

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.--No. 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

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

The past week has been one of universal quiet in St. John. We have had no excitement whatever to enliven the monotony of the week. Business remains dull, and many persons are out of town. The latter part of August and the beginning of September are the favorite months for vacations in this city. St. John is about the coolest place one can find in July and August, and our people have discovered that even occasional fog in the city is preferable to roasting in the broiling sun of the country districts, and consequently they remain in town until the worst of the heat is over. Besides, the shooting season does not open until about the middle of December, and St. John men have a decided preference for shooting and fishing. By the way, it might be well to mention that it is the intention to enforce more strictly than formerly the game laws of the province. For years the game laws have practically been a dead letter, but the authorities have awakened to the fact that game is becoming scarcer every year, and that if the laws are not strictly enforced there will be very little demand for shot guns and powder. Game wardens have now been appointed for the different districts of the province, and it is hoped that they will do their duty promptly and well. No sportsman who values his reputation as such will shoot a fish out of season, and those who set the law at defiance should be made to suffer the extreme penalty. There is an idea abroad that because some laws have never been properly enforced they are defective in some respect. Consequently they are set at defiance by men who are generally esteemed respectable and reputable citizens. Such pot-hunters should be picked out by the game wardens and sat upon in such a way that they would never want to violate the law again. Many people were of opinion that the dog law in St. John was no good, but when it was ascertained that the council intended to enforce its provisions, these were the first people to take out licenses and comply with the law. What is wanted, however, is a strict and continuous enforcement of the law—not spasmodic attempts, to be dropped in a few weeks, such as we have been treated to in the past. All our wholesale merchants are looking forward to a good fall trade. They base their calculations on the fact that the lumber trade, if it is no better this year, is certain to be no worse than last season, while general trade throughout the country is in a much healthier condition than for some time past. Every merchant, and indeed all persons who go through the country at all admit that it

is growing and prospering more and more every year, and if the country grows the city cannot help but feel the advantage. At the present time there are but few idle men in St. John. The factories are all running full time and some of them overtime. Four or five years ago a number of persons were wont to sneer at our infant industries but the industries kept on growing, and this is the best proof of their soundness and of the opposition at home and during a terribly depressed condition of affairs. At all events, whether we have a good fall trade or not, and there is every prospect that we will, there is a better feeling among merchants and traders of all kinds and conditions, and if confidence is once more restored we have little to fear for the future. It is pleasure to notice the business like way in which the company building the street railway have gone to work. The men composing this company are none of them natives of St. John and none previously had any monetary interest in the place. They are capitalists themselves and represent other capitalists. They visited St. John and Halifax and found that neither place had street railways. Cities far less in population, wealth and commercial importance elsewhere had street railways and these gentlemen asked why it would not be a good investment to build railways in both cities. They have done this and St. John has reaped the lion's share of the advantage. But while these people were debating whether or not they would build a railway or not several progressive citizens assured them that they would lose their money. The promoters of the company were wiser men than those who would have advised them and preferring to act on their own experience rather than the advice they had received they have built the railway and in a few weeks now it will be running. It will pay working expenses at least and in a very short time a handsome dividend to its owners. Let the work of improving the city go on. The provincial government see that the necessary round drive near the city are built next summer and the councils of St. John and Portland should begin at once to do their share of the work. On Wednesday last we had a terrific wind and rain storm—that is for August. It does not seem to have done any damage other than to blow down a few fences. Such storms are frequent more to the south of us, but very rarely happen here. It is related that at Gaspe a year or two ago, which by the way is north, hail stones as big as bricks and some as large as boulders fell, tearing up the roads in such a way as to render them impassable for weeks at a time. That birth on the train last Friday was a most remarkable event. The mother of the child, a young Nova Scotia woman, it seems, gave birth to a male child in the ladies' toilet room on one of the cars on the night train from Boston on Friday morning. At Fairville Conductor Macellan noticed that there was

blood on the trucks of the car and found the young woman unconscious in the room where she had gone. Imagine the surprise of all who learned of the occurrence to learn that the child that had been born was picked up uninjured at the bottom of a forty foot embankment two or three hours after it had fallen there. Should that child grow up to manhood what a strange tale he will be able to tell. Born of an unfortunate woman in a railroad train and then falling off while the train was going at full speed and rolling down an embankment and still surviving. Verily this is a wonderful story of adventure. The mother denies any criminal intent in dropping the child from the train and claims to have been unconscious when the birth of her boy took place. Local sporting circles were somewhat rudely awakened on Wednesday last by the news that the Bangor ball players had defeated the home team by a score of 10 to 15. This is a terrible defeat and our boys will have to see to it that the like is not experienced again. The Halifax boys are coming here next week and the Nationals will have to show the Haligonians that they are still able to hold their own as the bats and ball around the bases as when they were at Halifax. The Halifax cricketers are also due here next week, and the home club must not expect an easy victory. The Haligonians, so rumor says have greatly improved in their playing since the last meeting between the two clubs. St. John has now a name and a standing in base ball and cricket which she ought to maintain. There is nothing like keeping ahead when you get there, and our boys have plenty of sand to stay where they are provided the metal opposing them is not too heavy. INTERESTING TO WOMEN. Some Things Cut from Exchanges for Old and Young Ladies. That class of young ladies (says a writer in Lippincott's) known as "college widows," and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly acquired, she can bid good-bye to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement; but he rarely or ever marries her. From being passeé at twenty, to being charming at thirty, tells in itself the whole tale of woman's growth in the past century. That peculiar combination of angel and idiot, which was the ideal woman, was unthinkable except in the teens. Idiocy can never be angelic after the first score of years. The rosebud is delightful, and everybody loves it, but there is not a woman who would care to be always eighteen. Up to thirty-five, a woman knows she has gained in charm; she knows that the man who fought shy of taking her out to dinner during her

first season, and who was mute and bored during the whole time that he sat by her side, will seek her out in company now and will recognize her added experience and maturity, by giving her credit for common sense in the talk that he begins with her. She knows that where her crudeness used to drive off people worth knowing, she can, at her will, call them about her now. Among the little faithful adjuncts of the toilet (writes Eleanor Corbett in the Pittsburg Bulletin) are the silver tie-fasteners for low shoes. Every one knows there is an immense amount of innate depravity in every bit of cord, braid, or ribbon which is used for shoe-ties; that they are forever untying at most important seasons, trailing in the dust, tripping up the wearer, and causing more embarrassment than any other object of the same size. But just get a pair of these little saw-toothed clamps, and you bid defiance to the provoking shoestring, and walk your way rejoicing. They are to be had in various fancy designs in oxidized silver and enamel, and are also set with moon or with Rhine-stones. From four to eight dollars will buy a pair. Those who object to paying as much for a fastener as the shoe itself costs, can get cheap ones, quite as efficient as can be obtained, of brass or copper, making them almost invisible when clamped on to a black tie. Young women whose mothers' admonitions against tight lacing have been unheeded should listen to the story recently reported in the British Medical Journal of the death of one of their sisters. A spinster lady, aged fifty-two, recently dropped dead in a London street and was taken to the hospital. She had died from syncope. Her heart had stopped beating; her lungs had ceased to work, and the hospital surgeon said that was due only to tight lacing. He had known her of old. Only two years before she had fallen in the street and "broken a blood vessel," as it was said. Perhaps she had, but the surgeon knew that it was because she had squeezed her ribs by her dressing appliances, tighter than any lover's arms could press a beloved waist; and the great difference between that powerful instrument of compression and the well-made corset is that the latter is tireless and never lets go. This lady was fifty-two. Young ladies ambitious of small waists may think that a single woman of fifty-two had better die anyway. Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Sidney Dillon, Russell Sage and Alonzo B. Cornell in the busy financial season meet and eat lunch together every afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, in the Western Union Building on Broadway, New York. These men represent about \$300,000,000, but they always eat a very plain lunch at the expense of the Western Union Company. Jay Gould sits at the head of the table. No liquors are served, and after lunch no one of the little group lingers at the table to smoke a cigar.

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.

WHAT BOUNDER SAW DURING A WALK OVER THE HILLS.

Lily Lake a Favorite Resort—Open Air Service and Base Ball from Fort Howe.

I took the readers of THE GAZETTE into my confidence last week and told them what I saw on Sunday evening stroll through the streets. Not being a Sunday school teacher or engaged in church work of any kind I took a walk last Sunday afternoon around the city. It is really surprising the number of persons one meets with on Sunday afternoon in the suburbs. They all seemed quiet and orderly and quite as well behaved as the persons who confined their walks to the streets of the city. With what I have said taking the place of a preface for want of a better name I will now relate the occurrences I witnessed during my meanderings. Walking out Gilbert's Lane I met, or rather passed, quite a number of persons. Sometimes I would glide by a young man and woman; sometimes a family group, consisting of father, mother, and several children of varying ages, and occasionally an old couple. But the majority of the Sunday walkers are young, and some of them festive as well. Young and old alike walked slow. They seemed to be resting. I did not know many of those whom I met, but they seemed to be chiefly mechanics, their wives, sweethearts, and children. Sunday is the only opportunity they have for a little outing, and they seemed determined to enjoy it. If they had any cares in the world they certainly did not show it in their countenance, for if ever I looked into a happy lot of faces it was on last Sunday. Following the crowd over the hills enclosing Gilbert's field, I walked with the crowd up over the hill to Lily Lake. Hundreds of persons were there before me; some were sitting in the shade of a clump of bushes, while others were basking in the pleasant sunshine on the green banks overlooking the glassy surface of the lake. A few were out in boats, and there were a few more in bathing from the opposite shore. By the way, it would be well to have made a note in this locality stopped. To look at a man stark naked emerging from the water is not the most taking spectacle in the world, and men with any sense of decency or propriety would not do it. Leaving the lake, I strolled through what would be known as the swamp, in my young days, to the Mount Pleasant road. I could not help remarking the improvements in this locality. The man who builds a residence here is absolutely certain that the ground will never be intruded by shops and factories. Nature intended Mount Pleasant to be the abode of the wealthy, and the wealthy have followed the course pointed out by nature. As yet, little has been done, compared with what might be done, to improve on nature in this locality, but I have no doubt that when business improves again the march of improvement will also commence. People do not linger on the Mount Pleasant road. They go along in the same as if it were a street in town. Perhaps the gait is a little slower, but I failed to notice it. Taking up Cradle Hill, I reached the Rockland road and strolled leisurely along till Fort Howe was reached. I started to climb the hill. How little this place has changed in twenty years. The grass does not grow an eighth of an inch longer than it previously did, and the few ferns on the crest of the hill look just about the same. The red-coated sentry no longer dies sentry go in front of the guard-house, and the building looks sad in need of a coat of paint. Fort Howe has been a military station now for over a century, but I venture that it has changed less than any other place within a hundred miles of the city. An open air religious service was in progress when I reached the foot of the hill and several hundred persons were listening to the preacher expounding the gospel. Most of those who took an interest in the proceedings seemed to have come there for that purpose as when the preacher pronounced the benediction they went away. As I stood upon the crest of the hill I could hear the tune of one of Wesley's hymns ascending on one side and on the other I could hear the shouts of a crowd of boys off in another direction playing base ball. While in my immediate vicinity a score or more of persons were looking out to sea and enjoying the cool and refreshing breeze that was blowing over the hill tops. Sunday afternoon is spent in many ways by the people of St. John. Some of the rising generation, instead of being with the majority at Sunday school, prefer to go out in the country and take a hand at base ball. One group I passed were industriously engaged in a game of forty-fives. They had sought shelter behind a

pile of edgings, and while I did not ask them if they enjoyed the game, their countenances and a few cents lying on a shingle betrayed their interest in the game. Gambling is not considered over-respectable at any time but gambling on Sunday under such adverse circumstances should be stopped. Walking and talking is the amusement of the majority however and although some straight-laced people disapprove of Sunday walking, I think it is the most harmless and enjoyable way of spending a Sunday afternoon one could have. It is always well to be happy and contented and if one can judge from exterior appearances at all the people whom I met in my afternoon stroll were both. One thing appeared rather strange to me. There were very few lovers abroad. Perhaps they reserve their walks for Sunday evenings. One or two very suspicious looking couples passed by me, but while they seemed greatly interested in each other they did not display their affections to the same extent as some I have noticed after dark.

INDIAN PRINCESSES. Two of the Visitors who Attended the Queen's Jubilee.

The two royal princesses from India who attended the Queen's Jubilee festivities, attracted much attention. A correspondent thus describes them at a ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of the Jubilee Institute: "The Maharani of Kuch Behav is slight in figure, with a clear yellow-brown complexion, straight and regular features, flashing black eyes, and full red lips, which, when they parted, disclosed the most dazzling white teeth. She wore about her crinkled mane of hair a filmy white veil, twisted twice about her head, round her dusky hair, falling in soft waves upon her dark, lustreless black silk dress. Near her was the Kanwarani Harnam Singh. She looked more like a pure negress; she had the thick lips and pale pupils and the yellow-tinted eye-balls of the mulatto. The officer attached to her husband's staff was a pure negress. His head was covered with short, tightly-twisted wool, through which a narrow parting had been shaved. A slight black moustache shaded his thick lips. He had a good straight figure. He was buttoned up closely to the throat in a dark-blue uniform, heavily embroidered with gold, skin-tight white breeches and high patent-leather boots completed his uniform. There was a haughty look of pride and resolution upon this negro's face, which was greater than that seen upon the countenance of any of his chiefs. Upon his right, sat a fair, lily-faced blonde of the purest Anglo-Saxon type. Her features were daintily regular, the color upon her cheeks was a wheat sheaf; her willowy, graceful figure showed to its full advantage in a tightly fitting dress of the most delicate heliotrope color. She is one of the most prominent of the society bells in London. She was as politely attentive to this negro officer as if he had been a white prince of the most royal blood. There was an air of intimacy and perfect equality between the two hard for any one to understand who has seen the negro only in the United States. Colored people are apparently very popular in England. There does not seem to be any prejudice against them on account of their color. I saw, the other day upon Regent Street, a negro girl, black as a coal, walking along leaning upon the arm of a fashionable, well-dressed Englishman, who seemed perfectly charmed and contented with his dusky companion. In the same way I have seen white women, respectable in their appearance and dress, walking in public leaning upon the arms of negroes."

The Sporting Duchess.

[Boston Transcript, London Letter.] It is not often that one can stand five minutes at Hyde Park corner without fighting upon celebrities. In the season an immensely stout, red-faced woman, dressed, as vilely as only an English woman can dress, is often seen sitting on a chair in the front row, both in the morning and the afternoon. Numbers of persons speak to her, but few stop to talk with her, and these last are chiefly men with the indescribable air which indicates a man about town. This is the Duchess Montrose—the "Mrs. Montrose" whose colors have often been borne to victory past the winning-post. Tradition has it that she was once superbly handsome and won her duchess's coronet thereby. Her second husband, Mr. Crawford, was a man of charming manner and great spirit, but his horse-racing duchess led him a dance. A few years ago he died, and the last restraint between the duchess and her racing and betting proclivities was swept away. She then descended into the paddocks and the betting-ring, heretofore her jockey's publicly and occasionally swore at them, and so became what she is to-day, the typical sporting woman.

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Diamonds and pearls thou hast, Life's joys upon thee pour, And thou hast eyes most beautiful— My love, what wilt thou more? My heart has given undying songs Like waves upon the shore. And all to praise those eyes of thine— My love, what wilt thou more? And with those wondrous eyes hast thou Permeated me full sore. And made of me thy captive slave— My love, what wilt thou more?— O-Suba's Holiness, from the German.

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY.

At one end of the long street forming the village of Morioka, in Japan, stood the low thatched cottage in which the sisters O-Suba and Niya lived with a widowed aunt. Their father had fallen in battle, and his wife soon followed him to his grave, committing her children to the care of their only remaining relative. O-Suba, the elder, was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes and white teeth that shone like twin fell, ruddy lips. She was taller than Niya, who was fair and slight, with mild blue eyes and a soft voice. For nearly a year O-Suba had been betrothed to Kampei, the son of a neighboring farmer. Their parents had arranged the matter. Though it was not made formal by an exchange of presents, the young people regarded it as settled; and the marriage was referred only with a rebuff to the young man, who had been called a rebel prince, in which he was to follow his lord, his father being too old to take the field.

When the young man called on the sisters in order to say adieu, he was mortified by O-Suba's manner, which seemed to show that she regarded his absence as a reprieve; and his face betrayed his feelings. "Do not look thus, good Kampei, before your commander!" she said laughingly. "He will think you a coward. Go and win booty and come back covered with glory. Who would not be a soldier rather than a mean farmer?" she cried with animation. "A warrior's sword is his pride, and his pocket full of bright silver and is esteemed by his lord. Go, Kampei; I shall despise you if you hesitate!"

Kampei was stung by her tones and rose hastily. A deep sigh reached him, and on turning around he saw Niya sitting in a corner of the room, her face buried in the loose sleeves of her robe. "Farewell, Niya," he said. "I shall not forget you," she said impatiently; and the young man left, catching a glance as he closed the garden gate of O-Suba waving a gay adieu, and Niya with her face hidden in her hands. One day, a few months after Kampei's departure, his mother called at the cottage, and after relating a piteous tale of her husband's death, she said that she had harvested, poverty and debt, said that her husband, who was in feeble health, would be sent to prison the next day, and she begged O-Suba, as her son's betrothed, to at least fend that sum to her. O-Suba refused the money and reminded her visitor that as presents are not yet exchanged their marriage must not be regarded as certain.

Niya in vain urged her aunt to apply a portion of her little fortune to the farmer's relief. Her relatives, however, and the old woman was going away sadly, when the younger girl sprang up, thrust her feet into her sunshades and, with a visitor, overtaking her before she reached the gate. "When must you have the money?" she asked. "Within three days, Niya." "You shall have it," said the girl; and the old woman, she returned to the house. She threw herself on the mat in a corner, clasped her hands and pucker her brow thoughtfully.

Suddenly she uttered a joyous cry. The screens were drawn back, leaving the whole front of the house open; and Niya saw a pair of swallows fly into the room and perch on the space between the wall and the ceiling, chirping and chattering together busily. "See, sister, the pretty birds are going to build; good fortune will be ours. Sit—sit! Dear O-Suba, do not disturb them!" and she laid her hand impudently on her sister's arm as O-Suba laughed at her enthusiasm. Niya sat there eagerly watching the movements of the birds and their many flights to and fro while building their nest. Her relatives went out soon after and Niya, after a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out. She had a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out. She had a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out.

When the army to which Kampei belonged was disbanded his comrades gave themselves up to revelry, while he, eager to see O-Suba and anxious to see about his parents, of whose troubles he had heard, hastened homeward. He was within a short day's journey of his native village, when toward sunset he reached a tea house appearing on one of the posts the sign "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom." The screens forming the front were thrown back, showing the whole inside of the house, divided into apartments by movable partitions; and in one of the rooms a number of "gentlemen restainers" sat drinking, their voices reaching the passers by mingled with the noise of their quarrels.

As Kampei cast away outside the veranda his dusty sandals some of the female attendants ran out to meet him with cries of welcome. "Good afternoon, sir! Be good enough to walk inside and rest, sir. The sun is hot, the roads are parched and you must be weary. We have liquor of Tenzui and Satsuma tobacco and fragrant tea." With many bows they led him into an unoccupied room, and when food and drink were placed before him he was left alone. He was soon waited on by another girl, who came to inquire if he wanted anything more, and Kampei was astounded to recognize in the new comer Niya, but not the Niya in quiet attire, with the downcast looks, whom he left behind at Morioka. She had gay clothes; her hair was adorned with large gold headed pins and her face powdered.

Niya drew back in confusion on seeing Kampei; then, collecting herself, she advanced, and, pretending not to recognize him, said: "A gentleman of the army's chastisement is welcome to the chaya. We are thankful that he deigns to honor our humble house by stopping here." Kampei's face was grave as he asked: "How is this, Niya? Has misfortune overtaken your family that O-Suba and your aunt have permitted you to become a menial in a tea house?"

The girl hung her head but did not answer. Had he been merely scornful at her loss of caste, she could be disdainful; but he was evidently sorry for her. "Why have you done this, Niya?" the young man exclaimed reproachfully. "You were not in poverty; you were happy; why, then, did you leave home for such an occupation as this?" Niya looked at the man silently. Her lip quivered, the blush that mounted from her throat to her forehead faded away, limbs trembled so much that she dropped on the ground and hid her face in her broad sleeves.

An old man entered from the veranda, and, after bowing to Kampei, described the girl motionless, with her head leaning against a partition. "How!" he cried, angrily, "moping in this way with the house full of guests—troublesome fellows, like those samurai who curse a man's throat if they are delayed but one moment. Up this instant, I say, or I shall use my whip on your shoulders!" Niya seemed glad to escape from Kampei's questions, and she withdrew, followed by the master of the house. Drawing the tobacco stand toward him Kampei filled and lit his pipe, and while smoking puzzled himself in endeavoring to explain Niya's presence there. The old couple approved of his proposals, and went to the veranda to say farewell, and to watch him fondly as he walked with a light step toward the highway, tying under his chin as he went his conical broad brimmed straw hat. Before he had gone far his father called him back. "Take my purse, son," he said; "chaya keepers are very hard to deal with unless they see the money bag in your hand. You will find in this the gold pieces you brought home yesterday."

The tin was still high in the heavens when Kampei stopped at the "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom," and, after exchanging salutations with the proprietor, he went to see the girl Niya. She was brought into his presence, looking pale and alarmed, and casting timid glances at the young man from under her long lashes. Her hands played nervously with her robe and she looked about anxiously for a place as far as possible from Kampei. "Niya," he said, "I am not angry with you, but I want to know why you left home."

A faint cry was her only reply. "Had I any connection with it—I, Kampei!" The girl hung her hands and turned her face away, looking distressed, without however, uttering a word. "Would you like to come home again, little Niya?" he went on in an encouraging voice. "Yah, yah! you are too fast, young sir!" broke the hostess, who was sitting on the veranda smoking, and listening to Kampei. "You are too fast. She is mine for two years. I have the agreement signed by herself, with her receipt for the money."

"Money?" cried Kampei. "She has sold herself, then. But," he continued more calmly, "I am willing to pay you back again. See," and saying this he drew from his pocket a small roll of gold coins. "How much was it, I pray you, good sir?" "Eighty ryo," he said. "Eighty ryo," echoed Kampei, a light dawning upon him. "Why," the hostess went on angrily, "that is the very price in which I gave the girl the money, and yet you pretend not to know that she is bound to me! What is the meaning of this?" Kampei recoiled. All was now plain to him. To save his parents from ruin, his father probably from debt, this poor girl tenderly loved, sold herself into virtual slavery; where exhausting labor, ill treatment, even stripes, would be her lot. He had almost allowed her to drown herself when driven mad by his taunts! Poor Niya! And she did this for—was it for his parents or for him? The question made him thoughtful.

Meanwhile Niya, her forehead pressed against the partition, sobbed. The moment she had arrived, Kampei never knew why she was there, knew that it was for his sake she left her dear village. Yes, she was frightened. What business had she to interfere in the affairs of grown people? What did she know of the great world that she should face it so lightly? Above everything there was Kampei only a few feet from her, looking at her most intently—she knew it with a piercing glare; she felt his gaze pierce her, there was Kampei and what should she do? Kampei rose, moved to Niya's side and whispered: "Was it for my sake you did this, Niya?" "Why should I do it for you?" she replied, evasively.

"Niya," he said, looking sharply at her, "I am no longer interested in O-Suba; she loves a fair haired foreigner, and is about to marry him." She turned quickly, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling through tears like the sun through mist, and in the happy smile that lit up her face Kampei read her secret. "Then you love me!" he cried, and Niya's smile and blush said "Yes." "You did not consent to the girl's relatives," said the young man, turning to the hostess. "She told me she had none," stammered the other, alarmed for the legality of his agreement.

"Destroy the indenture, and receive back your money, good sir, I beg," said Kampei. The tea house keeper agreed, and while the two men drank a cup together he handed to Kampei that he was not sorry to cancel the bargain, as the girl did not suit. "She moped too much," he said; "she had some hidden grief—the cause of which," he added, with a smile, "I can now divine." O-Suba and her husband left Morioka, and went to live in one of the open ports; and Kampei and Niya after their marriage occupied the cottage formerly tenanted by the sisters. They now have three children, whom their relatives combine to ruin by indulgence; and the eldest, a sturdy boy, already speaks of the time when he will wear his father's sword, and take his place in fighting against the enemies of the mikado.—Caswell's Sanitary Magazine.

Sound Philosophy. A doctor said to his patient on his first visit: "You are a very sick man. If you have any business to do, anything to put in order, it will be well for you to do it at once." "Doctor, you don't think I am going to die?" "Yes, there is little hope for you." The man had sense enough not to be frightened to death, and said: "Well, I've had a great deal of trouble in my life, and most of it never happened. He defeated the doctor's prediction." Christian Advocate.

Waiting in Europe. A writer in The St. James Gazette says that there are hardly two nations in Europe that dance the waltz in similar fashion. The differences are in rhythm, time and style, so that a cosmopolitan dancing party suggests a resemblance to the famous chorus in Rossini's opera, when every one sang the tune he knew best.

How to Stand. A Pennsylvania veteran soldier says that by throwing the weight of the body forward upon the balls of the feet, one-half of the weariness accompanying long standing will be avoided. His advice is, "Don't stand on your heels."

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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. 27, 1887.

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

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 75 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

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Address all communications to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

Liquidator TAYLOR, of the Maritime Bank, has gone to England to ascertain, if possible, the condition of affairs of Messrs. R. A. & J. Stewart and Guy, Bevan & Co., in both of which firms the broken bank is largely interested.

The Common Council have as yet failed to report on the question of adopting standard time. The council moves slowly but there is hope that we will begin next year with one standard of time only. Every day the nuisance of two times becomes more marked and annoying.

Is it not time for those who state that the harbor commission is not in the interests of the city to prove their assertions? If they fail to do so at an early date the rate payers will have to understand that they do not know what they have been talking about.

The returns of the water survey show 105 more families in the water district this year than last. Of course the district has been enlarged somewhat, but not sufficiently to account for this increase. St. John is going ahead all the time, the statements of an interested class of political writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

STEAM yachts, luxurious luxuries that they are becoming, keep multiplying. Joseph Stickney, of the New York Yacht Club, has just had one built, the Susquehanna, at a cost of one million dollars. She is two-masted, schooner-rigged, and measures three hundred tons. By means of the trunk cabin the crew may work the vessel without going on deck.

THERE are one hundred and fifty female physicians in New York to-day, and the number in Brooklyn and the surrounding cities about doubles that. Among those in New York City there are quite a number who have incomes of ten thousand dollars; two or three make yearly sums ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of twenty-five thousand dollars.

At the meeting of the common council on Wednesday, a motion was made by one of the aldermen to have an additional asphalt sidewalk laid in his ward. Every year several motions of this kind are made after the appropriation for sidewalks is exhausted. Latterly the council has refused to sanction over-expenditure in this direction and very properly so.

The street account is in no position this year to have more work done than was laid out in the beginning of the season, even if such work is necessary.

The religious editor of the Woodstock Press should keep his fingers out of base ball. If he doesn't he is liable to get in trouble. There is no necessity for the interesting young men of the border town who think they know more about baseball than the rest of the world getting excited. If they really desire to play ball with St. John the Nationals will have the greatest satisfaction in vanquishing them, notwithstanding the exceedingly poor showing the St. John boys made with the Bangor club on Wednesday.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the ex-pedestrian, has written an article in The Epoch, of New York, on popular out-door sports. He says: "Of the sports now in vogue I regard base ball as the national game. But we are having so much of it that it is more of a 'craze' than a sport, and it will die out in time. Professional baseball and rowing put an unnatural strain on the stomach, and this is apt to bring on inflammation. Base-ball playing, too, exposes the player to other injuries. Cricket is a more sensible and gentlemanly game, and I think it should be encouraged at the expense of base-ball. Very little cricket is played in our country except by Englishmen and Scotchmen. It is the national game of England, and it helps to make the English a strong race. When I was in England I frequently met W. G. Grace, the champion cricket player of that country, and he is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. His fine physique is largely due to his exercise at cricket. Lacrosse is an exciting and amusing game, while croquet is, I think, infinitely superior to lawn tennis, which is babyish. I do not believe in the bicycle or in any artificial mode of exercise. Pedestrianism should not die out, and I believe that, as soon as people become better educated in athletic matters, they will see that walking has advantages over any out-door sport that can be named. You cannot hurt yourself by walking; if you walk as long as you can stand you fall from exhaustion and from want of sleep."

We have great pleasure in informing those who take an interest in the progress of THE SATURDAY GAZETTE that the circulation is steadily increasing. Since the reduction in price the sales have increased every week. People are beginning to find out that THE GAZETTE is published only in the interests of the city of St. John, and that all measures likely to advance the interests of the city find favor with the management of THE GAZETTE. We have no axes to grind of our own, and don't propose to grind any for other people. Besides this, THE GAZETTE owes no allegiance to political parties, considering all questions from one stand-point, their effect on St. John and New Brunswick. Doing this, we feel that we have a right to expect the support of all right-minded citizens, and which, so far, has been freely accorded.

WASTED RELIGIOUS ENERGY.

We are continually urged to support the church. Scarcely a week passes without its appeal for aid from some church or charity of a religious nature. In St. John we have far more churches than are absolutely necessary for the accommodation of the public. The same is true of the country. In every settlement there is an Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist church. Were it not for denominationalism, one or possibly two churches would be sufficient for the needs of the locality. One church and the people themselves could support and give its pastor a good living salary. If the people are compelled to divide their support among two or more churches the result is that they can only give half or quarter enough to pay the salary of the preacher, and the deficiency has to be made up by the wealthier churches, or the unfortunate preacher must go hungry.

It is natural that a man should cleave to the church in which he has been brought up, and prefer to attend divine service where the ritual he has been accustomed to is observed. But if he is a church-goer he will attend the nearest service, be the sect what it may, provided the one he has particularly pinned his faith onto is not within a reasonable distance. Doctrine has become so much altered of recent years that what is termed the evangelical denominations now practically agree on all important points. The only real difference between Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists is that they have different ways of accomplishing the same thing. What little they have of ritual is very similar, and there should not be a vast amount of difficulty in arranging their doctrinal differences. The present is

an age of consolidation and it is within the bounds of possibility that ere long the more liberal of the divines in these churches will take up the question of church union. Already the question has been discussed by press and magazine writers, and to some extent, by ministers themselves. Within ten years the Presbyterians of Canada have united; also, the Methodists, the latter having to settle some important questions before they could agree on a basis of union. There is no state church in Canada to oppose a union of evangelical churches and the question is therefore easier of solution here than in some other countries.

At the present time there is a great deal of wasted energy in the religious work of this province. There are too many churches and preachers in some districts and too few in others. Were there fewer churches, better distributed, they would be better supported and the money that is now expended in maintaining two or three churches more than is necessary could be spent in other localities, when churches are needed. There can be no possible objection to people having the gospel preached to them in any way they see fit provided they are able to support the preacher or the preacher is willing to work for nothing. But it is wrong to build a church of some particular denomination in a locality where there is no possibility of its being supported by the people benefited, thus allowing it to become a charge on other congregations of the same denomination. It is right that the rich should aid the poor, but this is only true of localities where there is no means of religious instruction at all, and does not apply to places where several churches already exist and the people only want to have their particular denomination represented.

As it is now there is a great deal less of denominationalism in country places than in the city, and were the question of church union urged among the people of these districts it would be found that two-thirds of them were willing it should come and indeed hail it with delight.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

We have an excellent school system in New Brunswick, but it is lacking in one very important feature—attendance at school is not made compulsory. There are difficulties in the way of compulsory education in the country districts of the province, but no such difficulties exist with respect to St. John, Moncton, Fredericton, and Woodstock. In St. John the compulsory law is greatly needed. There are numbers of young lads who continually play truant, and in the present condition of affairs there is no adequate way of preventing them. Truant school boys generally turn out badly. They become loose, idle characters, and in many instances, criminals. Half of the youthful vagrants of the city would be in school if there were proper officers to look after them. School teachers may, to some extent, control truancy, but only through moral suasion. Some parents do not care enough about the welfare of their boys and girls to see that they are regularly at school. The slightest excuse on the part of the child is sufficient reason to keep him or her at home. Whether the child is turned loose on the world capable of earning his own living, or to become a charge on others, does not seem to have any interest to them, so long as they themselves are spared trouble.

In St. John we have had many number of cases, proving the evil effects of our present system, but no one has as yet moved to have matters mended. The majority of the Board of School Trustees are in favor of compulsory education, but they regard their duties as executive only. It would please them to carry out their duty to suggest improvements to the Board of Education, whose duty it is to amend the school system as occasion requires. The Board of Education is not the most progressive body in the world, and are anything but alive to the interests of St. John, whose interests in this matter differ somewhat to those of other places in the province.

We need compulsory education in St. John, and a majority of the tax-payers—the only persons financially interested—are in favor of it, believing that it would be cheaper in the end than the present system. At all events the matter is worthy of the careful consideration of all persons who would prevent the spread of crime.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

I have often wondered why horsemen adhere to the bearing rein. It has long ago been demonstrated that the bearing rein is one of the greatest cruelties that can be imposed on a horse. It also prevents a horse travelling as quickly as he would be possible or hauling as heavy a load. It prevents the horse having the free use of his head, and the constant chafing on the animal's mouth cannot fail but be most painful. One has but to drive out the road any day to see horses wearing bearing reins throwing their heads about in a most painful way. A movement has been started in London against the bearing rein, and it is gradually giving way before popular prejudice. Formerly fashionable people fastened their horses heads in the most unnatural positions, but now those who still adhere to bearing reins have lengthened them and thus given the horse that much more ease. I hope what I have said of the bearing rein, or as it is better known in this country, check rein will not fall upon deaf ears.

The schools are opened again and the majority of the scholars are now back in their places. This year as last year the Board of Education declined to extend the vacation two weeks as requested. Experience has demonstrated that the schools make very little progress for two weeks after opening as fully one-quarter of the pupils do not return to town, or if they do are not sent to school. Under the present system of education every pupil is a small wheel in the net work of cogs which the teacher has to manipulate. If one-quarter or any considerable number of pupils are absent from their school work it is obliged to drag, and consequently, no greater progress is made during the term than if eight weeks vacation were granted instead of six. It is hoped that the force of this statement will be brought home to the Board of Education, or more properly speaking, its superintendent, who has practically the executive management of the school system in his own hands, before the time for the next annual vacation comes round. I do not favor the extension of the vacation on sentimental grounds but because many parents are of the opinion that the time allotted for rest is not long enough.

There is nothing that pleases me better than to see a military parade. In former times, when St. John was a garrison town, we had frequent regimental parades through the streets. There are no more or better disciplined men in any of the world's armies than those of Great Britain, and the regular army is or should be the model for the active militia. On Sunday last I attended St. Stephen's church in the morning, and there saw the New Brunswick Brigade of Artillery. They are a fine looking and able bodied lot of men. Considering the work they are obliged to do in the short time allotted them for drill, they have accomplished wonders. They not only march well, but they also understand the more difficult drill they are called upon to learn, should their services be required in actual warfare. Canadians make good soldiers because they are intelligent men, and while I am free to admit that a soldier should take much care of his personal appearance, still I think when the men attend church parade they should get themselves up as neatly as possible. On Sunday last many of the men had done this, but there were a few who had, with appearances, taken very little care with their toilet. When the time for the next church parade comes around I hope that all the men then in the brigade will see to it, and brush their hair as well as pipe-clay their belts.

It is high time that the Dominion Government paid more attention to the militia of the Maritime Provinces than they have in the past. The New Brunswick corps are just as efficient as those of the west in the matter of drill and military knowledge, but in point of equipment they are far behind. It is only a waste of public money to make large annual expenditures for drill and then only half equip the corps, so that their services needed, they should not enter the field. The nearest military arsenal or depot to the Maritime Provinces is Quebec, but most of the supplies are kept at Ottawa. St. John being the centre of the Maritime Provinces should be its military depot, and there should be stored here all the accoutrements necessary to make the small army we have thoroughly effective. After much work the Provincial Field Batteries were equipped with serviceable guns, but at the present time the cavalry of this province is far from effective. For instance, the saddles are of antiquated pattern, and unfit for service in this country. The carbines are useless, and in many other essentials the cavalry are lacking. There are neither knapsacks, valises, or water-bottles, among the stores in St. John, while baggage-wagons are unknown. The militia is not maintained as an ornament, or to give our young men an opportunity to play soldier and wear the Queen's livery, but for the protection of the country, but for the protection of the country, in case of war with a foreign nation or an internal disturbance. That we are liable to have such disturbances has already been proved, and the varying interests of the

country may some time again require a rebellion to be put down by an armed force. It is therefore highly necessary that the implements of war should be properly distributed so that a force of men could be mustered and put in the field at the shortest possible notice. The active militia is our only defence against invasion by a foreign foe or to put down rebellion or riot in our midst. It is therefore highly important that all the arms of the service should be maintained in a thorough state of efficiency. That the men of our militia are brave and are willing to perform their duty when called upon has been demonstrated on more occasions than one. This being the case, it is the duty of the government to so equip them that they will be able to do that duty thoroughly.

The hotels have had a very good summer this year. All the first-class houses have been crowded since the season opened; but one has only to visit the railway depot to see how few of the people who are brought here on steamers and trains remain over. Of the thousands of people who come here every year only hundreds remain over. St. John is the coolest and most delightful place on the eastern coast during the summer months, and all that is required to make it a great resort is more hotel accommodation. The direction of summer travel is eastward and every year more people come this way than the year before, and we should make better arrangements for their accommodation. I hope before another summer comes we will have a good summer hotel in St. John. There is no doubt whatever that such a house after it became known would do a large and profitable trade.

Gossip in Town and Country.

The Baptist conference is wrestling with the question of organized union between the Baptist and Free Baptist denominations. It would seem from the decision of Police Magistrate Peters that Sunday shaving in St. John has come to an end. The test case resulted in the imposition of a fine on Mr. Hamilton, and now the barbers have appointed a committee of three to look after the enforcement of the law. It would be well, for citizens who have to do so on Saturdays hereafter. The law with respect to bar-rooms having but one entrance is being enforced to some extent and in some of the saloons in a most ridiculous way. But the law don't prevent Sunday selling all the same. Mayor Thorne makes an excellent pre-arranging officer. He wears a button-hole boutonnet when he attends the meetings of council and a good-humored smile. The meetings of council are shorter than they used to be and not quite so windy as formerly. Progress is being made very rapidly with the laying of the street railway tracks. The road should be in operation in another month or two. There is no question whatever that it will be a great public convenience. The cars are ordered and will be here in a short time now. The man who invented the door spring on the main door of the Intercolonial passenger depot deserves to be mobbed. Something that requires the use of less muscle and more brains should be put on this door at once. Captain Chisholm, the agent of the International Steamship company at this city retains his old-time popularity. It is very many years ago since Captain Chisholm was a young steamboat man and he has seen a large amount of active service in the interim, but is good for many more years yet. The International line has had a splendid business this season. Postmaster Willis, who has been very ill, is recovering again. While in the Legislature Mr. Willis suffered considerably from throat trouble, and his present indisposition is an aggravation of his old-time enemy. Mr. Willis has made himself very popular with the employees of the post-office and the public during his short term as postmaster. Mr. James Hannay, who is well-known throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia as a competent journalist, is doing excellent work on the New York newspapers and periodical press.

The Secret of the V-shaped Back.

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

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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 the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since. It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several lots. I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it.

Yours truly,

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R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Trunks, Satchels, Bags, Valises, &c. (McLaughlin Building), 83 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

"Do you believe that we are all united in heaven after we are dead?" asked a little girl of her mother who had just buried her second husband. "Why of course I do, my dear," she answered, "but why do you ask?" "Because I wanted to know," replied the young hopeful, "with which of your husbands you expected to live when you went to heaven."

Mrs. Boodle (to salesman in the underwear department): "Have you any gauze ladies' vests?" Salesman (with a ten-dollar smile): "No madame, we have ladies' gauze vests." "Keep 'em then!" she answered snappishly, as she bolted for the door, and since his discharge the salesman has decided not to sell dry goods and educate the human race at the same time.

Customer (at the soda-water fountain): "I suppose you must drink quite a lot of soda yourself?" Proprietor (who must have been drinking something else): "No, sir; I have n't touched a drop of it since I went into the business and saw how it was made."

Merchant (sizing him up): "Do you think you're competent to take this position?" Applicant (elated): "Oh, yes, sir."

Merchant (investigating): "How long have you been out of work?" Applicant (sorrowfully): "Over two years, sir."

Merchant (shaking his head): "Then I guess you won't do. When a man has been out of employment for so long I am afraid he's forgotten how to work."

ENTHUSIASTIC CITIZEN ABOUT TO VISIT EUROPE.

"How delightful it will be to treat the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it! to breathe in great draughts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth wide open—" (Citizen's wife encouragingly.) "You probably will. That's the way all ocean-travellers do."

A HOME DELICACY.

Mrs. Catesby is giving a small rock party at Nahant, and the footman was left in charge of the luncheon. Mrs. Catesby—What is it, Michael? Michael—It's this way, ma'am. Mrs. Grill, that lady from Chinchinnotty, kem up to th' wagon, an' axed me had Oi enny ham. She tuk th' whole man, ma'am, wid a knife an' for-k, and disappeared in th' thicket, ma'am, axin' me to tell yer she didn't care for enny lunch.

HE FELT GRATEFUL.

The hammock swung unheeded as it rubbed the bark of the old man's favorite sycamore tree. "Gertrude," he said, "have you ever felt that your heart beat responsive to that of another?" "I have, George," answered Gertrude, and her head nestled on his shoulder. "Did you ever feel that your destiny was so linked to that of another that it was useless to try to follow it out alone?" "Yes, George," replied Gertrude, as she nestled some more. "Gertrude, I will ask you more plainly, do you love me?" "I will not attempt to conceal my feelings, George; I do."

"Well," said George, sliding out of the hammock, "I'm glad to hear that, because WILL T. bet me a box of cigars the other day that you were just indulging in a little flirtation. I am really much obliged to you for the assurance, and—" "But Gertrude had gone into the house and slammed the door with all her might.

He—"I'm desperately blue to-day. Had you noticed it?" She—"No, I hadn't. You know I'm color blind."

A sullen looking man with a horse-whip entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered: "Come to Ohio, won't be back for six months."

"Where's the forman?" "He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. Won't be back 'fore cold weather. What do you want—want to paralyze 'em?" "No, no; I owe \$4 and thought I'd pay up."

"That's so; hold on a second; perhaps the editor hasn't started yet." He whistled; a long, dark form crawled out of a wood-box and the editor was ready for use.—Nebraska State Journal.

People complain that the electric light pole on the corner of West Elm and Main street does not throw any light on the latter thoroughfare.—Drockton Gazette.

ELLA WHEELER ON BATHING.

Views of the Poetess as to the Improperities of the Beach.

Shelter Island Heights, N. Y., Aug. 23. Fashion has decreed that ocean bathing is no longer "the thing" to do. Yet so healthful and invigorating a custom will be long in wholly dying out. Here at Shelter Island, where two hundred cottages and two large hotels people this little paradise with at least eight hundred souls during the "season," the beach is well crowded with merry bathers every afternoon. Sitting in the pavilion and watching them sport in the briny wave, I could not help wondering why Mrs. Grundy, who is so particularly critical in some things, should have so long ignored the vulgarities of the ocean bath. Here men and woman, young girls and youths, half nude and with the covered portions of their bodies plainly outlined by their clinging wet robes, mix and mingle and indulge in familiarities which would not be tolerated on land.

A pretty young lady swam from the beach out to the diving pavilion yesterday. Then she clambered up on the pavilion with ten or twenty others of both sexes. Here, in full sight of all the spectators on shore and all her companions, she lifted her short skirts a trifle and adjusted the elastic of her long stockings, which had become loosened with the effort of swimming. She did this with the utmost nonchalance; yet just imagine the sensation it would cause if she should perform this same harmless little toilet act on the veranda in presence of the same audience! She would be cut dead by every woman, and quite likely be requested to leave the hotel. Yet I doubt if any one beside myself noticed or commented on the little performance—it is such an every-day occurrence. I do not wish to seem hyper-critical, and I believe I have never been called over-particular or prudish, but I can't help wondering why the same act is deemed proper in one place and vulgar in another.

Only last week I heard a young miss declaring she would not dance with any man unless he were a relative or very dear friend. "I don't like and won't tolerate any man in such close proximity to me," she said, "unless he is a relative." Yesterday I saw her swim to the shore with a male escort who was not a relative, and it seemed to me the situation held a good deal more of unpleasant familiarity than any walk ever contained. She sat down in the sand and her escort leaned on his elbow close beside her. He wore a single very thin garment, which exposed his brawny arms and bony neck and unlovely ankles and feet. The single garment clung close to his body, and displayed his entire anatomy with unblushing distinctness. Her own pretty arms were bare to the shoulder, and, as she sat curled up in the sand, one could gain a very pleasing outline of her graceful limbs and rounded shape. But again I fell to making comparisons.

"Suppose," I said, mentally, "that young lady should meet that young gentleman in the halls of the hotel, arrayed precisely as he is now—she would run screaming to her room, indignant and alarmed. If he should approach her in that attire on the lawn, and attempt to sit down beside her, she would call a policeman to arrest him. Queer, is it not?"

Some of the young ladies who have heard that bathing is not as fashionable as it used to be—unwilling to be independent, yet more unwilling to abandon the delight of a daily swim—choose an afternoon hour when other people are napping and paddle about in pretty costumes, with no male spectators, or at least only an accidental one. These very particular girls who declared they would not be introduced to or dance with any strangers at the hop given in honor of a yachting club recently.

This led a happily married woman to discuss the propriety with me. "I like to see girls prudent," she said, "but it seems to me young people do not have as good times as they used to at these resorts. No matter how well recommended a young man may be, some of these very particular girls declare they will not dance with any one save an intimate friend.

"It is commendable, no doubt, and yet," she added, with an arch laugh, "why, I shouldn't have been John's wife to-day if I had been so careful. I danced with him the first night I met him, and we found we kept step so nicely we concluded to glide through life together. I am sure young folks had a better time in those years than they do now, and I really don't think any more misfortunes befall them than in these conventional days."

Last evening the children were dancing, and I overheard an amusing conversation between a trio at the parlor door. A tiny young gallant in long stockings was begging two smaller belles, not over ten years of age, to let him introduce a friend of his, a nine-year-old boy, who had arrived that day with his parents. "Oh but we couldn't think of dancing with him," said the two haughty young misses. "We don't—we don't know him at all, you see."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

People Talked About.

Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has beaten the record with regard to shooting large game. During three hunting days at Borneo he shot with his own gun forty-seven roebucks—a feat unprecedented in the annals of European sport.

A correspondent who has met Buffalo Bill and his daughter in England describes the latter as a young lady of nineteen, "inclined to be pretty, but conveying the impression that she revels in sucking oranges, chewing gum, etc." One of the curious features of her make-up was a piece of court-plaster stuck artistically on the side of her nose.

Some of Sir George Pulman's cognac cost him over fifty dollars a quart, and is imported by himself directly from France. He has brandies and whiskeys that are half a century old, and people who have enjoyed his cigars after an evening banquet say that they are simply delightful to contemplate. Sir George buys the most expensive obtainable, and they are made according to his directions. Then they are taken and wrapped in leaves of different flavors and kept at least a year before being used. His particular cigar is wrapped in orange leaves.

At the Imperial Institute corner-stone laying, it is said, Queen Victoria used glasses for the first time in public. Mr. Matthews had forgotten to bring the reply to the address, which, as Home Secretary, it was his duty to draw up and hand to her majesty, so that she might read it at the proper time. So when the proper time came the document was not forthcoming, and Mr. Matthews hastily scrawled from memory a reproduction of the document over which he had scratched his head and chewed his pen the night before. The scrawl was too much for the queen, and she produced from her pocket the small hand-lenses which she uses for reading by lamplight.

A band of highway robbers was the other day brought before the High Court of Poltava, at the head of which stood a noble lady of the name of Rustanovitch. The band was exceptionally well organized, and it appears to have been extremely difficult to obtain a membership, every intending member having to undergo a severe examination by the lady chief, who apportioned his work to each.

Beautiful Women in Wall Street.

[New York letter to Philadelphia Press.] Curiously enough, it is in Wall street that one is least likely to see the most stylish and beautiful women who are now to be met with in the streets. They drive down the four streets that inclose the brokers' offices and the Stock Exchange in delightful little victorias, loling on the cushions as lightly as if their bodies were really the mere clouds of gauze that their drapery makes them seem like. A liveried man drives each wagon, and a gaudy parasol shields each haughty beauty. Always, as each lightly-balanced victoria approaches Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, the teams are reined up until their pace is the very next thing to a standstill, and one sees the brokers lifting their hats on either side of the street. Here and there a victoria is seen to stop as a young speculator in white flannels steps into the street to greet the fair linger on the cushions. Yet you cannot help but notice that such sights are infrequent and excite a great deal of comment from the onlookers, just as you also are sure to notice that most of the polite men who lift their hats do so very hurriedly, with apparent awkwardness and without looking fairly at the carriages. Their manner is exactly what you would look for in a man who expects to be gazed for his behaviour if the people around him chanced to see what he was at.

The truth is that those who bow to these daily apparitions of beauty are very awkwardly placed, for "the street" is greatly disturbed over the victorias, and their occupants know it so well that many do not halt until they are at least a couple of blocks away, where the more timid brokers, having seen the slow-moving carriages pass their doors, have gone hastily by back alleys and short cuts, to meet them out of sight from Wall street. For these women are adventuresses coming down to speculate with their lightly gotten incomes, and their daily presence in such great numbers as now come there has scandalized the more circumspect operators on 'Change.

The money which built the Thistle is said to have come mostly from Clark, the Paisley thread manufacturer. O. N. T. was the mystic device adopted by the founder of that house, meaning not "Our New Thistle," but "Our New Thread," and backward, not "Take No Odds" but "Take No Odds." The two crack racing cutters of all England are the net products of Scotch thread and Irish whiskey. The Thistle is the thread boat and the Trex belongs to one of the Jamesons, the great distillers of Dublin.

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.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works. JAS. ROBERTSON, IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT AND Manufacturer,

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets. WILLIAM GREIG, - Manager.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

Retail Department, 60 Prince Wm. Street.

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

Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c., Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have One of the Largest Assortments of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces.

THE LEADING LINES ARE Housekeepers' Goods, In Tinware, Agate Ware, Ironware, Granite Ware, Cutlery, etc., EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS IN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, In the Latest English and American patterns.

We mention Novelties in this Line in SATIN BOWS, BOUTON BOXES, CARTRIDS, ETC. IN NEW DESIGNS AND COLORS.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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

Small Musical Instruments, Strings, & Kinds. PICTURE FRAMING, of all kinds.

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

Builders' Hardware, In all its Extensive Variety. CUTLERY, From the leading English Manufacturers. BIRD CAGES, of all kinds. BRUSHES, of all kinds. LAMPS, BRASS WINGERS, GARDEN TOOLS, BRONZES, CLOCKS, PURSES, PLUSH GOODS. Great variety in Plated Spoons, Forks, &c., &c. Croquet, Lawn Tennis, CRICKETING GOODS, Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes. AGENTS FOR Archer & Panostat Gas Fixtures, —AND— FAIRBANKS & CO'S., Celebrated Scales.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

BY

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

(Continued.)

"I do adore a mummy," she would say. "I am small enough in mind and body already, but it makes me feel inches smaller, and I like to measure my own dimmityness."

She was not much of a reader, life was she declared, too short to waste in study; but, when she did take up a book, it was generally of a nature that most women of her class would have called stiff, and then she could read it without going to sleep.

One day, about a week before Arthur departed from the Abbey House, Agatha Terry was sitting in the blue drawing room in the house in Grosvenor Square when Mrs. Carr came in, almost at a run, slammed the door behind her, and plumped herself down in a chair with a sigh of relief.

"Agatha, give orders to pack up. We will go to Madeira by the next boat."

"Goodness gracious, Mildred! across that dreadful bay again; and just think how hot it will be, and the beginning of the season too."

And so it came to pass that the names of Mrs. Carr, Miss Terry, and three servants, appeared upon the passenger list of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co's royal mail steamship Warwick Castle, due to sail for Madeira and the Cape ports on the 14th of June.

CHAPTER XXX.

Arthur arrived in town in a melancholy condition. He was a temperament peculiarly liable to suffer from attacks of depression, and he had, with some excuse, a sufficiently severe one on him now. Do what he would, he could not for a single hour free his mind from the sick longing to see or hear from Angela, that in addition to the mental distress it occasioned him, amounted almost to a physical pain. After two or three days of lounging about his club—for he was in no mood for going out—he began to feel that this sort of thing was intolerable, and that that it was absolutely necessary for him to go somewhere or do something.

And so it came to pass that on the morning Arthur found himself in the office of Messrs. Donald Currie, for the purpose of booking his berth in the vessel that was due to sail on the 14th. There he was informed by the very affable clerk, who assisted him to choose his cabin, that the vessel was unusually empty, and that, up to the present time, berths had been taken for only five ladies, and two of them Jewesses.

"However," the clerk added, by way of consolation, "this one," pointing to Mrs. Carr's name on the list, "is as good as a cargo," and he whistled expressively.

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur, his curiosity slightly excited.

"I mean—my word, here she comes." On her entrance, Arthur stepped on one side.

"I have come to say," she said, with a slight bow of recognition to the clerk, "that I have changed my mind about my berth; instead of the starboard deck cabin, I should like to have the port, I think that it will be cooler at this time of the year, and also will you please make arrangements for three horses."

"I am excessively sorry, Mrs. Carr," the clerk answered, "but the port cabin is engaged, in fact, this gentleman has just taken it."

"Oh, in that case?"—with a little blush—there is an end of the question."

"By no means," interrupted Arthur. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me where I go. I beg that you will take it."

"Oh, thank you. You are very good, but I could not think of robbing you of your cabin."

"I must implore you to do so. Rather than there should be any difficulty, I will go below." And then, addressing the clerk, "Be so kind as to change the cabin."

"I owe you many thanks for your courtesy," said Mrs. Carr, with a little courtesy.

Arthur took his hat off.

"Then we will consider that settled. Good morning, or perhaps I should say an revoir," and, bowing again, he left the office.

"What is that gentleman's name?" Mrs. Carr asked, when he was gone.

"Here it is, madam, on the list. 'Arthur Preston Heigham, passenger to Madeira.'"

The boat was to sail at noon on Friday, and on the Thursday evening he left Paddington by the mail that reaches Dartmouth about midnight. On the pier, he and one or two other fellow-passengers found a boat waiting to take them to the great vessel, that, painted a dull gray, lay still and solemn in the harbor as they were rowed up to her, very different from the active, living thing that she was destined to become within the next twenty-four hours.

The next morning, or rather the earlier

CHAPTER XXXI.

The morning after the vessel left Dartmouth brought with it lovely weather, brisk and clear, with a fresh breeze that just topped the glittering swell with white. There was, however, a considerable roll on the ship, and those poor wretches, who for their sins are given to seasickness, were not yet happy.

In the midst of his interesting peregrinations he observed Mrs. Carr gazing out of her deck cabin window, looking, he thought, pale, but sweetly pretty, and rather cross. When that lady saw that she was observed, she pulled the curtain with a jerk and vanished. Shortly after this Arthur's companion vanished, too, circumstances over which she had no control compelling her, and Arthur himself sat down rather relieved.

"Mr. Heigham," said a voice, "I have not yet thanked you for your kindness to Miss Terry, I am commissioned to assure you that she is very grateful, since she is prevented by circumstances from doing so herself."

"I am much gratified," replied, stiffly: "but really I did nothing to deserve thanks, and if I had," he added, with a touch of sarcasm, "I should not have expected any."

"Oh! what a cynic you must be," she answered, with a rippling laugh, "as though women, helpless as they are, were not always thankful for the tiniest attention. Did not the pretty girl with the black eyes thank you for your attentions yesterday, for instance?"

After this they saw a good deal of each other, that is to say, they conversed together for at least thirty minutes out of every sixty during an average day of twelve hours, and in the course of these conversations she learned nearly everything about him, except his engagement to Angela, and she shrewdly guessed at that, or, rather, at some kind of circumstance, in his career. Arthur, on the other hand, learned quite everything about her, for her life was open as the day, and would have borne reporting in the Times newspaper. But, nevertheless, he found it extremely interesting.

"Come on, mum; I won't let you in," said the man of the ladder, seductively.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" groaned Miss Terry, wringing the hand that was not employed in holding on.

"John," called Mrs. Carr to a servant who was behind Miss Terry, and looking considerably alarmed, "don't stand there like a fool; put Miss Terry on to that ladder."

Mrs. Carr was evidently accustomed to be obeyed, for, thus admonished, John seized the struggling and shrieking Miss Terry, and bore her to the edge of the boat, where she was caught by two sailors, and amid the cheers of excited passengers, fairly dragged on to the deck.

"Oh, Mrs. Carr," said the chief officer, reproachfully, when Miss Terry had been satisfactorily deposited on a bench, "you are late again; you were late last voyage."

"Not at all, Mr. Thompson. I hate spending longer than is necessary aboard ship, so when the train got in, I took a boat and went for a row in the harbor. I knew that you would not go without me."

"Oh, yes, we should have, Mrs. Carr; the skipper heard about it because he waited for you before."

"Well, here I am, and I promise that I won't do it again."

Mr. Thompson laughed, and passed on. At this moment Mrs. Carr perceived Arthur, and, bowing to him, they fell into conversation about the scenery through which the boat was passing on her way to the open sea. Before very long, indeed, as soon as the vessel began to rise and fall upon the swell, this talk was interrupted by a voice from the seat where Miss Terry had been placed.

"Mildred," it said, "I do wish you would not come to sea; I am beginning to feel ill."

"And no wonder, if you will insist upon coming up ladders head downward. Where's John? He will help you to your cabin; the deck one, next to mine."

But John had vanished with a parcel.

"Mildred," send some one quick, I beg of you," remarked Miss Terry, in the solemn tones of one who feels that a crisis is approaching.

"I can't see anybody except a very dirty sailor."

"Permit me," said Arthur, stepping to the rescue.

"You are very kind; but she can't walk. I know her ways; she has got to the stage when she must be carried. Can you manage her?"

"I think so," replied Arthur, "if you don't mind holding her legs, and provided that the vessel does not roll," and, with an effort, he hoisted Miss Terry baby-fashion into his arms, and staggered off with her toward the indicated cabin, Mrs. Carr, as suggested, holding the lower limbs of the prostrate lady. Presently she began to laugh.

"I only knew how absurd we look," she said.

"Don't make me laugh," answered Arthur, puffing, for Miss Terry was by no means light, "or I shall drop her."

"If you do, young man," ejaculated his apparently unconscious burden with wonderful energy, "I will never forgive you."

A remark, the suddenness of which startled him, that he very nearly did.

"Thank you. Now lay her quite flat, please. She won't get up again till we drop anchor at Madeira."

"If I live so long," murmured the invalid.

"I'm back just in time, James," said a druggist briskly to his clerk. "I see the store is full of customers, and they are getting impatient."

"Yes, sir," responded James, "they are

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"Mr. Heigham," said a voice, "I have not yet thanked you for your kindness to Miss Terry, I am commissioned to assure you that she is very grateful, since she is prevented by circumstances from doing so herself."

"I am much gratified," replied, stiffly: "but really I did nothing to deserve thanks, and if I had," he added, with a touch of sarcasm, "I should not have expected any."

"Oh! what a cynic you must be," she answered, with a rippling laugh, "as though women, helpless as they are, were not always thankful for the tiniest attention. Did not the pretty girl with the black eyes thank you for your attentions yesterday, for instance?"

After this they saw a good deal of each other, that is to say, they conversed together for at least thirty minutes out of every sixty during an average day of twelve hours, and in the course of these conversations she learned nearly everything about him, except his engagement to Angela, and she shrewdly guessed at that, or, rather, at some kind of circumstance, in his career. Arthur, on the other hand, learned quite everything about her, for her life was open as the day, and would have borne reporting in the Times newspaper. But, nevertheless, he found it extremely interesting.

"Come on, mum; I won't let you in," said the man of the ladder, seductively.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" groaned Miss Terry, wringing the hand that was not employed in holding on.

"John," called Mrs. Carr to a servant who was behind Miss Terry, and looking considerably alarmed, "don't stand there like a fool; put Miss Terry on to that ladder."

Mrs. Carr was evidently accustomed to be obeyed, for, thus admonished, John seized the struggling and shrieking Miss Terry, and bore her to the edge of the boat, where she was caught by two sailors, and amid the cheers of excited passengers, fairly dragged on to the deck.

"Oh, Mrs. Carr," said the chief officer, reproachfully, when Miss Terry had been satisfactorily deposited on a bench, "you are late again; you were late last voyage."

"Not at all, Mr. Thompson. I hate spending longer than is necessary aboard ship, so when the train got in, I took a boat and went for a row in the harbor. I knew that you would not go without me."

"Oh, yes, we should have, Mrs. Carr; the skipper heard about it because he waited for you before."

"Well, here I am, and I promise that I won't do it again."

Mr. Thompson laughed, and passed on. At this moment Mrs. Carr perceived Arthur, and, bowing to him, they fell into conversation about the scenery through which the boat was passing on her way to the open sea. Before very long, indeed, as soon as the vessel began to rise and fall upon the swell, this talk was interrupted by a voice from the seat where Miss Terry had been placed.

"Mildred," it said, "I do wish you would not come to sea; I am beginning to feel ill."

"And no wonder, if you will insist upon coming up ladders head downward. Where's John? He will help you to your cabin; the deck one, next to mine."

But John had vanished with a parcel.

"Mildred," send some one quick, I beg of you," remarked Miss Terry, in the solemn tones of one who feels that a crisis is approaching.

"I can't see anybody except a very dirty sailor."

"Permit me," said Arthur, stepping to the rescue.

"You are very kind; but she can't walk. I know her ways; she has got to the stage when she must be carried. Can you manage her?"

"I think so," replied Arthur, "if you don't mind holding her legs, and provided that the vessel does not roll," and, with an effort, he hoisted Miss Terry baby-fashion into his arms, and staggered off with her toward the indicated cabin, Mrs. Carr, as suggested, holding the lower limbs of the prostrate lady. Presently she began to laugh.

"I only knew how absurd we look," she said.

"Don't make me laugh," answered Arthur, puffing, for Miss Terry was by no means light, "or I shall drop her."

"If you do, young man," ejaculated his apparently unconscious burden with wonderful energy, "I will never forgive you."

A remark, the suddenness of which startled him, that he very nearly did.

"Thank you. Now lay her quite flat, please. She won't get up again till we drop anchor at Madeira."

"If I live so long," murmured the invalid.

"I'm back just in time, James," said a druggist briskly to his clerk. "I see the store is full of customers, and they are getting impatient."

"Yes, sir," responded James, "they are

God's Rain.

(Written for the "Gazette.")

Softly falls the gentle rain

On the sun-parched ground,

Striking on the ripening grain

With a tawful sound:

Bidding every golden ear

Raise its drooping head—

Bringing back the beauty

Of flowers almost dead!

Soon again Dame Nature's face

Wears its happy smile

For her children now revived,

That were dead the while.

See! The clouds begin to break.

The blue sky shines tonight,

And the flowers lift their heads

The bright sun to view!

So where sorrow, like the rain,

Falls upon the heart,

All its throes thro through with pain,

While the tear-drops start;

But, when the rain is o'er

The flowers lift their faces,

So does sorrow train the heart

In its work in vain.

And the Sun of Righteousness

Rising after rain,

Gathers from the ripened heart

Holy, heavenly grain

For his harvest in the skies

Where, with all the blest,

We, his waiting children, hope

Soon to be at rest.

ALICE OAKLEY.

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