council the measures of reform that body have had under consideration for the past nine years. In 1879 a good start was made. Many of the extravagances were stopped, but the wave of reform which had only half-done its work was stamped out through the defeat of one or two prominent workers in the election of 1883. The expenditures of the corporation were never so well in hand as in 1882. Efforts have been repeatedly made since that year to get the departmental expenses under better control, but from one cause or another the efforts have not been successful.

The chief reforms were promised in 1882 were,

- 1. The refunding of the city debt at 4 per cent.
2. The establishment of a public works department which should have the control of all the public works of the city.
3. The abolition of commissions on some extent with a view to having but one bureau of finance for the whole city.
Such is a brief resume of the proposals for reform before the council at one time or another, in the past eight years. When first introduced the funding of the city debt as well as its consolidation were comparatively simple matters. The debtors of the city were worth less than par, but since these same bonds have come to be worth a premium from 10 to 18 per cent, the opposition to the consolidation and refunding of the debt is very great. Still it is no greater sin to pay off our debentures in this year of grace than it was four or five years ago. To all intents and purposes the people of St. John are still of one mind regarding the placing of all public works in the city under the control of one department. A single financial bureau is but the natural result of ruing the public works of the city under one head. Like the greater scheme it would also be an economical measure.

THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

A petition is to be sent to the Legislature at its present session praying for certain amendments to the assessment act of the City of St. John. The source of the opposition to this just law is well known. Prior to the passage of the act of 1882 a man who had the good fortune to earn \$400 a year had the privilege of contributing to the city treasury annually the sum of \$25, quite a moderate tax for a man who had a family to support. The reason for this high rate of taxation was due to a large share of the personal property of the city escaping taxation altogether. In every community there is to be found a class of men who study to avoid paying their just share of taxation and it was to compel this class to pay their honest share of taxes that the law of 1882 was framed. The law has fulfilled its purpose. It has reduced the taxes of the man assessed on \$400 from \$25 to \$7. There has been no practical increase in the taxes on real estate, but the holders of large amounts of personal property have been obliged to pay.

POLITICAL PESSIMISM.

We had a few words to say lately on Pessimism in Literature; we propose now to deal with another phase of the subject, and point out some of the evils resulting from this same spirit of pessimism when applied to politics and commercial affairs. This habit of thinking the worst of everything, of preaching despair and disaster, seems to be of comparatively recent growth, and is probably an evolution of the system of party government which is the invariable result of liberty.

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

The Most Famous Vessel Ever Launched, Nelson's Flag-Ship the old "Victory." The whole English-speaking race throughout the world must read with genuine regret the paragraph that recently went the rounds of the press, to the effect that "England's glorious naval cathedral," Nelson's redoubtable old flagship, the Victory of Trafalgar, was leaking badly, and her timbers seemed so rotten that she would have to be broken up. Happily this turned out to be an error, for on being laid bare, the honest British oak of her timbers and planking was found to be as sound as on the day she was launched at Chatham in 1759—nearly a century and a quarter ago. As far back as the year 1759 the keel of the Victory was laid on the stocks at Chatham dockyard, and when she sailed from the wayside for Portsmouth, she was reported

ed to be "the best sailing three-decker ever launched." It was on the 20th of May 1783, that Nelson, for the first time, hoisted his flag on board her. His chief predecessors on her had been the gallant admirals Keppel, Hardy, Hyde, Parker, Kempenfelt (who went down in the Royal George), Lord Howe, and Sir John Jervis. No brighter nor braver galaxy of seamen ever graced the service or annals of any country. After hoisting his admiral's flag at her foremast, Nelson spent two years and three months in the Mediterranean and chased the combined French and Spanish fleets to the West Indies and back. After a brief period at home, on September 14th 1805, he re-embarked on the beach at Portsmouth, on the Victory, surrounded by an immense crowd who had assembled to witness his departure, many of them in tears, and others kneeling on the beach to bless the dearly loved sailor hero of the nation. About mid-day of the 21st of the following October, from the mizen top-gallant masthead of the glorious old ship was spread out to the fleet in Trafalgar Bay, and there onward to all time, while our race and language endure, the celebrated signal "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Are we going to acknowledge ourselves beaten—to throw down the sceptre in despair, and admit that our nerveless hands are unable to hold together the empire we have inherited? Surely not. Surely the descendants of the men who hunted the "golden lilies" from the ramparts of Quebec are still possessed of sufficient energy and pluck to keep what their fathers won. In spite of the wailings and lamentations of these faint hearted prophets of evil, we assert that our country is not in such a plight as they would have us believe—that nothing but energy, patience and perseverance are requisite to ensure for the Dominion of Canada a bright and glorious future. Surely we have as fertile a country, as healthy a climate, as our neighbors across the border. In mineral resources, in forests, in railway facilities, in harbors, Canada is ahead of the United States. Why then, on account of a temporary mercantile depression, which is due probably to the over-production of the past few years and which is felt at the present moment in every civilized country, should we cry out that all's lost and our only hope is in annexation to the United States? Would it help our manufacturers, our consumers, our farmers, to place them in the pitiless power of that octopus whose giant arms are reaching into every corner of the neighboring republic—the "combine"?

After Trafalgar, the Victory did good service in the Baltic elsewhere, under Admiral Sir James Saumarez, and in 1815, when on the point of being sent to sea, owing to the escape of Napoleon from Elba, she was so popular that six admirals named her for their flagship. Waterloo, however, put an end to the matter, and she then spent the remainder of the list of effective fighting ships. She was paid off as a flag-ship in 1869, but re-commissioned in the same year, as leader to the Duke of Wellington, in which service she remained several years.

In October last a leak was discovered in her bows, caused by the rubbing of the cable by which she was moored, and it was thought advisable to dock her, and thoroughly examine her hull. Extraordinary as it may appear, she is still a good ship, tight and seaworthy as any in Her Majesty's service, and when the work of repairing is finished the good historic ship will again be seen proudly riding in Portsmouth harbor. Nelson himself is said to have been much pleased with her good and staunch qualities, and only on two occasions did he find fault with her—once for her tardiness, when he feared the enemy would succeed in getting away from him, and again when his life was ebbing away in her cockpit amid the roar of her guns, which shook the ship, when he cried, "Oh, Victory, Victory, how you distract my poor brain!"

A DISCREET FRUIT GIRL.

She Holds the Secrets of Many a Gay Wall Street Man in Her Notebook. (From Clara Belle's New York Letter.) In the busy throng of lower Broadway and tributary thoroughfares, an old Trinity's clock is marking near noon, may daily be seen a burxom girl of about twenty, with rosy cheeks, intelligent eyes, and a big basket of fruit on her arm. In and out of buildings she goes, until when relieved of her cargo, she disappears for half an hour while she loads again. To be sure she is only one of an army of women engaged in this business, but she is a unique character for all that. They call her Jo. Nobody ever knew an apple girl's surname, or perhaps ever dreamed of a burxom girl of that name. To be sure she is only one of an army of women engaged in this business, but she is a unique character for all that. They call her Jo. Nobody ever knew an apple girl's surname, or perhaps ever dreamed of a burxom girl of that name. To be sure she is only one of an army of women engaged in this business, but she is a unique character for all that. They call her Jo. Nobody ever knew an apple girl's surname, or perhaps ever dreamed of a burxom girl of that name.

S. Jory Baptist Mission Church.

Sunday, 11th March, 1888. Holy Eucharist, Choral 8 a. m. Matins Litany and Sermon 11 a. m. Children's Service 4 p. m. Evensong, Sermon and Miserere at 7.30 p. m. Wednesday, 14th March, Choral Evensong and Sermon 8 p. m. Thursday, 15th March, Holy Eucharist at 7.30 a. m. Other services daily. Matins at 9 a. m. Evensong and Lecture, at 5.30 p. m.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

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

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

\$10,000 Worth of good Ready-Made Clothing A Great Reduction to Clear Mens', Youths' and boys' Scotch, English and Canadian Tweed Suits, OYERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal SUITS, OYERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. Pilot, Beaver, Melton, and Nap Cloth OYERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. 150 Chamois Lined and Rubber Lined Blizzard Coats. 500 Pairs Men's all-wool working Pants, from \$1.90 to \$3.50. Fine Cloths for Custom Work. Scotch and English Tweed Suitings, Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings. Beaver, Pilot, Melton and Nap Cloth OYERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. English Hairline Trousering in all the latest patterns. These goods are first-class in quality and will be made up at a very low figure, the best material used, fit and satisfaction guaranteed every time. You should call and examine my fine stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods IN WHITE SHIRTS, REGATTA SHIRTS, FLANNEL TOP SHIRTS, Fancy Fronts, CASHMERE JACKETS, WOOL COATS, FUR MITTS, COLLARS, TIES, WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, BLUE HANDKERCHIEFS, SHAWLS, BRACES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c. 100 dozen all-wool Shirts and Drawers, at the City Market Clothing Hall, 31 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS NOW OPEN AT— 87 CHARLOTTE ST., MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT Confectionery Store. All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, 7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11, 13 and 25 WATER ST. CHAMPAGNES. Leading High Brands—Qts. & Pts. MOSEILLE, SAUTERNE and CLARETS, BELFAST SODA and CANTRELL and COCHRANE GINGER ALE AND WHOLESALE. The Leading Brands—Qts. & Pts. IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, BRANDIES, HOLLAND GIN JUST LANDING. Special Highland Blend Whiskey. GELIC—OLD SMUGGLER. THE "PROVOST" IRISH. "VICEROY" IRISH. "SHAMROCK" IRISH. "GRO. ROE" and \*\*\*. THOS. L. BOURKE. New Cloths FOR WINTER. I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS and ULSTERINGS To which I invite the attention of my Customers. A. R. CAMPBELL, 46 KING STREET, Over Colonial Book Store

ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., HATS, CAPS & FURS, 63 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. H. S. Cruikshank, FLORIST, Old Burying Ground and Foot of Golding St. Has for Sale, cut ROSES, CARNATIONS, HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CHIRAZES, PRIMROSES, CAMELLIAS, &c. BULBS, in blossom and about to blossom. HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, SNOWDROPS, &c. EASTER AND CALLA LILIES, GERANIUMS, many new varieties and all the flowers and foliage plants usually found in a first class greenhouse.

DeFOREST & MARCH, MERCHANT TAILORS. LADIES AND MILITARY WORK A SPECIALTY. A. D. DEFORREST. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

For Family MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS. OYSTERS SHELLED By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from 18 King Square. J. D. TURNER. FOR YOUR OYSTERS GO TO S. BRUCE'S Oyster House, 9 King Square (North side). OYSTERS delivered to all parts of the City. Discount made on Family and Hotel Orders. WHEN ORDERING Your Oysters, 5 KING SQUARE. OYSTERS delivered to any part of the City and Portland. CHAS. H. JACKSON. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Local Legislature at its next Session for an Act to incorporate the Canadian Gas Light and Heat Company, for the purpose of making Gas from oil or petroleum for illumination and heating purposes, with power to lay pipes in public Streets and with such other powers and for such other purposes as are incident thereto. Dated St. John, Dec. 12th, 1887.

ABRAMAM IVORY may be addressed by merchants and manufacturers, care of the SATURDAY GAZETTE, Canterbury St.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

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

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

It is solemnly asserted by the New York Herald that the Turkish bath-party is a social fad in Chicago just now. A half-dozen ladies—members of the same set, of course—having previously made arrangements with the Turk who is the presiding genius of the bath, come down town and spend the entire afternoon in the enjoyment of the Oriental luge. There are no horrid men around save the stalwart sentinel at the door. Those who wait upon the fair bathers are of the Turkish sex. The afternoon is always the time selected, as more conducive to the true appreciation of the luxuriant languor of the Turkish luge. Lunch is served, and the maidens recline and loiter about the rooms in great abandonment and enjoyment.

I am sorry to see that Mrs. Fawcett deprecates the engagement of ladies of education at dress-makers and milliners (writes Oscar Wilde in the Woman's World), and speaks of it as being detrimental to those who have fewer educational advantages. I myself would like to see dress-making regarded not merely as a learned profession, but as a fine art. To construct a costume that will be at once rational and beautiful requires an accurate knowledge of the principles of proportion, a thorough acquaintance with the laws of health, a subtle sense of color, and a quick appreciation of the proper use of materials and the proper qualities of pattern and design. The health of a nation depends very largely on its mode of dress; the artistic feeling of a nation should find expression in its costume quite as much as in its architecture; and just as the upholsterer tradesman has had to give place to the decorative artist, so the ordinary milliner, with her lack of taste and lack of knowledge, her foolish fashions and her foolish inventions, will have to make way for the scientific and artistic dress-maker. Indeed, so far from it being wise to discourage women of education who are needed, and I am glad to see in the new technical college for women, at Bedford, millinery and dress-making are to be taught as a part of the ordinary curriculum. There has also been started in London for the purpose of teaching educated girls and women, and the Scientific Dress Association, the latter doing very good work in the same direction.

A New York girl of that exquisite blonde fairness of complexion to which green is the most becoming color, gave a green dinner the other night that was a picture in its way. The dining-room was a bower of palms and trees ferns. Across the entire length of the white tablecloth was laid a broad strip of green China crepe, each edge being thickly fringed with maiden-hair ferns. The centre of the table was a bed of ferns and delicate, lace-like yucca plants, and from each corner of the square plot of green rose tall slim vases of green glass, holding above the heads of the guests one long green stem crowned with a cluster of lilies. Among the net ferns and grasses were buried half-dozen tiny fairy-lanterns of the palest green, giving a light like that of fire-flies. The table was lighted from above by a great ground-glass globe covered with pale-green crepe and lace. At each place lay a bunch of white lilies amid maiden-hair ferns and tied with green ribbons. The soup was a pure of asparagus served in green china, and everything throughout the dinner was green when it was possible to have it so. The entire china service being green, and the jews at the conclusion all flavored and colored with pistachio. The young lady's mother was dressed in emerald velvet, with emerald and diamond ornaments, and the young woman herself was in green tulle and silver, looking like an undine or a naiad. Nothing so daintily perfect has been seen in New York for a long while, and it is a pity that the famous white dinner served by the emerald French cook to Blanche Amory, when he spoke his love in his plate. The Chinese Minister gave in Washington, last autumn, a pink dinner that was the talk of the capital for a while, but pink and red dinners are not uncommon, while there are few women who have sufficient confidence in their complexions to venture under green.

Ladies' luncheons are more gorgeous, more fashionable, more personally flattering, than any other attention (says a writer in the Bazar). One New York hostess of the winter gave a large luncheon of fifty or sixty, having small groups around the room, without tables, served as they would be from a supper-table, from one large buffet at the end of the room. This was delightfully social and pleasant. Now such a luncheon as this has great advantages. It enables a lady to invite more than she can to a "sit-down lunch"; it is a useful institution as enabling a hostess to show a considerable amount of civility to a great number at comparatively little trouble to herself. She can have young ladies, single ladies, married ladies, old ladies, all of whom like to meet each other. She can have persons at such a luncheon whom it may not be easy to ask to dinner, and it is always a pleasant way of entertaining a stranger. She can offer to them all the same delicacies—salads, pates, boned turkey, oysters, loaves, jellies—that she would offer at a dinner, beginning, of course, with bouillabaisse in cups. Ladies do not remove their bonnets at a luncheon; they should, however, wear a warm wrap or remove in the outer room, because the effect of eating in a crowded room makes

them very much too warm for the outer air, and in danger of taking cold. Tea and coffee are never served after luncheon, either in the drawing-room or dining-room; guests are not expected to remain later than four o'clock when, if they are denizens of New York, they generally go off to a "tea at four o'clock" somewhere else.

The Cuban woman can not go out of doors in the daytime, except in carriages, the ladies sending for what they want to look at and the clerks staggering out under great burdens of goods. You can imagine that shopping there is neither a pleasure nor a vice, as it is said to be in Paris. So, after the morning is spent at housework and a veiled visit to church, the Cuban ladies dress to loiter in the windows, and their sweethearts creep along close to the walls and chat with them, if no old woman is to prevent them, and if they have proceeded so far in their love-making as to be able to converse with their heart's delight. Before they do that they can talk along the streets ever so many times, past their sweethearts' windows, waiting to be noticed and flirted with, and then comes a long period of ogling and the exchanging of swift glances and peering behind fans and waving handkerchiefs—all extremely silly in the eyes of American girls.

In Boston, women club together to do every earthly thing that is conceivable, and it is said that the reason they don't marry often is because it must be done individually. The beauties are almost the only class that has resisted the club instinct so far, and they at last have succumbed. And, surely, they should be encouraged in an attempt to form an association for the culture, preservation, and increase of beauty. It will, of course, be largely composed of women, though the other sex will not be excluded. The idea originated in the brain of a clever and beautiful society girl who has been giving some very unique dinners this season. She has given artists dinners, matinee-actors-and-actresses dinners, "clever" feasts, and finally was inspired by the brilliant device of inviting the handsomest men and women of her acquaintance to a "beauty dinner." There were twelve in all, and it is said the array of masculine and feminine good looks around that board did the beauty-lover's heart good to see. A great deal of good-natured chaff resulted, and before dinner was over it was moved and carried by acclamation that those present should form themselves into a beauty-club, and a list of members was prepared and voted upon and then there. Its aims are to be the study of all the highest forms of beauty, the encouragement of becomingness in dress, and the promotion of the observance of such physiological laws as tend to the preservation and increase of good looks. Miss Wynlow is in Washington as Miss Grant, but they will both be offered membership. Miss Hecksher, Miss May Brady, Miss Laura Bonham, Miss Leonard, Miss Camilla Moss, the debutante, and Miss Nellie Astor are all to be included should they apply. The women's selection is far more difficult, and there has already been some spirited contests over the varied taste displayed concerning masculine good looks. The question of dress may be a difficult one also, for a certain number of the male members insist that picturesque silk and velvet costumes in varying colors and styles should be worn, while another party declares that at the angels open the windows of heaven and give down to earth, and while the Greek garment will be encouraged, no one will be asked to wear them if not beloved.

Fashion Notes. Epaullets are de rigueur on all sorts of fancy capes and even on jackets. Two widths of braid used together make very charming and interesting designs. Castor and biscuit shades in the new silk warp Henriettas are the most popular colors. Very few long garments are seen for spring wear, everything being jaunty and short. Wood color and white is a very stylish combination in the light weight fabrics for summer wear. Beautiful and graceful effects are produced by the simple high drapes seen on the stylish spring models. Gorgeous are the printed challis in flowered designs, but not so soft and lovely in coloring as the Indian silks. Vicuna cloth is always an elegant fabric, and this season it is particularly stylish and suited to the newest models. Tubular woollen braid is one of the heavier trimmings which bids fair to be very popular the coming season. Elephant and mouse grays are two popular shades for spring wear and are combined with black and white, or either. That exquisite shade of green known as celadon is again in vogue and will be worn, it is hoped, only by the young and fair. White Henrietta cloth is in great demand for fine white costumes and promises to be very popular fabric for half morning. On round hats, of which there is a good choice, a generous decoration of ribbon bows seems to take precedence of any other trimming. The violet and heliotrope shades still linger in the challis and the India silks, generally with several shades of the color in combination. Loose Fedora fronts were never so stylish as they are this season and they are seen on all sorts of costumes of many sorts of fabrics. The gingham flannels are in wider stripes than last season and cannot fail to be very popular for yachting, tennis and sea-beach costumes. Gallons of various fancy weaves will make a very conspicuous addition to the coming spring costumes and render them more dressy and elegant. Sets of trimmings in black as well as colored beads make very pretty effects on simple house gowns, and nothing else need be used with them.

Blue and pink, a combination always loved by Persian modistes, is to be seen in the new materials for summer wear, and certainly has a soft and girlish effect. A honeycombed or smoked blouse is one of the prettiest of the stylish negligé waists which will be sure to be popular with young girls the coming season. An event of interest to ladies this week will be the opening of Miss Demorest's, 17 Temple place, which is announced for Thursday, the first day of spring. Feathers are ombre, only ostrich tips and egrettes, however, and these in the most odd and eccentric combinations to suit the ombre ribbons, presumably. The jacket basques of bright colored silks are to be very stylish the coming season and are finely tucked. Waist and sleeves are worn with a belt and metal buckle. Yellows will be used with browns the coming season and will be very generally worn later with the ivory white fabrics for some of the dressy toilets of the summer season. Watered ombre ribbons are in wide widths for sashes and also for forming part of lace dresses, the tabling being striped with the ribbon and the corsage made to correspond.

Dore browns are very elegant and stylish this season and in some street costumes for spring wear are elaborately decorated with gilt braid, with a relief of white underneath. The long and narrow vest which gave grace and character to the corsage of last season will be worn the coming season again as it is particularly becoming to a slender figure.

For Social Gatherings.

(Golden Rule.) The following hint comes to us from a Presbyterian church in Evanston. Each person present was provided with a card on which were printed a dozen numbered lines.

These lines were filled out with the corresponding names, and each person was expected to talk for five minutes with everyone whose name was written on his card. At the expiration of five minutes a bell was struck, and each person sought out his next "partner," whose name was written on his card. The other party of the name worked admirably; wild flowers were eliminated, every person, however bashful, received the array of masculine and feminine out, cliques were broken up, and all went home happy and good-natured, and voting that church socials are not necessarily dull.

This plan was originated for a young person's social, but we do not see why it would not apply just as well to any social gathering.

The Literary and Debating Society of Pekin are discussing whether "the influence of the Literati in China is for good or evil." The question is still unsettled.

CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON, ENGLAND. Capital, - - - \$10,000,000. H. CHUBB & CO., General Agents. Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

THE SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., EDINBURGH. CAPITAL - - - \$30,000,000.00 TOTAL ASSETS - - - \$55,358,302.40 Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates. D. B. JACK, Resident Agent.

PROFESSIONAL DR. ANDREWS HAS REMOVED TO No. 15 Coburg Street, NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc. OFFICE: 94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE. THE undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate terms. For particulars apply to MISS M. HANCOCK, 81 QUEEN STREET.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D. GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, N. Y. City; of King's College London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scotland. Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland N. B. Adjoining the Mission Chapel.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. AT SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy, New Classes for Beginners meet every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon Class meets Tuesday and Saturday. Call at the Academy for information and terms.

COSTUMES TO LET, or made to order. Also, will let to responsible parties out of town. Visit us and see our stock of new styles for sale. Best quality always on hand. NICE ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Banquets, and all respectable entertainments.

COMEDY AND SEE ME. A. L. SPENCER, Next door to Turner & Finlay's Dry Goods Store.

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

Royal Hotel, T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Victoria Hotel (Formerly Warbler), 51 to 57 KING STREET, 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. Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE Now going on at the Great London & China Tea Co's, No. 33 King Square.

Sign of the 14 Lights over the door. 10,000 beautiful gifts to be given away to all purchasers of TEAS AND COFFEES. SUGARS AT NET COST. C. L. & C. Tea Co's, 33 KING SQUARE.

St. John Business College EVENING CLASSES will re-open MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10. Hours 7.30 to 9.30. Ten per cent. discount will be allowed all who enter at once for full winter term.

WANTED. Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Wool and Wool Pickings. Persons in the country sending the above will promptly receive the highest market price.

THOS L. HAY, Storeroom—Head of Alley, 15 Sledge St. Residence—11 Paddock Street

EXPRESS. The Intercolonial Express Co. (LIMITED). Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collects bills with Goods. Running daily (Sunday excepted), with Special Rates for Passengers.

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.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. for all points in the Eastern and Southern States and through offices in Sumnerville and Charlotte, N. C. Express forwarded and received weekly. Subscribers Goods or Goods in Bond promptly forwarded and delivered with dispatch.

CALL AND SEE IT. We make a specialty of Stove Repairs.

THE Maritime Warehousing DOCK COMPANY, Victoria Wharf, Smythe Street, (Foot of Union Street), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THOS. STEAD, Secretary and Manager. DUNDEE and Free Warehouses, Goods stored at moderate rates. Warehouse receipts, payable by endorsement, issued under authority of Special Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada.

Notice. APPLICATION will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session for an Act to incorporate the Saint John Bridge, Dock and Improvements Company, with power to erect bridges across the Harbour, and across the Harbour at any point, and to provide for the construction, maintenance and repair of the same.

St. John Academy of Art AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN. NOW open for instruction in Free-Hand Drawing from objects. Perspective paintings in oils and water colors, and in gouache.

D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET. First-Class Turnouts.

HACVARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

HACVARD'S ELECTROL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLIC, HOARSENESS, ETC.

WANTED. Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Wool and Wool Pickings. Persons in the country sending the above will promptly receive the highest market price.

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RAILROADS. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS in effect October 24th, 1887. Leave St. John International Station—Eastern Standard Time.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN. 6.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Mornings)—For Bansey, Portland, Boston and all points west, except Saturday and Sunday nights, for Montreal, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Fredericton, and all intermediate points.

LEAVE CARLETON. 8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bansey and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Hinton and Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 4.30 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.30 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1888. ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 29th 1887 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows—

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes DAT EXPRESS, EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC, EXPRESS FROM BANSEY & PORTLAND, etc.

Trains will Arrive at St. John: EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC, EXPRESS FROM BANSEY & PORTLAND, etc.

RAILWAY OFFICE. Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887. Chief Superintendent.

Grand Southern Railway. ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Feb. 29, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows— LEAVE ST. JOHN at 10.45 a.m., and Carleton at 11.10 a.m. for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 1.10 p.m., in St. Stephen at 1.35 p.m., and in Carleton at 1.55 p.m.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. FOR BOSTON. Via Eastport and Portland.

COMMENCING MONDAY, November 14, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO., Limited, DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS, Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "The Keystone Fire Insurance Company," and to authorize such Company to carry on the business of Fire Insurance, and with all other powers heretofore granted to any Fire Insurance Company.

WELDON, McLEAN & DEVLIN, Solicitors for Applicants. Dated, St. John, N. B., December 13th, 1887.

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.

AN UNKIND CUT. "I hear that you are engaged, Manie!" "It is true."

THE DIFFERENCE. Dealer—Package of cigarettes, sir? Yes, sir. For a lady or a gentleman?

A MODIST WISH. I am not covetous, not I. And never was I. For one thing only I wish.

HE WAS PLEASED. "I hope I don't disturb you, madame," he said as he was squeezing past her to go out between the acts.

JUNE LIES HIS. "I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife looking up from the paper.

SOMETHING TO AMUSE THE DIBBLES. "Is this your complete report, Mr. Smith?" said the railroad superintendent to the assistant superintendent.

A CASE OF ABSENT MINDS. Merchant (buying a bill of goods of Chicago drummer): "What is your usual time, thirty days?"

A BORN MURDERER. Miss Breezy who has had a little quarrel with her bottom friend: "Well, you must admit, Clara, that I play the piano more skillfully than you do."

SCARCITY OF INTERESTING MATTER. Husband (at breakfast): "Anything interesting in the paper, my dear?"

GIVE HIM A SUGGESTION. Tramp to citizen, who has donated a nickel for a night's lodging: "If you could give me one more nickel, sir, I can get a bed all to myself."

A FATAL DELAY. Messenger boy (to servant): "Here's a medicine for Mrs. Smith. Do doctor says she's to take it every half-hour."

THE LONELY POOR LETTER. As the last note of that touching little ballad, "The letter that he longed for never came," vibrated on the evening air, she turned to find a tear trickling slowly down his cheek.

STRAY SHOTS. The poor who itches for fame should use a pen that scratches.

There is living in Pictou a gentleman named James McKnight, who is 101 years old, who has several brothers in Jersey City, New Jersey.

TO CARVE A TURKEY.

Rules to be Observed when Practicing that Most Rare and Elegant Accomplishment.

[Good Housekeeping.] Put the fork in firmly as far as it will go across the middle of the breast bone, and if the whole bird is to be carved, do not remove it until the breast is separated from the back.

Cut through the flesh on the top of the shoulder, work the point of the knife into the joint and press it outward, and when the joint separates, cut through the flesh close to the body, but do not take any of the breast with the wing.

Shave off the breast in thin slices, beginning just above the wing, and slanting slightly from the front of the breast bone down toward the wing.

After the breast is carved cut across the crisp skin near the neck and below the breast, in order to reach the stuffing.

Insert the point of the knife at the front of the breast bone, turn back the wish bone, and separate it. Press the point of the knife through the cartilage at each side of the front of the breast bone.

It is not often necessary to cut up the whole body of the turkey, and even if the wish bone is taken off, it is not necessary to disjoint the bones.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABSAALON IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

The American Rubber Store.

A tree that survived the great fire-flood of 1877, stands near the Ivory residence, and from among its straggling branches the first robin that visits us in spring pours forth its amnunciative song.

Trivial things often divert our thoughts from one channel to another with almost inconceivable celerity.

Mrs. Ivory was knitting—it is stich by stich that characters are made—and her needles clicked against each other in good fellowship.

"Why do you ask such a question?" answered, after the manner of our friends across the border.

"Well," said Mrs. Ivory, "according to Mr. Ellis, Mr. Scott is a villain; according to Mr. Scott, Mr. McCready is the greatest villain unhung according to Mr. McCready, Mr. Ellis is the greatest villain hung or unhung. Is it true?"

I saw that in her first question Mrs. Ivory did not refer to her Absaloon, and recovered from my trepidation. Then I answered: "My dear Mrs. Ivory, newspapers men live luxuriously, and fare sumptuously every day. They have no cares, no annoyances, the bore and the crank never afflict them with their presence, consequently the editorial liver to perform their functions; the editorial digestion grows bestly. Then, in a friendly way, the Globe hustles about the Sun's liver, and the Sun operates on the Globe's kidneys, and both of them occasionally hit the Telegraph a thwack in the stomach; and the Telegraph strikes back and defies them both. It is all done in a friendly way, just to keep the editorial brain from growing muddy and moonily like the editorial brain of Halifax."

"No," editors are no worse than common people, such as aldermen, street cleaners, lawyers, doctors and members of parliament, and I am inclined to think that the average of human goodness is larger than is generally supposed. Few men contract debts that they know they can never discharge, or go out of an evening intending to get intoxicated. Crime is in most cases the fruit of uncontrolled passion, and not of an evil heart. But there is one crime that is, perhaps unthinkingly, committed by thousands, which the gods do not seem to care to forgive. I mean the indulgence in gossip that smirches the character of our friends and neighbors. The man who murders another murders the body only; the man who slanders my name steals my money only; but the man who destroys the character of another destroys body and soul and, most likely, the bodies and souls of others as well. He may have an India rubber conscience, but some day it will contract and crush his heart."

I was growing eloquent, but Mrs. Ivory interrupted me: "Have you ever visited THE AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, ON CHARLOTTE STREET?"

the questioned.

I answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Ivory continued: "Talk about millinery stores! a woman's heart is elastic enough to take them all in and the Messrs. Mullin as well. I was at the American Rubber Store, at 65 Charlotte street, yesterday, and I was delighted with their exhibit."

Said Mrs. Ivory, "I was especially pleased with their waterproof circulars Newmarkets, and Laundry and Malvern garments, some of which are reversible and are made of silk or tweed in checks and stripes on one side and rubber on the other, and are very beautiful and unique. One of the Newmarkets which cost \$3.50 fits Mrs. Ivory admirably. Then they have ladies' dress lined leggings which are very nice; their perfection shoe is perfection itself, with its Jersey top and fleece lining the Pearl shoe, which is similar to the perfection, but cut lower; ladies' rubber gloves for gardening and dishwashing; rubber aprons and every variety of foot wear in rubber that has been invented or could be described. That Newmarket which fits my form so admirably, is just lovely."

Then I told Mrs. Ivory of what had attracted my attention in the American Rubber Store. There was the Cavalier coat with double fly front, the best waterproof coat ever made; the Professional, similar to the Cavalier, but shade lighter, for the use of professional men; the gentlemen's light coat, with linings in a variety of patterns; the firemen's coat, of which 25 have been ordered for

the use of the Salvage Corps; boots and shoes of every pattern, hats, carriage boots, camp blankets, for sportsmen, tanners aprons, men's rubber leggings and sporting, hip, knee, short, and pebble leg boots, dull and pure gun finished, and all net or wool lined, storm hats that protect the neck and shoulders of the wearer, horse covers with and without hoods, folding pails for sportsmen, boys and misses coats and circulars, rubber floor mats and caps, picher and lamp mats, very beautifully inlaid, and

"And that beautiful Newmarket that fits me so nicely," put in Mrs. Ivory, "and rubber chest expanders, and hot water bottles, and sponge bags, and bibs, and diapers, and atomizers, and syringes, and nursing bottles, and rubber bands and surgical bandages, and combs in immense variety, and dress shields, and tobacco pouches, and flower sprays, for house plants, and pen holders and ink bottles, and tumblers, and crib sheeting, and toys and curycombs and a splendid Newmarket that fits me beautifully."

Then I told Mrs. Ivory, how as agents for the American Rubber Co., the Messrs. Mullin had sold at wholesale during the past season 8,000 cases of American rubber goods, or seven eighths of these goods that had been disposed of in the Maritime Provinces during the time, and how they had just executed large orders from Halifax and Kentville. It is not to be wondered at that their trade is large for they are the only firm this side of Boston, it is said, acting exclusively as agents for an American Rubber Co.

Just as Mrs. Ivory was dropping asleep she whispered in my ear "that beautiful Newmarket is a love of a garment."

I shall order it sent home to-morrow. ABSALON IVORY.

Well Spoken or.

"I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil very highly, it cured me of rheumatism in my fingers when I could not bend them." Ida Plunk, Strathroy, Ont. medicine for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

The Right to be Kissed.

The abominable habit of promiscuous kissing should be abandoned. Likewise the habit of allowing every Tap, Dick, and Harry to kiss your helpless little babe, and not only chance giving it some contagious disease, but in time contracting it yourself (an example of which I saw in my office this very day) should be strenuously guarded against. On the other hand, how do you know but the very babe you fly at and kiss has some contagious disease it might convey to you?—(Dr. R. H. Harvey, Read.)

Another Item.

Mrs. J. Thompson, of Elma, Ont., writes that she suffered from general weakness and was so reduced that at times she became almost unconscious. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, not only cured her, and she now recommends B. B. to her friends and neighbors.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. Pure economy in the ordinary kitchen, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

Now Opened All our Annuals for 1887, including Boys' Own, Girls' Own, ST. NICHOLAS, Chatterbox, &c., &c.

Procure them early and avoid the Rush. FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Remedies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. "Golden Med" Discovery. Pellets. Burdock Blood Bitters. Pills.

For sale low by H. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

We are now showing full lines of Bank Books, Envelopes, Writing Paper, Etc. Also, a very large assortment of all the

LATEST BOOKS. NEW YORK AND BOSTON DAILY PAPERS AND MAGAZINES always in Stock.

All goods at lowest prices. Inspection invited. D. McARTHUR, 80 KING STREET.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Order SHOW CASES for Spring.

LeB. ROBERTSON, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

IS AGENT FOR M. FROST & Co.'s CELEBRATED NICKEL CASES

Write or Call for Catalogue and Prices.

500 DOZEN! OUR KID GLOVE.

"TANT MIEUX."

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