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BURROW, STEWART & MILNE'S SUPERIOR JEWEL, SCIENTIFIC JEWEL, and ALASKA JEWEL. PORTABLE or BRICK SET.

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TURNER & FINLAY'S DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, No. 12 KING STREET.

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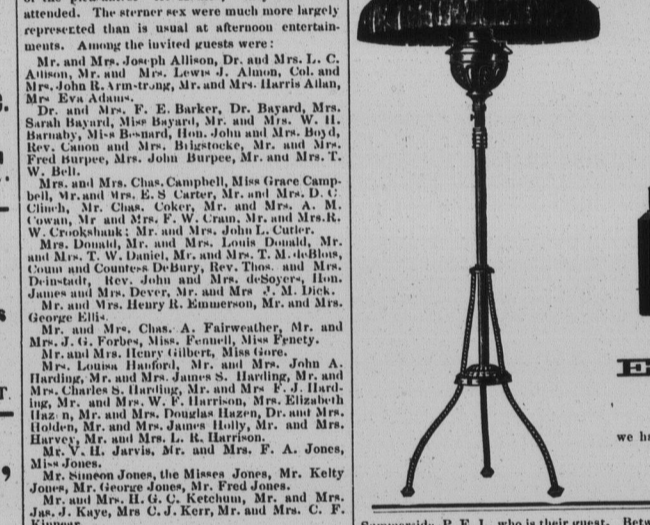
SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc. One of the most delightful social gatherings which has taken place in St. John for a long time...

XMAS PRESENTS

French, German, & American Clocks, IN GREAT VARIETY. PRICES LOW.



OUR ASSORTMENT OF ELEGANT HOLIDAY GOODS

CHINA, BRONZES, AND ART GOODS

C. FLOOD & SONS.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING STREET.

GENERAL DRY GOODS and FANCY ARTICLES

100 PIECES TAKEN OUT FROM STOCK

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail.

Xmas Fancy Work

Figured Art Muslins and Silks, PLUSH ORNAMENTS, PON PONS, SILK FRINGES, WORKING SILKS,

SATIN RIBBONS.

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See our Men's and Boy's New Double Sole Celebrated Woonsocket No. 1 PURE GUM BOOTS.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte Street.

COLONIAL BOOKSTORE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR XMAS CARDS and BOOKLETS. FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

STATIONS.

Mrs. S. J. Livingston's station. removed to Newcastle of four weeks here.

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Stock of all kinds.  
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**EET.**

**BILDAD HANKERS NOT.**

**FOR THE SOCIETY OF THEODORE BILKINS IN THE CHASE.**

The Glory of the Wilderness—Birds that were shy and swift and full of guile—A Mighty Nimrod on Paper—The Yellow Dog Sneaks Home.

There is rare sport to be had in a partridge hunt. I am a crank on the subject, and ought to know. I glory in this life of the wood and wilderness. I am as proud as any veteran of the scars I have won on many a toilsome march. I have ruined some shirts in my day, and divers other ragged ones. Glorious is the cause of freedom, though its banner be but a pair of pants all spattered and torn.

They tell me that it is tame sport. So it was, in the days of our daddies, when the birds would walk into the stew-pan, and beg to be eaten. But the partridge of today, at least in these diggings, is a different sort of a chicken. He is shy and speckled and full of guile. Why, just look at the various disguises he wears. There is the skipper, the climber, the scooter, the grounder, the hider, the road-sider, the swamp angel, the hill-sider, the sky-scraper, the stern-wheeler, and Lord knows how many more. Have you never seen the stern-wheeler, my brother? When a bird starts up suddenly out of the silence right in front of your nose, and goes off like a rocket with his job sheeted home for Limerick, and his propeller working 1,900 revolutions per minute—that is the stern-wheeler, my brother. He flies with his tail and not with his wings, believe me. Shot will not stop him, my brother. And he may not stop at Limerick, but keep right on for Spain. A comet, did you say, my brother? No, indeed, that is the sky-scraper of which I spoke. He flies higher than the stern-wheeler, keeps no log, and has no regular port of call. He is gravel-balled, and carries a balloon jib and spinnaker. Gadsme! he is heading for the moon.

But much as I revel in the aromatic effluvia of the forest, I think I shall never hanker to go shooting with Theodore any more. Theodore is a cousin of mine. It is with humility and yet with pride that I confess it. I am proud of the heroism which enables me after what has passed to acknowledge Theodore. 'Tis foolish to repine, I know, at Providence. Only I will say that when cousins were being passed round I ought to have been notified to be present to protect my rights. I should, I think, have taken precious good care that Theodore was not knocked down to me.

Yet, when Theodore arrived with his dogs, and guns and lordly air, I was truly glad to see him. I was determined that he should have some sport. Theodore laughed at my mongrel cur. But I would not give those ten pounds of yellow dog-meat for all the high-toned setters, pointers, and spaniels in St. John. When the dog rose bird number one, I invited Theodore to shoot. Theodore could not see the bird. I pointed him out to Theodore. It was painful to see the helpless way in which Theodore gazed about. Finally he blazed away—at a range of about six feet. Well, it has been raining claws and feathers there, to the best of my opinion, ever since. Theodore did not get the bird after all, for we had no rake. But, there is some advantage in Theodore's style of shooting. He kills, plucks, and cleans the bird, all in one operation. In fact, any bird that Theodore shoots, will not require to be re-dressed.

Bird number two, a roadside yearling, was walking slowly away when I spied him. I showed him to Theodore. Theodore thought he saw him and let drive at him under a mossy log. How could Theodore know that the bird was not there at all, but on top of the log? I will not swear to this, but I think, the look that bird gave Theodore as he went betokened more contempt than gratitude. Theodore became rattled a bit, and thrashed around among the bushes with both hammers at full cock.

Bird number three was nicely treed by the mongrel. Theodore was alarmed lest I should shoot before he did. He ran forward, lat fly—and missed! Bird number four was a scooter and Theodore tried to run him down. Crash! through the alders and over the deadfalls, scratching his face, barking his shins, falling and tumbling he went till I could have sworn it was a bull moose. The bird adjourned. His trunk was checked for Labrador with no stops on the way.

I urged Theodore to be calm. He said the cares of business made him nervous and distraught. The next fowl was a rabbit, heading south. Theodore let go at him in elegant style. But he agreed with me that it would have been better had his gun been loaded.

Theodore made me nervous, somehow. When he was walking ahead of me he

would have both barrels, full cock at that, ranging for my presence all the time. And when he was behind they would be pointing for my dignity. If there is anything I value it is my dignity. Had Theodore's gun gone off there would not have been an atom of it left.

Then I noticed the mongrel gazing at Theodore pensively. By and bye he sneaked off and went home in disgust.

"Do you call this sport?" demanded Theodore at last.

"No," said I.

So Theodore and I went home, too. The next day Theodore left for town. "Had a lovely time, old man," he said as he wrung my hand at parting. And this is what I read in the paper on the following morning:

Our worthy townsman, Theodore Bilkings, Esq., is a perfect Nimrod. He has returned bronzed and hardy from a week's outing with his rural friends, during which he bagged over sixty partridges, twenty brace of woodcock and snipe innumerable. He gave the natives of Wayback some pointers in woodcraft that astonished them; in fact they were fairly paralyzed with his performance.

May heaven's richest blessing rest upon you, Theodore. You need it, dear. But the mongrel knows and so do I.

**SOME PRETTY DRESSES.**

**WHICH WILL BE WORN BY THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.**

They Are Fash for a Princess but Very Pretty—French Styles in the Ascendant—The Latest in the World of Fashion—A Popular Color.

The favorite color this winter for evening and reception dresses will be turquoise blue. Lovely, is it not, girls? and becoming to almost every one. In china silk it will be simply exquisite, and in tulle—we'll, words fail me to express just how it will look in tulle. We are indebted for this beautiful color to the Princess of Wales, who has brought it into fashion again.

Speaking of the royal family, it may interest Canadians to read a description of a few of the dresses and jackets made by the celebrated Redfern, of Cowes, for Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught since her return from India and Canada.

Amongst these was a gown of heliotrope cloth, in a dull shade, plainly cut, and made with sleeves of the same cloth; braiding of heliotrope and gold covered the dart seams and the collar of the

ing a lining of the cloth. The cape was lined throughout with primrose silk with under cuffs pleated to correspond.

Amongst the short coats was one of reseau Venetian cloth, with open work sleeves of Venetian embroidery, worked in gold and silver tinsel, showing under sleeves of reseau silk through them. Similar embroidery formed the collar. Another was of navy blue fishing cloth, and with high open collar, slightly rolled over disclosing the braided linings, and small zouaves of the same navy and gold braid appeared on the fronts. The linings were of dark salmon pink shot with cream.

A mountaineer cloak of navy and white checked boating cloth had straps of the cloth crossing the arms and chest, so that the cape could be unloosed and thrown back, without the cloak falling from the figure.

A smart little coat of scouring cloth had large open revers, faced with navy silk, and buttoning from the bust in double-breasted form.

A long driving coat of Hungarian blue cloth, cut with loose fronts, had triple capes, braided with heavy scrolls of a brown shade.

The basque is one of the invisibly fitted ones, fastening on the left shoulder and under the left arm. With a jaunty jacket and a fetching little bonnet or toque.

A more charming costume can scarcely be imagined, provided, of course,—its wearer has a good figure. Should she be too stout, or worse still, too thin, of course, she is going to look like a guy, in a dress which will only accentuate all her defects. One of this season's novelties for evening wear, is silk muslin a charming fabric something like a gauze, only closer in texture. It comes printed with dots, or floral patterns, on a white or cream ground, and is made up over some light quality of silk.

India and China silks are more worn than ever, and surely so lovely a fabric ought to be appreciated. Dresses of these silks are of ten trimmed with black lace and make very effective gillettes.

I am sorry to say that in the figured China silks the dainty small flowers, and delicate vines have given place to fantastical, enormous holly-hocks, and peonies—wild oats half opened chestnuts in their prickly burrs and Japanese blossoms of strangest shapes and superlative hideousness.

**HOW DID SHE GIVE IT TO HIM?**

**A Puzzle for the Sentimental Young People Who Like Candy.**

Were you ever placed by circumstances over which you had no control in the unpleasant position of an unwilling witness to two young people who were kissing each other? If you were, I can sympathize with you cordially for I was there myself once, and I don't want it ever to happen again, because, to tell the truth, I don't relish the position of onlooker in a case like that. I should much prefer being one of the principals. But the way it happened was this.

I was taking a stroll one summer evening in the suburbs of the stirring town in which I reside, when I noticed a loving couple just ahead of me, who were far too much absorbed in each other to take any notice of extraneous circumstances, even when they took the form of a possible listener to their love making. The male lover was very tall. I don't think I ever saw anyone else quite so tall, out of a museum, and he belonged to a local bank. The lady of his love was very small, and both were happy beyond the lot of any mundane beings except newly plighted lovers. I really did

not want to listen, or to play the spy upon them in any way, but what could I do? I was in a hurry to get home, so I could not turn back, and I did not like to pass them. I am a graceful, slenderly built man, though I say it who, I suppose should not, consequently my footstep is very light and though I cleared my throat several times, and even coughed slightly they did not take any notice. Suddenly the masculine lover broke the perfumed silence.

"Pussy," he said, sottily, "is that very nice candy?"

"It's perfectly lovely," responded his lady-love, in a voice ruffled by gratitude, and candy combined.

"I thought it was. Aren't you going to give me anything for it?"

"Why, Arthur! What can I give you? Oh, yes; I'll give you a piece of candy."

"I don't want any candy, thank you," said Arthur huffily; "I wanted something very much nicer than that."

"I don't know what it could have been then, I am sure, unless it was ice cream."

"It wasn't ice cream!"

"Then, I give it up."

Profound and sulky silence settled down between those dear young people; so darkly and heavily, that it seemed even to obscure the moon's rays, and I felt sure I could hear my hair growing.

"Arthur," said a very small voice.

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure you don't want a piece of candy. I'll give it to you in such a nice way."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you know, you are so big, that I can't show you unless you step down off the sidewalk into the ditch. Do, like a dear boy?"

Evidently he was a dear boy, for he stepped down at once, and then that little witch fumbled about amongst the candy till she found a suitable piece, and somehow or other, she seemed to bite one end first, and leave the other end free, and then—being on a level by this time—their heads came so close together with such an indescribable sound, that I turned and fled, while the moon smiled down in electroplated splendor upon two young hearts bubbling over with happiness, the ambient air quivered in sympathetic response to so much electric emotion. "And Cooney dreamt he heard a sound of kissing."

I wonder how that small hump gave him the piece of candy, anyway?  
GROFF.

**Conventionality in Methodism.**

Rev. W. Stephen of Kings Lynn at a recent Methodist convention, made the somewhat remarkable statement that, in the early part of the last century, religion had gone down to a low ebb indeed. The clergy were only professional conductors of Divine service. Voltaire had said it was all up with Christianity, had not yet tasted, he, naturally, from the time he heard the good news till the day of departure, could think of little else than the pleasure in store. A hundred times a day his mother had to explain to his curious questionings just what the sea was like, the beach, the shells and ships, till at last he had, as she supposed, exhausted the list of thing pertaining to the seashore, and was reduced to a state of comparative silence.

Bobby was lost in thought for a time. "Mamma," he asked presently, "I will see tinthemese, won't I?" "The tinthemese!" she repeated in surprise, "I don't understand you, Bobby; what do you mean by the tinthemese?" "Why, you know, mamma, the minister says in church every Sunday 'the sea and all the tinthemese,' and I want to see them the minute I get there."  
FAGIN.



THE BLACK DOMINO.

**THE ATHLETIC GIRL.**

She rides, and walks, and runs, and rows.  
She's quick and energetic,  
How she turns up her pretty nose  
At all the woees pathetic  
Which fill her sisters' minds,  
And keep them all complaining;  
Her greatest joy in life she finds  
In her athletic training.

She boxes, fences, rides, and swims,  
And keeps her blood in motion;  
While other women nurse their whims  
And sigh for man's devotion,  
She's never known to have the blues,  
To headaches she's a stranger.  
You may be sure that she'd refuse  
To faint at sight of danger.

A perfect woman, full of health  
And life, all men adore her.  
To her they'd gladly bring their wealth  
And lay it down before her.  
But she, Diana-like, is cold  
And hates their love-sick sighing,  
And so, she stops their wooing bold,  
And sends her lovers flying.

She's cold; but there will come some day  
A man who's fit to woo her,  
And then, the more she says him nay,  
The closer he'll pursue her.  
To love she'll yield—some happy day  
She'll give herself in marriage.  
Later her strength will come in play  
Behind a baby carriage.

—Somerville Journal.  
Fanny Goods, Christmas Cards, Booklets,  
and all New Goods, at lowest prices.—  
McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

basque, and also appeared in a large scroll ornament in one corner of the front of the skirt, at the foot.

Another pretty and simple gown was of tweed, in a blue-gray mixture, checked with buff. It was arranged with a triple zouave bodice, opening over a waistcoat of buff pique, made removable, so that it could be replaced by other vests when the wearer chose. The skirt had a slight fullness at the top, given by three pleats, starting from under a buttoned pocket on the right hip. Small pearl buttons of buff tint were used to fasten the bodice.

Still another gown, was of gray and white mixed tweed, in stripes, and it was arranged with a triple pleated skirt, as a variety from the extreme plainness of the skirts which have been worn lately. The front of these pleats had an odd appearance of being buttoned over, part of the way down from the waist. The bodice had sleeves of only moderate height, H. R. II. disliking anything exaggerated in form. A small revers is buttoned back on the left side, showing a tiny pleated waistcoat of silk.

A shoulder cape suitable for wearing with any gown, was of neutral tinted cloth with a square yoke of maroon velvet braided in steel and gold, and a high rolled collar of the same velvet, turning back and reveal-

A carriage cloak of broche cloth, in fawn and pottery blue, has a yoke of the blue richly embroidered in fawn braid, and from this depends the cloak proper, the fullness being arranged round the edge of the yoke in a frill.

Several Garibaldi's of silk, in various designs, and also cambric shirts for yachting wear were among the many articles supplied to Her Royal Highness, all of different and original designs, in color, shape and finish.

Very pretty and very stylish they all sound, don't they girls? but yet awfully plain for a princess, somehow; though, to be sure, we have passed the time when we all thought a princess had to sail about in ermine robes all day, and only remove her crown when she went to bed.

French styles seem decidedly in the ascendant this autumn, and there is undoubtedly a delightful freshness about them, an *esprit de vie* not seen in English fashions. Plain styles are still by far the most fashionable, and following the plain skirt which has become the rage lately, has come a sheathlike garment, almost as difficult to get about in comfortably as the old-fashioned "pull back." The skirt is absolutely plain, and must be fitted as carefully as a riding habit. It is, of course, made only in some of the heavy

They may be fashionable but they are certainly far from pretty.

Ruches are very fashionable, again, not only as trimmings for the foot of dresses, but also as collarettes of tulle, or lace fastened round the neck with long loops of ribbon.

**A Natural Mistake.**

Bobby's parents had decided to go to the seashore for the summer, and as this was a delight which Bobby, during the six years of his existence, had not yet tasted, he, naturally, from the time he heard the good news till the day of departure, could think of little else than the pleasure in store. A hundred times a day his mother had to explain to his curious questionings just what the sea was like, the beach, the shells and ships, till at last he had, as she supposed, exhausted the list of thing pertaining to the seashore, and was reduced to a state of comparative silence.

Bobby was lost in thought for a time. "Mamma," he asked presently, "I will see tinthemese, won't I?" "The tinthemese!" she repeated in surprise, "I don't understand you, Bobby; what do you mean by the tinthemese?" "Why, you know, mamma, the minister says in church every Sunday 'the sea and all the tinthemese,' and I want to see them the minute I get there."  
FAGIN.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

In the year 1850, the placer mines of California swarmed with a busy, eager population, and San Antonio Creek was not behind its neighbors in activity.

The easier the gain, the more prodigal and reckless the outgo. For example, a man named Campbell owned a placer which yielded for a long time at the rate of one hundred ounces a day—say, \$1,800 every twenty-four hours.

But the shrewder and more self-restrained men viewed matters differently. They soon perceived that the reckless folly and wild extravagance of the miners made it easy to get money without working too hard for it.

Little time for thought, however, was permitted the prisoner. He was a "Greaser," and he was charged by a "white man" with stealing a horse.

That settled it. Lopez knew then that his last hour had come. He was hurried into the stocks, and to the foot of a convenient tree.

He dressed in black broadcloth, with a large expanse of white shirt-front, and a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, generally pulled low over his deep-set and by no means reassuring eyes.

It was to the effect that, as Lopez rode into the camp he was bound for, a stranger stepped up, seized his bridle and charged him with having stolen the horse he was riding.

The chairman stated the case tersely. It was charged against him that he had deliberately refused to identify Diego Lopez, the murderer; but he was given fair play and an opportunity to defend himself.

when this refusal doomed the Mexican to death. The gambler, knowing nothing of the truth, and believing that nobody present was in a position to disprove his assertion, coolly declared that the charge was altogether untrue.

Now poor Diego Lopez instantly realized the imminence of his peril. He was in a strange camp. He had no acquaintances there.

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LA BELLE ELISE.

She hurried across the sunny square with half shut eyes. She did not heed the cries of market women intrenched behind the barricades of golden melons and blushing peaches, the rich, green mounds of peas and giant cucumbers.

She heard nothing, saw nothing, treading her way automatically among the glistening tins and market mélange that filled the square and overlooked the narrow sidewalk.

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The Voice

It is easily injured—the slightest irritation of the throat or larynx at once affecting its tone, flexibility, or power. All efforts to sing or speak in public, under such conditions, become not only painful but dangerous, and should be strictly avoided until every symptom is removed.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral The best of anodynes, this preparation rapidly soothes irritation, strengthens the vocal organs of speech, and restores the voice to its normal power.

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BANK OF

CAPITAL, REST, A Savings Dept. opened in connection with Branch. Interest paid on deposits.

E. C. City F... Are prepared to HARD or SOFT... HARD WOOL, and de... SOFT... Kind... Factory: 62... Adjoining Mc... Telephone.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$6.

The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cocle's Pills. These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile.

EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL. EQUITY SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chab's Corner (called, on the corner of Prince William and Princess Streets, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the 15th day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made therein bearing date the 13th day of August, 1889, in a case between William Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and Thomas F. Watson, Mary E. Watson and John R. Watson, Defendants, the following described premises:—

GAFF ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK. MITCHELL'S CAFF. OYSTERS DAVID MITCHELL, (successor to Messrs. WATSON), has removed to the Old Patterson Stand, Opposite the County Market, and has fitted up a First-class, respectable Restaurant, where any one can get a GOOD HOT DINNER from 12 to 3 o'clock, and a GOOD BREAKFAST, PASTRY and ICE CREAM at all hours.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including "BANK OF", "CAPITAL, REST, A Savings Dept.", "E. C. City F...", "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral", "The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY", "Cocle's Pills", "EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED", "EQUITY SALE", "GAFF ROYAL", "WILLIAM CLARK", "MITCHELL'S CAFF", "OYSTERS", "Ice Cream.", "SAINT JOHN Oyster House", and "O. H. JACKSON."



THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A French Canadian Romance.

It is comfortable for such as are groaning under the reign of realism, and to whom the kingdom of romance has become almost a disenchanted realm, to get hold of a book like this; to feel its gentle restoration of the heart's earlier and better feelings, and its awakening of those fancies of delight, which let the telescopes and microscopes say what they will—are still the masterpiece of all our seeing. It is, moreover, fortunate when a romancer, who was also a poet, succeeds in finding a kindred spirit who is competent to usher him before that wider world of readers to which his merits unquestionably entitles him.

"Philippe Aubert de Gaspé," his translator informs us, in his introduction, was born in Quebec on the 30th of October, 1786. He died in 1871. He belonged to a noble French-Canadian family. At the manor of St. Jean-Port-Joli, of which he was seigneur, he passed a large part of his life; and there he laid the chief scenes of his great romance. He was educated at the seminary of Quebec, and then studied law in the city, under Sewell, afterward chief justice. Only for a few years, however, did he devote himself to his profession—one from which so many a poet and man of letters has broken loose. He accepted the position of sheriff of Quebec, and afterward came mistortum which Lareau (in the Histoire de la littérature Canadienne) passes over with sympathetic haste. His lavish generosity to his friends, and the financial embarrassments into which he fell, his four years' confinement in the debtor's prison, his sufferings of soul and body, all doubtless contributed to the poignant coloring which he had painted the mistortum of M. D'Égmont, le bon gentilhomme. On his release from prison he retired to his estate of St. Jean-Port-Joli, but not to the solitude and benevolent melancholy of D'Égmont. The romancer was of too sunny a disposition, he was too genuine and tolerant a lover of his kind, to run much risk of becoming a recluse. A keynote to his nature may be found in the bright *Bonjour la compagnie* with which, in the words of an old French-Canadian song, he closed his literary labors at the age of seventy-nine when the last page of the *Memoires* was completed. The story we have translated was published in 1862.

The author, of whom the few foregoing particulars are given, was moved to write a book which might not merely amuse an amiable reader, or divert a most serious one in his lighter hours; but which might express his heart touching matters dear to himself and his race; to depict "life and sentiment among the early French Canadians," in so faithful a manner as to throw "a strong side-light upon the motives and aspirations" of the people he so ably represents; to gather up and preserve in lasting form the songs and the legends, the characteristic customs, the phases of thought and feeling, the very local and personal aroma of a rapidly changing civilization. That he has succeeded admirably in realizing his purpose I think the reader who is competent and candid will be ready to admit; and that he will see moving, while he turns these pages, the procession of the good old days, and the order of life that now exists nowhere save in romance or history.

The story before us has no complexity of plot, nor rapidity of incident, neither is it, as the translator observes, freighted with a didactic purpose; it is composed in a leisurely fashion, of simple materials, but there is mastery in their handling. Indeed, it is little more than a record of the fortunes and misfortunes of a single family; but therein is woven whatever can lend brightness and charm to the sombre background of warfare and attendant miseries.

The incidents of the story are antecedent and subsequent to the time of Quebec. Two young men who as companions at college have cemented a friendship which is to endure through life, are leaving their *Alma Mater* at Quebec for the Manor of St. Jean, Port Joli. The one is Jules, a French-Canadian youth, and son of Capt. D'Haberville, seigneur of the domain, where he is treated, the other, Archibald Cameron, son of the famous Scottish Lochiel, the brave victim of Culloden. The one is a bright, affectionate, romantic, somewhat tricky youth; the other, graver, staidier, yet of heroic mould. At Point Lévis they are met by Jose, a retainer of the family, who speaks their names in their homely jargon, and begins the way with an account of an astounding vision vouchsafed to his late father on the Isle d'Orléans; by which we get an amusing glimpse of the superstitions peculiar to the *habitant*. Arrived at St. Thomas, in the evening, they find the ice breaking in the river, an event which is vividly described; and here Archibald Lochiel becomes the hero of the hour, by the rescue of one Dumais from a situation of imminent and seemingly helpless peril, at the risk of his own life. This episode is followed by a supper at the home of the Seigneur de Beaumont, where Archibald is honored for his bravery, and where Jules has his jovial trickery well developed. In due time they arrive at the D'Haberville manor house, to which Lochiel comes as a friend by warm invitation. A home it is which the author describes as:

Situated at the foot of a bluff, the summit of which was picturesquely clothed with pines and firs, whose perpetual aroma formed a cheerful contrast with the desolation of the winter landscape. A wood of ancient maples covered the space between the foot of the bluff and the highway, which was bordered with hedges of hazel and cinnamon rose. "We get glimpses of the 'brook which, following through the trees in a succession of foamy cascades down the southern slope of the hill, mingles its clear current with that of a fountain which bursts forth some distance from the bank, after winding and loitering through a breadth of meadow country," slips "reluctantly into the sea, Lawrence."

Over the pleasant, convivial life at this manor we love to linger. We are reminded

\*The *Canadiens de Québec*, an historical romance, by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. Appleton's Town and Country Library, No. 65, 50 cts.

of those sunny lines of Irving, which fell in such delightful places; and of some of his descriptions of them in the *Sketch Book*. Some of it is painted in colors a *la Ecouvaine*, and the air is as golden, if not as tranquil. So many figures of that vanished age are here as to make us almost long for at least the domestic side of feudalism—if such it really was—the old stateliness, the mingling of dignity and tenderness, the friendliness, the active joyousness, the devotedness of retainers, the abandonment of love, the romantic chivalry, the breeding, the gentleness and delicacy, the rollicking spirits, the primitiveness of that life. We would win them back again, if we could! Yes, the Maypole, the saints' feasts, the shore-watchings, the belied in omens and wizardry, the gloriole stories, the lightness of the lute, the ariness of song, with "all Arcadia's golden creed."

Jules, on his approach, exclaims rapturously: "I love everything about us. I love the moon which you see climbing over the wooded crest of the bluff; no where else does she appear to us so beautiful. I love your brook, which used to turn my little water mill. I love the lonesome towers of the Auguste. Yonder my mother used to sit," he continued, "pointing out a mossy rock in the shadow of two great beeches."

Soon we make the acquaintance of the household—of Captain d'Haberville—and of his lady, of Blanche, a sister younger than Jules, and of a brother of the captain, known as Uncle Raoul, a tonguey, peevish sort of person. Here Lochiel experiences a "free-hearted hospitality," and is taken to the bosom of the family as a son. The reader will feel the charm of the "May-least," and that of "St. Jean Baptiste," as here described; and he will find a mournful interest in listening to the most melancholy story of human ingratitude, when he shall visit the cottage of d'Égmont. There occurs this striking passage:

Pity is fled from the breast of man to take refuge in brute beasts that have no understanding. The lamb bleats sadly whenever one of its kind is slaughtered, the ox laments with rage and pain when he smells the blood of his kind, the horse snorts sharply and utters his doleful and piteous cry at the sight of his fellow struggling in the final agony, the dog howls with grief when his master is sick; but with grief and festive pleasure man follows his brother to the grave.

But the darker, stormier times arise. The friends are separated. Jules has gone to France, and Lochiel in Scotland, and retained his patrimony, and holds a position in the army, Wolfe is at Quebec; but before it is taken Archie has broken his heart and embittered his wife, according to the earlier prediction of a witch, by being obliged to burn the French dwellings upon the South Shore, including the manor of Port-Joli. While he is lamenting this desolation, and counting himself an ingrate, he is suddenly hurried into captivity by an Indian ambush, from which he is suddenly delivered by his grateful friend, Dumais. Hastily must we review these incidents, the meeting of the friends on the Plains of Abraham, the subsequent attempts at reconciliation, the re-establishment of their friendship on something like the old times, and Archie's return when the d'Haberville home had been rebuilt. We cannot dwell on his bootless love of Blanche, nor her high-spirited refusal of his hand, though he sat down contented to pass his days unmarried in her presence. We own ourselves dissatisfied with such a *lenouement*. If it be veritable history we bow and aver that it is not what we should have expected; but it is invention, we demur at the improbable—at so needless a sacrifice of another's affection, so visionary a heroism; we question the tenderness of her attempts, with its adored object near it for a lifetime, could never relent nor modify the strictness of its decree.

Such is the story, or frame-work of it, but it is invested with a comely garb of classic French, translated into limpid English. The merit of the translator perhaps may best appear in the little ballads and song-catches of which there are a considerable number. One of them runs as follows:

For thee, dear heart, these flowers I weave,  
My Blanche, accept of thy Ballet  
The warm rose and the orange-flower,  
The jessamine and violet.  
Be not this passion like the bloom,  
That shines a day and disappears,  
My love is an undying light,  
And will not change for time or tears.

Dear, be not like the butterfly  
That flutters each blossom of the glades,  
Such loaves not thy sighs and vows,  
And cheapen not thy sighs and vows.  
Among the laughing village maids,  
Such loaves are not for me to stray,  
That shines a day and disappears,  
My love is an undying light,  
And will not change for time and tears.

If I should find my beauty fade,  
If I must with these charms depart,  
Dear, do not let my name be lost,  
Oh, look thou only on my heart!  
Remember how the transient bloom  
Shines for a day and disappears,  
My love is an undying light,  
And will not change for time or tears.

The purport of this book is the exaltation of old-time virtues, now somewhat fallen into disrepute; the compliance with a popular demand among his people that the stories and traditions peculiar to their race at an earlier date should not be neglected nor forgotten, but be placed on record. "Patriotism, devotion to the French-Canadian nationality," says Mr. Roberts, "a just pride of race, and a loving memory for his people's heroic and heroic past—these are the dominant chords which are struck throughout the story." Surely, as it has been for several years a classic in its original language, and is here spoken of as "the best historical romance, yet written by a French-Canadian, it cannot fail to find, in its new dress many readers among a race who have need of every means to the proper understanding and appreciation of their Gallic neighbors, brothers and fellow countrymen.

One of our friends reports a communication from John Livingston, of N. B., formerly editor of the Dominion Government's paper, the *Empire*. Ill health compelled him to retire and take a year's recess. He writes from Calgary, N. W. T., and sends the *Herald*, of which he is editor, inquiring about the literati of the maritime provinces.

A little book of poetry in my pocket is an unailing accompaniment of my walks abroad. I invite a spirit to walk beside me, and he works miraculously. Yesterday as I went with him through the pine woods by the river, he made golden eagles to spring upward, white doves to coo in the dark boughs, and shining salmon to fatten their silver gills in the river. Far off I heard the nightingale's song, and ever as I went on the ideal prospect made the real more beautiful.

So on our heels a fresh perfection tread;  
Reader, can you tell my spirit's name?  
PASTOR FELIX.

THE "TIP-TILTED" NOSED GIRL.

Characteristics that May Have Escaped the Readers' Notice.

There is something wonderfully potent about the pen!—we use lead pencils exclusively in our office, so that is a mere figure of speech, but it sounds well to begin an article with, and there is a great deal more in literary style than people would think. But to go back to the pen. It is like the tongue in some ways, because it is so unruly and so apt to get the person who is holding—and thinks he is guiding it—into trouble. It says things we would give worlds to recall, and can't! It puts into cold, cruel, black and white, words which, if spoken, would have been forgotten almost as soon as uttered, but which said through the medium of ink, sink into the mind as indelibly as tattoo marks sink into the flesh. But it can say pleasant things, too. It can call up bright visions and say Write! And if it has genius enough to help its owner along easily, it may land him in the temple of Fame. This morning mine has called up a vision of "Fair Women," not like Tenyson's "Dream," but a comfortable 1890 dream of pretty girls in seal-skin jackets with Medecis collars turned up to their ears and mud held up to their little cold faces, to break the force of the chilling blast. I have just been wondering which type of girl I would choose, if I had my choice, and I here come to the conclusion that the lot would fall upon the maiden whose nose turns up! I don't mean the one with a snub nose and freckles. I mean the delightful little houri with that deep crease in her short upper lip, rarely seen unaccompanied by the tip-tilted nose, which seems to lit the lip just enough to show the little white teeth.

I do love a girl whose nose turns up, there is something so roguish about her, so soddlesome, and huggable, and sweet. She is always full of fun, and she is sure to be clever. I never yet saw a *nez retroussé* on a stupid person; it seems as much an indication of brightness as a clear, full eye, or a broad, square forehead. There are people who say a turned up nose is an indication of ill-temper; but I know better than that. I never knew a girl "of that description," as Lord Dundreary would say, who sulked—and a sulky temper is the only really bad one. She may have a hot temper, and be a perfect little fury for the brief space of ten minutes; but, once the storm has spent itself, the sun comes out brighter than ever, and there are no lowering clouds piled up around the horizon, ready to overspread the face of nature at the least provocation; the clouds on her sunny nature are always evanescent, and she finds life too short for sulking or fretting. She is always a merry soul, and she rarely fails to have the very keenest sense of the ludicrous; she can ever see the ridiculous side of herself, than which, the sense of humor can go no farther in a woman. Where other girls with the regulation nose of classic straightness would lose all patience, the fiery little lass with the upward turning nose will laugh. She can even see the exquisite fun of the situation when she misses the train, and chases it down the platform in the faint hope of overtaking it, and in all probability will give you a dramatic account of the way it happened, if she chances to meet you soon afterwards, and go into fits of laughter over her own discomfiture. I once knew a lun-loving damsel whose nose turned up just a little, only enough to save her, in my estimation, and she held me spell bound for half an hour while she gave me a description of how she went to the station to meet her father in the darkness of a winter's afternoon, was late for the train and met her parent, as she thought, on the way. Unfortunately it was a case of mistaken identity, and the person she mistook for her father was a young married man of irreproachable character, with whom she was totally unacquainted, and it will be many a day before I forget that dear girl's description of her efforts to hug him, and his frantic struggles to elude the embrace, her own speechless consternation when the true situation finally dawned on her, and the common impulse of seeking safety in flight which each obeyed with a promptitude beyond all praise.

Would any girl whose nose did not turn up have "given herself away" in that fashion, and given anyone a chance to laugh at her, just because she could not bear to spoil a joke? I trow not! And so I repeat that I throw the golden apple to the girl with the *piquant nez retroussé* with all the power of which my strong right arm is capable! I pledge her in bumpers of sparkling apollinaris water, or insidious raspberry acid, filled to the brim, and I pray that if I ever change my bachelor estate for that of a happy benedict and paterfamilias, and should I, like the German baron, have ten daughters and no son, everyone of those girls may have "tip-tilted" noses. GEOFFREY.

Some Old Wish.  
"James, I wish you were a spiritualist."  
"Why, my own?"  
"So that you might materialize a seal-skin sacque for me this winter."—*Boston Gazette*.

"Isn't it strange how fond the ladies are of French styles?" asked Trotter.  
"It is, indeed," replied Passifer. "Why, only today I read of three women, in different parts of the country, who committed suicide by taking Paris green."—*Inter Ocean*.

Wonderful Words! Beautiful Words.  
When Professor Morse returned from Europe to America in 1844, he proceeded at once to Washington to induce the House of Representatives to grant an appropriation of \$30,000 for the completion of a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. The matter was then referred to the Senate for final action, and on the last night of the session it was passed. Morse was informed of the result of the vote by Miss Ellsworth who had greatly assisted him by her influence. The line was completed, and Miss Ellsworth had Morse's promise that she would have the privilege of sending the first message. Morse had business in New York, and had just money enough left to pay his expenses there and back. On his return he at once sent for Miss Ellsworth and after ascertaining that the line was in order he asked her what message he would send for her; she immediately replied: "What Hath God Wrought!" Words that ought to be written in characters of living light.

Since that time the great telegraphic system has been a boon, and a source of priceless value to the world. Paine's Celery Compound came to the rescue of the sick and perishing at a time when it was greatly needed. Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L.L.D., gave to the world and to its suffering ones, a remedy for the stay of disease and death, which it never had before. It held out to the weak, nervous, and less victim the beautiful motto: "Use and Find Life;" and those who had faith and used it, were restored to their friends and made whole in mind and body.

Since its introduction thousands in all lands have been restored to health and strength, to sing its praises and to recommend it to others.

Sufferer, from whatever form of nervous disease you may suffer, use Paine's Celery Compound; it possesses today the same healing powers, as in the days of its great originator. It will cleanse and thoroughly invigorate the whole system, and give a tone and vim to the body which will enable you to sleep well, and live happy.—*Advt.*

The Irish Girl Outwitted the Cat.  
A New York gentleman has a very valuable Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind, that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has been rubbed on her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "I give me the medicine and some lard, and I warrant she'll be aiting all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease, and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean, and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."—*Boston Post*.

The New Tariff on Eggs.  
Some one has advised the Canadian egg raisers to get the eggs from their hens when they command high prices in Boston and New York; and then they won't feel that extra five cents a dozen which the new tariff imposes.

We think we hear them reply, "well that's pretty poor comfort when the hens and pullets lay instead of laying, are simply rubbed around looking and asking for more corn." Please keep in mind if you feel this much corn you won't get an egg, the is a fact.

If we could only get an egg a day or even every other day at this season we would soon get rich, says many a party who keep hens. John T. Porter, of Stratford, Pa., offers hints to such that they might profitably.

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VOL. III COVAY W

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