

A GREAT SERIAL
THIS WEEK
SHIRLEY CARSTONE
—BY—
ELIZA ARCHARD.

VOL. I.—No. 49.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART III
—OF—
LIFE IN ST. JOHN
—IN THE GAZETTE—
THIS WEEK.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

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THE MONTH OF APRIL.

SEE IS A CAPRICIOUS JADE.

How Nature Amuses Herself and How
the Spring Poets Sing.

April is the most wayward of all the months, yet John Burroughs, who was born in April, says, "I think it is the best month to be born in." One is just in time, so to speak, to enter the first train which is made up his month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out of your hibernaculum too early or too late. The time is ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season." It was not necessary for John Burroughs to tell his readers that he was born in April. They all feel that he awoke with nature and has been her dutiful and observant pupil ever since. But he was not born on the first of April, I am sure, though he had been, it is not likely that his intellect would have been less clear or his heart less in unison with the great mother of us all. A tradition once existed in parts of the country, and it may still exist for aught I know, that every boy should be whipped on his birthday. Was it because they felt that boys had no business to be born at all? I don't know; this would be a curious world without boys, says a little girl at my elbow, and without doubt she gives expression to a deep seated conviction. Why it was I am unaware, but when I was a boy we were all whipped on our birthdays. In this simple financial transaction I was able to be of assistance to him, we being seated together. On my recommendation he refrained from dropping his quarter in the box in which I deposited my humble five cent piece. I told him to secure change from the driver through the door alide and he again took my advice. He was promptly handed back the printed and sealed envelope containing his twenty-five cents in small silver. Merely glancing at it he threw the little envelope into his coat pocket already bulging out with printed matter in the shape of business cards, doggers and circulars of many kinds. In explanation of this strange proceeding and still waiting at the door he said to me: "Every place I've been to-day they've trotted out these here advertisements and as readin' matter is kind of scarce up my way I take 'em all in. But, I guess, this number don't intend to give back 'ny change, eh?" Here the bell rang sharply for his missing fare, and to end his troubles, I got him to search his pocket library and give me the envelope. I tore it open, dropped his fare in the box and returned to him the balance. Some of the passengers smiled audibly and the countryman, no doubt thinking I was too smart or too obliging to be honest, moved from me to the other end of the car.

WM. SWERT.

A Poem in Silk, Satin and Pearls.

The United States Consul General and Mrs. Rathbone gave on Saturday last a very handsome dinner party of fourteen covers, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. Mrs. John Harjes, who was one of the guests, wore on the occasion a very superb toilet in white satin and lace and watered silk. The train was in watered silk, draped back very far from the side panels in flat folds of satin. These parted in front over a narrow-pointed skirt fitted in pearl embroidery, and had wide curved ruffles of point lace set up the left side. At the right was a series of bows in narrow watered ribbon, having long ends. The corsage was in white satin, with wide fringes in pearl embroidery finished with a pearl fringe. The sleeves were in white silk network, closely worked with pearls. A spray of diamonds in the hair, diamond solitaire earrings, and a brooch of pearls and diamonds completed the costume.

The Sporting and Dramatic News is the title of a new weekly publication issued this week in Fredericton. The idea of the publication is to give the latest and most reliable sporting and dramatic news. The new venture starts out well and has the GAZETTE'S best wishes for its future success.

See this week's Gazette for the opening chapters of the new serial SHIRLEY CARSTONE, by Eliza Archard.

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT'S SKETCH OF OUR PROFESSIONALS.

They are as a Rule More Social Than the Mercantile Classes, But Less Well Known.

Professional life in St. John is limited to two classes—medical practitioners and lawyers. It would be difficult to say which are the most numerous. In the regions down town, one is met everywhere with the sign Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, etc., while even in the remotest bye-way the signs of the Surgeon or Dentist are not unfrequently met. There is none of what might be called literary life in St. John, not that the people do not read books, but because there are few among this population who write them. I could count on my fingers all the books that have been written in St. John in the last twenty years that are remembered to-day. There are plenty of musical people, however, and social entertainments, which have music as their chief attractions, are growing more numerous all the time. The piano and organ are not a miscellaneous collection of chords with which to produce discord to the majority. While the male portion of the community who keep the business of the city alive know little of the fine art of music they have had their sons and daughters instructed in its mysteries, and one frequently finds young men and women who can perform very creditably on the piano or violin. The banjo made itself heard in the land for a brief period, but its reign was a brief one. There are not as many pianos in St. John in comparison to population, as in New York or Boston, but this is rather fortunate than unfortunate as dwellers in boarding-house districts of those cities would testify if their evidences were asked.

The leading professional men of St. John are busy men like her merchants, but they are all more sociable—that is they are more frequently met in society. They are in almost every instance men of great general culture, and maintain fine residences, and unlike the merchants, live in them. I do not mean that St. John merchants are unsociable, but they are devoted to business, leaving their wives to attend to the social side of life. The professional man, on the other hand, is more sociable, and his wife will do the dutiful and remain by the side of his better half assisting her in the entertainment of her guests throughout the evening. The average professional man does not dislike a good dinner, which is the chief entertainment patronized by merchants, but has not the same antipathy to five hours of dancing that the man of business has.

As before stated the professional men give most attention to social matters, are physicians and lawyers—this order ought perhaps to be reversed, the lawyers having first place. But if banking is put down as a profession rather than a trade, the palm will be taken by the bankers, who are by far the most social set in the city. Literary men, that is men who earn their living by the pen, and the class is largely, if not wholly represented by newspaper writers, are very seldom in society. They may attend a small gathering for a few hours of an evening, but they are never met with at the large entertainments, except where the general public are admitted. In fact "literary fellers" are not yet fully recognized in St. John.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The entire dairy interest of the United States represents a capital five times as large as the entire bank capital of the country, of \$3,000,000,000. It was Polonius who said: "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Many lenders are of the opinion that it also dulls the edge of memory.

The Saguenay river is believed to be the deepest stream in the world. The general depth is from 600 to 900 feet, and at bottom of the river at its mouth is 600 below the bottom of the St. Lawrence. It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 men in America who get shaved three times a week. That means an expenditure of thirty cents a week or \$15.60 a year for each man, or for the 3,000,000, \$45,900,000 annually.

Albert Frazer escaped from the Michigan penitentiary and then induced his wife, who was having a hard time, to deliver him up and secure the reward offered for his capture. She done so, and Frazer had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done something to provide for his family.

The leading woman physician of England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, is said to make \$50,000 a year from the practice of her profession.

The cathedral at Ulm, on the Danube, is the finest and the largest of the Lutheran churches; it can seat 28,000 worshippers. The spire was never finished, but the work of completion has been carried on so vigorously that the capping stone of the magnificent spire may be placed at the height of 534 feet in 1888. The corner stone of the minster was laid in 1877.

Some seeds are enormously expensive. Some pansy seeds cost at the rate of \$75 per ounce. Puschia seeds of the finest quality bring \$100 an ounce, and others such as those of the gloxinia, dianthus, coleus and echeveria—bring yet higher prices, equal to many times their weight in gold. A few are so valuable that they have actually to be counted out at so much apiece.

A white slave is a strange sight in the South, and yet one was seen on the streets of Atlanta a few days ago. John S. Hughes, a white man of good character, owed Gus Kaglemanacher a sum of money which he was unable to pay. He met Kaglemanacher and jokingly asked him if he would accept a bill of sale for himself as pay for the debt. Kaglemanacher agreed. A lawyer was called in, the bill of sale drawn up and properly signed in which Hughes sold himself, and his body after death to Gus Kaglemanacher, the said Kaglemanacher to have control of said Hughes as long as he might live to have the right to convey him to others if he chose to do so. A copy of the contract was given each party. After the contract was handed him, Hughes began to think more seriously of the matter and consulted a lawyer as to its validity. Upon being informed that it was good in the courts he got drunk and was arrested. He was fined in the Police Court, and his owner, who was on hand, paid the fine and took him out to his farm, where he says he shall work for him the balance of his life.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway told the women assembled in Washington last week that editors are the nicest men on the face of the earth. It is needless to say that the charming Mrs. Holloway remarks awakened the wildest enthusiasm.

It is a curious fact that while Queen Victoria speaks German in her Queen's circle, the present German Empress disengages it in hers and uses English as much as possible. English is the first-learned tongue of the Greek, Danish and Russian royal families.

Miss Nichols, of Peterboro, Ontario, is the largest lady holder of bank shares, owning \$150,000 in the Bank of Montreal; \$25,000 in the Bank of Commerce; \$25,000 in the Dominion; \$26,100 in the Ontario, and \$30,000 in the Merchants. This lady may be considered the Lady Burdett Coutts of Canada and uses her wealth with great generosity. One of her benefactions is the Nichols hospital, given to the rising town of Peterboro, where she resides.

Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sara Orne Jewett, who have been staying at Lakewood, N. J., for a few weeks have gone to Aiken, S. C.

It is said that Joseph Willard of Willard's Hotel in Washington is worth \$13,000,000, and that his other two brothers are also very wealthy.

A boy in Augusta, Me., was fined \$5 as costs in the Municipal Court at that place recently for repeatedly shouting "Rats" to an old gentleman.

S. M. Bishop, widely known as the "fat man in the world," died after a long illness, at his home in Peterboro, Va., March 20, of intermitting fever. He was 25 years of age, and weighed 550 pounds. He had been on exhibition since infancy.

Mrs. J. W. Frederick, of Belfast, Maine, claims to be the first, this season, to have flowers that bloomed in the open air. Friday, the 16th, she had crocuses and snowdrops in full bloom. Within two feet of the blossoms were snow drifts several feet deep.

In 1868, Canada exported of raw fruit to Great Britain, nearly \$44,400 worth, while last year the exports aggregated \$62,007. Thus the trade of last year was fourteen times greater than in 1868.

Quida is to return to her native land, settle down in London, and give over writing fiction. The author of "Friendship" says she has exhausted the world, and the wicked world replies that she is to strain. It says Quida now makes it very weary.

As Henry Mills, a commercial traveler for a Lynn (Mass.) house, stepped off a train at Omaha, Neb., on the 26th ult., an English sparrow flew blindly into his right eye, and the sharp bill penetrating the eyeball, ruined the optic.

John Finnegan stole a coat in Detroit, and the Free Press chronicled the fact spelling the name Finnegan. Thereupon John Finnegan sued the paper for libel and recovered \$1500 damages. And now the Free Press is very satirical on the law of libel in general, and on that of Michigan in particular.

A Manchester (Eng.) girl telephoned to her father's office asking if her dog was there. Curley was there, and his mistress asked the man to hold him up to the telephone. She whistled and spoke, and told him to come home. Curley pricked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor started for home.

The Carolina went to a private ball recently escorted by a bouquet consisting of 100 Marshal Neil roses. The poy was too big for her to carry, so an imperial page held it for her majesty. During the night the youth fainted with fatigue, and the Marshal Neils were then transferred to the keeping of a giant guard, who does some things queerly in Russia.

W. H. H. Murray is at Quebec over-seeing the bringing out of a Canadian edition of "The Poem of Manegand." This edition will contain some 500 pages of guide book matter, giving practical details of information of the celebrated Lake St. John region and a large and accurate map of the country. This map is the first one of this character ever made of this region, and it will be indispensable for sportsmen and tourists.

The little farm house in which Horace Greeley was born, together with 120 acres of farm land, is to be sold at Annet's N. H., for taxes amounting to \$20.25.

back and see him make an ass of himself. And while he was musing on matrimony, he saw a bright little phanton flash by. Inside of it was his wife, gay and pretty, chatting with one whose polite attentions were not a compliment to a lady, married or single. He went home in a fury. When presently the wife in all her poodle dog prettiness came back a scene took place which it will be quite as well not to repeat.

It may be mentioned that similar scenes followed. The discord became common talk. Everybody took the part of the wife. Was she not a sweet, pretty, childlike creature, whom no one could help loving? A man who would mistreat her was a brute and a monster. Who would blame her if she did seek a little relief from the wretchedness at home? There was no lack of those who did not like Philip. His imperious temper and haughty frankness had so tended to draw friends around him. By degrees he got the name of a tyrannical husband and a bad man. He heard the whippers about himself. He saw his wife flirting openly with fops and rakes. He became a young fellow for despondence.

One evening he came home earlier than usual. The light burned low in his wife's parlor. He looked in. The man whom he had been riding in the park with Myra was there. His arm was about her, he was murmuring low words in her ear, her head was on his shoulder.

Philip was like a tiger. With one hand he gripped his wife's arm, and flung her against the wall. He took her companion by the throat, before he had time to recover from his first dash. He throttled him until he was purple, and threw him out the door, and down the steps. He was a giant.

Then he clasped his hands to his temples, and sat down to think. A crumpled rose-colored object lay on the wall, attracted his sight. It was his wife lying there insensible, in the gay dress she had worn to receive that man.

He had laid violent hands on a woman. Myra was in a dead faint. He gathered her up and carried her to her bed. He sent for the doctor. When she recovered consciousness, and her eyes fell on him, she fainted once more. She was ill for many months.

From that night she never could endure the sight of her husband. He wandered about as an acrobat. Her side of the story got abroad. Philip never told his side, he was as proud as Julius Caesar.

His wife hated him with a steady hate. It was surprising that a creature so shallow and fickle could cherish a passion so deep and constant. Feelings which she never could develop, though, when they are on the wrong side.

Dumory was at heart of a chivalrous, noble nature. He had used violence toward a woman, his own wife. That thought never left him, night or day. He jaded himself. Could he do nothing to make amends? Nothing. He might live to be a hundred years old, and make every hour a period of expiation, but he could never be the same in his own eyes again. That thought was the most agonizing. A noble soul always cares more for its own respect than for the respect of others.

Myra could easily have had a separation. She did not seem to care for it, however. He mentioned it to her.

"You want to get rid of me, now that you have killed me, do you?" she said, querulously.

"God knows I do not, Myra," he said. "If there was anything that would make things right God knows I would do it."

"There is nothing that will make things right. I hate you! Look what you have brought me to. And you would marry me! What do you bring all those children in here for? You do it to vex me. I am going off again. Give me my drops and go away."

He looked at her. Myra was like a lioness. She caught the thought in his brain, with a mental keenness she had never shown before her illness.

"Yes, I'm going crazy, and you have made me so. Give me my drops, I tell you, and go away."

He obeyed. He went into the corridor, and walked the floor. He sent for the family physician, and asked him anxious questions. The family physician answered shortly:

"Your wife is an opium eater. What a life was it under these two! The high born soul needs only one lesson. Philip had had his lesson. He never had the same again. From that night he had struck his wife. He became the gentlest, most patient of men. His boys were growing to be bright, intelligent little creatures. He devoted himself to them. He was in the place of a mother to the least infant. All the happiness of his life he found with them.

By degrees his wife quite lost her mind. He would not put the issue away in any an asylum. He accepted the care of her as part of his punishment. He tended her wants and humored every whim of the poor crazed creature. She retained still gleams of recollection. The most vivid was her hatred of Philip. She never forgot that in her most demoralized moments. She knew him and her boys. For the children in her sane days she had had little fondness. Now one of the gleams of remembrance that was left her told her Philip loved them. Therefore she hated them. Her insane fancies took shape in one intense idea—revenge on Philip Dumory.

She became a cunning, dangerous lunatic. Philip had watched night and day. He kept himself away from her. The sight of her irritated her uncontrollably.

He slept in the room alone with his boys. He would not permit them to care of another at night, lest harm should come to them from their insane mother. It was touching to see how he tended them and how much they were to him. From caring so constantly for these helpless ones he came to care for others, too, and think of them. He lost himself in self forgetfulness and sweet thoughtfulness for others, this self-willed, fiery tempered youth who had always had his own way.

Time glides on apace to the happy and miserable. What cares Time! He will not hold his glass back to give one hour more to youth or a Cleopatra. He will not hasten it to shorten by so much as one second the torment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumory's boys were 4 years old. All the tenderness of his powerful nature went out to them. They slept in a little bed beside his own. He hung over them long and fondly one night, studying each child's feature, listening to their softly falling baby breaths. How lovely they were, lying there in their white beds! The rosy faces were flushed with sleep, the milk white baby arms were flung above their heads. The rings of bright hair hung damp, and warm about their pretty brows.

"God bless them!" murmured Philip. He went to his couch and was shortly in a deep slumber. He had not slept so soundly for years, he recalled afterwards.

How long he had been asleep he did not know. He was suddenly awakened with an awful horror at his throat. He only knew something was strangling him, something was pressed steadily down upon his mouth and nose. He threw his arms convulsively upward. His hands caught a human form, which glided from his grasp. With a last effort he reached for the pillow. Over it was, from his face. It was a pillow.

He tried to spring to his feet but fell back, weak and helpless. He saw his wife gliding like a spirit out of the low window that opened on the veranda. How could he see her in the darkness? What was that light? Flame and smoke burst in through the door from the hallway. The flame licked the ceiling and lapped the door. The smoke spread through the room. He was suffocating again.

Great God! His boys! His darlings! With the last effort he could make in that desperate moment, he staggered toward their beds, and fell across them with open, empty arms. The children were gone!

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE.

Where were Philip Dumory's boys? A wild glance around showed him they were nowhere in the room. The burning flames sucked his breath and scorched his hair. He had barely time to save himself by the window through which Myra had vanished like a spirit.

Where was she now? Was she perishing in the flames with the children? She was not on the veranda. Fire and smoke poured from all the windows and mounted to the roof. They drove him from the veranda. He sprang down the iron supports to the ground. He ran around the burning building crying for help. The cook and the coachman came past him. These were all the persons in the house at the time, except his wife and children. The crowd came pouring in from the street, and in another moment the grounds were full of people. The house was a mass of flame. He saw his boys lying there. He fancied he heard a cry. He darted toward the fire like an insane person. Strong men caught him by the wrists and held him back. In scarcely more time than it takes to read this the fire had done its work. Only the bare outer walls of the house were left. The inner walls had fallen in. What had they buried under their dreadful ruin? One handed men some clothing. He had forgotten he had only his night clothes on.

It was a pitiful thing to see him, crying for his children, calling them by their names, searching for them under the trees, peering into corners if the outbuildings, as if they might not be hidden there. All that night he went on cradling his insane wife. Toward morning he remembered that he was a man. He collected himself.

Messengers, descriptions of the lost children were sent in every direction. There were days, weeks of heartache for the stricken father, but no tidings of his darlings came. "Where was his wife? It was the conclusion, at first thought, that she had been burned to death, and buried under the ruins. In his agony that night Philip had not given much thought to her. But next morning a message came from Mrs. Dumory. His wife was at her house, and would be, her husband, take her away at once, and provide for her! She had fled there in the night, from the fire. Madam did not feel safe to have her in the house.

Philip had no home for her now. There remained only one place. The poor, demoralized creature went to a nunnery. The origin of the fire was matter of mystery. Nothing certain could be found out. But the day after it happened the coachman came to Philip with the air of one who had something to communicate.

"It don't look well a man to be telling tales on a woman, Mr. Dumory," he said. "But Mary, who tended on Mrs. Dumory, left her last night and went to a ball. I saw her at midnight. I was out myself, and I don't deny it, and didn't come home till eleven o'clock. I saw a bright light in the library, where the piles of newspapers are. I thought it was you reading, and I didn't want you to know I was out so late. I put off my shoes and slipped across to the back stairs. I saw Mrs. Dumory going along the hall toward your room, with a night lamp in her hand. There was nobody to watch her, she slipped out, and I think it was her set the house afire."

Philip thought too, remembering what he had seen. But the boys, his children! Had she carried them in her sleep into her own room, or into the library, before she lit the fire? It was an awful thought.

The boys were at first given up as lost. But Dumory had yet to learn the depth of deviltry and cunning of his wife. She was capable. New troubles awaited him. He had none to whom he could turn for help. His father and mother were now both dead. He had never been the same to him after his marriage. It had caused them a displeasure and deep disappointment. They were never quite able to overcome. He took lodgings near the ruins of his home, resolved to penetrate the mystery of the disappearance of his boys. He had had the debris of the building carefully dug out and examined. A council of eminent experts was summoned. They searched the burned remains. No trace of bone or of flesh could be found. After laying their heads together they rendered an opinion of a wisdom and profundity such as only medical and chemical experts can give.

The law has a wizen nose, which the lawyer can turn to the right or left as he pleases, says the German proverb. So the lawmen, the verdict of the learned ones on this wise:

"The undersigned have to report that they have carefully examined different portions of the ashes and embers taken from the ruins of Mr. Philip Dumory's house. They have subjected the same to rigid analysis. In their judgment traces have been found of a substance which may be construed to be the ashes of human remains. At the same time they deem it necessary to state that a similar substance is sometimes the residuum from the consumption by fire of other organic compounds."

"JAMES EMMETT, M. D.,
"H. T. TOMPKINS, M. D.,
"J. L. BORD, Pharmacist."

There was wisdom. Philip Dumory was just where he was before. What should he do next? He sought every possible source of information. He examined the newspapers with fear and hope every morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, for his comfort and encouragement, this met his eye:

"Readers of The Daily News will remember the mysterious fire which destroyed Mr. Philip Dumory's house on Linden street a few weeks ago. At the time there were many conjectures as to its origin, but none that seemed to offer a solution of the mystery. Among the rumors current at the time, one that Mr. Dumory set fire to his own house. The gentleman's wife is out of her mind and is now in the Iron Gate asylum. The unfortunate Mrs. Dumory was before her marriage a young lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, and it is said, was crazed by domestic unhappiness. She has still some sane moments, however. During some of these flashes of reason she has let fall rambling remarks which beyond doubt point to her husband as the author of the fire. Her disordered brain clings to the fixed idea that he removed the twin boys and then fired the house. This opinion was shared by Mrs. Dumory's mother, with whom the unhappy woman took refuge when she escaped from the flames."

"Such was the rumor, too unpleasant to be recalled. Accordingly, the report of The Daily News was sent to the house of Mrs.

Dumory's mother to trace the origin of the ugly suspicion, if possible. Mrs. Bliss is a lady noted for her charitable deeds and moves in the highest social circles.

"Our reporter was admitted to an interview, and the following conversation took place:

"Reporter—I have called, madam, to ascertain your opinion as to the truth of the rumor that your son-in-law set fire to his own house. Affliction such as hers should, perhaps, be sacred from the public eye. But the public is interested in unravelling the mystery, perhaps the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden street. The lady spoke at length, with visible reluctance, substantially as follows:

"Mrs. Bliss—I would be far from laying any straw in the way of my daughter's husband. He has enough to answer for as it is. My poor darling's mental condition, and what brought her to it, are well enough known."

"Reporter—Did you understand your daughter at any time to convey the impression that she saw Mr. Dumory applying a match to the combustible material in the library?"

"Mrs. Bliss—Of course my poor daughter is out of her mind. What she says may be fact, or it may be only an insane fancy. But when she has seemed to be in her right senses, she has insisted from the first that she saw her husband carry the children down stairs and out of the door to the rustic garden house. He went carefully, so as not to be taken there. He left them there, and went into the library. The crowd came pouring in from the street, and in another moment the grounds were full of people. The house was a mass of flame. He saw his boys lying there. He fancied he heard a cry. He darted toward the fire like an insane person. Strong men caught him by the wrists and held him back. In scarcely more time than it takes to read this the fire had done its work. Only the bare outer walls of the house were left. The inner walls had fallen in. What had they buried under their dreadful ruin? One handed men some clothing. He had forgotten he had only his night clothes on."

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"It don't look well a man to be telling tales on a woman, Mr. Dumory," he said. "But Mary, who tended on Mrs. Dumory, left her last night and went to a ball. I saw her at midnight. I was out myself, and I don't deny it, and didn't come home till eleven o'clock. I saw a bright light in the library, where the piles of newspapers are. I thought it was you reading, and I didn't want you to know I was out so late. I put off my shoes and slipped across to the back stairs. I saw Mrs. Dumory going along the hall toward your room, with a night lamp in her hand. There was nobody to watch her, she slipped out, and I think it was her set the house afire."

Philip thought too, remembering what he had seen. But the boys, his children! Had she carried them in her sleep into her own room, or into the library, before she lit the fire? It was an awful thought.

The boys were at first given up as lost. But Dumory had yet to learn the depth of deviltry and cunning of his wife. She was capable. New troubles awaited him. He had none to whom he could turn for help. His father and mother were now both dead. He had never been the same to him after his marriage. It had caused them a displeasure and deep disappointment. They were never quite able to overcome. He took lodgings near the ruins of his home, resolved to penetrate the mystery of the disappearance of his boys. He had had the debris of the building carefully dug out and examined. A council of eminent experts was summoned. They searched the burned remains. No trace of bone or of flesh could be found. After laying their heads together they rendered an opinion of a wisdom and profundity such as only medical and chemical experts can give.

The law has a wizen nose, which the lawyer can turn to the right or left as he pleases, says the German proverb. So the lawmen, the verdict of the learned ones on this wise:

"The undersigned have to report that they have carefully examined different portions of the ashes and embers taken from the ruins of Mr. Philip Dumory's house. They have subjected the same to rigid analysis. In their judgment traces have been found of a substance which may be construed to be the ashes of human remains. At the same time they deem it necessary to state that a similar substance is sometimes the residuum from the consumption by fire of other organic compounds."

"JAMES EMMETT, M. D.,
"H. T. TOMPKINS, M. D.,
"J. L. BORD, Pharmacist."

There was wisdom. Philip Dumory was just where he was before. What should he do next? He sought every possible source of information. He examined the newspapers with fear and hope every morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, for his comfort and encouragement, this met his eye:

"Readers of The Daily News will remember the mysterious fire which destroyed Mr. Philip Dumory's house on Linden street a few weeks ago. At the time there were many conjectures as to its origin, but none that seemed to offer a solution of the mystery. Among the rumors current at the time, one that Mr. Dumory set fire to his own house. The gentleman's wife is out of her mind and is now in the Iron Gate asylum. The unfortunate Mrs. Dumory was before her marriage a young lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, and it is said, was crazed by domestic unhappiness. She has still some sane moments, however. During some of these flashes of reason she has let fall rambling remarks which beyond doubt point to her husband as the author of the fire. Her disordered brain clings to the fixed idea that he removed the twin boys and then fired the house. This opinion was shared by Mrs. Dumory's mother, with whom the unhappy woman took refuge when she escaped from the flames."

"Such was the rumor, too unpleasant to be recalled. Accordingly, the report of The Daily News was sent to the house of Mrs.

the rest he would devote to searching the earth for his sons. He could not give them up.

He spent all his fortune in the search for his boys. At last he gave them up for dead. He returned home. No comfort for him there. He found himself looked upon with coldness and mistrust. Men who had broken his bread in better days passed him without speaking. Women who had been his mother's friends gave him a glance of horror, and hurried on, in the common belief he had hid his own house with the monstrous intent that his insane wife should perish within. Thus skillfully had malice wrought its work.

He had now to earn his bread. He looked for work. Who would give employment to one suspected of so foul a crime? No man. At length he was driven to say:

"I will go away, where no living creature has heard my name. I will shut this hateful world out of my sight."

Were not these hard lines for a young man who had always had his own way?

CHAPTER VI.

TWO SCENES.

Once more, as on the first day of this story, the sun was shining low on a summer afternoon at the stone house. Once more, too, Shirley sat beneath the willow down by the millrace. Those old trees keep rising before us constantly.

But now it was two years later than when the story began. It was the day after Shirley had read her poem and been crowned with the laurel wreath. School had ended for the year.

The girl wore a white dress, and had a pair of red shoes. Her hair, that had been so long in braids now, was wreathed around and around at the back of her noble head. She was dressed as for a young goddess, as she threw her head back in an attitude full of spirit and natural grace. Was she expecting anybody, sitting there in her white dress, with the red shoes in her hair?

Two strong hands suddenly covered her eyes from behind, and a voice said:

"Gussie, who?"

It was a deep, sweet voice. Shirley had heard it almost every day for two years. One is not certain but she had heard it in her dreams, sometimes, lately. A kindly face, with the eyes bent low, looking down at her, as she was so serene and dark and dark, as when we saw it first. It was full of peace, it still a face at times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Outside Barbarians in China. The foreign residents in Canton, a mere handful of consuls, tea and silk merchants, live in a small island separated from the city by a broad canal. There are large, comfortable houses, a long bridge shaded avenue and a fine sea wall protecting the island from the waves of the sea. The island is the seat, with the bridges of approach closed and guarded both night and day, seems to be a virtual imprisonment on this island of Shanghai, and one realizes how barbarous at the thought of the Chinese mob the residents are. Two years ago there were riots and a storming of the Shanghai, and several houses were burned, and at any moment the least spark may ignite the smoldering wrath of the natives and precipitate another reign of terror. Except for the sense of being shut in and hemmed in, with no place to go and not wanting to leave the peaceful shade and quiet of the island for the din and disquieting sights of the Chinese city, the Shanghai is a small sort of winter paradise. Rose bloom, the sun shines warmly, and tennis is played in the winter season with enthusiasm.—"Kuhnamah" in Chicago Tribune.

A Mountain Flower Farm. One of the largest flower farms in the Alps Maritimes, where flowers are grown for marketing purposes, is at the Marquis de Rostang, at Seillans, about 2,600 feet above the level of the sea and twenty miles from the coast, upon the southern slope of the Alps Maritimes. The soil is of a chalky nature, and very poor, and up to 1881 the olive groves covered the property. The yield was but a very small income. Mrs. de Rostang, however, determined to see whether it could not be made to grow flowers, and cutting down the olive trees, she had the ground trenched to a depth of four feet, while arrangements were made for irrigating the twenty-five acres. In the autumn of 1881 she had planted 45,000 plants of violets and 140,000 of white jasmies. This in the spring following the rest of the ground was planted with roses, geraniums, jonquils, etc., and a laboratory built for making seed. The result was most satisfactory, for in the fourth year—that is to say, in 1885—the property, which had before yielded an income of \$115, produced one to the value of \$4,315, leaving a net profit of \$770.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Fad in Brooklyn. The ultra-fashionable young ladies of Brooklyn, when promading or on shopping tours, have a new fad which attracts much favorable attention. It is that of wearing a bright flower of some sort, not on their bosom or at their throat, but between the lips, perfection in the fad depending largely on holding the flower stem between the teeth as carefully and forcefully as a veteran smoker does his cigar. In comment on this new custom The New York Evening Sun says: "A strikingly handsome brunette carried a beautiful rose between her lips which beat the rose in color, and two demure brown haired maidens had violets of different shades between their white teeth. Moss and violets were the favorites, though carnations, heliotrope and a single daisy were worn by some. The score of economy no more striking way could be devised for displaying the beauties of nature, both in rose and maiden."—Chicago News.

Upheaved by an Earthquake. A phenomenon which occurred during an earthquake at Port Sandwich, in Mallicola Island, on the 21st of October last, has greatly alarmed the people. In the middle of the port the waves were rolling as usual, when suddenly a column of water was projected upward, and flames leaped up, lighting the sea and land for some distance around. It is feared that Port Sandwich may some day meet with the fate which befell Fort Republic, which is now almost blocked up, owing to the upheaval wrought by an earthquake.

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

The Second Volume of the **THE SATURDAY GAZETTE** will be commenced on Saturday, May 5. It has been the aim of the publisher of **THE GAZETTE** to steadily improve the paper and enlarge its field of usefulness. That our efforts have been attended with a fair measure of success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing circulation of **The Gazette** which is now widely read, not only in Saint John City, but in every part of the Province.

SOME OF THE FEATURES

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME:

HISTORY.

From time to time we will publish short articles on early History of the Province, with particular reference to the early History of Saint John and vicinity.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue will contain at least two special articles dealing with some subject of timely interest. The contributors to this department will be selected with a view of obtaining those possessing the best qualifications for the work.

FOR WOMEN.

We will devote a considerable space each week to the discussion of topics of special interest to the gentler sex.

SERIAL STORIES.

Each number will contain an instalment of a Serial Story by an author of reputation.

COMPLETE STORIES.

Arrangements have been effected by which an interesting complete story is assured for each issue.

SPORTING.

We will furnish our readers with a weekly budget of the latest news of the different field sports.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Every week from this date we will furnish our readers with a complete condensed report of the news of the week from all points.

IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of **The Gazette** are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of **The Gazette** so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in **The Gazette** has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

If one believes in luck at all, he must believe that the Vancouver is a very unlucky ship. She had the misfortune to be commanded by Captain Porter on her trip out to this port, and as a result of this command the people of St. John were treated to the most revolting tales of cruelty ever heard in our police court. But the ship had no part in this, save to be the scene of the cruelties. She was in need of repairs when she arrived here, and when these repairs had been made, and the vessel pronounced seaworthy, she was fitted out and got ready for sea once more. A new captain was put in command, and a new crew, officers and all shipped, and the vessel set her sails and turned her course across the Atlantic. Seven days out and she returned to port, her crew contending that the vessel was not seaworthy. At first public sympathy was with the crew, and persons were willing to believe anything, but when the vessel was examined by the proper authorities she was pronounced perfectly seaworthy. Then another report was issued, and two good men sent aboard to examine and report on the condition of the vessel independent of the portwardens. They not only substantiated the first report, but came even more strongly than ever in favor of the seaworthiness of the ship, and the magistrates sentenced the mutinous crew to three months in jail each. This is all very well so far as the sailors are concerned, but it is rough on the citizens to have to feed a lot of lazy, hulking fellows, too ugly or too cowardly to do their duty as men ought to do.

Time was when the men who went to sea were the bravest and best of our countrymen. There are some of them still scattered around among ships' crews, but too often happens in these days that the name sailor means a trachorous, grumbling rascal, who has no more sense of honor, decency, or truth than a sneak thief. It happens at times that in a whole ship's crew there is not a man who would not blackmail the officers or join in a conspiracy to ruin the characters of the men under whom they served to "get even" for some alleged slight or insult. There are brutes on the quarter-deck, but it seldom happens that there are angels in the forecastle. In the first case it is right and proper to deprive men who are unfit to command of the power to abuse their fellow creatures. As it is now if wholesale charges are made against the officers of a ship by the crew, the judges and jury hear but one side of the case. And being by their oath bound to judge the case by the evidence, are obliged to decide the case on the hearing of one side. I believe this law should be considered, so as to give all sides a hearing. There may be some temptation for a man charged with a crime to commit perjury, but such attempts are generally seen through very easily, and in cases of conspiracy the temptation to lie is equally strong on the part of the accusers.

I have heard a good deal of comment recently on the statement that a man can live on \$300 and bring up a family. That a man and a family of three or four children can live on this sum of money has been demonstrated practically by numbers of people. But how do those who are forced by circumstances get along on this small sum of money? Clothing, house rent and fuel eat up two-thirds of the total sum, and it must require a large amount of economy to purchase food enough to supply this family of five for say \$2 a week. It is possible to do a great many things, but in my humble opinion, it is impossible to live comfortably on \$300 a year.

When a man adds to the statement that it is not only possible to live on \$300 a year, but that it is also possible to save money, I am of the opinion that the gentleman who makes the statement has never tried to do with so small an amount of money. It is a very simple thing to sit down and figure out theoretically how certain expenditures may be kept within certain bounds, but it is notorious that a man does not always enjoy good health, and that it sometimes occurs that the wife of prices at which one expects to buy certain things averages higher than was expected. Taking everything into consideration, including the unforeseen expenditures that necessarily arise, and the margin over the actual cost of food and clothing will be found very small. I am glad to say, however, that very few of our people are forced to live on so small a sum of money as \$300 a year, and I hope to see the time when working men and women will earn much larger pay than they do at the present time.

I have on numerous occasions called the attention of the Common Council to the condition of the old burial ground. It is the only place wherein a dollar of the city's money is spent in adornment and the sum is so small that it practically amounts to nothing. Within the enclosure bounded by the dilapidated fence are the ashes of the founders of a nation, men who had the courage to leave a country whose constitution was disliked by them and lay the foundation of a new state. Yet the descendants of these men

neglect to the last degree the resting place of the founders of the city. This is not justice, while it is foolish to neglect the living in honoring the dead, still we should not altogether forget the men who came to St. John and by their industry and toil founded what is the leading city in the Maritime Provinces, and what is destined to be the gate-way of the trade of the Dominion.

I hope therefore this year that the council will so increase the grant for beautifying the old burial ground, as to make it such a place that every stranger who visits it. It is a national cemetery, and to every student of history possesses interest, and it is therefore fitting and proper that the people at large should contribute towards beautifying it, that a wretched fence should be replaced by a new one, and if there are no funds for that purpose this year, then the fence should be repaired and made to present a decent appearance. As it is now, the fence is in such a condition that the place is infested with dogs and cats who do much damage, and render it almost impossible to make the place presentable.

The discussion of the public school system by practical school teachers in the Sun ought to do good. The great trouble has been that teachers have not taken enough interest in their work and as a consequence the suggestions have often come from those who know least of the requirements of a school system. I would like to see the question of compulsory education for cities considered by teachers, educationalists and others, who know the working of the present system. There is no question whatever, that education lessens crime, and this is to some extent the reason for the existence of a system of public schools. The question of industrial education, which would include also agricultural training, should be considered by those who have in view the benefit and improvement of the race.

FASHION NOTES.

Stringless bonnets are used only for traveling and visiting. Nearly every young woman has one of red tulle in her collection of head gear.

The open pencil skirt is becoming one of different fabric is daily gaining in favor. About a fifth of the dresses one sees on the street, just now have underskirts of copper-colored cloth.

All the shades of Gobelin blue seem to be the favorite wear just at present. It is used in costume of ladies' cloth, and is usually combined with either velvet or plush of the same shade, and has touches of gold or silver braid.

Belt is becoming fashionable again. They are used with a great many evening dresses, made of broad, heavy satin ribbon of the same shade as the gown and held in place with an old paste button, if procurable.

A perfect fitting long coat of broadcloth is now the most fashionable street wear for matrons. Jackets are held to be in better taste for young girls. These coats are of dark blue, Gobelin blue, blue gray, gray, brown, or terra-cotta, and for those in mourning, black. They are usually ornamented with appliques of silk, pascamenterie lace and fluff and have deep collar of fur, the wide open sleeves being also bordered with either black marton, or the long-haired fur known sometimes as "monkey," and women who can afford it use Russian or Alaska sable.

A pretty theatre costume worn at De la's the other night by a blonde was of black mervellux draped with black point d'esprit. This was sewed in bands of two inches wide alternating with bands of black satin ribbon, giving it the effect of a striped material. The draperies were drawn high on one hip, showing the mervellux petticoat and a broad satin sash was combined with the black draperies. The lace sleeves were slightly puffed on the shoulders, the inner sleeves being plain, and the lace was gathered to the throat where it was held by a wide band of gold braiding encircling the collar, the finishing of the sleeves being similar. The hat worn with this costume was of white felt encircled with two bands of white moire ribbon with up-right loops on one side, where were set an aigrette of heron's plumes and two tiny white birds.

Some of the new polonaises have pointed yokes of Lyons velvet, with a deep pointed grille of the same at the waist. These are pretty only upon slender figures. The military collar and close sleeves are also of velvet, this rich garniture being enhanced in effect by an applique work of silk and metal cords in Persian designs. Other polonaises are open all the way down the front, over a galoon trimmed plastron, and still others are slashed up the sides and at the back over skirts of watered silk or velvet.

The three sorts of gowns in highest favor for mild Lenten festivities is first black lace. This is largely combined with gold braid. Next comes gowns of white woollen fabrics, such as cashmere, ladies' cloth, or serge, and these have generally vests of white China crepe, and are braided profusely with gold, silver or copper. Third on the list comes poppy-red China crepe, which drapes exquisitely, is easy to fit and is becoming to almost everyone. This is combined with tulle of the same shape for garniture, and in some charming frocks this tulle, which is used for vest and trimming of sleeves and at the throat, is embroidered in gold.

Twenty years ago the mingling of yellow and green would have been looked upon with horror, but the aesthetic revival has taught the modistes many new possibilities of combinations in color. One of the prettiest of the dinner gowns made for a young lady who left last week for Florida was pale apricot China silk figured in gold fleur de l'ys. The plain petticoat has a broad band of light olive velvet around it, and the long full draperies had a narrow edging of the same. The bodice was cut V-shaped back and front, the opening being edged with velvet and folds of green and yellow tulle were next the bare neck. The half-long sleeves were finished in the same manner. There were gilt buttons and pale tan gloves, and the wearer used as ornaments a string of gold beads and a carved gold comb.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

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

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

The demand for artistic dresses is creating a new field of remunerative work for young women artists. An association is being formed to supply the demand, and the artist's training and powers will find wide scope in color, form and arrangement of costumes. Mrs. Cleveland's pany dress, and the one of poppy design worn at the French ball recently, will be outshone. The first work of the association, it is rumored, will be robes for a fashionable Easter luncheon. Although there will not be a chance for the rich coloring, harmonious beautiful-délicate tints and exquisite drapery and embroidery forming sufficient material for artistic work. These are all to be fewer gowns. The Easter lily robe will be of white satin and gold thread embroidery; the yellow daffodil, of pale yellow crepe and delicate green silk; the crocus, violet satin with veenings of darker silk, and so through the required number of spring flowers.

The family of a wealthy young lady of fashionable New York has recently come into possession of a Vermont farm, and the adventuresome daimsel is organizing a party of her friends to accompany her to a sugar-off in a Vermont maple grove. A merry time is anticipated, and as the party propose to do the sugaring themselves, their friends may expect cakes of the original sweet. The novelty of the idea alone is sure to make it a success, for fashionable people are always on the alert for some old form of entertainment. Last year a sugaring-off party was given by another society girl here in her city home. The plate of hot syrup was poured. Pickles, old-fashioned doughnuts, real country cider, and nuts constituted the rest of the regulation fare, and the affair was said to be a jolly one that the guests are hoping for a repetition this season.

On a parlor car coming from Canada to New York the other day two ladies who were fellow passengers entered into conversation. One was Mrs. Robinson, wife of the recent Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and a literary woman of note. She was en route for England, and she spoke to her American acquaintance with considerable feeling of the Queen's method of the world. Her husband had received imperative orders to return home at once, and she had only two hours to pack her trunks and arrange the affairs of the household and prepare for the journey across the ocean. Mrs. Robinson in her younger days was a famous singer, and her marriage to the Lieutenant-Governor had accumulated a considerable property. When, however, by her marriage she found herself no longer in need of her property or of her abilities to make her living as a singer, she sold it into a fund for the founding of a hospital for incurables. This institution, built and entirely maintained by her, she had earned as a singer, has become one of the most important public charities of Ontario.

A great friend of Worth and a very remarkable figure in Paris is his corsetiere. He refuses to fit any dress until the "fitter" is clothed in one of his madame's admirable confections of bone and steel. She charges outrageous prices, \$45 for a corset of simple cut with a bit of lace around the edge, and when it is of satin or silk and elaborately got up she asks anywhere from \$75 to \$150. She makes no pretenses that such a sum represents the value of the material in the corset, but thinks that not too much to ask for the immitable figures she creates with her wonderful knowledge of the necessities of the female form. No matter how thin or how stout the customer, she manages to give her what she calls "lines," and it is for this she expects to be paid. She has made a fortune out of her corsets and has one of the most beautiful houses in Paris. Almost every hour in the late afternoon if one drops in there he will find the beautiful drawing-rooms filled with duchesses, princesses, women of the noblest name and the largest fortune. They sit about drinking tea and gossiping with Madame, who moves from group to group with some bit of news which she imparts with an air of confidence to each one. She is elegantly perfect in her own costume and has the manners and beauty of a *grace de dame*, yet she does not make the smallest effort to assume any air of equality with the frequenters of her salon, preserving in a very remarkable combination her same self-respect and a patent realization all the while that these women are her customers and not her guests. They find this so soothing and satisfactory that they rarely fail to drop in for tea and direct the business of the latest gossip. She used to remain in the fitting-rooms all the morning directing her subordinates, and Mrs. Bradley Martin always declared when Madame came to give a little pinch to the satin and direct the inserting of a new pin that she felt as if she were being waited on by a grand duchess. Now she is growing old and is training her pretty daughter-in-law to take her place. This belle-fille is the child of a manufacturer and brought a handsome dowry, but so valuable is a corset business that she was at once admitted into its mysteries and will continue it when her mother-in-law retires from business and goes to end her days in her handsome country place.

A Family Friend.

Dear Sirs:—We have used Hagarty's Yellow Ointment for sore throat and cold, and can depend on it to cure. We also use it for sore shoulders on our horses. Mrs. Wm. Hingley, Wilkesboro, P. O. Ont.

MARITIME HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From All Sources.

The new steamer La Tour, Capt. W. H. Cook, will be placed on the route between Yarmouth and Barrington about the 10th of this month.

Miss Ruth E. Giddard, school teacher at Bear Point, Shelburne Co., N. S., has just completed a quilt which is a marvelous specimen of female patience and skill. It is of a very handsome design, containing 208 squares, 832 diamonds, with 1200 stitches to a diamond, making in all 1,031,680 stitches.

A boy-five years old, named Henry, fell into a well 32 feet deep at Stanley Bridge, York Co., a few days ago. His mother heard his cries, and his father and some neighbors procured ladders and ropes and managed to rescue him. He was unconscious when taken from the well, but soon recovered.

Says the *Truro Guardian*:—While closing the points at Campbell's Siding on the Pictou Branch, recently, a brakeman noticed a bear, which appeared to have an uncommonly hungry look, prowling around. The man made quick time in reaching the van and considerably alarmed his companions by his excited and terrified appearance. After he recovered himself sufficiently throwing up his hands while his hair gradually resumed a horizontal position, he exclaimed, "Hears!"

Messrs. Graham, Tupper & Co., solicitors of Halifax, have received instructions from R. D. McMillan, of Montreal, representing R. D. Oyley Carte, to institute legal proceedings against the Ross Amateur Dramatic Club for having procured the "Sorcerer," for which he holds the right in America. The case is causing any amount of talk in Halifax as the members of the club are all society people.

A mother and her daughter were the brides in a double wedding at Spring Hill, N. S., one day recently.

Mr. Barry Straton, of Fredericton, has just published a book, "The Building of the Bridge," "The Hunter's Handbook," &c., &c., engaged on a work entitled "The Gallant Deeds of Canadian Soldiers."

An Amherst correspondent sends particulars of the mysterious operations of some parties who are digging for gold. They used a mineral rod which directed them to a kitchen floor. They have since been digging under the building, and it is said struck a box, which moved on one of the party speaking. They have since been following the box, with what result is not stated.

A Pigwash correspondent of the Amherst Gazette writes:—Wm. Moody, who celebrated his 100th birthday on Saturday, the 10th ult., is still enjoying good health, although indisposed for a few days lately.

The feat of crossing the Strait of Canso on the ice from Hasting to Port Mulgrave was performed on Saturday, February 27, when a sleigh, to which was attached two horses, went across. Crossing the ice the sleigh is said to have moved on one of the party speaking.

The *Truro Guardian* published a list of "people" who pay for the Guardian. Unfortunately the list is not complete, and the other list will be the largest—a dun sight.

SOMETHING ABOUT MARBLE.

Before the Labor Commission.

Mr. Wm. Kane of Kane & Co., marble and stone cutters said, had been in business for fifteen years. It had increased a little in that time. Did not do much granite cutting. Granite was cut principally for use as paving stones. Marble was got principally through Boston. Italian and Vermont marble was used, the latter principally, as it stood the weather better. The men got about \$2.50. Usually employed a couple of boys, who remained till their wage was up, and sometimes after that. They were paid \$1.50 a week at first, and 50 cents increase until the fourth year when they got \$1 advance. His present hands had been with him five years and upwards. None of them owned property. Polishers earned \$1 a day the year around.

The idea that Vermont marble of the quality used here, was better than the Italian seemed so ridiculous, that the *Gazette* was prompted to make enquiries in the matter of one of the oldest and largest marble firms in Boston. The following is their reply. There is no doubt but that the best Vermont marble is about as good as any in the world, but of the best Vermont marble there was never a cubic foot brought to St. John.

We do not hesitate to say after thirty-six years experience in the marble business and during that time having handled all the different kinds of marble that are quarried, we have found the Italian marble superior to any other marble that is quarried either in Europe or America for monumental purposes. It is much finer grained than any American marble, and is of even texture, and gives much better satisfaction to our customers. The Boston dealers use Italian marble exclusively, for it sells on its own merits. You can furnish you any kind of marble you may sell, but do not hesitate to say you will make no mistake in recommending the Italian to your customers, as it is in our judgment the best in the market.

Yours,
TODD & Co.

Swinburne is scarcely five feet in height, his face is ghastly pale, and his immense head is covered with great masses of wild, unkempt hair, while his mouth is still, almost girlish in its expression. He is shy of women, but he is fond of the society of artists and men of letters. He has a perfect horror of the brainless dancing girls who fill the fashionable drawing-rooms of London.

Oh, why down her cheeks do the tear drops fall,
Her shoes are new and a size too small.
My dear, why do they pinching her feet like thunder.

MANKS & CO.

LATEST NOVELTIES
American and English Soft Flexible Hats.

1888. SPRING STYLE 1888.

SILK DRESS HATS
IN STOCK AND MADE TO ORDER.

The WINDSOR CAP still a head, leave your order and have one made to match your spring suit.

57 KING STREET.

SKINNER'S
Carpet Warerooms

Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match;
Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match;

Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match;
A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz.,
Madras, India Grape, Chenille, Burmah, Turcoman, etc.
Spring Stock Complete in every Department. As my Stock
is direct from the Manufacturers I can guarantee quality.
Prices as low as last year notwithstanding the advance
in England.

A. O. SKINNER, 58 King Street.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

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Halifax and St. John's.

CHAS. H. JACKSON.

Summer.
O sea, that's these gray and solemn shores
Dost pour thy plaint through all the striding years:
I would that to my ever listening ears
Some spirit might translate thy language! Hear
The waves that rendle his forehead and the rocks
That in his assaile deride; a giant's pain
It voices! Soft do thou complain
By pebbly beach to Summer's fields and flocks.
Tell 't'hou of cities hid beneath thy breast?
Of famed Atlantis, known in story only?
Of vapours there insatiable, whose rest
The wrecks of ages, peacefully and lonely?
Tell why these plains, melancholy rest!
And the sea answers, Hush, it may not be.
H. L. SEACRE.

The Christmas Tree.
The Christmas tree, stood midst the other trees
While at them, she laughingly shook her head;
O, what a nice time I'm going to have,
Besides you poor trees, in the wood, she said.
Just think, I'm to live in a city grand,
And there I shall stand in a parlor fine
Where, under the garland, most gorgeously dressed,
My robes will be brilliantly sparkling and shine.
Thus saying she hastily bid them adieu
For a steady hour in a parlor to shine.
For scarce was she dressed till the feast it was o'er,
And then, ah! her lot may it never be mine.
For when wider with all his cold snow storms was
In a wretched back parlour her proud form might be seen
Disrobed of her jewels and costly array,
While springing from the trees of the wood dressed in green.
Ah! friends, how often in life do we find
Those who choose for themselves, the things of this world,
And see not their folly till all is too late,
And they, like the tree, to destruction are hurled.
Grasping at flowers that prove to be thorns,
Rejecting the path saved sinners have trod
For only one hour in a parlor to shine.
When heaven shines bright, with the glory of God.
FANNY HAMILTON.

Two Lovers.
Two lovers by a moss-grown spring,
They loved not close together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wailing thrush on high,
O, budding time!
O, love's best friend!
Two wedded from the portal step:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as falling waters,
While petals on the pathway swept,
O, perfect bliss!
O, tender pride!
Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked,
These precious ones they never looked,
They watched a life that love had sent,
O, hidden power!
O, tender pride!

Two parents by the cradle's fire:
The red light shone about their faces,
On hands that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the tree of life,
O, patient love!
O, tender pride!
The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their faces,
But all the heads were bowed in prayer,
Had gone and left the lonely pair,
O, vanished past!
The red light shone about the floor,
And made the space between their knees
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks blushed and red, "Once more!"
O, memories!
O, past that!

George Elliot.
A blinding glare, an awful flash of over-
powering light, blazed before him. His
eyes seemed shut out by its bewildering
intensity, and a little scream of terror
escaped from his lips. A hand seized him
by the collar and dragged him over his
ward upon the floor. The blinding, burning
light filled all the room with a glare
more terrible than the lightning.
He recovered his sight, and saw Nemesis
standing above him, revelling in his
torment, and with a torch of magnesium wire blazing
in his hand, he was about to strike.
"Stand hand or foot, and you understand
There are six chambers, and I'm
a good shot."
"Oh, you surprise me, Mr. Belford. I
thought it was a chain of pistols."
"No, it is not; so lower your pistol."
"No, sir. You may rest, but make the
slightest resistance, and I'll blow your
brains into muddy fragments. Sit in that
chair, and when I've secured you properly
I'll hear any explanation you may make.
Your conduct is very singular, Mr. Belford.
To say the least, it's a little odd. Sit down
in the arm chair. Now I'm going to tie
you into it, and on the slightest sign of
resistance I shall fire."
The poor, cowed creature sank into
the chair, and the son of science
placed his strange lamp upon the
table. With the revolver still in hand,
he procecded a match and lit a candle on
the table. Then he extinguished his
torch, and the overpowering light gave
place to a more agreeable gloom. Then
he took from his pocket a tiny electric
bell and a little battery made of a small
ink bottle. Then he drew forth a small
roll of wire, and securing one end to the
battery, with the revolver still in hand, he
walked round the chair three times, and
bound the third into it with the slender
wire.
"Stop this fooling, boy! Lower your
revolver, and let me explain matters."
"No, sir. When I have you fast so
that you can do no harm, I talk with you
—not before. Hold back your head.
That's it. Rest it against the chair while
I draw this wire over your throat."
For God's sake, stop! Do you intend
to garrote me?
"No. Only I mean to make you se-
cure."
"This won't hold me long. I'll break
your wires in a flash, you little fool!"
"No, you will not. The moment the
wire is parted that bell will ring, and I
shall begin firing and keep it up till you
are disabled or dead."
The man swore savagely, but the cold
threat of insulated wire over his throat
thrilled his every nerve. It seemed some
magic bond, mysterious, wonderful and
dreadful. This cold man of science was
an angel of awful and incomprehensible
power. His lamp of such mystic bril-
liance and that battery quite unnerved his
courage. What awful torture, what
burning flash of lightning might not rend
him to blackened fragments if the wires
were broken! To such depths of puerile
ignorance and terror did the wretch sink
in his guilty fancy. He dared not move
a muscle lest the wire break. The very
thought of it filled him with unspeakable
agony. The son of science placed himself
before his prisoner. With the revolver at
easy rest he said:

"Mr. Belford, I am going to call help.
Do not move while I open the door."
In mortal terror the wretch turned his
head round to see what was going on.
The two men glared at each other in
silence, and then there was a sound of
opening doors. One closed with an echo-
ing slam that resounded strangely through
the old house, and then there were light
footsteps in the hall.
"Oh, Elmer! What has happened?"
"Nothing very serious—merely a com-
mon burglar. I called you because I
wished help."
"Yes, I heard the bell. Is there no
danger?"
"No. Stand back. Do not come into
the room. Call the men and let them
wake the gardener and his son. You
yourself call your father, and bid him
dress and come down at once. And, Al-
ma, keep cool and do not be alarmed. If
you need you, Alma, and you must help me."
Then the house was very still, and the
watcher paced up and down before his
prisoner in silence. Then came a hasty
opening of doors, and excited steps
and flaring lamps in the hall.
"The young doctor! Oh! By mighty!
Here's trouble!"
"Quiet, men! Keep quiet. Come in.
He cannot hurt you. Have you a rope?"
The calm voice of the speaker reassured
them, and all three volunteered to go for
one.
"No. One is enough. And one of you
had better go to Mr. Denny's room and
help him down stairs. You, John, may
stop with me."
"Good! Sir, he will spring at me!"
"Never you fear. He's fastened into
the chair. Be careful of the man."
"Ay, sir, you're the little pet! That's
the kind of argument!"
"Colt's!"
Presently, with much clatter, the
gardener's son brought a rope, and then,
under Mr. Franklin's directions, they
bound the man in the chair hand and foot.
A moment after they heard Mr. Den-
ny's crutch striking down the stairs, and
Alma's voice assuring him that there was
indeed no danger—no danger at all.
"What does this mean, Mr. Franklin?"
said the old gentleman as he came to the
door.

"Burglary, sir. That is all. You need
fear nothing. We have secured the man."
Mr. Denny entered the room leaning on
Alma's arm. He saw the open safe and
the papers strewn upon the floor, and he
lifted his hand and spoke his head in alarm
and trouble.
"A robbery! Would they ruin me to-
night? Where is the villain?"
Alma turned toward the man in the
chair, and clung to her father in terror.
The man lifted his crutch as if to
strike.
"My curse be upon you and yours."
"Oh, father, come away. Leave the
poor wretch. Perhaps he has taken some-
thing."
"My curse fall on you! Who are you?
What have I done to you—you viper?"
The man secured in the chair, and with
the wire drawn tightly over his throat,
replied not a word.
Elmer advanced toward him,
Alma, with a little cry, tried to hinder
him.
"Do not fear. He cannot move. I
will release his head, and perhaps you
will recognize him."
The wire about his throat was loos-
ened, and the wretch lifted his head into
a more comfortable position.

"Ah! Heaven! It is Mr. Belford!"
"Yes, sir," said he. "I forgot to tell
away some papers, and I came down to
secure them, and while I was there that
wretch surprised me, threatened to mur-
der me, and finally overpowered me and
bound me here as you see. If you will
ask him to release me, I will get up and
explain everything."
"This is a lie," screamed Mr. Denny, lift-
ing his crutch. "I don't believe you—
you thief—you robber! It's a lie!"
"Oh, father, help! Help! Release
him—let him go. He will go away then,
and leave us. He has done wrong; but
let him go. It must be some awful mis-
take—some!"
"No! Never! never! never!"
The word died away on his lips, for on
the instant there was a loud ring at the
hall door. They all listened in silence.
Again the infuriated bell pealed
loudly through the echoing house.
"It is some one in distress," said El-
mer. "John, do you take a light and go
to the door. Ask what is wanted before
you release the chain, and tell them to go
away unless it is a case of life or death."
John presently returned, and in an ex-
cited whisper said:
"It's Mr. Jones, the sheriff."
At this word Mr. Belford struggled
with his bonds, and in a broken voice he
cried:
"Oh, Mr. Denny, spare me! Let me not
be arrested. I will restore every cent."
"Silence, sir!" said Elmer. "Not a word
till you are spoken to. What does he
want, John?"
"He says he must see Mr. Denny. It's
very important—and, oh, sir, he's most
beside himself, and I wouldn't let him in."
"Call him in at once," said Mr. Denny.
"It is a most fortunate arrival. The very
man we want!"
John returned to the hall, and in a mo-
ment an old man, gray haired and
wrinkled, but still vigorous and strong,
stood before them. He seemed a giant in
his huge great coat, and when he removed
his hat his massive head and thick neck
seemed almost loomed.
"Ah! Mr. Sheriff, you have arrived at a
most opportune moment. We were just
awakened from our beds by this robber.
We captured him and we have him here."
"Beg pardon, sir. Sorry to hear it, but
I've another errand that brought me.
The widow Green's daughter, Alice,
she was missing; has been found in the
mill race—dead."
They all gave expression to undis-
guised astonishment, and the prisoner in
the chair groaned heavily.
"And I have come for the key of the
lost house, sir, that we may go for the
body, sir."
"How horrible! When did all this hap-
pen?"
"We dunno, sir. I'd like the key ter
once."
"Certainly—certainly, Mr. Sheriff. But
this man—cannot you secure him for the
night?"
"Oh, ay. But the child, sir. The boys
wants your boat to go for her."
"Poor, poor Alice!" cried Alma, wring-
ing her hands.
"John," said Elmer, "get the key for
Mr. Jones. I'll take you to the boat."
Alma, perhaps you had better wait
with us, for we have a little matter of im-
portance to settle, and we need you."
"Now," said Mr. Franklin, "I have one
or two questions I wish to ask the man,
and then, Mr. Jones, you will do us a
favor. If you can take my horse, and
Elmer, open the lantern, and the room
became light. Alma, with her head

If a bolt from the storm overhead had
entered the room it could not have pro-
duced a more startling impression than
did this simple question. Mr. Denny
dropped his crutch and raised both hands
in astonishment. Alma gave a half sup-
pressed scream, and even the sheriff and
John were amazed beyond expression.
The man in the chair made no reply,
and presently the breathless silence was
broken by the calm voice of the young
man repeating his question.
"What?" cried Mr. Denny, leaning for-
ward and bristling himself by the table.
"My father's will! Did you find it? Re-
lease him, John. How can we ever thank
you, Mr. Belford? It is the missing
will!"
"Oh, Lawrence!" said Alma. "Why
did you not tell us why did you not
show it? How much trouble it would
have saved."
"Have patience, Alma. Let Mr. Bel-
ford rise and bring the will."
"No," said Mr. Franklin. "Hear the
rest of the story. Mr. Belford, you de-
stroyed or suppressed that will, did you
not?"
"Yes, I did—damn you!"
"Good Lord!" cried the sheriff. "Did
you hear that—destroyed it! That's state's
business!"
"Oh, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Denny! Have
mercy on me! Do not let them arrest
me!"
"Mercy!" said the sheriff, taking out a
pair of handcuffs. "It's little mercy ye'll
get."
"You ask for mercy!" cried Mr. Denny,
his face livid with passion. "You
—you wretch! Have you not ruined me?
Have you not made my child a beggar
and carried my gray hairs in sorrow to the
grave? You knew the value of this will,
and you destroyed it! Your other crimes
are as nothing as this. I could forgive
your monstrous frauds in my mill!"
Mr. Belford winced and looked sur-
prised.
"Ay! wince you may. I have found
out that you—no, I'll not tell you the
couple his name with yours. And the re-
lease of the mortgage—have you that?"
"Yes, sir, it is in that bag on the
table."
The old gentleman eagerly took up
the bundle that lay on the table and began
with trembling fingers, to open it.
"Well, a moment ago Mr. Denny said
Mr. Franklin, 'I should like to ask
this man a question or two.'"
"Oh, Mr. Franklin, there was a
profound silence in the room.
"Lawrence Belford, if you are wise,
you will speak the truth. That release
is a forgery—or at least it has no legal
value."
"It is not worth a straw," replied the
prisoner with cool impudence: "and on
the whole, I'm glad of it. The mortgage
will be foreclosed to-morrow."
"Your share will be small, Mr. Belford.
I'm afraid your past will find some
difficulty in making a settlement with
you, unless he joins you in prison."
Mr. Denny heavily in an arm
chair and groaned aloud. In vain Alma,
with choking voice, tried to comfort him.
The floor was too tense for words, and
for a moment or two there was a painful
silence in the room.
Mr. Franklin seemed nervous and ex-
cited. He fumbled in his pockets as if in
search of something. Presently he
turned toward the old gentleman and said
quietly:
"Denny, can you bear one more
piece of news—one more link in this ter-
rible chain of misery?"
"Yes, sir," he replied, slowly. "There can
be nothing worse than this. Speak, my
son—let us hear everything."
"Far be it from me to brag, but my
knowledge as he has given me to your
service."
"There is a brief pause, he added:
"There is the will, sir."
With these words he held out a small
bit of sheet glass about two inches square,
and on which was written in a thing.
Alma, will you please go to my room
and bring down my lantern? And John, you
may go and help Miss Denny. Bring a
sheet from the spare bed also."
"I do not know what you mean, my
son. You tell me the will is destroyed,
and you say you have a copy. Is it a
legal copy and how do you know it is
really my father's will? Have you
read it?"
"Yes, sir. You shall read it too, pre-
sently. I have already shown it to a law-
yer, and he pronounced it correct and
perfectly legal."
"But why did you not tell us of it be-
fore?"
"I have only had a few days, sir, and I
wished first to crush or capture this ro-
ber."
"Hadn't ye better let me take him off,
sir?" said the sheriff. "He's done enough
to take him from the grand jury. Besides,
we have another bitter bill against him
down in the village."
"No," said Mr. Franklin. "Let him
stay and see the will. It may interest
him to know that all his villainous plans
are utterly overthrown."
"Shut up, you wretch," said the man in
the chair.
"Shut up—ye," replied the sheriff, ad-
ministering a stout cuff to the prisoner's
ear. "Ye best hold your tongue, man."
Just here Alma and John returned with
the lantern. Under Elmer's directions
they hung the sheet over one of the win-
dows, and then the young man prepared
his apparatus for a small trial of lantern
projections. Mr. Denny sat in his chair
silent and wondering. He knew not what
to say or do, and watched these prepara-
tions with the utmost attention.
"Mr. Sheriff, if you please, you will
stand near Mr. Belford, to prevent him
from attempting mischief when I darken
the room. John, you may put out all the
candles save one."
Alma took her father's hand and
kneaded upon the floor beside him, as if to
all and comfort him.
"Now, John, set that candle just out-
side the door in the entry."
A sense of awe and fear fell on them
all as the room became dark, and none
save the young son of science dared
breathe. Suddenly a round spot of light
fell on the sheet, and its glare illuminated
the room dimly.
"Now," said the will, Mr. Sheriff,
with you to see a photo that may be of
value in that little matter in the vil-
lage of which you were speaking."
Two dusky figures slid over the disk of
light. They grew more and more dis-
tinct.
"Great God! It's Alice Green!"
The hand withdrew, of gray hair, and
Elmer opened the lantern, and the room
became light. Alma, with her head

bent upon her father's knees, was bathed
in tears.
"Poor, poor lost Alice!"
"And the fellow with her. Who is he?"
cried the sheriff.
"That is Mr. Belford—Mr. Lawrence
Belford," said Elmer with cool confidence.
"That picture was taken through a tele-
scope from my room on the morning of
the 19th."
"The 19th? Why, man, that was the
day she was missed."
"Yes. Mr. Belford was with her that
day, and perhaps he can explain her dis-
appearance."
The prisoner groaned in abject terror
and misery. He saw it all now. His
dream pictures were explained. His de-
fect and detection were accomplished
through the young man's science. That
he should have been overthrown by such
simple means filled him with mortifica-
tion and anger.
"You shall have the picture, Mr. Sher-
iff. You may need it at the trial. And
now for the will."
The room became again dark, and the
figures on the wall stood out sharp and
distinct on the sheet. Then the picture
faded away, and in its place appeared
writing—letters in black upon white
ground.
SARACON FALLS, June 1, 1852.
I, Edward Denny, do hereby leave and be-
quest to my son, John Denny, all of my prop-
erty, both real and personal. All other wills I
have made are hereby annulled. My near death
prevents a more formal will.
EDWARD DENNY.
Witness: JOHN MAXWELL, M. D.
"My father's will, thank."
There was a heavy fall, and Elmer
opened his lantern quickly. It was too
late. The man had fallen. He had fallen
upon the floor insensible.
"A light, John, quick."
They lifted him tenderly, and with Al-
ma's help the old sheriff, and the serving
man took him away to his room.
The moment the two men were alone,
the prisoner in the chair broke out in a
torrent of curses and threats. The young
man quietly took up his revolver, and said
sternly:
"Lawrence Belford, hold your peace.
Your threats are idle. You insulted me
outrageously the day I came here. I bear
you no malice, but when you attempted
your infamous plan to capture my cousin
and ruin my father, I sprang to their re-
scue with such skill as I could command.
We shall not pursue you with undue rigor,
but with perfect justice."
"Oh, Mr. Franklin, have mercy
upon me! Let me go! Let me escape
before they return with a party—far
away! Save me, save me, sir! I never
harmed you. Have mercy upon me!"
She looked at the man perhaps I might
now. No sir; justice before mercy.
Hark—the officer comes!"
They unfastened the ropes about Bel-
ford, and released the wretch, and in silence
he stalked away into the night, a broken
down, crushed, and ruined man in the
hands of his grisly Nemesis.
The young man flung himself upon the
lounge in the library, and in a moment
was fast asleep.

The red gold of the coming day crept
up the eastern sky. The storm became
beautiful in its fiery rages in the far
south. As the stars paled, the sweet
breath of the cool wind whined sprang up,
shaking the rain drops in showers from
the trees. The birds sang and the day
was on its way.
To one who watched it seemed the com-
ing of a fairer day than had ever shown
upon his life. The vanished storm, the
fresh aspect of nature moved her to tears
of happiness. Long has she waited for
stars. They were the first signs of light
and comfort she had discovered, and now
she looked upon the man who had saved
her from the dark night of despair. She
opened the window in the library and
watched with a prayer in her heart.
She looked at the man in the clock. Half
past 4. In half an hour the house would
be bright. All was now safe. She could
return to her room. She rose and ap-
proached the sleeper on the lounge. He
slept peacefully, as if the events of the
night disturbed him not.
He smiled in his dreams, and mur-
mured indistinctly. She drew
back hastily and put her hand over her
mouth, while a bright blush mounted
to her cheeks. Just here, through the
sweet, still air of the morning, came the
sound of the village bell. Tears gathered
in her eyes and fell unheeded upon her
hands, clasped before her.
"Poor—lost—Alice—nineteen—just
my age!"
Alma.

She turned toward the sleeper with a
startled cry. He was awake and sit-
ting up.
"What bell is that?"
"It is tolling. They have found her."
"Yes, it is a sad story, Alma."
She advanced toward him. He noticed
her tears and the mourning robe in which
she dressed.
"What is it, Elmer? Do you feel bet-
ter?"
"Yes. It was a sorry night for us."
"Yes, the storm has cleared away."
He did not seem to heed what she said.
"How long have you been up?"
"Since it happened. After I saw father
up stairs I came down and found you
here asleep. And, Elmer, forgive me; it
was wrong, but I did not mean to stay
here so long."
"Alma!"
"You will pardon me?"
"Oh! Pardon you—pardon you—why
should I? I dreamed the angels watched
me."
"I was anxious, and we owe you so
much. We can never reward you—
never!"
"Howard, Alma! I want none, save"
"Save what?"
He opened his arms wide. A new and
beautiful light came into her eyes.
"Can there be greater reward than
love?"
"No. Love is the best reward—and it
is yours."

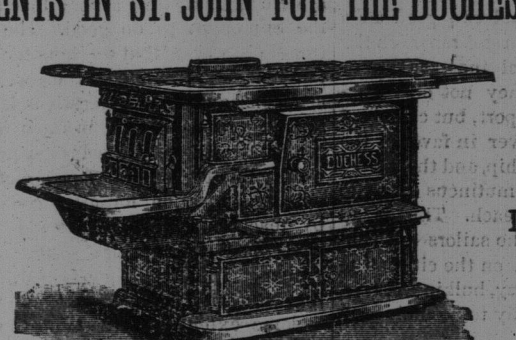
Things She Never Will Acknowledge.
(Philadelphia Times.)
There are a round dozen things that
you can never get a lady to plead guilty
of, be she old or young:
That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when you mentioned
a particular gentleman's name.
That she says that she doesn't mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she ever flirted.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That she is—in love.

A very fine street dress, just from Par-
is. It is a round dozen of gray, with
ing straight and plain over a plaited
chemise of the same gray silk.

PARSONS' PILLS
These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure
or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a
box of pills. Had out since 1850. One box will
about them, and you
will always be thank-
ful. One pill a dose.
Parsons' Pills contain
nothing harmful, are
easy to take, and
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marvelous power of these pills, they would with 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had
without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it;
the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Canton House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!
A. G. BOWES & Co.,
21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Call and examine it at
At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

In addition to a full line of the Duchess Range we
carry a complete assortment of lower priced Ranges,
Cook Stoves and Heaters.

The season is now approaching when parties are
thinking of taking down their Stoves. We have the
best facilities for taking down, removing and storing in
a clean dry loft an unlimited number of Stoves of all
kinds and descriptions, Stove Pipe and every other
description of household goods.

The general advantage of storing Stoves for the
summer is that they can be the more conveniently re-
paired and cleansed and made ready for setting up at
a day's notice when the cold weather sets in.

We make a special feature of Stove Repairs and can
at short notice supply duplicate pieces for all Stoves,
Ranges, and furnaces kept in Stock by us. Besides re-
pairs in our own line of goods we carry a large stock
of repairs for other makers' goods which are disposed of at
reasonable rates.

A. G. BOWES & Co., 21 Canterbury Street.
THE STARR KIDNEY PAD.

The opinion all who have tried it, is, that it is the Universal Remedy
for Kidney Diseases, and "only" sure cure.
Not a "Patent Medicine" but a Healing Power on the
natural principle of Absorption. Honest,
Efficacious and Harmless.

Treatment by Absorption has for some time been recognized by Medical Men to be the most simple
and effective means of converting to Disease Organs, "Crutches," but in cases of Kidney Disease, and
Complicated ailments thereof, successful treatment was practically impossible until the introduction
of the Starr Kidney Pad. It cost less than a single pill, and is infinitely more effective than any
any remedy. It is a sure cure for all cases of Urinary, Menstrual, and other diseases. Worn immediately over the
seat of disease, it causes a profuse perspiration absorbed by the disease and effected organs, con-
tributing to the patient's health, and in effect, and cure where nothing else can. The Starr
Kidney Pad accomplishes positive, decisive results. A more valuable discovery as a true remedy for
Kidney Diseases was never made.—Medical Gazette.

A Sure Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary and Sex-
ual Organs. No Poisons used, contains Absorbent, Vegeta-
ble ingredients. The Starr Kidney Pad not only
relieves but "positively cures."
Lame Back, Bed Wetting, Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Gra-
vel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,
Catarrh of the Bladder, Noa-retention and
Suppression of Urine, etc., etc.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, MENTAL DEPRESSION, etc.
If not sold by dealers in your neighborhood enclose One Dollar to the
undersigned and a Pad will be forwarded to your address by mail, postage paid.
BARKER & CO.,
Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

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ALL CLASSES! ALL PRICES!
PARLOR SUITS:
HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, RAW SILK, BROCATELLE MOHAIR and SILK
PLUSH.
BEDROOM SETS:
BIRCH, ASH, CHERRY, WALNUT and MAHOGANY.
Cheffoilers, Wardrobes, Bookcases and Desks, Music Cabinets,
Sideboards, Hall Racks, &c., &c. Rattan and Reed Chairs,
Carpet Rockers. Also, a complete assortment of
CHEAP GOODS.
CALL, EXAMINE AND COMPARE.
JOHN WHITE,
93 to 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

THE SATURDAY, GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7

ON THE SAGUENAY.

SATURDAY EVENING AMUSEMENTS
AMONG CANADIAN LUMBERMEN.National Gaiety a Good Foundation for
Fun—The Games of "Codfishing,"
"Bucking Horse" and "Foxes"—Playing
a Rude Farce.

On Saturday evening, when the cook allowed us to sit up late, the men engaged in games and pastimes, at the order of the foreman as well as by their own desire; for beans, pork, tea and amusements are needed to keep them from quarrelling and abandoning the hard labor of lumbering. Their national gaiety makes a good foundation for fun, and their national courtesy prevents them from carrying a joke too far and embarrassing their rough intercourse. A small group were gathered together to play a game of draughts; the brightest and shrewdest spent half an hour in writing a letter, while another sat close by him and watched him the entire time with wonder and admiration. The youngest lad was a victim of many consolatory practices; he could scarcely speak on the floor and escape the embraces of one or another; they made sweet speeches to him, hugged him and kissed him, and insisted that his hot resistance was due to the shyness and coquetry of a girl. Early in the evening a man named Francois arrived from the settlement; and the company at his entrance broke out with questions about the sending election. He was a violent partisan of the Conservatives, and being a good stationer, an available character, he was a violent partizan, it soon became evident that he was in some measure the butt of his companions.

When at last the debate seemed to be getting too warm, the foreman spoke, quietly but sharply. "That's enough, some games." The group dispersed at that instant with an amazing submission. And Francois was the first to lead in reparation by suggesting the game of "cod-fishing." He stood up blithely, holding out in his left hand one of a short leather strap, and raising a knitted towel in the other, ready to strike; the others stepped about him, eagerly and silently, to jerk the strap and retreat before he could deal them a blow; whoever should get possession of the strap would take his turn at fishing. At length Francois reached the belt from behind, drew it up between the fisherman's legs, and so dragged him backward around the camp and out into the snowdrift; and meanwhile it seemed as if the root must rise with the gusts of roaring laughter. "Passing the reel" was a quieter game; they sat close together in a circle on the floor, with their feet together and their knees raised to form an arched passage all around the circle; the knitted towel was passed about under their knees, while one man in the center tumbled and scrambled over their feet and tried to catch it; while he would be looking on reaching for it at one point, they passed it along to the opposite side of the ring, where they would blow on his back as an indication that he was watching at the wrong hole.

The "bucking horse" was a line of men who bent over as for leaping, and by locking their arms about the waist of the one next in front formed a continuous back; the head man held fast to a post; the riders mounted at the tail end, and tried to keep on their feet while crawling along to the head, in spite of the jumps, slyings, and various antics of the men. Putting a pause a fellow came from the cook's corner with his face whitened, he also laughed and blew a cloud of flour over them. "The foxes" were two men on hands and knees, tied together by a strap about their necks; growling, grinning, and backing apart, each tried to pull the other over the floor. In "telling sheep," a number of them, covered by blankets, sat in a group on the floor; the buyer fell of them and lifted them to test the weight, and finally, after selecting one, he lifted it for a final judgment, while a bystander set a pan of water under it—for a surprising effect. In "knocking down the owl," two men held rigidly a pole on their shoulders, and a third—the owl—straddled it and hooted defiance while the hunters approached, each with a bag filled with rags, and dealt their best blows on the featherless bird till he toppled over and hung head downward. Baptiste and Francois played a ruse farce called "The Peddlers." A lad was securely tied as a pack to the back of each; then taking a staff, they went around the room, in opposite directions, and offered to sell us pins, needles, and other notions; while a bargain was in progress the peddler would place the end of his staff under his pack and relieve himself more or less of its weight, while the wiggling of the pack set off the crowd in fresh merriment. At last the rival merchants met, got into a dispute, and then fell to cudgeling each other on their packs, of course. But the main interest of all these amusements was the childishness of the men; even the gray haired worked at the entertainment with persistent zeal; the room rang with their boisterous laughter the loud talking of all at once, the orders of half a dozen masters of ceremonies; and the leading spirits often jumped and danced about with uncontrollable excitement.—C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.

Source of Scarlet Fever.
It seems to be now satisfactorily established by Dr. Klein that scarlet fever is induced by a germ, or microbe, microscopically seen; it is formed in the milk of cows affected by a certain disease. The same microbe is obtained from the diseased cow, from her milk and from patients suffering from scarlet fever. Fortunately the infectious property of the milk can be destroyed by heating it to 168 degs. Fahrenheit. This precaution should never be neglected when scarlet fever is prevalent.—Philadelphia Times.

England's Modest Queen.
There is an old saying that a cat can look at a king, but it isn't so with queens, at least not with Queen Victoria, for she has a horror of being stared at, and tries to live as quietly and as unobtrusively as possible. One of the most general complaints made by the people of England about their sovereign is that she hides herself from them and never allows her subjects to look at her when she can help it.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Never was there a craze more utterly out of use than roller skating, and yet it was a prominent feature of social life only two or three years ago.

Of 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than 15 were east of the Alleghany Mountains.

When you succeed in life you will find everybody willing to help you.

COCA IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Its Wonderful Stimulating Effects.

Consul Du Pre transmits from San Salvador an interesting reply upon the use of coca in that country and its effects upon the inhabitants. He says: "I have seen so much recently written of coca in newspapers and in medical publications that I am impelled to report what I have learned of the virtues of this product of South American forests. With leathern straps passing around their foreheads to sustain burdens of 100 or 200 pounds on their backs, I find these slender natives traversing plains and mountains with greater celerity than the mule I bestride, which travels through the livelong day six miles an hour. Native Physicians, chiefs of the school of Paria, express in assuring me that this extraordinary capacity for endurance of toil and hunger is to be ascribed to the use of coca.

"It is administered freely to infants, and is the chief intoxicant of men and women. Months through many days are intrusted with the care of valuable flocks of llamas, having no other sustenance than that to be found in little leathern purses containing coca and its comestibles. Indians chew it constantly. There, like the maxillary movements of tobacco-chewers, it is incessantly in the mouth, and is consumed daily, serving, unlike tobacco, both as food and stimulant. Without coca habitual chewsers cannot digest food; without it they are unable to ascend mountains, with long, rapid strides, never slackening their wonderful speed through the livelong day. They will not rest without it; without it they enjoy nothing; without it, practically, they cease to live. The immediate effect of chewing coca is perfect insensibility of the interior of the month. The immediate sensation is that which one feels when his hand has become a great void in somebody else's head. I had a dentist apply it when extracting the root of a molar tooth, and the effect was as described. Indians constantly use it finally lose the sense of taste and smell. They can eat, without repugnance, most disgusting food and drink, and eat and drink with gusto. The coca leaf, when pressed, is a delicious sensation of warmth and perfect bliss, intellectual, nervous, and physical, and he is lapped in the joy of an elixir."—Los Angeles Tribune.

The Struggles of Poor Artists.

The life of an artist is oftentimes a hard one. Carous Duran, who is now a millionaire, was once a poor fellow who had nothing to eat for days at a time, and finally his artist friends clubbed together and took turns in inviting him to their studios and their homes. Bastien Lepage was so poor when he came to New York that he had to do something to eat his bread and butter, so he entered the postal service, and was compelled to deliver letters all day. He did all his studying and painting at night. Finally, after almost ruining his health, he found some friend who loaned him money to live on until he could get a pass under examination at the capitol, by dint of saving, accumulated \$4, and with that went to Heligoland. There he painted for here and there, which was \$3, and with the remainder of her money bought hand bread, which she sold for each day of her stay in the city. Then she studied day and night in her little room, and in the middle of winter, I can imagine what her life was like. —Elisabeth Nore in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

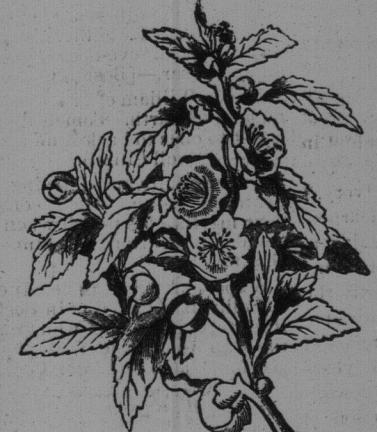
Phil Armes's Big Account Book.
Phil Armes surveys his varied affairs by the aid of an account book, six feet long and three feet wide. Opened at random from one of his little private offices to the other. It is a novelty in the line of stationery. Mr. Armes doesn't carry it around with him, nor does he even have it on his desk. But when he comes to settle up with a customer, he takes it out, and in many cases this has been thought to be due to the escape of petroleum or other oils from wrecks, but it has been found in such a great number of places and in such quantities that this source is insufficient to account for its presence. An officer of a British steamer reports having passed through a large body of what was thought to be whale oil, about 100 yards square and one foot deep, and there are many indications in the Gulf of Mexico which point to the existence of submarine oil wells or springs of some similar substance, and to those must the source of the floating oil be attributed.—Globe-Democrat.

A Court Room in China.
In the magistrate's dirty court room the prisoners are brought in, tried, tortured if they refuse to confess, sentenced and punished with a dispatch that is in admirable contrast to the deliberations of our enlightened courts. If the real offender cannot be found, they seize upon one of his relatives and hold him for hostage. It is generally a poor relation, and the longer he stays in jail the better his family prosper. The mandarins are inclined to look leniently on any who are willing to pay their way out of jail, or pay a substitute who will be caught and imprisoned for them, so that in the small number of its fettered prisoners Canton stands well a comparison with civilized, law-abiding communities a third of its size.—"Ruhmann" in Chicago Times.

Appalling Actors in Japan.
In Japan the people have a queer way of showing their appreciation of fine acting. They throw portions of their clothing on the stage, and after the performance redeem the articles at retail prices, the money going to the actor or actress who has excited their admiration.—Chicago News.

Japan boasts of a phenomenal giantess. She is 12 years of age, eight feet high and weighs 270 pounds.

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 William Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which is offering in 6 lb. 12 lb. and 20 lb. caddies.

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

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street.
Halifax Banking Company,
J. A. Pitt, Vice President,
W. A. Lockhart, Assistant & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St.
Rooms 7, 8, 9.—D. R. Jack, Apt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul.
4, 5, 6.—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc.
7.—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law.
8.—James J. Kaye, Q. C., Barrister, etc.
9.—Sidney Kaye, Apt. Royal Ins. Co.
10.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
11.—Charles Donnelly, Barrister, etc., and 12, 13.—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc.
14 & 15.—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

Second Floor.
Rooms 15, 16.—New Room, C. H. Fisher, Printer, and J. D. W. Spurr, President, etc.
17, 18.—C. N. Slater, Q. C., Barrister, etc.
19.—J. C. Skinner, Judge of Probate.
20, 21.—C. Hamilton, Attorneys & Wilson, Barrister, etc.
22.—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Dinch, Secretary.
23.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
24, 25.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
26.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
27.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
28.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
29.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.
30.—J. H. Charles, Bishop of Canada.

Rooms 35 to 45—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE

Repairing & Refitting

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S,

53 SMYTHE ST.

N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH,

MANUFACTURER OF

Woven Wire Matresses

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

Woven Wire Cots.

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

FACTORY:

85 and 37 WATERLOO ST.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN & SON,

FUNERAL FURNISHING

Undertakers.

Adult Hearse, also White Hearse For Children.

WAREHOUSE

No. 15 MILL STREET,

RESIDENCE:

15 Main St., Portland, N. B.

AGENTS FOR

Royal Family Cigarette

We have on hand a fine Assortment

Choice Havana Cigars

Which we will Sell low to the Trade.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 KING STREET.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Per sech Welcome Home:

10 Cases ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

11 and 13 Water Street.

WANTED—50,000 MEN

to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at J. W. STRAIN LAUNDRY.

The Time To Act.

If you are threatened with Headache, Constipation, Biliousness or weakness, procure at once a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and use it according to instructions. Prompt action is necessary in order that your trouble may be cured before it becomes chronic.

St. John Academy of Art

—AND—

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

NOW open for instruction in Free-Hand Drawing from objects. Perspective paintings in Oil and Water Colors by competent teachers. China painting taught by the most improved method. Lessons in painting by mail. Classes for teachers on Saturdays and two nights a week. Circulars sent on application.

JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A., Principal.

FRED. H. C. MILLS, Assistant.

HOTELS.

Hotel Dufferin

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Royal Hotel,

T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Victoria Hotel

(Formerly Waverley.)

51 to 57 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. MCCORMICK, Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL!

(LATE ROYAL.)

King Square, St. John, N. B.

G. R. PRICE,

Owner and Proprietor.

Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 15 COBURG STREET,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, ETC.

OFFICE:

94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE.

THE undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate rates. For particulars apply to

MISS M. HANCOCK,

85 QUEEN STREET.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.

GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, U. S. and Surgeon, N. Y. Cert. of King's College, London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scotland.

Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland N. B. Adjutant the Mission Chapel.

TO LET.

SHOP, 161 BRUSSELS ST.

Satisfactory a Substantial Blacksmith or Horse Shoe Shop. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to

A. G. BOWES & CO.,

No. 21 Canterbury St.

Choice Oysters

Received Daily from P. E. L. and Shickels to Order.

Fresh and Salt Fish

OF ALL KINDS AT

No. 19 N. S. King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

WANTED!

100 Boys

TO SELL

The Gazette.

JAMES HITCHCOCK, Agent.

Maritime Warehousing

—AND—

DOCK COMPANY,

Victoria Wharf, Smythe Street,

(Foot of Union Street),

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Secretary and Manager

BONDED and Free Warehouses. Goods stored at moderate rates. Warehouse receipts negotiable by endorsement, issued under authority of Special Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada.

Shippers may consign goods direct to the Company. With reference to and dry warehouses and commodious wharves and slips, this company is in a position to receive consignments and attend to all communications to be addressed to

THOS. STEAD, Sec'y.

Insurance at minimum rates.

D. CONNELL,

Livery Stable,

SIDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

HACIARD'S YELLOW OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S

WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contains their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

HACIARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ETC.

WANTED.

Hides, Calfskins,

Sheepskins,

Wool and Wool Pickings.

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

THOS. L. HAY,

Storeman—Head of Alley, 15 Sydney St. Residence—11 Paddock Street

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INSURANCE CO.,

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CAPITAL - - - \$30,000,000.00

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Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates.

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The Intercolonial Express Co.

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Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every day, collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts.

Running daily (Sundays excepted), with Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riverview de Loup with the

Canadian Express Co.

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

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Branch office in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. European Express forwarded and delivered weekly.

Declutched Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for Large Quantities and further information on application to

JAMES HITCHCOCK, J. R. STONE, Agents.

RAILROADS.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

(ALL RAIL LINE)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect October 24th, 1887. Leave St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

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

8.30 p. m.—Express Saturday night—For Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, except Saturday and Sunday nights, for Hamilton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

8.45 a. m.—Express Monday Morning—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Hamilton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a. m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p. m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a. m.—For Dalrymple, and for Bangor and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, Hamilton and Woodstock and points north.

8.30 p. m.—For Dalrymple, and for Fredericton and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a. m.—From Dalrymple and Fredericton.

4.30 p. m.—From Dalrymple and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM, Supt. Southern Division, Vice Manager.

J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., October 17, 1887.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888

ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th 1887 (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS..... 7.30

ACCOMMODATION..... 12.35

EXPRESS FROM ST. JOHN..... 1.35

EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 8.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10 train.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Mondays, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 7.00

EXPRESS FROM SUDBURY..... 8.35

EXPRESS FROM ST. JOHN..... 1.35

DAY EXPRESS..... 12.35

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. CONNELL, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE RAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

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

PLENTY OF CRACKERS.

He: "How do you find the oysters, Miss Smith?"
She: "They are very delicious, and I am awfully hungry, too."
He (to waiter): "Bring another plate of crackers."

FAMILY LABOR SMOOTH.

She had worked the "I'll-be-a-sister-to-you," chestnut on him.
"Thanks, Miss Smith," he said, groping blindly for his hat, "but I have two older sisters already."

AN INTERESTING BIT OF NEWS.

Mormon Elder (to wife): "I understand that our beloved brother Elder Brigham has an addition to his family."
Wife: "Is it a boy or girl, Joshua?"
Mormon Elder: "Neither; it's a new wife."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly, and without question. The true soldier never—"
"Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away."
"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "good-day."—New York Sun.

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Fiji mission."
"Amen," rang fervently through the congregation.
"And I would add," went on the preacher, impressively, "that amens, however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution-box. Let us unite in prayer."—New York Sun.

Robinson: "How about that note I hold of yours, Brown? I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it."
Brown: "Why don't you get it shaved?"
—Harper's Bazar.

"I never saw," said an officer who has done duty for a long time, "a baldheaded tramp. Whether they stop tramping when their hair falls out or whether those who tramp never lose their hair, I can't say, but tramps are never bald-headed."

A Pittsburgh artist is painting Mrs. Cleveland's portrait this week. This is another victory for the prohibitionists. —[Rochester Post-Express.

"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper, "what kind of a shirt is that?"
"Just like mine," answered the husband, "and the reason is, I've lost it." And the wife resumed her reading. —New York Graphic.

It is a very lazy man who will not take the trouble to reverse his cigar when he finds that he has put the lighted end of it, by mistake, into his mouth.

It may be that the early bird catches the worm, but he is more likely now to catch cold.

We sent out a few days since a note of inquiry to a number of bachelors in town asking them to give us, confidentially and briefly for publication, the reason why they never married. Over one-half of them have answered, and we give our readers some of the causes assigned:

"Am only 45 years old. Consider myself too young."
"Haven't been properly urged."
"Some other fellow married the girl. I owe him a debt of gratitude. She made it lively for him."

"Heard that my fiancée snored, and I broke off the engagement."
"My best girl had fits."

"Come very near being married once; I asked a girl, and she said 'No.'"
"The happiest man I ever saw was one who had just been divorced."

"I had a friend who was married. He sent me a book called 'Don't.'"

"Am afraid to get married. I know two or three young married men who go out of town. Think they ought not to do so, but there must be some cause."

"Find considerable difficulty in bringing my divergent rays of affection to focus owing to the beauty and charms of so many Moncton girls."—Moncton Times.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Use strong lye to cleanse faint pink barrels.
A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm water, carefully applied with a sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chrome.

For freckles, put a tablespoonful of borax into a pint of hot water, and apply it hot to the face; sponge the face for ten minutes and frequently repeat the process.

Equal parts of ground mustard and flour made into a paste with warm water, and spread between two pieces of muslin, forms the indispensable mustard plaster.

Pieces of cheese-cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

In watering plants put a little ammonia into the water once a week.
Mixtures of two parts of glycerine, one part ammonia and a little rose water whiten and soften the hands.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth, flat piece of pumice-stone, then polish with rotten stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean, but by adopting the above method, not only do the slates become polished, but any stains are taken out.

A SAD PROSPECT.

How many weary broken down invalids there are to whom life is burdensome and whose prospect is sad indeed. The nervous debility and general weakness of these afflicted with lingering disease is best remedied by the invigorating and restoring properties of B. B. B.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.

—[1810]

Probably few persons ever saw the breathing apparatus of a human being laid open for inspection. From a hospital cadaver, we once saw the lungs and bronchial tubes removed, and blown up as a boy would a bladder or toy balloon, until the fine bronchial tubes and air cells of the lungs were hardened by immersion in alcohol, so that they remained expanded when the air was let free. With a sharp knife the wind-pipe and lungs were split open, so that it was easy to trace the bronchial tubes gradually diminishing in size from the wind-pipe itself, becoming finer and more delicately branched, until smaller than fine sewing cotton, these tiny bronchial lead into the air cells beyond, to convey air to sustain life.

Truly a wonderful sight, which we have often recalled during the past winter as we read of the great number of deaths from pneumonia and bronchitis. Nearly 250 deaths in Boston in the month of January.

It seems impossible to most people, that so common and simple a disease as bronchitis, should cause death at all. But think for a moment, what would happen if the lining membrane of those tiny tubes described above should become inflamed by inflammation, which is likely to occur after any severe cold. The passage of air to the lung cells would be stopped, and the patient died from suffocation, as certainly as if a giant grasped his throat.

People should not overlook the irritation or "tickling in the throat," which causes a "hacking cough." Sure symptoms of bronchitis. The irritation being caused from inflammation inside of the wind-pipe, it is useless to take medicines into the stomach to cure it; one might as well eat tallow to cure chapped hands. The interior mucous membrane of the wind-pipe must be promptly treated, to prevent the downward spread of the inflammation, and effect a cure. On page twelve of a pamphlet published by J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., is printed plain directions for applying Johnson's Anodyne Liniment to the bronchial tubes and nasal passages, to cure colds and bronchitis.

It is a well-known fact, as many persons can testify that this old-fashioned remedy will stop inflammation and swelling, quicker than any other medicine.

The House-Owner's Terror.

A plumber never refuses the pipe of peace. Goodwill's Sun.
The plumber is a good deal like the woodcock. If it won't for his bill he wouldn't get anything to eat. Burlington Free Press.

You do not catch a plumber fooling when his time about election matters. His pipe-laying is of a more profitable kind. Fall River Advance.

If there is one person in the world with whom you can never smoke the pipe of peace it is the traditional plumber. —Hartford Sunday Journal.

There is nothing without it uses. The hot and cold water pipes in our dwellings, for instance, have proved to be a great boon to water-bugs and plumbers. Boston Transcript.

"I have piped for them and they will pipe for me," said the plumber, who had said after he had sent in his bill and sat down to wait for another victim. Lowell Citizen.

Newspapers in 1888.

From the edition of Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s "American Newspaper Directory," published April 22 (its twentieth year), it appears that the Newspapers and Periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada, now number 16,310, showing a gain of 890 during the last 12 months and of 7,136 in 10 years.

The publishers of the Directory assert that the impression that when the proprietor of a newspaper undertakes to state what has been his exact circulation, he does not generally tell the truth is an erroneous one; and they conspicuously offer a reward of \$100 for every instance in their book for this year, where it can be shown that the detailed report received from a publisher was untrue.

How to Save Money.

Always buy the best because it is the cheapest in the end, and not only Burdock Blood Bitters the best medicine known for all chronic diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Blood, but it is really the cheapest, as it needs less to cure and cures more quickly than any other remedy.

Cut jewelry should never be wiped after washing. Wash carefully with brush and castle soap; rinse and lay face down deep into fine sawdust until dry; borax dust is best.

Thankful.

Some time ago being very greatly troubled with colds and coughing, I went to the drug store and got Hagyard's Pectoral Balm. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and now would not be without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Ont.

A little powdered borax put in the water in which lace, muslin and lawn are washed will improve their appearance greatly; use just as little soap as you possibly can.

Prevalent Sicknesses.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Inflammation and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best external remedy for all these and other troubles.

The combinations in spring costumes coming from Paris are most charming. This old rose faille is combined with mastic ladies cloth; pale blue wool with ombre of blue stripes opens over a bronze-green skirt of faille or moire. Embroideries and galloons adorn everything and help to harmonize apparently irreconcilable tints.

Seller hats will be worn again this season, but will come with higher crowns, narrow brims and very simple bows of ribbon as adornment. The spring bonnets will be trimmed almost exclusively with flowers and many of the bonnets will be composed entirely of one's blossoms, with a few erect fills of lace to give finish to the edges.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABSAALON IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

Something About House Furnishing.

There is a young lady whose frequent visits at our residence arouse an suspicion that she has designs on young Absalom that may disturb his peace. A great many years ago I was very persistent in my attentions to his mother, and when she consented to become Mrs. Ivory, I grew fairly wild. I have since learned, that she was all the time scheming to bring about that result, but she tells me that the game was hardly worth the powder. How our illusions are disappointed, one by one! As in the hourglass of time the sands fall down, as the years drop into their graves, we are all allowed to a consciousness that imperfection is the heritage of the race, that the exercise of mutual forbearance is daily demanded, and that he who looks for a good deal of infidelity in his own heart and the hearts of his neighbors will seldom look in vain. Was there ever a rose without a thorn? Was there ever a victory achieved without pain? Was there ever a man who reached the acme of happiness outside the grave?

I reached home a few evenings ago somewhat earlier than my accustomed hour and found the young lady, to whom I have alluded, reading to Mrs. Ivory who, as usual, was busy with her needles. And this is what she read. "There were seven rooms in the suite, and the apartments were so irregularly disposed the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the ornaments. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded with black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. It was in this apartment that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang, and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound that was clear, and loud, and deep, and exceeding musical."

"A good many years ago," interrupted Mrs. Ivory, "in furnishing our houses, we had but little opportunity to exercise a correct taste. One bought his carpets, curtains and furniture with little thought as to how they would harmonize with each other; and in consequence the eye was outraged at every turn. This was due in a measure, to a lack of cultivation on our part, and no less to a lack of cultivation on the part of the merchants."

"But they are now classes in that respect," said the young lady, laying down her book, and glancing at young Absalom, who had been studying her features ever since I entered the room. "It was through the establishment of the B. B. B. Co., a few days since, and if one chooses, one could furnish her house just like those I've been reading about, without going a step farther."

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When our fair visitor left us she was accompanied by young Absalom. It is presumed that the subject of house furnishing was further considered when they were alone.

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"TANT MIEUX."

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We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

Try a pair upon our guarantee that they WILL WEAR WELL and NOT BREAK AWAY in the seams.

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