

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 14.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

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THE HARBOR COMMISSION.

IT IS A NECESSITY IF FUTURE TRADE IS LOOKED FOR.

A Plain Statement of What the City Loss Annually by Owning the Harbor Rights.

In concluding the series of articles on the Harbor Commission which have been running through these columns it will be necessary to go over again part of the ground already covered. This will be done as briefly as possible.

It is contended by those who support the Harbor Commission scheme that it will be of direct benefit to the ratepayers of the city, and at the same time a benefit to the trade of the port. That is the payment of \$500,000 by the government for the city's rights in the harbor will so reduce the interest bearing debt that fully \$5,000 can be taken off the annual assessment to be followed every year by still further reductions in the city tax.

And inasmuch as the harbor now yields upwards of \$10,000 a year more than would be required to pay the interest on \$500,000 at 4 per cent, the Commission could consistently lower the tolls to the former level that is a cent a ton a day for vessels loading rather than two cents a day the legal rate.

The reduction in the city assessment comes in this way. At present the city pays for interest and sinking funds on account of its harbor the large sum of \$36,337.84, of which there is assessed on the citizens somewhere in the neighborhood of \$47,000 every year. The average receipts for the last five years are not more than \$28,000 which shows a loss of upwards of \$9,000 every year on the harbor which many believe to be an extremely valuable asset.

can be applied to, there would be with the existing accumulations enough money to pay off the entire old city debt and the special issues of debentures on account of the harbor, and still leave a balance of \$10,412 in the hands of the council for the East Side and \$16,500 in the West Side account. In other words, the present condition of the city finances is such that, of the total debt of \$1,189,000, the placing of the harbor in commission would make provision for over one-half of it, or \$617,752. It would stop immediately the appropriation of over \$10,000 of money now annually put aside for interest and sinking fund, which would be a saving of just that much to the taxpayers.

In the preceding article on this subject, it was shown that some \$55,000 of the old city debt could be wiped out at once, saving the city immediately the sum of \$2,200, and that while the investments would not pay the interest on the entire debt for the next two years; it would do so and more every year thereafter. Any one who will take the trouble to carefully look into the question of Harbor Commission, can not fail to be convinced that it is the best thing in the interests of the city, and the sooner the commission is organized and sets to work the better. They have now a sufficient sum of money—\$750,000—at their disposal to make the necessary repairs to the wharf and dredge the harbor where required, as it is not at all necessary that the whole sum should be expended in improvements until such time as trade warrants the laying out of so large a sum of money. There is no disposition now, and there never has been any, to deal either harshly or harshly with the owners of private wharves. Some of these people have opposed the question as bitterly as they could, and assailed most venomously and in the most cowardly manner possible, those who have stood up in support of the scheme.

But these gentlemen should remember that private rights begin only where public rights end. The private wharf owners have the privilege of selling their property if they wish or holding it if they want to. There is nothing compulsory about it save that they cannot force the commission to take at any valuation they may choose to put upon a lot of worthless property. It would be unfair to the commission that they should be forced to buy, and equally unfair to compel the private owner to close out at the valuation of wharf property, as shown at a recent sale: Wherever the government has been the purchaser of property in this vicinity the prices paid have been about one and a-half times the assessed value. Therefore there seems but little reason for the wharf owners to imagine that they will get anything but fair prices for their property, be the commissioners who they may—Grit or Tory.

The phase of the question it is proposed to discuss in this article is the future of the harbor. In former articles it has been shown that the harbor at present is a dead loss to the city. Since 1881, when the placing of the property in

the hands of a commission was first brought before the council the city has spent over \$40,000 in repairing the wharves and building warehouses. Of course, the city has added somewhat to its property in the past six years, the present value of the additions being in the neighborhood of \$10,000, leaving the large sum of \$30,000 spent in repairs alone, an average of \$5,000, and to keep the property in proper repair a like expenditure will be needed for at least five years more. In other words, to accommodate the trade we now have the common council will be obliged to find at least \$5,000 a year. They cannot get it from the revenues of the wharves, and will of necessity be obliged to take it out of the people by direct taxation. Can the citizens stand an additional assessment for this purpose?

Early next spring we will have the Short Line Railway connecting St. John with the West. While not believing that this railway will bring the entire western export trade to St. John, it will undoubtedly bring some, and the sooner we are prepared to handle that trade the better. We have at the present time sufficient accommodation for two large steamers at wharves with railroad connections, but the terminal facilities are not yet complete. To handle the western trade we must have grain elevators, or an elevator on one of these wharves. It comes to us pretty straight that the Dominion government are disposed to build an elevator on one of the wharves they own if the harbor is put into commission, and if this is not done our chances of obtaining immediate aid from the federal government is not the best. Were the harbor in commission it would be federal property, and consequently the direct interest of the federal government would be to so improve the property as to make it pay the expenses of management.

Apart from the elevator altogether, the harbor requires a large expenditure to make it all that it should be. At least \$50,000 should be spent immediately to secure proper accommodation for the trade we now have. There are two ways of doing this: the city may assume the expense, or the property now owned by the corporation may be transferred to a Harbor Commission, and that body can do it. If the first method is taken then there will have to be an additional tax of \$2,500 levied on the citizens for the next twenty years, whereas if the work is done by a commission the trade of the port will be obliged to pay for the improvements.

Already the Dominion Government have spent nearly half a million dollars in providing terminal facilities at St. John. All that can now be asked of them is to build a grain elevator which would place us in the same position as Halifax now is. The government is favorably disposed to do this with the proviso that the harbor is put in commission.

Many are doubtful as to the ability of St. John to compete for the western trade. St. John is really in a better position than any other port to get this trade. Scores of vessels come to St. John every year

seeking cargoes because their owners are aware that there is a large export trade in deals constantly going on from this port. This trade is not so large as it once was—indeed it is growing less every year and will continue to decline. We must therefore look about for a new trade and the existing business of the port will materially help us to get it if we don't delay too long. The fact that vessels come to St. John every year seeking cargoes will cause western exporters to ship their goods to St. John as they are more likely to secure quick transit and lower rates than if they shipped to a point where the only trade was that brought over the railways. Halifax is such a point as this, and therefore, with equal facilities with Halifax, we are tolerably certain to secure the lion's portion of the trade. But we can only hope to do this by immediate action. Delay will most likely prove fatal. Whatever is to be done should be done at once. The common council should take hold of the matter at once and deal with it firmly. It is their duty to do this. The public meeting called to discuss the question was a failure. It was not a representative meeting of citizens at the best, and the question was not discussed at all. If the council is afraid to take the responsibility of disposing of the question then let them have a report prepared setting forth the full facts, and then, when the public have had time to digest the report, let a popular vote be taken on the question. Once the harbor commission is thoroughly understood there can be no question as to its fate. Everyone who has the interests of the trade of the port at heart will favor it. At present opposition to the project rises solely from want of knowledge of the project or political views.

Spooning on the Stairs.

The fashion of spooning on the staircases was imported from England some seasons ago. As practiced across the board for party use, there is no particular objection to it. It is a relief to the crowded rooms, where privacy is impossible and where chairs are at a premium. Romeo and Juliet can steal away to the broad staircase, where the steps furnish seats, and all is well. They are in nobody's way, and are still within safe call. But there is no reason for its being introduced at the American summer hotel as it has been. The spooning parties are a nuisance. They block the none too wide stairways, and are an offense to every one who has to pass them by. The oddest part of it is that, though they have no business where they are, they always lose their temper when they are disturbed by people who are putting the stairs to their legitimate use.

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer.

(Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.) "Doctor," said Mr. Swallowgood, "my throat has been sore for several days; what shall I do for it?" Dr. Blunt—"Give it a rest. It's overworked. Don't do anything for a week but breathe with it."

TO BENEFIT ST. JOHN.

WHAT A CORRESPONDENT THINKS THE CITY NEEDS.

The Chignecto Ship Railway, Better Terminal Facilities and More Confidence in Our Own People.

What is the best thing to do to develop the trade of St. John? This is the question you have submitted to me, Mr. Editor, and I will endeavor in my humble way to answer it.

First, our people require to have more confidence in each other. It is strange but true, that the people of St. John will repose confidence in any adventurer who may chance along. They will not only believe his stories of wondrous wealth, but also give him financial aid. How many wild cat schemes have the business men and capitalists of St. John assisted financially only to find that the stories they were induced into believing were mere fictions told by an irresponsible party who had swindled the people of other places with them before, and on leaving St. John would do the same in some other town. At the same time the capitalists who were breathing in the stores of the adventurer, would not assist some deserving native to do some thing that there was an actual profit in. To follow up a trade or line of manufacture he was thoroughly acquainted with and which only needed capital to build up a profitable business. Therefore I say to build up the city and make it the centre of trade nature destined it to be. We must have more confidence in our own people, which simply means more confidence in our ourselves. We must not regard every new enterprise with suspicion. That some enterprises are unwarranted is beyond question. But the chaff should be separated from the wheat; the chances of success weighed, and if the balance showed on the right side it should be assisted and encouraged. We should particularly have confidence in our young men. They are the hope of the country, and if then our townsmen refuse them the confidence they deserve, they will be obliged to seek it, perhaps, in a foreign State. St. John boys are as industrious and hard working as the boys of any other city. When they have gone away from home they have done as well as boys from other cities, and could we have retained those who have left, there would have been a different story to relate—St. John would have been more prosperous and a better city in every way.

When we have got confidence we want all modern conveniences for doing trade. This includes shorter communication with the West—a railroad that will be run in the interests of the Maritime Provinces as well as the West. This we have reason to expect in the Short Line Railroad. In all their transactions the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company have shown themselves to be men of business at least. They run their western railroad on commercial principles, because they find it pays them to do so, and we may rest assured they will also run the eastern branch on the same principle. But the railroad is only one thing; we need and must have proper terminal facilities to handle the trade it will bring here. A grain elevator should be built at once; the harbor should be placed in commission and improved so as to accommodate vessels of any size. By terminal facilities I mean, also, that a branch of the Intercolonial should be run along the waterfront at the upper end of the harbor to the Robertson wharf. This would necessitate the closing up of York Point slip; but that place has long since ceased to be a very important point. Another branch of the railroad should be brought up Charlotte street and along Britain, to connect the deep water wharves at Reed's Point with the railroad. This would materially cheapen the cost of handling freight brought through by rail from other sections of the province.

The Chignecto ship railway is another project of vital interest to the commercial welfare of St. John. The completion of this great project would connect the waters of the Bay of Fundy with those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and give St. John great advantages for carrying on the West India trade. Complete the ship railway and give us regular lines of steamers between Montreal and St. John and St. John and the West Indies and we would be able to do the trade between the West Indies and Canada. Regular daily steam communication between the Basin of Minas and Digby would then follow and St. John would go ahead. The importance of St. John as a railway terminus and a depot of trade would make a regular steamship communication with Great Britain an absolute necessity. There is no reason in the world why we should not have a regular line of steamers plying between St. John and Liverpool and London. While at the present time there would not be trade enough to fully support them the day will come when the trade will be more

than sufficient and St. John will be important competitor with Montreal Toronto for the trade of the west.

But our first step should be to secure a reduction of civic taxation. Could we but relieve the working man of a direct tax it would be the beginning of a new era in the city. This is possible only by placing the harbor in commission and refunding the city debt at a lower rate of interest. I hope to see this done, but the council moves so slowly that it will be a long time before it will take place. Such a reform could only be secured by agitation, and no one seems anxious, now that city bonds are worth 116, to begin the agitation. We can only hope to make St. John great by making it a cheap and attractive place to live in. Working men are frightened away by tax bills and men of wealth who come to live among us change color when they see their tax bills. We must also cease to depend longer upon the government to aid us to any considerable extent. The time has come in Canada or is rapidly coming when no further additions can be made to the public debt. It must rather be reduced. Already Canada owes too much money—not too much if the debt were held in Canada but too much to pay interest on when the money is always going out of the country.

VICTOR.

ANSWERED.

Casey Top Discusses the Great Question "What is Woman's Power?"

I was reading a college journal lately, edited by a young lady, in which this astounding query appeared,—What is meant by "Woman's power"?

Come hither, sis, I would talk to thee. I notice that the less some people know about certain subjects, the more apt are they to open the flood-gates of their scintillating intellects upon said subjects—so come hither, dear. That's right. Sit right down there on that stool, by my feet. There! Now, place you pretty little hand confidently in mine, and as you gaze so trustfully up into the grief-furrowed visage of genius, I will fill the golden chalice with the Pierian waters and press it to thy ruddy lips.

Woman's power, my daughter, may mean a good many things. A friend of mine became addicted to the club habit, and would frequently absent himself from his better half till long after the gloaming, oh, my darling, had glomed, and would then appear struggling with an attack of temporary aberration. His wife stood this patiently as long as she could, and at last she decided upon a desperate course. Her mother was visiting her at the time and she sent her home. In two days my friend was a gibbering idiot and he now wears his life away, writing humorous sketches for the papers. Isn't that a tale to freeze thy young blood, and make each particular hair stand on end like the quills on the fretful tooth-brush?

Agath, Roxy, I'll tell thee something else a woman can do. A woman, between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five, can change the whole course of a man's life. She can take a man of a sunny, joyous disposition, from whose lips flows naught but merry thoughts, and from whose eyes there sparkles the light of a cheerful, generous nature, and in six months' time—ay, even less—that same man will be going round like a bear with a sore head, and at last she decided upon a desperate course. Her mother was visiting her at the time and she sent her home. In two days my friend was a gibbering idiot and he now wears his life away, writing humorous sketches for the papers. Isn't that a tale to freeze thy young blood, and make each particular hair stand on end like the quills on the fretful tooth-brush?

But this, daughter, is not all of woman's power. She can make cheerful the gloomy stages of this our earthly pilgrimage. She can, by her sage counsels that spring from a pure affection, and by her noble, self-sacrificing spirit, lift us from the slough of despond, up to the firm ground above, and show us the beacon hope, glimmering afar off and with its inspiring beams lighting up the tortuous roads that leads to the goal of success. And when the hour of sickness has come, and the weary soul is struggling to leave its earthly habitation, and weeping friends are gathered around to take their last, sad farewell, is she not there to smooth the pain-racked brow, to whisper words of bright comfort, and kiss away—God bless her!—the trembling fears?

Roxy, you may go now

CALEY TAP.

Look out for next week's Saturday Gazette.

THE CIRCUS BLACKS.

A Story of Modern San Francisco and Ancient Rome.

The first time I saw Pussy Black she was tobogganing in a butler's tray down the golden stairs of the Mansion House at San Francisco.

However this may have been, her tobogganing was scarcely a success. She bumped, bumped, down half a dozen stairs with a delighted grin on her small countenance.

A coquettish smile appeared on Pussy's rosy mouth, and my vanity took alarm. I felt that the little flirt was deliberately leading me on.

A few days later, I was at a party given to celebrate the birthday of a little girl who was the only daughter of one of the richest mining men in San Francisco.

"Aha! Here come the Circus Blacks," said Mrs. Penderlip, calling my attention to a group proceeding towards us from the door.

"Everybody knows them by that name—partly, because they act and dress as if they belonged to a circus, and I have heard a legend to the effect that Mrs. Black once travelled with a circus."

At this moment the Circus Blacks swept by us in solemn and stately procession. There really was something about them that suggested the "grand entree" of a well regulated circus company opening the performance, the crack of the ring-master's whip being represented by the sarcastic click of Mrs. Penderlip's eye-glass.

Mrs. Black was a short, stout man with a stubby beard. His bald spot just came up to Mrs. Black's magnificent diamond necklace.

Behind Mr. and Mrs. Black walked two little girls. One was about fourteen, dark, plain, and scowling, dressed in pea-green silk, with her hair in pig-tails, and a horrible red, coral necklace resting on her coral-bone, like the mark of the hangman's rope.

The real Valencienne petticoat arrangement, which she wore over a light-blue silk slip, stopped short above her knees. Her infantile and very bare bosom sustained several rows of costly pearls.

"Just look at Pussy Black!" she exclaimed, in a horrified tone. "She looks like a ballet-girl or a circus-rider. The story about her mother must be true. They say blood will tell. Those long, silk stockings fit like tight."

Miss Pussy Black turned her pretty head at that moment, and caught my admiring eye. She smiled, in sweet and not displeased surprise, and I recognized the interesting young heroine of the amateur tobogganing episode.

When the royal progress of the Circus Blacks was over, when Pussy's papa was taken to his whisky straight, in company with other mining millionaires in a retired corner of the "palatial mansion," when Pussy's mamma was discussing servant's wages with the proudest matronage of glorious California, I looked for Miss Pussy with intent to claim her hand in the giddy waltz.

Miss Pussy affected indifference toward me at first with a coquetry that was quite mature; but her vanity was presently kindled by the thought of being the object of grown-up attentions, and the little dancing-school boys were sent about their business.

"Oh, you needn't mind me. I have plenty of gentlemen calling on me. Ma's generally out shopping in the daytime. If she's in we can sit in the hall. The chamber-maid in the hotel lets me do everything I want to because I gave her my turquoise ear-rings. I was tired of 'em. They weren't fashionable any more."

When I returned to my hotel, I found a telegram summoning me to the East. I left San Francisco the next day. Before I went I sent to Miss Pussy Black the finest box of sugar-plums that the City of the Golden Gate could supply.

Eight years passed before I again saw Miss Pussy. It was at Rome. I came up from Naples and went to an hotel-pension behind the Pantheon, which was a famous resort for genteel widows and spinsters who were spending their declining winter days in the Eternal City.

"I have met you somewhere," she said presently, "but I cannot recall time and place."

"I reminded Mrs. Penderlip of the half-hour that we had had eight years before at the house of the California mining man, and I asked what had become of the 'Circus Blacks.'"

"They are at Rome," said Mrs. Penderlip, "and in high feather. They move in court circles, thanks to Pussy's beauty, and her flirtations with poverty-stricken noblemen. I see a good deal of them. I never even recognized them in California. I couldn't know you. But over here it is different. Money is all that counts with the Italians. They think all Americans are plebeians. Mrs. Black is very glad to have me vouch for her pedigree. I never say anything about the bareback act or the market-stall or the tailor's shop, and it wouldn't make any difference if I did. I like Mrs. Black's opera-box and her good dinners (the dinners at this house grow worse every day), and she thinks me an excellent chaperone for Pussy. Even girls like Pussy Black have to be chaperoned at times in this scandal-loving city. The New York and Boston women turn up their noses at the Blacks, but there isn't a girl in the American colony as handsome as Pussy, and with her money she ought to marry well. The other daughter, Ella, is married and lives at San Francisco. Now-a-days, the tops are all getting to be bottoms, and the bottoms tops."

Mrs. Penderlip had evidently mellowed with age. She informed me, presently, that she had met with financial reverses, and was practicing social amiability as a profession. Mrs. Penderlip, a few days later, offered to take me to call on the Blacks, assuring me that Pussy remained as well with pleasure, and had expressed herself as delighted to renew the acquaintance.

"They live at the Hotel d'Angleterre," said Mrs. Penderlip, as we crossed the piazza of the Pantheon. "That sort of people never have a home."

We had just entered the vestibule of the hotel, and were giving our cards to a flunky in red plush and gold lace, when a tremendous rattling and ruffling was heard, a swishing of silk draperies, a clanking of spurs and swords, and tearing headlong down the length of the wide crimson-carpeted stairs, with the flowering camellia trees on either side, came a lovely, graceful girl, dragging a long, dark-blue train after her.

Pussy greeted me cordially, and was extremely sorry that an engagement for a walk with Count Castelnuovo, whom she presented to me, would prevent her remaining at home that afternoon, but her mamma—she no longer said "ma"—was upstairs, and would be charmed to see me. Then she danced off into the sunlight, under the arched doorway, accompanied by her count, and all the old gentlemen came out of the reading-room, with their Galignani and their Times in their hands, to see the pretty American girl whisk herself into the street.

Mrs. Black was very gracious to me. She had acquired artistic tastes since her arrival at Rome, and was studying sculpture. I won her affections by praising a bust of her husband which she just finished. I ingratiated myself with Mrs. Black by sympathizing with his desire to give up all this foreign nonsense, and go back to dear old California. He hated absinthe and vermouth, and his wife wouldn't let him drink whisky. She said that was "low." Mrs. Black was a perfect goddess to the starving artists who infest Rome. They regarded her in the light of a valuable Alderney cow that gave milk freely, and her rooms were filled with charity pictures.

The Blacks had been presented at the Quirinal, and went to all the court balls. King Umberto had pronounced Pussy bella, as indeed she was, and Queen Marguerite had smiled graciously upon the whole family. Pussy had in her train a large number of young men belonging to the Russian, Italian, and French nobility. The few American men who represented "society" at Rome at winter rather sneered at her. Some Englishmen residing in the city considered her "a very old girl, you know," although they all admired her beauty. But they were frightened off at last by her sharp little tongue. Pussy had a keen eye for a fortune-hunter, and she did not take kindly to the British variety of that class.

Judge of my delight, my surprise, and my hope, when Pussy Black singled me out from among her circle of adorers to be the trusted companion of her daily walks, her favorite partner at the balls, her general utility man, and her cavalier at the Campagna hunts. After several weeks of this kind of treatment, I arrived at the conclusion that Miss Black returned the love I felt for her.

There came an evening so full of tender glances, of sweet and subtle smiles, of delicate and wonderful wifery, that my whole life and destiny seemed to lie in the hollow of a girl's dimpled hand. It was a beautiful little hand. Cased in a long glove, the dainty hand lay lightly, like a white flower, upon the black coats of Pussy's partners. The Quirinal ball-room had never seen a lovelier presence than Pussy Black as she appeared that evening. There were clouds of white tulle about her, caught up with white water-lilies, and lily buds peeped lovingly from under the golden knot that lay low on her graceful hand. Not one of the princesse, duchesse and contesse who glared at her with veiled, well-bred contempt from under their haughty eye-lids could compare with her for beauty or charm. They were mortally jealous of her. Princess Ghigi went so far as to refuse Pussy's hand in the grand chain of the lanciers. On the other hand, some of the most magnificent male grandees of Rome laid themselves beneath the little, white-slipped feet of the Californian girl. Pussy seemed to say to me with her eyes, "All this triumph, and success, and homage are for you." She danced the cotillon with me, and Count Castelnuovo, who led it, looked stiletto and vendetta. The supreme moment of my life came when I found myself alone for a moment with Pussy in a little, pale-blue satin alcove, lined with shining mirrors, that gave back the reflection of her slender white figure. I had just cloaked her with a marvelous hooded mantle of white feathers, and her blue eyes looked up into mine, like forget-me-

nots springing from under a snow-drift. Coquette as she was, there was no coquetry in that glance.

Just then a loud laugh in the corridor broke the silence. I hurried Pussy out of the alcove, and found Mrs. Black waiting with Count Castelnuovo at the head of the stairs among the palm-trees. Mrs. Black looked brilliantly handsome and rather vulgar. She wore an uncommonly self-satisfied expression.

"Mr. Bruce," said the ex-circus rider, imperiously, "will you give me your arm, and let Count Castelnuovo escort my daughter."

I had barely seated myself at Mrs. Penderlip's side at the pension dinner-table, on the following evening, when that good lady put up her eye-glass, and looked at me inquisitively. "I suppose you've heard the news," she said. "The old news? The Wall street panic? That happened two weeks ago."

"No. Pussy Black's engagement to Count Castelnuovo." "The blow fell with cruel force. I kept my countenance, but I was badly hit. 'I thought Mrs. Black was playing for a title,' said Mrs. Penderlip. 'She announced the engagement to all her friends this afternoon. I heard it discussed at Mrs. De Haven's tea. Mrs. De Haven is a New York woman. She has never been willing to know Mrs. Black, but, of course, a titled son-in-law will make a great difference. I told Mrs. De Haven today that there was no truth whatever in the story that Mrs. B. had been a circus-rider, or that her mother sold cabbage. I said I had known Mrs. B. since she was a child, and that her mother was a very lovely woman, and a perfect lady. You see, pursued this worldly old person, 'I heard this morning that the Wall street panic cuts my income down one-half. It would be quite impossible for me to exist in America on my reduced capital, so that I shall have to end my life in Europe. I can make an excellent living as a pedagogue-teacher for newly enriched Americans.' Mrs. Penderlip's eye-glasses fell on her plate with a sardonic crash. 'Between ourselves,' she continued, picking them up, 'this engagement has been the saving grace of the Blacks. Their social race was almost run, and I have it on good authority that their names were to have been stricken off the court list before the next ball at the Quirinal. Mrs. Black had the discretion to send an arm-chair made of a piece of a California 'big tree' to his majesty, and she favored the queen with a floral offering in the shape of a goose of white camellias, swimming in a sea of gorse represented by red ones.'

I finished my dinner in silence, and strolled down to the Corso and pa the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I left a card for Mrs. Black. I tried to feel gay and festive, and I hummed to myself as I walked, a celebrated American melody, "A Climbin' up de Golden Stairs." But the rollicking tune sounded like the funeral dirge of my affections. For was not my acquaintance with Pussy Black closely connected with stairs? And had not Pussy climbed to a title on the golden stairs of her father's California mine? I smiled grimly at the whimsical bitterness of my thoughts, but my heart was heavy within me, for the one love of my life was the future Countesse Castelnuovo, the child of the "Circus Blacks."—C. Adams in the Epoch.

It was a dapper little man with snapping black eyes and a brisk step that walked into the doctor's office. "My dear sir," he began in a mild, suave voice, looking the doctor straight in the eye, "it gives me much pleasure to introduce my wonderful discovery to one who has devoted his whole life to the amelioration of many ills that afflict mankind. I have here," drawing a package from his coat-tail pocket "an infallible preventive of all diseases."

"Hold on there!" exclaimed the medical man; "it would be suicidal on my part to countenance anything that would prevent diseases, and if any more cranks like you come around here trying to spoil the profession, I'll make them swallow some of their own medicine."

Wasting. [From Drake's Travellers' Magazine.] Scarcely I hold my hand and wait. Your care for bluff, nor fall, nor pat; I rave no more 'gainst luck nor fate, For lo! the stakes will settle that. I stay my haste, I feign delay— I toward quake yet show no sign; A diamond sequence smiles my way, And tells me that the pot is mine. Since yesterday till early day, This little game I've bucked in vain— And watched the dollars go astray With sinking heart and aching brain. What matter if the cash has flown? I wait with joy the coming bet: My hand shall reap what has been sown, And though I cannot show a pair, All bluffs will I accommodate. With each new bet my spirit soars. The ending plainly I foresee: Not flush, nor full, nor even "four," Can take the pot away from me. Dame Fortune long has proved unkind, But now at last she deigns to smile, And in my bosom sits enshrined. For, lo! I gather in the pile. SAK. T. CLOVER.

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DAWN:

A NOVEL

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

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

(Continued.)

She listened to him in silence. "Angela," he went on, boldy enough, now that the ice was broken, "I have often thought about what my mother said, but until now, I have never quite understood her meaning. I do understand it now. Angela, do you understand me?"

There was no answer; she sat there upon the fallen masonry, gazing at the ruins round her, motionless and white as a marble-goddess forgotten in her deserted temple.

"Oh, Angela, listen to me—listen to me! I have found the woman of whom my mother spoke, who must be so good and pure and true." You are she. I love you, Angela, I love you with my whole life and soul; I love you for this world and the next. Oh! do not reject me; though I am so little worthy of you, I will try to grow so. Dearest, can you love me?"

Still there was a silence, but he thought that he saw her breast heave gently. Then he placed his hand, all trembling with the fierce emotion that throbbled along his veins, upon the palm that hung listless by her side, and gazed into her eyes. Still she neither spoke or shrank, and in the imperfect light, her face looked very pale, while her lovely eyes were dark and meaningless as those of one entranced.

Then slowly he gathered up his courage for an effort, and, raising his face to the level of her own, he kissed her full upon her lips. She stirred, she sighed. He had broken the spell; the sweet face that had withdrawn itself drew nearer to him; for a second the awakened eyes looked into his own, and filled them with reflected splendor, and then became a warm ardent gaze about his neck and next—the stars grew dim, and sense and life itself seemed to shake upon their thrones, for a joy almost too great for mortal man to bear took possession of his heart as she laid her willing lips upon his own. And then, before he knew her purpose, she slid down upon her knees beside him, and placed her head upon his breast.

"Dearest," she said, "don't kneel so, look at me." Slowly she raised her face, wreathed and lovely with many blushes, and looked upon him with tearful eyes. He tried to raise her.

"Let me be," she said, "speaking very low. I am best so; it is the attitude of adoration, and I have found—my divinity." "But I can not bear to see you kneel to me." "Oh! Arthur, you do not understand, a minute since I did not understand that a woman is very humble when she really loves."

"Do you—really love me, Angela?" "I do." "Have you known that long?" "I only knew it when—when you kissed me. Before then there was something in my heart, but I did not know what it was. Listen, dear," she went on, "for one minute to me, first, and I will get up for me, 's again attempting to raise her." "What I have to say is best said upon my knees; for I want to thank God who sent you to me, and to thank you too for your goodness. It is so wonderful that you should love a simple girl like me, and I am so thankful to you. Oh! I have never lived till now, and, (rising to her full stature) "I feel as though I had been crowned a queen of happy things. Dethrone me, desert me, and I will still be grateful to you for this hour of imperial happiness. But if you, after a while, when you know all my faults and imperfections better, can still care for me, I know that there is something in me that will enable me to repay you for what you have given me, by making your whole life happy. Dear, I do not know if I speak as other women do, but believe me, it is out of the fullness of my heart. Take care, Arthur, oh! take care, lest your fate should be that of the magician you spoke of the other day, who evoked the spirit, and then fell down before it in terror. You have also called up a spirit, and I pray that it should not be in sport, lest it should trouble you hereafter."

"Angela, do not speak so to me; it is I who should have knelt to you. You were right when you called yourself a queen of happy things. You are a queen—" "Hush! I don't overrate me; your disillusion will be the more painful. Come, Arthur, let us go home."

He rose and went with her, in a dream of joy that for the moment precluded speech. At the door she bade him good night, and, oh! happiness, gave him her lips to kiss. Then they parted, their hearts two full for words. One thing he asked her, however:

"What was it that took you to your mother's grave—to-night?" "She looked at him with a curiously mixed expression of shy love and conviction on her face, and answered: "Her spirit, who led me to your heart."

CHAPTER XXVII.

George's recovery, when the doctors had given up all hope, was sufficiently marvelous to suggest the idea that a certain power had determined—on the hangman's principle perhaps—to give him the longest of ropes; but it could in reality be traced to a more terrestrial influence, namely, Lady Bellamy's nursing. Had it not been for this nursing, it is very certain that her patient would have joined his forefathers in the Bramham churchyard. For whole days and nights she watched and tended him, scarcely closing her own eyes, and quite heedless of the danger of infection; till in the end she conquered the fever, and snatched him from the jaws of the grave. How often has not a woman's devotion been successful in such a struggle!

On the Monday following the events narrated in the last chapter, George, now in an advanced stage of convalescence, though forbidden to go abroad for another fortnight, was sitting downstairs enjoying the warm sunshine, and the sensation of returning life and vigor that was creeping into his veins, when Lady Bellamy came into the room, bringing with her some medicine.

"Here is your tonic, George; it is an old-fashioned tonic, but it is as good as any I can give you, and as I am going back to my disconsolate husband at luncheon-time."

"I can't have you go away yet; I am not well enough."

"I must go, George; people will begin to talk if I stop here any longer."

"Well, if you must, I suppose you must," he answered, sulkily; "but I must say I think that you show a great want of consideration for my comfort, who is to look after me, I should like to know? I am far from well yet—far from well."

"Believe me," she said, softly, "I am very sorry to leave you, and am glad to have been of help to you, though you have never thought much about it."

"Oh, I am sure I am much obliged, but it is not likely that you would leave me to rot of fever without coming to look after me."

She sighed as she answered: "You would not do so much for me."

"Oh, bother, Anne, don't get sentimental before you go, I must speak to you about that girl, Angela. Have you taken any steps?"

Lady Bellamy started. "What, are you still bent upon that project?"

"Of course I am. It seemed to me that all my illness was one long dream of her. I am more bent upon it than ever."

"And do you still insist upon my playing the part you had marked out for me? Do you know, George, that there were times in your illness when, if I had relaxed my care for a single five minutes, it would have turned the scale against you, and that once I did not close my eyes for five nights? Look at me, how thin and worn I am; it is from nursing you. I have saved your life; surely you will not now force me to do this unattractive thing?"

"If, my dear Anne, you had saved my life fifty times, I would still force you to do it. Ah, it is me you are looking at that says I have no doubts that you got my keys and searched it while I was ill, but I was too sharp for you; I had the letters moved when I heard that you were coming to nurse me. They are back there now, though. How disappointed you must have been!" and he chuckled.

"I should have done better to let you die, monster of wickedness and ingratitude that you are!" she said, stamping her foot upon the floor, and the tears of vexation standing in her eyes.

"The letters, my dear Anne; remember that you have got to earn your letters. I am very much obliged to you for your nursing, but business is business."

She was silent for a moment, and then spoke in her ordinary tone.

"By the way, talking of letters, there was one came for you this morning in your cousin Philip's handwriting, and with a London postmark. Will you read it?"

"Read it—yes; anything from the father of my inamorata will be welcome."

She fetched the letter and gave it him. He read it aloud. After a page of congratulations on his convalescence, it ended:

"And now I want to make a proposal to you, viz., to buy back the Isleworth lands from you. I know that the place is distasteful to you, and will probably be doubly so after your severe illness; but, if you care to keep the house and grounds, I am not particularly anxious to acquire them. I am prepared to offer a good price, etc., etc."

"I'll see him hanged first," was George's comment. "How did he get the money?"

"Saved it, and made it, I suppose."

"Well, at any rate, he shall not buy me out with it. No, no, Master Philip; I am not fond enough of you to do you that turn."

"It does not strike you," she said, coldly, "that you hold in your hands a lever that may roll all your difficulties about this girl out of the way?"

"By Jove, you are right, Anne. Trust a woman's brain. But I don't want to sell the estates unless I am forced to."

"Would you rather part with the land, or give up your project of marrying Angela Careesfoot?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you will have to choose between the two."

"Then I had rather sell."

"You had better give it up, George. I am not superstitious, but I have knowledge that you do not understand, and I foresee nothing but disaster in this plan."

"Once and for all, Anne, I will not give it up while I have any breath left in my body, and I take my oath that unless you help me, and help me honestly, I will expose you."

"Oh! I am your very humble servant; you may count on me. The galley-slave pulls well when the lash hangs over his shoulders," and she laughed coldly.

Just then a servant announced that Mr. Careesfoot was at the door, and anxious to speak to his cousin. He was ordered to show him into the drawing-room. As soon as he had gone on his errand, George said:

"I will not see him; say I am too unwell. But do you go, and see that you make the most of your chance."

Lady Bellamy nodded, and left the room. She found Philip in the drawing-room.

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Careesfoot? I come from your cousin to say that he can not see you to-day; he has scarcely recovered sufficiently from the illness through which I have been nursing him; but of course you know all about that."

"Oh! yes, Lady Bellamy, I have heard all about it, including your own brave behavior, to which the doctor tells me, George owes his life. I am sorry that he can not see me, though. I have just come down from town, and called in on my way from Roxham. I had some rather important business that I wanted to speak about."

"About your offer to repurchase the Isleworth lands?" she asked.

"Ah! you know of the affair. Yes, that was it."

"Then I am commissioned to give you a reply."

Philip listened anxiously.

"Your cousin absolutely refuses to sell any part of the lands."

"Will nothing change his determination? I am ready to give a good price, and pay a separate price for the timber."

"Nothing; he does not intend to sell."

A deep depression spread itself over her features.

"Then there are the hopes of twenty years," he said. "For twenty long years, ever since my misfortune, I have toiled and schemed to get these lands back, and now it is all for nothing. Well, there is nothing more to be said," and he turned to go.

"Stop a minute, Mr. Careesfoot. Do you know, you interest me very much."

"I am proud to interest so charming a lady," he answered, with a touch of depressed gallantry.

"That is as it should be, but you interest me because you are an instance of the truth of the saying that every man has some ruling passion, if only one could discover it. Why do you want these particular lands? Your money will buy others just as good."

"Why does a Swiss get home-sick? Why does a man defrauded of his own wish to recover it?"

Lady Bellamy mused a little.

"What would you say if I showed you an easy way to get them?"

Philip turned sharply round with a new look of hope upon his face.

"You would earn my eternal gratitude—a gratitude that I should be glad to put into a practical shape."

She laughed.

"Oh! you must speak to Sir John about this. Now listen; I am going to surprise you. Your cousin wants to get married."

"Get married! George wants to get married!"

"Exactly so; and now I have a further surprise in store for you—he wants to marry your daughter Angela."

This time Philip said nothing, but he started in evident and uncomfortable astonishment. If Lady Bellamy wished to surprise him, she had certainly succeeded.

"Surely you are joking!" he said.

"I never was further from joking in my life; he is desperately in love with her, and wild to marry her."

"Well, don't you now see a way to force your cousin to sell the lands?"

THE

Saturday

Gazette

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(To be Continued.)

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1887.

The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

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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.

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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.

Tobogganing is to be put on a firm financial basis in England, a company with a capital of £75,000 having been formed to extend the business of toboggan-slides owners, and licenses of the various patents connected therewith. It might be doing the company a kindness to furnish it with a history of the rise and fall of the once fashionable amusement of roller-skating in this country.

PHILIP HENSON, of Coriuth, Miss, has probably the longest beard of any male biped in the world. Henson is a man of sixty years of age, six feet two inches tall, and when he stands erect his beard touches the ground. It has not been cut for eleven years and is still growing. Henson is a Southerner by birth, but served the Union cause during the war. He furnished the Federal armies with valuable information, and won the high regard of many prominent Union generals.

This is a good season of the year in which to discuss hobbies, remarks the Grand. Cincinnati puts in a claim to the grandest youngster on the continent in the matter of avoirdupois. Her name is Nellie Shaffer, and she weighs forty-two pounds. As Nellie has only been in the world ten months this is thought to be something extraordinary. Nellie's father is a huckster and a produce dealer, who is referred to in local prints as 'a noble specimen of physical manhood.' Her mother weighs less than one hundred pounds and is rather an inconsequential person.

A recent number of the Evening Wisconsin gives rather more than a column of details about the case of a young man from New York who, having lost the greater part of his scalp in consequence of an accident with sulphuric acid, profited by the skill and ingenuity of a surgeon who transplanted to his head portions of the skin of two dogs, hair and all. We are glad to learn that the doctor was "paid enough to keep him from wanting the rest of his life." Thirteen separate transplantations are said to have been performed, all but two of which were successful.

A Physician of Philadelphia has recently declared that corsets tend to cause costal breathing in women. "Admitting," says the Scientific American, "that they are the cause of costal breathing, and accepting the theory that costal breathing is a corrective of consumption, a plea for these articles of attire is at once established as preventives of the dreaded malady. The possibility of this benefit is increased by the consideration that men are, on the whole, more subject to it than women, and that Indians seem peculiarly its subjects." Here is an argument that the dress-reformers will have to meet.

A curious problem in castrality, says the Boston Courier, is raised by the recent blue book report of the condition of affairs in Fiji. Administrator Thurston and Secretary Blyth, who prepared it, take strong ground against that cornerstone of all Occidental ethical advancement, monogamy, and declare that the missionaries, by insisting that their converts should abandon polygamy, have seriously undermined the morality of the people. "Polygamy," Mr. Thurston says, "is the natural state of the native mind; monogamy is unnatural." Now, the question to be practically decided is whether, if it is possible to convert the Fijians to Christianity by leaving them the privilege of polygamy, the missionaries would be justified in yielding this point. After all, the "natural state of the native mind" is a most important factor in the case; and there is some justice in the claim that our civilization is a couple of thousand years in advance of the Fijian brain.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the general prosperity of this State, says the N. Y. Epoch, than the reports of the savings banks for the last six months. There has been a gain of 18,109 in the number of depositors, and of \$7,171,623 in the amount of deposits. It is true that these figures have been considerably exceeded of recent years, the addition to the amount of deposits in 1885 and 1882 being at the rate of \$17,000,000 for six months. But the figures for the last half year exceed the total reached for the entire year 1884, and indicate an eminently satisfactory amount both of popular thrift and of the means for manifesting it. The present aggregate of savings banks deposits in this State is \$464,000,000—a great and growing insurance fund on the side of social stability. Though accurate statistics are not available since the tax on bank deposits was repealed, and the consolidation of the currency was able to consolidate the returns of all savings institutions, the aggregate deposits in all the savings banks of the United States is probably \$1,050,000,000. It will be seen that the State of New York's proportion of the total is a very large one.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

It is now over three months since THE GAZETTE made its bow to the St. John public. And in that time it has made its way and attained a large circulation. The special issue of last week has been sent in every direction over the lower provinces. The reduction of the price to two cents a copy has already had a beneficial effect on the sales. We hope to be able in a week or two at the most to report that our circulation has been doubled.

The object of THE GAZETTE is the improvement of St. John—the up-building of the city. And with that object in view, it will always be our pleasure to describe additions to our local industries or point the way in directions where new trade may be developed. Besides this, we hope to give reading matter that will interest and amuse all classes of the community.

CONFEDERATION.

Every day we hear more or less of the evils of confederation. Bad weather, a failure of the crops, hard times and all kindred evils are due to confederation. This is the doctrine taught and no doubt believed in by a certain class of fossilized individuals in this community. The majority of these people opposed the confederation with all the vim they could command, and they were beaten at the polls as they would be to-morrow were the same issues to be fought out over again.

The majority of the men who cast their ballots for or against confederation are now dead, and it would be in the best interests of the province generally if a few more of those who have been for twenty years groaning over the fact that the British American Provinces became a united state had also joined the great majority. What is the use of perpetually groaning over something that is a fixed fact? Even admitting that confederation was a mistake, do these men who are constantly saying so groan continually about mistakes they make in business? Do they go around bewailing their commercial losses on the street corners and thus injure their prospects for future credit? Or do they endeavour to make the best of a bad bargain and keep their mouths shut. If they are sane, sensible business men they say as little about the losses they have made as possible, but endeavour to profit by the experience they have gained in their future transactions.

Entirely outside of those who had to do with making Canada what it is—a United State there is another class in the country—the young men—who have grown up to find Canada as it is. They know nothing of the glorious past the older men who opposed confederation are constantly talking of, and they do not care a great deal about it either. These persons have grown to manhood to find themselves the citizens of a fine country as the sun has ever shone upon. A country possessed of as great natural advantages as any other on the face of the globe—and a country which notwithstanding the assertions of the croakers to the contrary is making steady progress. The object of every dweller in such a country as this should be to develop it all he can. In the earlier days the glorious past—this was what our people strove to do. The merchant does not decry his wares and the sons of New Brunswick uphold their country against its traducers whoever they happened to be. We want this spirit still, and we want it badly. It is needed at public gatherings, in the newspapers and in the pulpit, for until this petty provincial feel-

ing and jealousy has given place to national spirit we can scarcely expect to become a nation.

We can find lessons for the future in looking at the past, but of what advantage is it to a coal heaver to know that his grandfather was a king. It does not lessen his labor or put more money in his pocket. It is the present and not the past that we must give attention to. Confederation we have and will continue to have no matter how much some may grumble and groan over it. And perhaps some of those who talk so much of the evils of confederation will come to the front and tell us how it would have been had there been no confederation. Would times have been any better? Would the great fire not have taken place just the same had confederation never been thought of? Confederation may have been a curse, but view it in any light possible it was a blessing when compared with the people who are continually preaching the blue ruin doctrine.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

In my walks abroad I often meet young boys and girls who have donned a new suit of clothes for the first time. The boy invariably looks sheepish and ashamed. He feels as if he were being critically inspected by everybody he meets, and is consequently uncomfortable. The girl knows or imagines that everyone is looking at her—particularly the other girls, and she is proud to think that she is being admired and envied by every girl of her acquaintance. She does not care a button if her dress is all pulled to pieces by her friends when they have her left company. This does not bother her in the least for she will have her revenge when they get new things.

The day a boy dons a new suit of clothes is a most trying one for him. He is sure to be an object of ridicule until he gets the knees of his trousers torn or has made a rent in his coat. Then he feels like other boys and is happy. Old clothes fit a boy much better than new ones but it is the opposite with girls. They are happiest when stiff and erect in a new frock.

What are the rights and privileges of a dog? This is the question agitating the public mind just at present. For a century dogs have had more liberties than men in St. John, and now that the festive cur is to be brought under the law the man object. If a man were to stretch himself out to enjoy an hour's nap on one of the sidewalks he would be run in by the police, but two dogs have reposed most peacefully on the King Square all summer and never been molested. To my mind the dog has no more right to stretch himself out for a snooze on a public thoroughfare than has a man who has partaken of too many snozers to come to anchor in a similar locality. The city council has done a wise thing in deciding to impound and destroy vagrant dogs, and the members deserve and will have the support of every right minded person in the city, dog owner or not.

I love a good dog just as much as any person in town, but I detest a half-bred, half-fet cur, and the sooner such unfortunate animals are put out of the way the better. There is a class of people in the community who hold that the present dog law is no good, that the penalties named in it cannot be collected. No greater mistake can be made. I am free to admit that in many cases the penalties prescribed have not been carried out, but the law can be enforced all the same and the time has arrived when it will be enforced, as it should have been years ago.

The barbers of St. John are a most ingenious set. They have had a warm time lately discussing the Sunday law. Some of their number object to shaving their customers Sunday mornings, while others who, if they have any conscientious scruples on this score, forget them for the time being and gather in the shekels. A contemporary printed a series of interviews with local barbers on the subject of Sunday shaving. One barber alleged that there had been an agreement between the local barbers some years ago not to shave anyone on Sundays, but that one firm who signed the agreement subsequently opened their shop on Sunday morning and that they followed. Now another association has been formed and the question of Sunday shaving is again up; but, besides this moral question, it is under consideration to increase the prices of shaving and hair-cutting.

A novel method of testing the Sunday question has been resorted to—namely, that of asking the police magistrate to decide whether shaving is servile labor, and consequently interdicted, or not. Would it not be a good scheme, also, for the barbers to submit the question of increased rates to the police magistrate as well? Hair dyeing at three dollars will be a luxury few people can afford to enjoy if there is not a boom in real estate shortly.

Speaking of Sunday shaving reminds me of a huge joke that was perpetrated on the New Brunswick legislature a few years ago. A bill to prohibit Sunday shaving was sent up to be enacted, and the wisdom of the country, as represented in the legislature, failed to detect some gross absurdities in it—to wit, the preamble of the bill was modelled after a boom company's bill passed a few years previous, and one of its provisions was that, if Her Majesty the Queen or any royal province was passing through this province, the barbers were privileged to shave her or him on Sunday or any other day. I have never looked upon Her Majesty, but none of the portents I have seen of her bear the slightest suggestions of a beard or moustache, but the bill containing the provision I have mentioned actually passed the lower house at Fredericton, and had its peculiarities not been detected by an engrossing clerk, it is probable that it might have become law.

It seems to me that we in St. John are in great danger of becoming a musical people, or, as they put it in the show bills of variety theatres, musical mokes. Perhaps I reside in a musically infested locality, but as I write I can hear the music or discord of two or three pianos, while in the distance I can hear the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," proceeding from a corner, while somewhere else in the vicinity someone is industriously scraping away at a fiddle, as it used to be called, but now-a-days known as a violin. Music is ennobling, they say, but when a fellow is endeavoring to use up a ream or two of paper in an evening it is calculated, if he is at all nervous, to spoil his chances in the hereafter. Good music is certainly grand, but in all well regulated communities, where the morals of the people are thought of and properly guarded, fife and drum bands should be obliged to go five miles out to sea to practice, and I know whereof I speak, having experienced for upwards of a year the practice of a fife and drum band every evening.

At last we are to have something done with our streets. Prince William Street which has long been in a disgraceful and dangerous condition is to be repaved at a cost of somewhere over \$5,000. How the council propose to raise the money to pay for this work, I do not know but it has occurred to me that the horse owners of the city should be required to pay something more towards the street improvements than the classes who do not own horses. Supposing a tax of 1¢ were levied on each horse owned in the city of St. John, a handsome sum would be realized every year. This, with an appropriation from the street fund, and a special assessment on the properties directly benefitted would enable, at least, half a mile of pavement to be laid every year for the present.

Our people are gradually awakening to the fact that about all the money they have expended on the road beds of the city for the past twenty years has been wasted. Broken stone has been tried and found wanting. I do not know what a steam roller would cost but I do know that until the city invests in a steam roller they cannot have macadamized roads worthy of the name. To put any more broken stone on the streets as has been done in the past is only throwing away the people's money. If we are not in a position financially to pave or macadamize the city then let a heavy horse roller be bought and have rough roadways dug up, the large stones in them broken and covered afresh with beach gravel which should be thoroughly crushed with the roller. Then we could have fairly good streets at a comparatively small cost. Macadamizing when properly done is very little cheaper than paving, but it makes a much better road for light driving but unsuitable for trucking unless wheels with wide tires are used.

Now that the council has disposed of the dog question I hope they will not forget to deal with the question of time. The nuisance of three standards of time is growing greater every day. There ought to be but one standard of time, and inasmuch as the railroads have adopted Eastern standard time the city should order the city clocks to be set at that time. It would be much more convenient for everybody just as soon as they forgot there ever had been another standard of time.

DIXY. "The male wasps never sting," says an exchange. This may be true, there is little consolation in it. The man who is stung by a wasp doesn't care a rap what sex it belongs to.

A philosopher says, "Every man is born to his work." But he does not always do it. The man who was born to sell milk sometimes mixes a great deal of water with it.

People Talked About.

Daniel Canary, the famous bicycle rider, of Meriden, Conn., is lying ill at Madrid, Spain.

The post-mortem examination in the case of the famous Russian editor Katchob revealed the fact that he died of cancer of the stomach.

Rev. K. G. Chatterjee, India, is now at Saratoga. He says that he has suffered more from the heat in America than in his native country. His statement will find but few doubters.

In his telegram inviting President Cleveland to visit Columbus, O., Gov. Forsaker signs himself "Your obedient servant." Has Forsaker repented of his insubordination or is he indulging in a little polite "sarkasm?"

Belva Lockwood has returned to her law office at Washington after a short vacation. She says she will not be a candidate for President in 1888 if Mrs. Cleveland will accept the nomination. Under the circumstances it seems likely that Mrs. Lockwood will run again.

Queen Victoria is mourning the death of her old nurse, Miss Skerritt, who recently passed away at the mature age of ninety-four. Miss Skerritt had seen service under Queens Charlotte and Adelaide, and had nursed Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and other royal children.

Sarah Bernhardt's object in making a pet of a tiger cat has at length been made public. It is announced in the Parisian papers that the tiger is a most intelligent animal and has learned to tell a creditor as soon as it sees one. It is further remarked that the tiger is generally at large in Mme. Bernhardt's drawing room.

Richard Johnson, the "Giant Cowboy" of the Wild West show, has been in trouble in London. His aggressive vigor caused him to have a slight disagreement with a London policeman. The policeman is now at a hospital but is not fatally injured. Johnson was arrested for assault and brought before a Judge, who released him under \$500 bail.

"Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, of the New York stage, is in Paris replenishing her wardrobe. She has many interesting things to tell concerning the Jubilee celebration in London, which she witnessed in all its splendor. Mrs. Eldridge is authority for the statement that at the Mansion House ball Princess Louise remarked to the Queen: "It's a long time, Vicky, since so many of us were together. Doesn't it look as if Tussard's had broken loose?"

Congressman George West, of Ballston, N. Y., is at Long Branch. He is fifty years of age and an Englishman by birth. He is thoroughly American in his ideas, but indicates his British origin now and then by dropping an "h." He owns seven or eight paper mills in the vicinity of Ballston, and has just purchased another in the town of Exter, England, where he was born and apprenticed. He is a short man, almost as broad as he is long, and wears a flowing snow-white beard. He is about to begin his third term in Congress.

Cal. John E. Pierce, who lives at Plantville, a little manufacturing in New England on the New Haven and Northampton road, is preparing to astonish the world by his inventive genius. He claims that he has proved the practicability of establishing passenger traffic between this country and England by means of pneumatic tubes placed under the ocean. He thinks that in the future a man will be able to breakfast in New York and take lunch in London. All that Pierce needs to establish his invention, so he says, is money. But we regret to note in the pictures of inventor Pierce a slight resemblance to Charles J. Guiteau.

Love's Work.

[Toronto Truth.] Looked so commonplace and bare; Now they are so fresh and green, Starred with daisies everywhere. Only yesterday the woods were bare; Were but beach and elm trees: They are vocal now with song, Full of tender mysteries.

What has changed the fields and woods, Made the sky so blue above, Filled the ambient air with song? It was all the work of love. Mary through the fields and woods Walked along last night with me; Heard my vows, while thrushes sang, "Sweet! oh sweet!" from every tree.

Only yesterday my work Seemed so wearisome and dull, As the hours went slowly by; Each unknown laborer falls; But to-day I do not fear With the hardest task to cope, For the worker's hand is strong When his heart is full of hope.

Love this morning sent me off To my work with willing feet, Love passed every hour away. To a measure quick and sweet: Fields and woods and my own heart Are with song and music rife; Work is easy for a home, Work is pleasure for a wife.

Love can fill the hardest day With a sense of light and song; Love can make the gloomy gay; Love can make the weary strong; Love can make the fields a-bloom, Fill the woods with melody; Love is sweet; in her smile Life is merry and good to me.

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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 Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, which he had great faith in. After taking a dose or two of 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 dose, and since that I have had several fits. 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.

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

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CAPITAL, \$30,000,000.00. TOTAL ASSETS, \$35,338,362.46. Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates. D. B. JACK, Resident Agent.

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

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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.

"Why, Uncle Abram," said an old farmer, "what are you sittin' up there for 'lection day? Why ain't you votin'?" "I's heered it's mighty reemorative stayin' on de fence till de las' minnit," gravely answered the old fellow, "an' I's adoin' it."

The Newport correspondent of the N. Y. Times says in yesterday's issue that some aristocratic Newport ladies wore dress suits and high shirt collars at the Casino hop last Monday night, and that they have "a perceptible predisposition to an early wig." This is news.

"You'll find this a very quiet house," said Miss Poundsteak. "Most of the boarders are single ladies and members of a sewing circle."

"Any poker going on?" asked Reed. "Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the pious landlady, horrified.

"Well," returned Reed, "if that's the case I guess it wouldn't pay me to board here."

"How can you have all those tramps hanging around your door?" asked Merritt, as he stood up at the bar. "Every Tom, Dick and Harry of them begged me for a nickel."

"Dose ladies and gentlemen are not drumps, mine friend," replied the saloon-keeper. "De' are mine best customers. De' spent every cent by me dat dey make."

"This is a capital thing you have written," said Merritt, reading Tubbs's latest poem. "How much do you think you will get for it?"

"On account of its being good," was the sad reply, "I'm afraid I won't be able to sell it."

The London newspapers of date of July 20th and thereabouts contain cable reports varying from a quarter to three-quarters of a column in length, describing the heat in the United States, and particularly its effects in this city. People have asked what good the heat does. Here is the answer. Still it seems hard to have to swelter so, merely to supply a foreign people with reading matter.—N. Y. Epoch.

An English writer insists that dust is rather more picturesque than smoke, and that it is well worth the study of artists. This is the town for samples. A street track sweeper makes more dust than a squadron of cavalry, and there is always a car just behind and to leeward so that the artist may study the dust cloud in its penitential. The ashman affords some fine random specimens.—Epoch.

NO BACK DOORS OPEN. The workman is fresher than a daisy every Monday. And blithely to his labor doth he go: He cannot find a single open barroom on the Sunday And therefore can't get they don't you know.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO THE WHISKEY. "Do you call that whiskey?" the customer asked as he threw a dime on the bar, after draining his glass. "I do," answered the bartender as he flipped the silver piece behind him. "Then all I've got to say," said the customer as he wiped his mouth and prepared to walk out, "all I've got to say is that if Jay Gould watered his stock like that he would be worth fifteen million billion, trillion more money than he is to-day."

In former times men were broken on the wheel. In these days they frequently get "broke" by fooling with the wheel of Fortune.

When Lord Cardigan placed himself at the head of the "Six Hundred" and gave the order to the trumpeter to sound the charge at Balaclava, he cried, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" If his name had been John Smith that heroic exclamation would have been lost to history, for it would have been ridiculous to say, "Here goes the last of the Smiths."

"The Italians take life easily and cheerfully," says an exchange. It may be so, but we have seen many of them in the dumps.

THE REASON. I asked a bachelor why he in singleness had tarried: He answered thus, "Because, you see; I've friends who've long been married."

A CREW TO BEAT HIS CARE. The man whose tendencies are bad Would have religion plastic; He wants no creed that's iron clad, But one that's quite elastic.

In this there's for reflection food: Our life is short, 'tis true, But long enough to do more good Than any of us do.

Hamlet said, "Give me the man that is not passion's slave." He knew better than to say, "Give me the woman that is not fashion's slave."

What the Dudes Wear?

I was in an up-town haberdasher's shop the other day (writes a New York correspondent), and the course of a half-hour conversation I learned considerable about the personal decorations of the dude. A modest request to look at some robes de nuit was what started the shopkeeper. He took a glance at the golden locks and produced a box, remarking: "Here is something which will suit your complexion." It suited my complexion better than it did my pocket-book. It was made of a fawn-colored Chinese silk, very soft, and elaborately embroidered in high blue. A delicate tracery of blue vines and flowers ran around the collar, down the front, and around the cuffs, and it was made to button with gold studs. "This is a very simple pattern," remarked the gentle haberdasher, "and costs only six dollars. Here is a most elaborate style for twelve dollars," and he brought out a garment of rather finer material, simply covered with embroidery. I mildly insinuated that I wanted something for one dollar and a half. He looked unhappy for a moment, but recovered when he began to show me some silk underwear for fifteen dollars a set, and purple silk hose for five dollars a pair. From underwear we got to shirts, pajamas, and "blazers." The styles were unique and glaring. "Do men really wear these things?" I inquired innocently. He gazed at me pityingly. "Do you know what it costs to dress a fashionable young man?" he asked; "I mean simply for underclothing," he added. "To begin at the bottom, he needs a dozen pairs of silk socks, at four dollars a pair, and six dollars a pair. His half-dozen sets of silk underwear will cost him fifteen dollars a set. His shirts will cost him twenty-five dollars a dozen, and his collars and cuffs, of which he needs a good many, with his neckties, will cost as much more. Tennis-shirts, long stockings, blazers, etc., will run up in a summer season, to a couple of hundred dollars. Yes," he added, meditatively, "a young man needs about five hundred dollars to get his summer outfit, not counting his tailor's and shoemaker's and hatter's bills, which will amount to as much more. Of course his fall and winter outfits are more expensive."

How much a year does it cost to dress properly? I asked. "I have customers who spend five thousand dollars a year on their clothes, and they are by no means extravagant," was the prompt reply.

An English Workhouse Mystery.

(London Telegraph.) A man who for the past two years has been an inmate of the Etham (Kent) Workhouse, under the assumed name of "Wilton Loward," has just died suddenly from heart disease. He was evidently by birth and education a gentleman, and his conduct while in the workhouse has been most exemplary. He spoke Hindustani, French and German with fluency, and was equally well acquainted with Greek and Latin. His own account of himself was that he was of good family, and that at one time he was in possession of a considerable fortune. For many years he served in India as an officer in the East India Company's service and retired with a pension. Later on in life, having lost his fortune through injudicious investments in mines, he committed his pension and was equally unfortunate in speculating with the amount he received. At Constantinople he was seized with paralysis, which incapacitated him from work, and, coming home, he stopped at several watering-places until he became destitute at Folkestone. He seems to have exhausted his friends, and he had no other resource but to obtain an order for the workhouse from the relieving officer. At that time he was elegantly dressed. His manners and bearing were always courteous and dignified. He refused money gifts when offered him, and had a great horror of dying a pauper. He carefully concealed his name, his reason being, he said, that he expected to come into a small estate, and he should not like it to be known that he had been an inmate of a workhouse. At his death his linen was found to be marked with an ear's corner, and he has left a will, but no clue to his identity.

Mysteries of the Bathing Toilet.

(Philadelphia News.) "While I was in a store to-day buying a pair of stays the saleswoman showed me a lightly built object of wire that looked like an inverted rat trap," said a lady. "Upon inquiry I learned that the contrivance was a 'bathing corset.' It was a rounded framework of wire to be fastened on the breast by women under their bathing-dress to give them a shapely figure when they go into the surf. I understand that they are worn at all the seaside resorts."

Another lady, in a little burst of confidence to Chatter-Box, imparted the secret that many charming girls wear five and six pairs of stockings when in bathing costume in order to give their legs a plump and attractive appearance. In order, however, to preserve the smallness of the foot, the feet of all the stockings, save the pair worn outside, are cut off. Imagine a beautiful girl sitting in her bath-house peeling off six pairs of sea-soaked stockings. What a picture for gods and men!

When His Wife Is Away.

Says the wicked Philadelphia Bulletin: A married man may feel a certain degree of loneliness at this season while his wife and family are away from home at the seashore or mountain resort, and with it comes a feeling of freedom and independence that compensates for the absence of loved ones. There are the days which the married men enjoy, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and when he informs his wife in his daily letter that he is "doing very well," he means all he says. Yes, he is doing very well. He can now spend his evenings in the haunt of his bachelor days; he can come in at the most unseasonable hours and retire without an animated discussion as to the accuracy of the clock or a candle lecture. He can leave his place of business and stand on the corner talking politics as long as he feels disposed; he can run up to the Casino and wait at the door until the last auditor has passed out without fear of after consequences; he can smoke in every room in the house, should he so desire, and he does his Sunday clothes the next morning without exciting the slightest suspicion of being called upon to answer pertinent questions. He may tell the neighbors how much he feels the absence of the family, but he does it for the purpose of having his regrets reported to madame on her return. It is this that accounts for the great number of men to be seen walking the principal thoroughfares in the evening.

Affectionate Relations of Three Royal Sisters.

(Modern Society.) It is well known how attached the three daughters of the King of Denmark are to each other. His Majesty is fond of relating an instance of this attachment. While the Princess Thyra, was still unmarried, the Princess of Wales and the Carina with their children came on a visit to Fredensborg. One morning the King was going out on a very early expedition and determined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid them "good-by." When the father tapped at the Princess of Wales' bedroom door he got no answer, and opening it found her room empty, and on going to the Carina's he knocked with the same result. On arriving at Princess Thyra's simple bedchamber he found his two older married daughters had each taken a mattress from her own splendid guest chamber and established herself thereon in the young girl's room. They were all chatting merrily, but were girlishly anxious to conceal the escapade from their ladies in waiting.

Quite a Crooked Log, Indeed.

(From the Genesee (Ill.) News.) We hear that Laman Woodward's log for the Old settlers' cabin is quite a marvel in its way. H. Crossley says he stretched a tape-line along it from end to end. There is a sag or curvature of the spine in the middle that makes a divergence of six feet two inches from a straight line. The tree was cut by the owner because it made the cows in the pasture so cross-eyed to look at it that the butter from their milk made the children tongue-tied. The tree never leaved out till fall, because it took the sap all summer to find its way up to the branches. When Luman put the log on the fair ground it immediately began to roll all around the premises, being too crooked to lie still. They had to whip up the team to get away from it.

Base Ball Notes.

The players chafe under such management, as is natural. This spirit, they know, pervades all the transactions of powers that be. Players do not like to come here because there is always haggling over salaries, or a cut down at the end of the season. Jim O'Rourke, of the New Yorks, said that he would play for \$500 less anywhere than in Boston, and that, too, when he would rather play here than elsewhere but for this management.

It is laughable to see how the papers continue to make light of Kelly, while they devote a great deal of space to him. Making Kelly captain of the nine has not enhanced his usefulness as a player. The responsibilities of the position decidedly weigh upon him and affect his work. I am candidly of the opinion that Morris is not the equal of Kelly as a captain, while I am aware that the latter is far, far from being what he ought to be in the position.

A Ball Room Incident.

How lightly through the dance she trips! How tastefully she dresses! What eyes, what cheeks, what teeth, what lips, What lovely golden tresses! Ah! surely ne'er o'er shoulder fair Strained such a wealth of golden hair!

In every dancing troop we read The oft repeated story, That lovely woman's hair, indeed Is lovely woman's glory. Love lurks among the tresses fair And every ringlet is a snare.

Oh! rare and radiant maid, at thee How many eyes are glancing! Around thy snowy neck they see The golden ripples dancing. And thou art deemed an angel bright, Dropped down to grace the ball-room night.

What rapture were that beauteous head Upon my breast reclining, And every gleaming golden thread Her lovely locks of shimmering gold. Upon the floor are lying. That would be joy enough for me! But gracious! what do we behold? The maiden fair is crying— Her lovely locks of shimmering gold. An! to recover them she prings— 'Tis nothing but a wig, by jings!

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.

MANKS & CO., IMPORTERS OF American and English Fine Felt Hats. MANUFACTURERS OF SILK DRESS HATS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FINE FURS OF ALL KINDS, 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Society Hats Made to Order.

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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, BISCUIT BOXES, CASTERS, ETC., in New Designs and Colors. 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. BRUSHES, of all kinds, LAMPS, CLOTHES WINGERS, BRACKETS, GARDEN TOOLS, BROOMS, CLOCKS, PURSES, PLUSH GOODS, Great variety in Plated Spoons, Forks, &c., &c. Croquet, Lawn Tennis, CRICKETING GOODS, Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes. AGENTS FOR Aroher & Pancoast Gas Fixtures, —AND— FAIRBANKS & CO'S., Celebrated Scales. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PIANOS & ORGANS, The Best and Cheapest, SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, Small Musical Instruments, Strings & Kinds, PICTURE FRAMING Of all Kinds. Engravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c. WM. MURPHY & Co., 4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 13, 1887.

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...

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

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company. M. A. Ryan, Wm. Merchant. W. Harker, Druggist. W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

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.

WANTED. 50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

READ! Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Boneless Head Cheese, Sausage-Cured Ham, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

T. W. SEEDS, 15 WATERLOO ST. T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer. MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, RUFFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

Gents' Furnishings, Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Suspenders, Trunks, Valises, &c. City Market Clothing Hall, 21 Charlotte Street.

HEALTH PROBLEMS.

In Case of Accidents—A New Treatment in Consumption. A new method for the treatment of consumption is now attracting the attention of medical men. It consists in injecting directly into the lungs by means of a hypodermic syringe, the needle of which is passed through the wall of the chest, in order to introduce the medicine as nearly as possible to the affected part of the lungs.

Emergencies. In case of a cut or wound decide first whether the blood comes from an artery or a vein. If it is of a dark color, once slowly and evenly, it is from a vein, while if from an artery, it will be bright red and spurt in jets.

Another Warning. Miss Eudoxie Hedouin, a patient in a Paris hospital, has sleeping spells. She has just waked up from a nap of eighteen days' length. How she became afflicted with this disease is not stated, but it is supposed she contracted the habit while acting as clerk in the store of a man who did not advertise.

Admit the Sunlight. A prevailing custom is the exclusion of sunlight from dwellings. In summer, especially, houses are kept dark that they may be kept cool, but there are people who at all seasons are so fearful of fading their carpets and upholstery that they are jealous of every ray that is admitted.

GOOD BEHAVIOR. Train the Little Folks—To Secure an Introduction. The introduction of a man to a woman whom he would like to visit, or the forming of a more intimate acquaintance with one to whom he has been casually introduced, is often a problem of a good deal of difficulty and quite difficult to solve.

Youthful Politeness. The training of children in those matters which mark good breeding, should begin at an early age. A boy or girl of a none too young to be taught to take off his hat to a lady; not to pass between people who are talking together; to stand until ladies are seated.

Question of a Pew in Church. I take the liberty of asking you a question, which puzzles me a good deal, and about which I am undecided in my own mind. I own a pew in a church that I attend, and am in the habit of taking a young lady friend to church in the evening.

Language of the Wheel. He-Do you bike? She-Well, hardly, but I like it. P.S.—You don't understand that possibly. Permit me to say it is the bicycle and tricycle language in vogue in Washington and other wheeled towns.

Why He Didn't Change. Friend to young artist—Isn't your shirt a little ragged, Charley? Young Artist—I'm afraid it is. Friend—Well, why don't you change it. Young Artist—Because the other one is ragged, too.—New York Sun.

Royalty in Corea. The King and Queen of Corea show signs of civilization. They have discarded native doctors, and know less of medicine than the Chinese. The queen is under the care of a female physician from this city.—Boston Budget.

St. Louis is becoming a great center of the peanut trade. The collector of customs at Aliberton, Prince Edward Island, states that three fourths of the sailors in the New England mackerel fleet off the coast of that province during the past season were christians.—Cleveland Leader.

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A MEZZO TINT.

There came to my vision, one winter's day— At the twilight hour, so still and cold— This bit of color, which seemed to gleam Like an angel's wing o'er the frothy world.

A Boston Ghost Story. The ghost stories were begun by the doctor with a decidedly weird one about an epoch in his very early career, when he was collecting bits for a subscription book publication firm, somewhere in the interior of Pennsylvania, and stopped to lodge in a particularly horrid house, where the only sleeping place that could be provided for him was in the room with a corpse.

THE WHOLE STORY. A certain physician, who called his wife "Mrs. M." Was by her, from custom, called "Dr. M." But if across in the cupboard he is.

Amateur Theatricals in Austin. McChinnis (the King) to Gus De Smith (Hamlet) in a house whisper—What are you killing me now for? This is only the first act!

"TWO OF A KIND." A man went up the aisle as to find, Unknowingly that a dog came on behind. The usher stopped him, saying, "Sir, I fear You do not know dogs are not welcomed here."

Why Sarah Bernhardt Squealed. That was a great mistake Sarah Bernhardt's manager made a few nights ago. He left his umbrella in a corner back of the scenes. When the performance was over he went to pick it up, but instead picked up Sarah, who chanced to be standing there, and was in a hurry to run off with her when she squealed "Let go of me, sir."—Kentucky State Journal.

MURDER. Two human feet were wadded ashore last night. "Two human feet? Of murder sure the sign!" O! by the way, one fact I cannot omit: I did the washing, and the feet were mine.—Id. Bita.

BREVITIES. "A sentimental writer asks: 'Did you ever watch a dear baby waking in the morning?' Many times. It generally occurs about 5 o'clock and causes the father to get up with splendid appetite for breakfast.—St. Paul Herald.

When doctors give a man up his chance for life is gone. When lawyers give one up his money is gone.—Cedar Rapids Gossp. Mike McCool is dead. Michael was a prize-fighter, but he will live in literature, for he originated the famous phrase: "Put up or shut up."—Alta California.

It is usually unmarried women who write on the subject of "How to manage a husband."—Cleveland Free Press. Mr. Gladstone is not going to chop any more at present. His woodpile is now large enough to last the family all winter.—Burlington Free Press.

Eliza Wheeler Wilcox says she is "slow to note the cloud that threatens storm." If Ella lived in the cyclone region she would get left, or, rather, carried away.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Nebraska farmer who lost \$300 in cash offered \$235 reward to the finder. It was restored by a lawyer, who hung around for half an hour and then muttered up courage enough to ask if the loser couldn't split the difference on the \$5 and make the reward \$230.—Detroit Free Press.

"What is filling our insane asylums?" asks a patent medicine advertisement. Well, there are 30,000 brass bands in this country at the present time, and the number is rapidly increasing. If this is not the right answer we have another.—Norristown Herald.

There was a young lady in Basville who said to her lover: "Alas, Will, you come every night and you talk such a sight that the people all call you my Gas Bill."—Detroit Free Press.

"What makes that girl walk so funny?" inquired Dr. Smythe of Browns. "Is she intoxicated?" "Oh, no; she's not intoxicated," responded Browns. "It's only her shoes that are tight."—New Age.

You should never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. Nine times out of ten it belongs to somebody else.—French Fun. Whom'er the small boy makes a racket or annoys his mother with his tunes, she is sure to say she'll warm his jacket, though she is always warm his pantaloons.—The Judge.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

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

ST. NICHOLAS For 1886-87. Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author. A short Serial Story by Mrs. Barrett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas.

THE CENTURY CO., New York. MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS! WE have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 95 KING STREET. Myers' Machine Shop, ESTABLISHED 1854. Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power ELEVATORS.

ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses. Manufacturers of Russell's Frictionless Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Stokers, Steam Engines, Locomotives, Steam Boilers, Shafting, Hoisting and Pulleys. Special machinery made to order. Repairs promptly attended to.

34 to 36 Waterloo St. W. F. & J. W. MYERS. IMPORTANT! Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use MAGNET SOAP.

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



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

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER!

Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the hundreds of low cost, short weight alum or phosphate powders. So only in one. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. AT SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy. New Classes for Beginners meets every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon 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. NICE ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Banquets, and all respectable gatherings. Chairs, Tables, Dishes, Knives and Forks, Spoons &c., all at low prices, to let.

A. L. SPENCER, Next door to Turner & Finlay's Dry Goods Store P. S.—Violins and other Musical Instruments selected for those wishing to purchase. No pains will be spared to have the rooms in good order at all times.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 95 KING STREET. Myers' Machine Shop, ESTABLISHED 1854. Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power ELEVATORS.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASTING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

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

There have been more or less of rumors about concerning the financial stability of one or two local firms, but these rumors are denied by interested parties.

Generally speaking things are very dull in St. John. Not only trade, but everything. Next week Sir John A. Macdonald will visit the city and this will give a boom to social gatherings of one kind and another.

St. Andrews became enthusiastic over the visit of the premier. They illuminated the little town, held a jubilee reception and generally lionized the old political chief.

The sailor collar is always pretty and simple and becoming for young girls. On the loose corsage it is particularly appropriate.

White, although still one of the most stylish costumes for yachting, is only useful in case one has several yachting costumes.

Gossamer fabrics are more than ever used this season, therefore the chief characteristic of the summer toilet is its daintiness.

The loose gimpus of China silk are worn with a white belt and rosette of bright colors to match the dominating shade in the toilet.

It is not advisable to take any costumes which need laundering on the yachting excursion, as they are not only inappropriate, but present a bedraggled appearance after one wearing.

Several Tam O'Shanter caps are a part of every yacht lady's wardrobe at the seaside. Red, white and brown are the favorite colors.

Black and white checks are used in two sizes, the large blocks for the undershirt and the fine checks for the upper dress.

Glass buttons continue to be fashionable and are worn on all sorts of costumes of an expensive nature.

The surplus waist is the most stylish of all bodies of a simple nature, and are particularly becoming to youthful figures with delicate lines.

Fashion Notes.

The most unique effects are produced by combining gossamer fabrics with velvet and plush.

Little bonnets of embroidered Bulgarian work are a late English notion and are considered very stylish.

Opals are now said to be fortunate stones and at present they are very popular with admirers of fine jewels.

Bright true blue is more generally worn this season than last, and is seen in a variety of different fabrics.

Red has had a long trial and is not wanting in favor as yet, as no color is more worn at the seaside and mountains.

Colored foot gear is never elegant except for evening wear when it is made to correspond with the evening toilet.

Rosettes are used instead of bows as a finish to the belt, either one or two are seen and they are of ribbon or velvet.

Madras cloth of exquisite weave, sheer and in beautiful colorings, are the most artistic of all summer fabrics.

Dotted silks of American manufacture are very stylish, and come in all the pretty colors and combinations.

The fashionable tournure promises to be a little less prominent than formerly yet one does not notice it as yet.

Straw trimming, which promised to be so stylish at the beginning of the season, continues to be popular.

Jetted fabrics still continue to be very fashionable, and are even more popular and in greater variety than last season.

The plaited kills in light woollens with plain colored corsage make very useful dresses at either seaside or mountains.

New designs in the South Kensington school of embroidery are in primrose and the rose. Shamrock and thistle are the most popular.

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The surplus waist is the most stylish of all bodies of a simple nature, and are particularly becoming to youthful figures with delicate lines.

Velvet wraps are considered stylish for carriage wear this season and are for this purpose elaborately finished in bead work and embroidery.

The elegant outer wrap for the seaside is of Louisiana silk with a monk's hood lined with plain silk. It also makes an attractive dust cloak.

Quill feathers are seen on summer hats more generally than ostrich tips notwithstanding the fact that the ostrich feather is much more graceful.

There is much variety in the shades of color and their combination such as seen in the new ribbons. Silk dress fabrics are also so shaded.

Shot silks never were prettier in their combinations than now, and are particularly effective when combined with laces of chantilly or Spanish point.

English costumes of billiard cloth are heavy and when braided with silver, gilt or bullion braid, as is now the custom, they are exceedingly elegant.

China white cotton fabrics with printed figures in bright colors are used for morning wear with a brilliant color of velvet for cuffs and collar as a finish.

The writer was in New York once when Manager Murtie invited the whole New York press to go to Philadelphia at the expense of the New York club and witness the game, and I don't think that I am far from wrong when I say that a couple of reporters travelled at the expense of the New York club on one of its trips.

Comparisons may not be just the thing, but who can help making them? Nothing can be too good for a winning team. How many carriage drives have our boys enjoyed while their bosses were ahead \$50,000 on the season? Yes, how many? -Boston Courier.

"A modest bathing suit should not fit," says a prudish papa. If a girl thought her bathing suit doesn't fit, she would have a fit herself.

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.

The Intercolonial Express Co. (LIMITED) Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, etc.

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

American Express Co. for all points in the Eastern and Southern States. Branch offices in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. Express forwarded and delivered weekly.

Public Notice. DUELIO NOTICE is hereby given that ADNER White, of the City of St. John, is appointed Pound Keeper, for the City of St. John, and is authorized to impound any dog found loose or going at large, whose owners have not procured a license, and conform to the following Sections of Law to impose a tax on Dogs in the City of St. John.

Section 1—The Mayor shall grant a license to any inhabitant to keep a Dog within the City, on payment of "One Dollar," which license shall be numbered, and shall expire on the first day of May next after the same is granted.

Section 2—Any license so granted shall be numbered, and the person named therein shall cause the same number, with the first letter of his Christian name and his surname at length, to be plainly and legibly marked on a collar to be kept about the neck of the Dog intended to be kept, and no Dog shall be considered as licensed unless the provisions of this section be complied with.

Section 3—It shall be the duty of all policemen, constables and hog reeves within the city, and it shall be lawful for all other persons to take up and impound any Dog which shall be found loose or going at large within the city, without a collar marked and numbered as required by the law.

Section 4—Any license so granted shall be numbered, and the person named therein shall cause the same number, with the first letter of his Christian name and his surname at length, to be plainly and legibly marked on a collar to be kept about the neck of the Dog intended to be kept, and no Dog shall be considered as licensed unless the provisions of this section be complied with.

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Section 6—It shall be the duty of the pound-keeper or pound-keepers of the said city to receive and impound any Dog or Dogs so brought for that purpose, and in case the owner or owners thereof shall not, within twenty-four hours, claim the same and pay the fine of twenty shillings for each Dog, it shall be lawful for such pound-keeper or keepers to destroy such Dog or Dogs the fee to the pound-keeper for receiving, impounding and destroying each Dog to be twenty-five cents, and to be paid out of the Dog License Fund.

This notice is given for public information. Owners of Dogs are required to comply with the law, which, after the FIFTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, will be strictly enforced.

HENRY J. THORNE, Mayor. Mayor's Office, July 29th, 1887.

TO LET. Shop, No. 9 Canterbury St., 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.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS. City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes, Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees, Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables, Bookcases, Whatnots, etc., Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.

In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

J. & J. D. HOWE. SAINT JOHN, N. B., July 21st, 1887.

MR. JOHN HOPKINS, Union Street. DEAR SIR—For some years we have been using your Press and Tongue and have never experienced any injurious effects from their use.

SIGNED: Henry J. Thorne, Mayor; J. E. Botsford, Geo. A. Hamilton, M. D.; Henry C. Preston, M. D.; Hamilton Cochran; Wm. E. Hutchins; J. T. McKean; T. R. Robinson; Morris Robinson; Thos. D. Henderson; Geo. A. Knodell; J. Boyd McEwan; W. C. Gibson; D. W. Sillway; Edw. F. Law; F. J. Hall; Wm. Purcell; Arthur P. Tippet; T. C. Weimore; C. C. Bowman; Ed. Seely; R. B. Moore; Rev. Thos. Marshall; C. C. Foster; T. C. Washington; Morton L. Harrison; James Harris; Rev. W. O. Raymond; S. H. Sherwood; Mead, McDonald; R. D. McArthur; J. Prichard; Sam A. Dixon; Rev. Robert Wilson; W. J. Higgins; Jas. Thompson; George Giesley; David O'Connell; Thos. S. Street; W. F. Burditt; J. O. Miller; J. Wilson; R. A. Payne; Alex. K. Clarke; George Kee; Alexander Adams; John McDonald; C. N. Skinner; H. L. Spooner; Edward A. Everett; A. T. Bustin; Alex. M. Magee; Henry Everett; Thomas Daley; Thomas W. Estey; G. O. Hannah; J. S. Barnes; Fred. E. Estey; E. E. McEwan; E. T. C. Knowles; Thomas Lislely; John Jackson; J. Fred Sullivan; John McLaughlin; Andrew Meier; Boby A. Johnston; M. Hamm; Henry Harvey; John Risk; S. Kerr; Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite; Wm. H. Smith; Thos. G. Humbert; Jos. S. Watson; G. Partelow Mott; W. H. Hayward; Rev. Henry Pope, D. D.; John Crutcher; Thos. M. Robinson; Chas. C. Ward.

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.

Are now Showing a Splendid Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, ALSO THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF Boys', Youths', Misses' and Children's Boots To be found in the City.

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

LANDRY & CO., 52 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Represent the following First Class Manufacturers: PIANOS. Steinway & Sons, Estey Organ Co., Aug. Heus & Co., Mason & Hamlin Org. Co. Albert Weber, Ithaca Organ Co., J. & C. Fisher, Shoninger Organ Co., Emerson Piano Co. (with Chimes).

We are the only house in the Province devoted exclusively to Music, and conducted by practical Musicians. We supply the above instruments only, and do not deal in Bogus Pianos. Every Instrument sold by us is guaranteed to give the best satisfaction.

WE ALSO KEEP A FULL STOCK OF Small Musical Instruments, such as Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Cornets, Flutes, Fifes, Accordions, Harmonicas, &c.

MUSIC. Our Stock of SHEET MUSIC and MUSIC BOOKS is the largest and best in the City. 50,000 Pieces of Music at 5 10 Cents. Send for our List of Cheap Music. LANDRY & CO., King Street, St. John, N. B.

Wines, Liquors, &c. JOHN CHAMBERLIN, FUNERAL FURNISHING Undertaker.

Adult Hearses, also White Hearse For Children. WAREHOUSE AND RESIDENCE: No. 15 MILL STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.

MOXIE NERVE FOOD, CINGER ALE Bottled Soda, No. 15 NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. A. WALLIS & SON.

Champagnes. G. H. Mumm's Dry Vorseman, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge; Veuve Cluquet, Yellow Label; Piper Heidsieck, etc. and Pilsener Beer; Louis Duval's, Quilite Superieure, etc., etc. and other fine Champagnes.

HAVANA CIGARS, M. A. FINN. Which I am constantly receiving in medium and high grades.

J. A. POTE, Manager.

RAILROADS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

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

Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS... 7 00 ACCOMMODATION... 11 00 EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC... 12 15 EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC... 22 15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22 15 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John: EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC... 5 30 EXPRESS FROM QUEBEC... 8 30 ACCOMMODATION... 12 15 DAY EXPRESS... 15 00 All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1887.

New Brunswick Railway Co. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In effect June 27th, 1887.

Leave St. John, Intercolonial Station, Eastern Standard Time: 6.40 a.m.—For Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

9.00 a.m.—For St. Stephen, and for Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, 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, (except Sunday night), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

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

8.30 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points. 2.30 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

7.40 p.m.—From St. Stephen, and from St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock. LEAVE CARLETON. 8.00 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, 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. CRAM, Supt. Northern Division. J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., June 25, 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 in Carleton at 1.00 p. m. Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MORTON, 40 Water Street, up to 9 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 Moncton, St. John Street, where a truckman will be in attendance. J. N. GREENE, Manager. F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co., BOSTON! EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 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 3 p. m., same days; for Eastport and St. John will leave Fredericton for Indiantown, etc., every Thursday at 8 a. m.

Union Line. St. John and Fredericton. FARE ONE DOLLAR.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE a Steamer of this Line will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, calling at intermediate 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 rates; 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.