

# The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 3.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

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**THE GREAT FLOOD.**

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THIS YEARS FRESHETS.

How the ice starts—Grand Falls and Falls at St. John during Freshet time.

"The highest since 1854" were the words spoken by an ancient resident of Indian town as he peered down Main street to the river the other day on the waste of waters and rubbish beyond. The freshet of last year overflowed the wharves and that of the year before rose so suddenly as to carry away the main river bridge at Florenceville and numerous other bridges throughout the country. This year's freshet has however, outdistanced all competitors, and is beyond doubt the highest on record, and will leave behind it a longer tail of disaster than any of its predecessors. Not only has the river overflowed its banks and deluged the country during its entire length, but it has spread far beyond its usual highest limits and swept away houses, barns and bridges by the score. A high freshet was looked for, but hardly as high as has been experienced. Wise farmers along the river prepared for the coming rise of water, but the rise when it came far exceeded their expectations and the most thoughtful will be heavy losers. A peculiarity of the freshet is that it has been produced almost entirely by melting snow. Had there been a heavy rain one day during the past week the result would have been even more disastrous, while a high wind would have worked even greater havoc.

The immediate results of the freshet have been to entirely paralyze the river trade and to bring serious loss to the inhabitants of the river district. Railroad travel has been practically prevented for over a week, and the river boats have only been able to carry light freights and few passengers. The mail service has been badly treated; and indeed every department of trade has been interfered with. What the future results of this abnormally high freshet will be can scarcely be imagined. That the people of the river district will be greatly poorer and their losses to stock, both by tide and exposure will be large cannot be doubted. Fortunately there are but few parts of the river district which beyond the intervals have not high lands where the farmers and their stock can seek shelter. Our river is not like the Ohio and Mississippi which when they overflow their banks, deluge districts miles beyond their limits. There the bottom lands are actually lower than the river, and the only hope of the people during the spring floods is in their rafts and boats. Our people can always protect their lives and property on the high lands beyond the intervals. But camping out on a cold May night under the blue canopy of heaven is not pleasant. On the contrary it is highly uncomfortable. Many thought have been obliged rather to remain in the top floor of their own homes with six feet of water in their parlors to content themselves under a temporary lean-to built of spruce or fir. Another good feature of this flood is that the rise has been gradual. It did not come like a thief in the night carrying everything before it, but gradually and surely the water rose until it invaded all but the highest ground round about.

The departure of the ice under the influence of the warm sun of spring is a magnificent spectacle. Watching the ice running is one of the early spring sights of the river. In the morning men and sometimes teams cross the stream over Jack Frost's bridge while in the afternoon open water, obstructed only by ice floes, separate one river bank from the other. What mysterious cause starts the apparently solid ice out of the river can scarcely be imagined, but often when the ice bridge is complete from shore to shore there will be sounds of cracking and the whole mass of ice will move down stream a dozen or twenty feet. There it will hang perhaps for an hour when another grinding crashing sound will be heard, and then more suddenly than before, the ice will begin to move—sometimes ten feet—sometimes twenty. But now the grinding sound is continuous, and for as far as the eye can reach the ice begins to break up and to move slowly down stream. In a week not a vestige of the winter ice bridge remains. Then follows the freshet caused by the melting snows generally aided by high winds.

There are several points of unusual interest along the river during freshet time. Perhaps the most interesting point is Grand Falls. Always imposing

and beautiful the Grand Falls are simply superb in freshet time. The water, which in the summer season, falls directly over the cliff seems, at freshet time, to form a slope of nearly half a mile in length. The gorge so deep and grand at midsummer sun, at the present season, is compared to nothing save an immense boiling cauldron. There is possibly no other place in the world to which it can be compared. The river above smooth and placid, is filled with logs which float rapidly on to the edge of the precipice and plunge and rear sometimes for the entire distance on end. A thousand logs sometimes take the plunge almost simultaneously, and as they disappear and reappear on the surface of the foaming stream they present a unique spectacle, and one that causes one witnessing it for the first time to shudder. The roar of the falls at all times great is simply hideous at flood time. It is not the rumbling sound of falling water so much like a pleasant chant, but can only be compared to the rolling thunder of the heavens. Always interesting, Grand Falls is a more than usually attractive place to visit during the early spring months.

The effect on the falls at the mouth of the St. John. Those reversible falls whom everybody regards as one of the great wonders of Canada is also grand. The water swollen to twice its natural volume rushes and roars through the gorge covering its surface with thick foam. The whirlpools below the bridge seem to absorb all the drift wood that comes within their grasp. A bunch of drift wood and logs which seem to be going down stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour is caught in the edge of the whirlpool and drawn rapidly into its vortex where they disappear to be seen no more. Where they go to none can tell but they seem to strike bottom and then rise once more to the surface some distance below. But logs often remain under water for an hour before coming to the surface again.

The practical results of the freshet are far from good, but the spectacular effects along many parts of the river are grand in the extreme.

**O'BRIEN DESCRIBED.**

A Roscote Picture of the Well Known Agitator.

A London cablegram to a New York exchange gives the following rose colored picture of William O'Brien, the Irish agitator—"He is best remembered in parliament as the central figure of one of the great bitter scenes which Ireland has forced upon the legislative history of the country. He was the first victim of closure. It was something more than two years ago that Mr. Gladstone resolved to apply that now deplored rule to the House for the purpose of putting down the Nationalists. After he had done the deed and the House was ringing with the intermingled yells of triumph from the Liberal and Tory and of scorn from the Irish benches, the shrill voice of William O'Brien hissed out through the tumult at Mr. Gladstone. "We'll remember this to you in Ireland!" Mr. Gladstone arose, pale and shamefaced, and moved that Mr. O'Brien be suspended. Of course, the motion was carried. The Speaker ordered O'Brien to retire. The member for Malloreus with serious countenance, and said, in the hearing of the entire House: "Certainly, Mr. Speaker, with far greater pleasure than I ever entered it." He consented reluctantly to keep a seat in the body until defeated in the last election in a close Orange constituency, and since then he has refused to accept any of the vacancies.

William O'Brien is a splendid type of the Irish idealist, who brings the passion of the patriot and the charms of the literary man into practical politics. He was born in the dingy town of Mallore, the birthplace of the Protestant revolutionist, Thomas Davis, and to-day contends with that hero, whom he much resembles in intellectual make-up, for the tenderest place in the Irish heart after Parnell. He is not 40 years of age, and is the sole survivor of a family, every other member of which has been hurried to the grave by consumption. He is physically slight, with reddish hair and complexion and delicate features which suggest a mixture of the Roman and the Dane. He is college bred, and master of a style keen, polished, and passionate. He began life as a reporter on the Freeman's Journal, and when the cloud began to lower, in 1880, his pen described the famine scenes in the South and West with such marvellous vividness as to force the truth upon the attention of the country. His visits to many of the sea coast and inland districts were made in a rude boat often at the risk of his life.

In parliament, docile to Parnell, but burning with impatience, O'Brien made a mark on the few occasions when the tactics of the wary Irish leader enabled him to lose himself upon the foe. His style in speaking was exactly his style

in writing. His sentences cut like so many stilettes. Inclusive, refined, delicate, his physical feebleness, confessed, in a weak and hoarse voice, his mental strength and fervor of spirit never failed to compel attention and arouse respect. Healy was hated in those days for his audacity, O'Brien for his fierce earnestness. He never decended to snavity. He never deprecated or faltered. He spoke with such defiant sincerity that on more than one occasion the Orange bullies were exasperated to the verge of personal assault. All the enemies of home rule were profoundly relieved when they heard he would not return to the Parnellite benches. He was as much needed in Ireland as Parnell at Westminster. The troubles of that afflicted country are due as much to intrigue at Rome as to British bigotry among fanatical Irishmen.

To William O'Brien is due, more than to all other public men in the Nationalist party, the final rout of English cabals at the Vatican and the rapidly growing spirit of manlike brotherhood which has been engendered between Protestant and Catholic leaders on the home rule question. Of profoundly religious feelings, it is understood that he was bent upon entering the monastic state a few years ago, and was dissuaded by the entreaties of friends, who pointed out to him that his country required an active life in her service. As indifferent to fate as the soldier who has grown familiar with peril, as enthusiastic in the cause of home rule as Peter the Hermit was for the holy sepulchre, he has worn himself away for his land. Although Parnell allotted a proper salary to the post of editor of United Ireland, O'Brien draws from its receipts only enough to live in frugal bachelor quarters. When American friends sent him \$5,000 to meet the expenses arising out of his driving moral monsters from Dublin Castle, he used exactly the portion of it necessary to the cancelling of his legal obligations, and sent the remainder to the Protestant preacher and the Catholic priest of Mallore for the relief of actual want. Inactively considerate of religious sentiments of those not of his faith, he carried an Orange constituency once, and could do it again if he chose. Clear in his understanding of Catholic theology, he met Cardinal Simon's assaults upon Parnell with such intrepid grace and consummate tact as to make a Walsh the successor of a McEale.

**How Some People Live.**

One of the highest salaried workmen in Chicago is an expert safe-opener employed by a large safe and lock manufacturing company there. He was once a well-known burglar, but reformed when released from the penitentiary a few years ago. He then secured employment with the firm under heavy bonds, and has been with them ever since.

The chief industry of Kibour, Wis., is the exportation of the trailing arbutus. The flowers are made into bouquets, the stems being wrapped in moist cotton and tinfoil. They are then placed in boxes and mailed to all parts of the United States, including the South and California, arriving there as fresh and fragrant as when gathered in the woods of Wisconsin.

A citizen of Pasadena, Cal., kept the wolf from the door during the winter by furnishing the village druggist with all the burned toads he could capture. Altogether he brought in several thousand and received good pay for them. What the druggist wanted with them nobody else knows, but he is supposed to have utilized the oil extracted from them in the manufacture of a patent medicine.

Two men of Burnett, Wis., have trapped 3,000 muskrats and 65 mink at Hinton Marsh this winter. They were paid 11 cents apiece for the muskrat skins and sometimes received 21 each the mink skins. Their receipts last season were \$800. Other trappers on the Wolf River, in Wisconsin, have been equally successful. One trapper caught 166 muskrats in a week and sold the skins in Oshkosh for 18 cents a piece.

**A Tattooed Princess.**

[Philadelphia Press.] The Queen of Denmark has become, like the Princess of Wales, very deaf, and, debarred from the pleasure of listening to music. Her Majesty spends much time in dainty needlework and letter-writing. She has quite a German passion for etiquette, which keeps those not of her family and entourage at a distance. It is said that she does not approve of the gay manners of the young Princess Waldemar, her daughter-in-law, who was one of the Orleans princesses, and who has a much greater taste for sylvan sports than needlework, and becomes restive under a maternal lecture on dignity of manners. The Princess wishes very much to go on a long voyage with Prince Waldemar, in compliment to whom she tattooed naval emblems on her pretty arm.

**PAVING THE STREETS.**

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE AT ONCE.

Scandalous Condition of Prince William Street—Other Streets in Need of Repair.

The Common Council, at a meeting some time since, passed a resolution to the effect that it was desirable to pave certain of the city streets. It is an old proverb that men learn slowly and this is quite as true of the men of St. John as of other portions of the world. For years the Common Council, and while a majority of the rate-payers elect them from year to year, its members must be supposed to represent the combined wisdom of the city and its people, have wasted money on gravel sidewalks and macadamized roads. Before asphalt was tried for sidewalks the citizens said such walks were altogether too expensive. Now it is found that had the city been fortunate enough to have tried such walks before, large quantities of money would have been saved the rate-payers. After the city had been putting down asphalt walks for years, it was ascertained that they cost very little more than gravel walks in the first place and less than plank walks, while in wear they are much superior. A plank walk made of Bay Spruce full of knots, which cause needless profanity, will last as long as a smoother asphalt. But most people prefer the asphalt rather than a combination of knots and spikes. And as the experiment with asphalt has proved the economy of such walks so would the experiment with paved streets also prove an economy.

The Prince William Street pavement has been cited the uselessness and expense of paved streets. But everybody who knows anything about civic management is aware the Prince William Street pavement is no fair criterion to judge by. It was laid in 1876 by a contractor who made a heap of money out of it. In fact three times the length of a street could easily have been paved for the same amount of money. Then again, the pavement has never had a fair show. It was almost ruined by the fire of 1877 and has never been repaired properly since. Now that the council has decided to pave, at least, some of the streets, it would only be proper to tear up this rotten and worn out pavement and lay it with wooden blocks again. The expense would, comparatively speaking, be only nominal. At present the street is in a disgraceful condition, and quite merits the profanity of everybody who has ever trodden over it in a carriage, coach or sloven. There are other streets that should also be paved. Take Dook Street for instance. When the street railway runs through Dook and Mill Streets it will be anything but a pleasant drive way for trucks or carriages. There is a large amount of traffic over this street, and if the city is really desirous of finding out how long a wooden pavement will last Dook Street is the place to try. Should the council determine to make the experiment it will be a step in the right direction, provided the cost is paid directly out of the street assessment. If, on the other hand, it is decided to do the work and sell bonds to pay for it when done the experiment will not be any more likely to succeed than did the Prince William Street pavement scheme. The asphalt walks have all been laid without increasing the city debt.

**ABOUT HUMORISTS.**

Casey Tap the Humorist Reviewed by His Friend Clarence.

I am glad that somebody has picked enough to take up the cudgels for the humorists. The humorists are a woefully misunderstood class, partly through their own fault, partly because of the profane readers on the daily press and mainly because there are so many of the species indigenous to the soil that in the general bulk of humor with which our everyday life teems, some particular humorist is not particularly noticed. This is well for the humorist. It is conducive to his health. I notice in a late issue of the Jury that Casey Tap, a young and delicate friend of mine who hides his identity beneath that non-de-plume, explains to the public just what a humorist is and how he feels. He says that humorists don't go about with a broad grin on their face proclaiming their avocation to the world, and that they wear a sort of a perfunctory melancholy look-at-me-and-die kind of an aspect. Why shouldn't they Casey? Self protection is at the bottom of the whole business. All night long mayhap that young humorist has hunted

ed through files of old papers and has then written his gag in a hurried hand, as though they were coming hot pressed from his mighty brain. With all the danger of detection why shouldn't he be wary and circumspect. He knows that murder will out and he fears that if he even looks funny he may be suspected. His innate sense of guiltiness makes him feel queer, and that's what makes him look sad. Men do not look the opposite of their calling, friend Casey as you suggest. To see a sad, sorrow looking chap in these days is no criterion that he is a humorist. He may be a bank-depositor or he may be a disappointed office clerk. There are sad looking men in our jails and in our almshouses and yet the world knows them not as humorists. One of the saddest looking men I ever saw was an end man in a circle at a recent entertainment, and nobody dared accuse him of being funny. Another was the Count de Bugtown as he watched the henery which contained specimens that he had gathered from the best corps of the adjoining country go floating up on the boiling waters, and he was not humorous to an appreciative degree. The general rule is against my friend. A man's occupation leaves its mark upon him. There is no mistaking a clergyman or a sailor. You may dress them as you please. You may see the clergyman playing poker in a car, but you know that he is a soul-saver by profession, even while he holds cards up under his cuffs, or you may get the sailor in a monstache and a cane and a pair of knickerbockers and dress him as a duke, but he will be followed by the boarding-house keeper who has shang-haiing designs upon him. Everybody can point out an undertaker at sight, and you instinctively clutch for your pocket book when meet a lawyer. Do not deceive yourself Casey. You may look just as innocent as a burglar when he pleads not guilty or as green as the vernal spring, but you are recognized. We know you. We point you out to our little ones, and we sorrow to think how many of our young ladies who use your articles to frizz their hair little dream what makes you sad looking when you pass them by. This city, Casey, is no place for a humorist. There are so many sad looking men in it that a humorist isn't noticed, but I know you. Don't be said at heart. It is no disgrace to be funny. It is better to be funny and not to be known than never to have been funny at all.

**How It Was Settled.**

One of the cases on the Merrimack county (N. H.) docket, at the last term of court, was settled in a way not recognized in law, perhaps, but one more economical than a trial by jury. The Concord Monitor says the suit involved several hundred dollars, but before the case came to trial the parties to the suit were brought together by their counsel to talk the matter over. As a result they came within \$25 of settlement, but nearer than that the efforts of their counsel could not bring them.

"I'll play you a game of high-low-jack to see whether you pay my client that extra \$25 or he takes what you offer," at length suggested one of the plaintiff's counsel to the defendant.

"I'll do it," was the ready response and in five minutes all hands were on their way to a club room in the city.

It is said the lawyer's humor trembled as he played his cards, while his opponent took it coolly, but at any rate the lawyer won the game, and got the \$25 for his client.

**Boots Rush In, &c.**

(St. Paul Globe.) A big, burly Westerner jostled against a tall, well-built young man with a light monstache in the Nicollet House yesterday. The young man tried to get out of the others way, but unfortunately he struck the Western man's foot.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man with the light monstache. "Excuse my awkwardness."

"Confound your stupidity," the Westerner burst forth. "Why in—can't you be more careful. I've a good notion to break your head. A man like you ought to be thrashed and I ought to do it."

The young man merely bowed his head and moved away.

"Who is that fellow," asked the Westerner of Clerk Shafer.

"That's Pat Killen, who is matched to fight Sullivan," was the reply.

The Westerner was not visible the remainder of the day.

**And the Boothe Gets Into the Pants.**

(Chicago Tribune.) Boy—Father, is "pants" a good word? Parent—It has been trying to get into the language a long time, my son, but I believe the best judges prefer the word trousers.

Boy—How does it happen that this word "booth" was adopted in all the papers as soon as it came out? Parent—Booth, my son, is a different thing. It can force its way anywhere.

THE HAND AND THE FOOT.

MRS. SHEEWOOD DEFENDS BOSTON FROM MR. RIDDLE'S IMPUTATIONS.

The Boston Foot Naturally small and Beautiful—Americans Notable for Shapely Feet and Extremities.

(Special Correspondence.)

We have had so much to do with hands this winter, they have been so mapped and described, that it is rather pleasant to have the feet mentioned, even if in so uncomplimentary a manner as that remark of Mr. George Riddle, which has gone round the world, that the "Boston foot is proverbially large." This is a queer statement for an artist to make who has gotten up so many Greek plays and who has done his costuming so well as has Mr. Riddle.

The Boston foot is hereditarily small, as are all American feet. On a glass case in Paris, where the best slippers and boots are made for the feminine foot, stands a very beautiful plaster model of the foot of a Boston woman, so small, so delicate, with an instep so high that the water runs under it. The ankle is especially admired by artists, as a sort of race-horse delicacy of articulation is combined with race-horse strength of tendon. It is the foot and ankle of a thoroughbred creature, and fulfills all the conditions of the sculptor's needs.

"The American foot is paved away beyond all the lasts," says a foreign shoemaker, and he adds, "They are the most particular ladies to fit." We should think so, as we read what one bride demands for her trousseau—

Slippers of cream-colored kid stitched with pink silk, clasped over the instep with pink velvet bows embroidered in pearls beads.

House slippers of brazen kid, with gold embroidery let in, looped over the instep with brazen bands and broad gold buckles.

Double-soled walking boots in kid, with calf uppers, buttons at the side.

House shoes of shell-figured velvet and silk matelasse, lined with quilted silk and fastened across the instep with bows of beaded satin.

French kid walking boots, with leaved uppers of black French Sicilienne, a box toe and a heel.

Ball shoes in white satin, with Louis XV. barette and heel, the barette trimmed with plisses and bows of satin; same trimming ornaments for the toe.

Slippers of glossy kid, trimmed with a silk Alasatin bow and steel buckle.

Charles IX. slippers in glossy kid, with several barettes, the edges embroidered in white and lined with colored kid; Louis XV. heel.

Half a dozen pairs of black satin slippers, with Maria Antoinette heels and bows.

Now, no woman who had not a very pretty foot would need so many different kinds of slippers. She would have no such contact with the ages, the reigns, the royal house of France if she had a "proverbially" large or heavy foot. Unfortunately, women of the present century are injuring their health—even their eyesight—by wearing too high heels, which the French appropriately call talons.

Those distinguished oculists, Dr. Loring Dr. Derby, will not treat a patient who persists in wearing high heels; they say that it throws out of place every organ of the body. Now the beautiful American foot is more frequently encased in a good, strong boot than formerly. Many women wish to preserve health and good complexion by taking out-of-door exercise; so the strong foot-covering is coming into fashion. "Hoops, farthingales and high-heeled shoes," together with tight lacing, have received the approval of physicians and caricaturists for ages without losing a particle of their popularity. Indeed, tight lacing in London is at its highest. No one can wait for procession which wends its way along the Park, the famous Rotten Row, of a Sunday without seeing that waists are tied in almost to breathlessness, and there is an unhealthy pallor, perhaps the result of this tight lacing, which spreads over the roses of England. The Journal of Health, has, however, a long article on the dangerous fashion of deadening the skin with bismuth powder. One of the first physicians of England writes that the "poor skin has been patched and rouged and stained with antimony and now is covered with bismuth." It is curious that amongst savages and also the highest class of civilized beings, the skin, that most important window of the body, is systematically stopped up with cosmetics.

Many moralists in England refer this passing fancy for pale faces to the pictures of Mr. Bunce Jones, to the "Greenery-gallery Grosvenor Gallery," morbid school of coloring; but one must despair in the attempt to detect anything like order in the sudden vagaries of fashion.

Beauty may be but skin deep, but in this thin covering lies much of the physical charm of humanity, and great is the crime of choking the pores with bismuth, or any other foreign substance. There are still enough well-washed English faces and well-kept and comely English hands, and always the beautifully kept English finger-nails to keep up the tradition, at least, that the Anglo-Saxon people are the cleanest in the world.

The American hand is smaller than the English hand, but the nails are not

as handsome. The English nails are almost universally rosy and shell-like, and, cut to a rounded, slightly tapering point, kept always scrupulously clean. The skin at the base is pushed back to show the onyx, a little white half-moon. This onyx is carefully cultivated and polished by the crochets of New Orleans, to show that they have no black blood in their veins. No matter how fair the complexion, the valuable insignia of pure blood is wanting to the octocroon if the onyx is clouded. With persons who employ a manicure the onyx develops every day more and more.

With those who are careless of this precious gem of a beautiful hand the onyx is sometimes completely hidden. It is always observable in a well-kept English hand.

The American nail suffers from the dryness of our climate, as a foreign picture painted on panel suffers from the same cause.

Since the science of reading character by handwriting has come in it is said that the care taken of the finger-nails affects the handwriting. The long, almond-shaped nail is a great support to the middle finger, which guides the pen. It is said that people with imagination are apt to have long-taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. They have a handwriting in which the long up-strokes cut into the lines above and beneath them. The heads of their capital letters are large. This handwriting shows order and impulse. When it has a marked downward movement this handwriting shows a tendency to melancholy. An aptitude for criticism is shown among people who bite their nails. These people are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter; they write a small, cramped, illegible hand. The good-natured critics are said to possess small, well-shaped nails, and their handwriting is somewhat angular.

Diplomacy has a long, supple hand and a beautifully kept finger-nail. The handwriting of a diplomatist looks like a snake crawling away.

The Chinese have finger-nails so long that they could write with them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not easily break, would indicate that they have more lime in their bones than we have.

White hands with rosy palms, so beloved of our grandmothers, have gone out of fashion. There are those, however, who still prefer the pretty hand to the brown and knotty hand, of which our sportsmen, like gay ladies, are so proud.

The fashion of playing games, without gloves, such as lawn-tennis, archery, boating, rowing, ball, the habit of walking gloveless through the country in a hot summer, the exposure to the salt sea air, has brought the feminine hand, once so carefully cared for, to the complexion which Shakespeare derides when he says: "She hath a leathern hand"—would think that her old gloves were on it."

At the same time that these leathern, brown hands are fashionable and the palm hardened, even corrugated with the callousness caused by use of the mallet, and the ear, great attention is paid to the nails which the modern manicure cuts, polishes, rosates, and adds to them a gem-like polish.

One would think, since the science of palmistry has become so favorite a pastime, and if there be only a step between divination and prophecy, that the cicating formed by an oar or a ball but would confuse the lines of long life, large fortune, one husband or more, so that the old fashion of sleeping in chicken-skin gloves would come back again.

A soft hand is very comforting to the sick, and a child who is alling loves the cool hand of his mother on his head. It is a marvellous poultice for his aches and pains.

As an object to kiss a white and well-kept hand is very important. The kiss of respect should be imprinted on the hand. It is a Continental fashion still and might be well introduced on our shores. The hand is, after all, the natural member to salute. The nerves of our arms are most highly developed in the fingers, and the charm of the hand is its grasping power, which enables the giver to denote every shade of cordiality, to vary the salute to pleasure. There is everything in the hand. It has a cunning freemasonry. If only two fingers are extended, if no prehensile thumb completes the manoeuvre, farewell to cordiality. If a strong hand catches a weak one and gives it a grip which mashes the bones, farewell to friendship. Let the hand shake be warm, cordial and gentle—the just milieu of salutation.

The French rarely shake hands and only with intimate friends. They often give the left hand as nearer the heart, "la main du coeur" they call it. On the Continent the etiquette of hand-shaking is observed with delicacy. No man should assume to shake hands with a lady unless she extends her hand first. It is the privilege of a superior to offer a hand. In a ballroom there is no shaking of hands. The more public the place of introduction the less hand-shaking takes place. Still among effusive foreigners, both hands are frequently extended to old friends.

The Irish hand among the peasantry who labor from the cradle to the grave is almost universally small and well-shaped. It is a Milesian trait; whether potatoes, bog-trotting, poor-living, political disturbance, shillalabs and damp climate improve the hand we know not, but the Irish lass has a pretty hand. No matter

how much they cook, wash or dig, the knuckles seldom grow to be large and prominent as in the English hand.

The American hand is sinewy, and, as we have observed, does not follow the example of the American foot in being beautiful. No doubt the accomplishments are somewhat trying to the hand, such as playing the harp, the zither, the guitar, the banjo. The nails of a musician are apt to betray him. There is an eccentricity peculiar to the handwriting of executive musicians as witnessed in that of Beethoven. But this need not be attributable wholly to the use of the use of the hand.

Chaucer commends his gentle Princess for her white hand and taper fingers and the cleanly fashion in which she dined. Now-a-days the modern belle has the finger-bowl to help her, and she can cleanse her fingers after an olive in a bowl of rosewater.

It is a curious contradiction that a man takes care of his hand as he drives, runs or plays ball or cricket, wearing a thick dogskin glove. The Prince of Wales covers his hand from sun and wind, then goes to a ball with his rosy fingers uncovered, except by rings.

A young woman, on the contrary, exposes her hand to wind and sun and rain. She hardens it with the recklessness of a prize-fighter, and when she goes to a ball she covers it with a glove. This is not the way her predecessor belle has done in the past ages of the world. "The hand of a duchess" has passed into a proverb. The old novelists always give their heroines white hands; the poets are devoted to white hands and rosy palms.

Expressive hands are, perhaps, better than pretty hands, and useful hands are better than either; but young girls who are poetry and romance combined should not allow their hands to grow too brown and rugged. It is a strange freak of fashion, for if they were Joan of Arc, and had to labor in the fields, they would look regretfully at those brown and callous hands. However, work is what you are obliged to do, and amusement, however hard, is what you choose to do, so there is all the difference in the world.

As it is, however, the brown hand of an athlete is worth a dozen of the creamy hands of an idler, so we prefer the present habits of our athletic girls. If they cannot be both healthy and happy and have white hands, too, we throw up our hands.

We must ask Mr. Riddle, however, to rescind his remark. The Boston foot large! The Boston foot heavy! The Boston foot unjust! Why, how does the graceful Greek know on whose foot he may be reading? It is a widespread injustice, a thing all at "sixes and sevens," when Boston women rarely exceed "three and a half!"

"What number do you wear?" asks Chicken Hazard, in Punch's travesty of "Foul Play."

"Eighty in the shade!" answered the young lady mistaking his question.

Let Mr. Riddle confine himself to hexameters and Alexandrines, but let him be a paragon of those feet to which he should be addressing sonnets—those feet at which he must now forever kneel in graceful fiction for forgiveness.

Mrs. JOHN SHEEWOOD.

The Belles of Janesville.

(Chicago Herald.)

"In Janesville, Wis., the other day, said a commercial traveller, 'I saw on the streets two beautiful young women. Their forms were perfect, their costumes tasteful, their features almost classic and their complexion immaculate. Their gloves would come back again.'

"Who are they?" I inquired of the landlady.

"Everybody asks that question," he replied. "Those girls create somewhat of a sensation every time they appear on the street. They are the belles of the town, and have been pronounced by many of the handsomest women in Wisconsin. They are sisters, and their father is a negro as black as a lump of Lackawanna coal."

Progress of Social Reform.

(Philadelphia News.)

The proposition of the Society for the Protection of Cross-eyed, Knock-kneed and Freckled-face Girls to found a College for Typewriters, to which none but its proteges shall be admitted, commends itself to every benevolent mind. It is time pretty girls, who can get plenty of husbands to earn their livings for them, stopped trespassing on the perquisites of their plainer sisters. And masculine human nature can but be grateful for this merciful provision against the temptation every man feels at some time or other in his literary career to kiss his pretty typewriter when she laughs at just the right moment.

A Real English Tandy.

(London Society.)

A Birmingham resident has purchased the cup and saucer used by Her Majesty at table on the occasion of her late visit. The price he paid was, of course, a fancy one, and the now sacred crockery has been on view in New street, where crowds have flocked to see the simple white and gold relics which the silly purchaser is to hand down as a heirloom to his family and which are to be carefully kept unwashed, since they were sanctified by the touch of royal lips and fingers. A dirty cup and saucer sacred! What are we coming to?

Read The Saturday Gazette.

FEMALE BLACKMAILERS.

Bad Women Who Prey Upon the Fears of Men.

Men who have been blackmailed by disreputable females do not publicly complain, and thus women of that class prey on society almost with impunity, writes a New York correspondent. A clergyman up town paid blackmail for a long time before he invoked the aid of his friends. A merchant paid blackmail once when a woman thrust herself into his private office and threatened to scream if he did not. He never paid again, for he gave strict orders not to admit the woman. Many merchants and bankers refuse to see a woman until she has stated her business in full to a clerk. This rule protects many millionaires from the wiles of these sharks. In smaller offices such a rule is not so practicable. Broken have often been victimized. These women do not attempt to extort money at once. They act modestly at first and merely endeavor to sell the book or picture, but after a few visits have been made they try to wheedle money out of the broker for alleged family necessity, or they threaten to put themselves in compromising positions and scream if money is not given to them. They threaten to go to wives and sweethearts, and marriage, it is well known, have been broken off where the blackmailer has borrowed a child, and thus presented seemingly indisputable evidence against her victim. Innocent men pay blackmail the most readily. The man of loose morals often prefers a hopeless case to the would-be blackmailer. He laughs her to scorn, and threatens to kick her out of his office if she does not leave at once. She leaves. One of the most bare faced cases of blackmailing that I ever heard of was that of a Wall street broker, who received a note apparently in the handwriting of a business associate to call on him at his room in one of the most fashionable hotels of New York. He entered the room, and the door was at once closed and locked by a man of stalwart build, compared to whom the broker was a signy to a Titan. A woman in dishebbled staid a few feet off. "This will cost you \$15,000," remarked the swindler coolly. The stock operator, who moved in good society, surrendered at once. He had \$5,000 with him, and wrote a check for \$10,000. Then he left. He paid the check. After the door closed on a man and woman alone it is in the power of the woman to make any assertion which she pleases; society is ready to believe the worst, and thus the blackmailer flourishes.

ARISTOCRATIC CRIMINALS.

How Chloroform is Used by High-Toned Parisian Thieves.

The chloroformists are justly considered the aristocracy of the French criminal classes. They are generally recruited from the ranks of the best and most highly educated classes of society, and their favorite fields of operation are the railway carriages and the hotels. They hang about the ticket office of one of the long railway lines until they catch a sight of the traveller who displays a well-filled pocket-book when he pays for his ticket. Then the chloroformist buys a ticket for the same place, enters the same compartment, gets into conversation with his victim and either invites him to partake of a lunch, which he produces from a well-stocked basket, or offers him an excellent cigar.

As these delicacies have all been "prepared" the victim soon drops off to sleep when the chloroformist opens a vial, which he generally keeps in his hat, hold it under the man's nose, and at the same time gently applies a sheet of fine parchment, the shape of a carnival mask, to exclude the fresh air. The victim being thus rendered entirely insensible, the operator empties the pocket-book of all money except a few notes of small value, leaving also coins and jewelry. Then he removes the parchment mask and leaves the train at the next station.

When the traveller awakens—he often dies under the operation—he instinctively looks to see if his watch, chain and coined money are all right, on finding himself alone, and does not usually take the trouble to examine his bag-bills, so that the thief has a chance of remaining undiscovered for several days.

All that the authorities can do when they find a corpse in a compartment with his coin and jewelry untouched is to attribute the death to natural causes, and, as a rule, they do not even insist on an autopsy.

It is a very startling fact that cases of sudden death in railway compartments have become exceedingly numerous during the last two years, and it is thought that this form of crime will continue to increase from year to year, owing to the immunity from punishment which the clever operators enjoy.

A case of this sort furnishes a portion of the foundation for Miss Florence Warden's readable tale. "A Prince of Darkness," though the chloroforming in the story was done in so clumsy a manner—in no impossible a manner, in fact—that any one but an idiot would have seen through the business on the spot.

Dealer: "Would you like to have a French clock?"

Mrs. Mulchay: "No, indeed, I don't want none of yer French clocks. It's an Irish clock that I can understand, that I want."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER!

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

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Warehouse: Masonic Building, 94 and 96 Germania Street.

A. EVERITT.

London House Retail.

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR FOURTH DELIVERY OF—

Black Astrachan Curl Cloths,

Which, being somewhat late in coming to hand, we are prepared to offer at lower rates than our previous parcels.

BEST VALUES THIS SEASON

ALSO, ONE CASE OF

All Wool Dress Suitings

From 32c. to 45c. per Yard.

LL USEFUL SELF AND MIXED COLORINGS IN

Checks, Stripes and Fancies.

J. W. BARNES & CO.

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SHEFFIELD HOUSE,

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Silver Plated and Solid Silver Ware.

We have an unusual Fine Stock in New and Rich Designs.

Gold and Silver Watches,

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Bronzes and Parian Ware,

Cutlery and Fancy Goods.

1 CASE FRENCH FANS & OPERA GLASSES JUST OPENED.

An Inspection of the Stock Respectfully Solicited.

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AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Cash Capital, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00

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Having lately been appointed agents for this company, with special facilities for carrying large lines, we are now prepared to accept Fire Risks at lowest current rates.

E. McLEOD, C. A. MACDONALD, } Associate General Agents.

JAMES T. GILCHRIST, } Sub-Agents.

FRED. G. KNOWLTON, }

**THE LATEST SLANG.**

A hang-up new phrase has reached here at last: All the other old "obscure" are things of the past. With the best of them all it will surely be called— "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

The street-car now stops, as it used to before. For the ladies who amply enter the door, and on taking their seats to the driver they roar. "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

'Twas the custom for curtains to rise with a bell. The think of which its own story did tell. But it's changed. Now the "gods" in the gallery yell. "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

"Are you ready," the Sheriff now says to the chap Who takes his last stand on the ominous trap. And a voice comes with firmness from under the cap. "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

In proposing to sweethearts you ask, "Will you dear?" And you stand like a stammerer in tremulous fear: But you know what the means when she screams in your ear. "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

When your time comes to die, as it comes to us all, Don't you care at the thought of the shroud and the pall. But whisper, on turning your face to the wall, "Let'er go, Gallagher!"

—[St. Paul Globe.]

**DAWN:**  
A NOVEL  
BY  
H. RIDER HAGGARD,  
AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER V.

Philip did not neglect to go to luncheon at Rewtham House, and a very pleasant luncheon it was; indeed, it would have been difficult for him to have said which he found the pleasantest—Maria's cheerful chatter and flattering preference, or Hilda's sweet and gracious presence.

After luncheon, at Maria's invitation, he gave Fraulein von Holtzhausen her first lesson in writing in English character, and to speak truth he found the task of guiding her fair hand through the mysteries of the English alphabet a by no means ungenial occupation. When he came away, his admiration of Hilda's blue eyes was more pronounced than ever, but on the other hand so was his conviction that he would be very foolish if he allowed it to interfere with his intention of making Maria Lee his wife.

He would drive two women thus in double harness must needs have a light hand and a ready lash, and it is certainly to the credit of Philip's cleverness that he managed so well as he did. For as time went on he discovered his position to be this. Both Hilda and Maria were in love with him, the former deeply and silently, the latter openly and ostensibly. Now, however gratifying this fact might be to his pride, it was in some way a thorny discovery, since he dared not visibly pay his attentions to either. For his part he returned Hilda von Holtzhausen's devotion to a degree that surprised himself, his passion for her burnt him like a fire, utterly searing away the traces of his former affection for Maria Lee. Under these circumstances, most young men of twenty-one would have thrown prudence to the winds and acknowledged, either by acts or words, the object of their love; but not so Philip, who even at this age was by no means deficient in the characteristic caution of the Caresfoot family. He saw clearly that his father would never consent to his marriage with Hilda, nor, to speak truth, did he himself at all like the idea of losing Miss Lee and her estates.

On the other hand, he knew Hilda's proud and jealous mind. She was no melting beauty who would sigh and submit to an affront, but for all her gracious ways, at heart a haughty woman, who, if she reigned at all, would reign like Alexander, unrivaled and alone. That she was well aware of her friend's tenderness for Philip the latter very shortly guessed; indeed, as he suspected, Maria was in the habit of confiding to her all her hopes and fears connected with herself, a suspicion that made him very careful in his remarks to that young lady.

The early summer passed away while Philip was still thinking over his position, and the face of the country was blushing with all the glory of July, when one afternoon he found himself, as he did pretty frequently, in the shady drawing-room at Miss Lee's. As he entered, the sound of voices told him that there were other visitors beside himself, and, as soon as his eyes had grown accustomed to light, he saw his cousin George, together with his partner Mr. Bellamy, and a lady with whom he was not acquainted. George had improved in appearance somewhat since he last saw him meeting with severe treatment at his cousin's hands. The face had filled up a little, with the result that the nose did not look so hooked, nor the thick lips so coarse and sensual. The hair, however, was as red as ever, and as for the small, light-blue eyes, they twinkled with the added sharpness and lustre that four years of such experience of the shady side of humanity as can be gathered in a lawyer's office is able to give to the student of men and manners.

So soon as Philip had said how-do-you-do to Maria and Hilda, giving to each a gentle pressure of the hand, George greeted him with warmth.

"How are you, Philip?" delighted to see

you; how is my uncle? Bellamy saw him this morning, and thought that he did not look well."

"I certainly did think, Mr. Philip," said the gentleman alluded to, a very young-looking, apple-faced little man with a timid manner, who stood in the background nervously rubbing his dry hands together, "I certainly did think that the squire looked aged when I saw him this morning."

"Well, you see, Mr. Bellamy, eighty-two is a good age, is it not?" said Philip, cheerfully.

"Yes, Mr. Philip, a good age, a very good age, for the next heir," and Mr. Bellamy chuckled softly somewhere down in his throat, and retreated a little.

"He is getting facetious," broke in George, "that marriage has done that for him. By the way, Philip, do you know Mrs. Bellamy? she has only been down here a fortnight, you know. What, not then you have a pleasure to come?" (raising his voice a little so that it might be heard at the other end of the room), "a very clever woman, and as handsome as she is clever."

"Indeed! I must ask you to introduce me presently, Mr. Bellamy. I only recently heard that you were married."

Mr. Bellamy blushed and twisted and was about to speak, when George cut in again.

"No, I daresay you didn't; sly dog, Bellamy, do you know what he did? I introduced him to the lady when we were up in town together last Christmas. I was dreadfully hard hit myself, I can assure you, and as soon as my back was turned he went and cut me out of the water—and turned my adored into Mrs. Bellamy."

"What are you taking my name in vain about, Mr. Caresfoot?" said a rich, low voice behind them.

"Bless me, Anne, how softly you move, you quite startle me," said little Mr. Bellamy, putting on his spectacles in an agitated manner.

"My dear wife, like an embodied conscience, should always be at her husband's shoulder, especially when he does not know it."

Bellamy made no reply, but looked as though the sentiment was one of which he did not approve; meantime the lady repeated her question to George, and the two fell into a bantering conversation.

Philip, having dropped back a little, had an opportunity of carefully observing Mrs. Bellamy, an occupation not without interest, for she was certainly worthy of notice.

About twenty years of age, and of medium height, her figure was so finely proportioned and so roomily made that it gave her the appearance of being taller than she really was. The head was set squarely on the shoulders, the hair was cut short, and clustered in ringlets over the low, broad brow; while the clearly carved Egyptian features and square chin gave the whole face a curious expression of resoluteness and power. The eyes were heavily lidded and grayish-green in hue, with enormously large dark pupils that had a strange habit of expanding and contracting without apparent reason.

Gazing at her, Philip was at a loss to know whether this woman so bizarrely beautiful fascinated or repelled him; indeed, neither then nor at any future time did he succeed in deciding the question. While he was still contemplating, and wondering how Bellamy of all people in the world had managed to marry such a woman, and what previous acquaintance George had had with her, he saw the lady whisper something to his cousin, who at once turned and introduced him.

"Philip," he said, "let me introduce you to the most charming lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Bellamy."

Philip bowed and expressed himself delighted, while the lady courted with a mixture of grace and dignity that became her infinitely well.

"Your cousin has often spoken to me of you, Mr. Caresfoot, but he never told me—" here she hesitated and broke off.

"What did he never tell you, Mrs. Bellamy? Nothing to my disadvantage, I hope."

"On the contrary, if you wish to know," she said, in that tone of flattering frankness which is sometimes so charming in a woman's mouth, "he never told me that you were young and handsome. I fancied you forty at least."

"I should dearly like to tell you, Mrs. Bellamy, what my cousin George never told me; but I won't for fear I should make Bellamy jealous."

"Jealously, Mr. Caresfoot, is a luxury that my husband is not allowed to indulge in; it is well for lovers, but what is a compliment in a lover becomes an impertinence in a husband. But, if I keep you here much longer, I shall be drawing the enmity of Miss Lee, and—yes, of Fraulein von Holtzhausen too, on to my devoted head, and, as that is the only sort of jealousy I have any fear of, or indeed any respect of, being as it is the expression of the natural abhorrence of one woman for another, I had rather avoid it."

Philip followed the direction of her sleepy eyes, and saw that both Miss Lee and Hilda appeared to be put out. The former was talking absently to Mr. Bellamy, and glancing continually in the direction of that gentleman's wife. The latter, too, while appearing to listen to some compliment from George, was gazing at Mrs. Bellamy with a curious look of dislike and apprehension on her face.

"You see what I mean; Fraulein von Holtzhausen actually looks as though she was afraid of me. Can you fancy any one being afraid of me, except my husband, of course?—for, as you know, when a woman is talking of men, her husband is always excepted. Come, we must be going; but, Mr. Caresfoot, bent a little nearer; if you will accept it from such a stranger, I want to give you a bit of advice—make your choice pretty soon, or you will lose them both."

"What do you mean—how do you mean?"

"I mean nothing at all, or just as much as you like; and for the rest I use my eyes. Come, let us join the others."

A few minutes later Hilda put down her work and, declaring that she felt hot, threw open the French window and went out into the garden, whether on some pretext or other, Philip followed her.

"What a lovely woman that is!" said Mrs. Bellamy, with enthusiasm, to Miss Lee, so soon as Philip was out of earshot. "Her tout ensemble positively kills me. I feel plain and dowdy as a milkmaid alongside of a Court-beauty when I am in the room with her. Don't you, Miss Lee?"

"Oh, I don't know, I never thought about it, but of course she is lovely and I'm plain, so there is no possibility of a comparison between us."

"Well, I think you rate yourself rather low, if you will allow me to say so, but most women would but 'poorly satisfy the sight' of a man when she was present. Men are different from women. If a man is faithful to one of us, it is only because no other woman of sufficient charm has come between him and us. You can never trust a man."

"What dreadful ideas you have."

"Do you think so? I hope not. I only speak what I have observed. Take the case of Fraulein von Holtzhausen, for instance. Did you not notice that while she was in the room the eyes of the gentlemen were all fixed upon her, and as soon as she leaves it one of them follows her, as the others would have done had they not been forestalled? One cannot blame them; they are simply following a natural law. Any other man would do the same where such a charming person is concerned."

"Certainly did not notice it; indeed, to speak the truth, I thought that they were more occupied with you."

"With me! why, my dear Miss Lee, I don't see up for being good-looking. What a strange idea. But I dare say you are right; it is only one of my theories based upon my own casual observations, and, after all, men are not a very interesting subject, are they? Let's talk of something more exciting—dresses, for instance."

But poor Maria was too uncomfortable and disturbed to talk of anything else, so she collapsed, into silence, and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy and George made their adieux.

Meanwhile Philip and Hilda had been walking leisurely down the shrubberies adjoining the house.

"Why have you come out?" she asked in German, a language he understood well.

"To walk with you. Why do you speak to me in German?"

"Because it is my pleasure to do so, and I never asked you to walk with me. You are wanted in the drawing-room, you had better go back."

"No, I won't go, Hilda, that is, not until you have promised me something."

"Do not call me Hilda, if you please. I am the Fraulein von Holtzhausen. What is it you want me to promise?"

"I want you to meet me this evening at nine o'clock in the summer-house."

"I think, Mr. Caresfoot, that you are forgetting a little, what is due to yourself—and to Miss Lee."

"What do you mean by due to Miss Lee?"

"Simply that she is in love with you, and that you have encouraged her in her affections; you need not contradict me, she tells me all about it."

"Nonsense, Hilda; if you will meet me to-night, I will explain everything; there is no need for you to be jealous."

She swept round him, tossing her head and stamping her dainty foot upon the gravel.

"Mr. Caresfoot," she said, "once and for all I am not jealous, and I will not meet you; I have too much respect for myself, and too little for you," and she was gone.

Philip's face, as he stood look after her, was not pleasant to see; it was very hard and angry.

"Jealous, is she, I will give her something to be jealous for, the proud minx," and in his vexation he knocked off the head of a carnation with his stick.

"Philip, what are you doing? those are my pet Australian carnations; at least, I think they are Australian. How can you destroy them like that?"

"All right, Maria, I was only plucking one for you; won't you put it in your dress? Where are the others?"

"They have all gone. Come in, it is hot out there, and tell me what you think of Mrs. Bellamy."

"I think she is very handsome and very clever. I wonder where Bellamy picked her up."

"I don't know, I wish he hadn't picked her up at all. I don't like her, she says unpleasant things, and, though I have only seen her three times, she seems to know all about me and everybody else. I am not very quick, but do you know just now I thought that she was insinuating that you were in love with Hilda; that's not true, is it, Philip? Don't think me forward if I ask you if that is true, and if I say that, if it is, it is better that I should know it. I shan't be angry, Philip," and the girl stood before him to await his answer, one hand pressed against her bosom to still the beating of her heart, while with the other she screened her blushing brow.

And Philip too stood face to face with her sweet self, with conscience, and with opportunity. "Now," whispered conscience, "is the time, before very much harm is done, now is the acceptable time to tell her all about it, and, while forbidding her love, to enlist her sympathy and friendship. It will be wrong to encourage her affection; when you ardently love another woman, you can not falter any more." "Now," whispered opportunity, shouldering conscience aside, "is the time to secure her, her love, and her possessions, and to reward Hilda for her pride. Do not sacrifice yourself to infatuation; to tell her about Hilda, it would only breed jealousy; you can settle it hereafterward. Take the goods the gods provide you."

All this and more passed through his mind, and he had made his choice long before the rich blood that mantled in the lady's cheek had sunk back to the true breast from whence it came.

Oh, instant of time born to color all eternity to thine own hue, for this man thou hast come and gone! Oh, fleeting moment, bearing desolation or healing on thy wings, how the angels, in whose charge lie the souls of men, must tremble and turn pale, as they mark thy flight through the circumstances of a man's existence, and thence taking thy secrets with thee, away to add thy faithful record to the records of the past!

He took her hand, the hand that was pressed upon her bosom.

"Maria," he said, "you should not get such ideas into your head. I admire Hilda very much, and that is all. Why, dear, I have always looked upon myself as half-engaged to you, that is, so far as I am concerned, and I have only been waiting till circumstances would allow me to do so, to ask you if you think me worth marrying."

For a while she made no reply, but only blushed the more; at last she looked up a little.

"You have made me very happy, Philip; that is all she said."

"I am very glad, dear, that you can find anything in me to like; but if you do care for me, and think me worth waiting for, I am going to ask something of your affection, I am going to ask you to trust me as well as to love me. I do not, for reasons that I will not enter into, but which I beg you to believe are perfectly straightforward, wish anything to be said of our engagement at present, not even to your friend Hilda. Do you trust me sufficiently to agree to that?"

"Philip, I trust you as much as I love you, and for years I have loved you with all my heart; and now, dear, please go, I want to think."

In the hall a servant gave him a note; it was from Hilda, and ran thus:

"I have changed my mind. I will meet you in the summer-house this evening. I have something to say to you."

Philip whistled as he read it.

"Devilish awkward!" he thought to himself, "if I am going to marry Maria, she must leave this; but I can not bear to part with her. I love her, I love her."

CHAPTER VI.

It was some time before Philip could make up his mind whether or no he would attend his tryst with Hilda. In the first place, he felt that it was an unsafe proceeding generally, inasmuch as moonlight meetings with so lovely a person might, should they come to the knowledge of Miss Lee, be open to misconstruction; and particularly because, should she show the least tenderness toward him, he knew in his heart that he could not trust himself, however much he might be engaged in another direction. At twenty-one the affections can not be outraged with impunity, but have an awkward way of asserting themselves, ties of honor notwithstanding.

But as a rule, when in our hearts we wish to do anything, that thing must be had indeed if we cannot find a satisfactory excuse for doing it; and so it was with Philip. Now, thought he to himself, would it be his opportunity to inform Hilda of his relations with Maria Lee, and put an end to his flirtation with her; for ostensibly, at any rate, it was nothing more than a very serious flirtation; that is to say, though there had been words of love, and even on her part a passionate avowal of affection, wrung in an unguarded moment from the depths of her proud heart, there had been no formal engagement. It was a thing that must be done, and now was the time to do it. And so he made up his mind to go.

But when, that night, he found himself sitting in the appointed place, and waiting for the coming of the woman he was about to discard, but whom he loved with all the intensity of his fierce nature,

he began to view the matter in other lights, and to feel his resolution cooling from him. Whether it was the silence of the place that told upon his nerves, strained, as they were, with expectation—for silence, and more especially silence by night, is a great unweaver of realities—or the dread of bitter words, or the presence of the sharp pang of parting—for he knew enough of Hilda to know that, what he had to say once said, she would trouble him no more—whether it was these things, or whatever it was that affected him, he grew most unaccountably anxious and depressed. Moreover, in this congenial condition of the atmosphere of his mind, all its darker and hidden characteristics sprang into a vigorous growth. Superstitions and pre-sentiments crowded in upon him. He peopled his surroundings with the shade of intangible deeds that yet awaited doing, and grew afraid of his own thoughts. He would have fled from the spot, but he could not fly; he could only watch the flicker of the moonlight upon the peaceful pool beside him, and—wait.

At last she came with quick and anxious steps, and, though but a few minutes before he had dreaded her coming, he now welcomed it eagerly. For our feelings, of whatever sort, when directed toward each other, are so superficial as compared with the intensity of our fears when we are terrified by calamity, or the presence, real or fancied, of the unknown, that in any moment of emergency, more especially if it be of a mental kind, we are apt to welcome our worst enemy as a drowning man welcomes a spear.

"How late you are!"

"I could not get away. There was some people to dinner"; and then, in a softened voice, "How pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, only a little tired."

After this there was silence, and the pair stood facing one another, each occupied with their own thoughts, and each dreading to put them into words. Once Philip made a beginning of speech, but his voice failed him; the beating of his heart seemed to choke his utterance.

At length she leaned, as though for support, against the trunk of a pine-tree, in the boughs of which the night-breeze was whispering, and spoke in a cold, clear voice.

"You asked me to meet you here to-night. Have you anything to say to me? No, do not speak; perhaps I had better speak first. I have something to say to you, and what I have to say may influence whatever is in your mind. Listen; you remember what passed between us nearly a month ago, when I was so weak as to let you see how much I loved you?"

Philip bowed his head in assent.

"Very good. I have come here to-night, not to give you any lover's meeting, but to tell you that no such words must be spoken again, and that I am about to make it impossible that they should be spoken either by you or by me. I am going away from here, never, I hope, to return."

"Going away!" he gasped. "When?"

Here was the very thing he hoped for coming to pass, and yet the words that should have been so full of comfort fell upon him cold as ice, and struck him into misery.

"When? why, to-morrow morning. A relation of mine is ill in Germany, the only one I have. I never saw him, and care nothing for him, but it will give me a pretext; and, once gone, I shall not return. I have told Maria that I must go. She cried about it, poor girl."

At these words, all recollection of his purpose passed out of Philip's mind; all he realized was that, unless he could alter her determination, he was about to lose the woman he so passionately adored, and whose haughty pride was to him in itself more charming than all poor Maria's gentle love.

"Hilda, do not go," he said, seizing her hand, which she immediately withdrew, "do not leave me. You know how I love you."

"And why should I not leave you, even supposing it to be true that you do love me? To my cost I love you, and am I any longer to endure the daily humiliation of seeing myself, the poor German companion who has nothing but her beauty, put aside in favor of another whom I also love? You say you love me, and bid me stay; now, tell me what is your purpose toward me? Do you intend to try to take advantage of my infatuation to make me your mistress? It is, I am told, a common thing for such proposals to be made to women in my position, whom it would be folly for wealthy gentlemen to marry. If so, abandon that idea, for I tell you, Philip, that I would rather die than so disgrace my ancient name to gratify myself. I know you money-loving English do not think very much of race unless the bearers of the name are rich; but we do; and, although you would think it a mesalliance to marry me, I, on the other hand, should not be proud of an alliance with you. Why, Philip, my ancestors were princes of royal blood, when you still herded the swine in these woods. I can show more than thirty quarterings upon my shield, each the mark of a noble house, and I will not be the first to put a bar sinister across them. Now, I have spoken plainly, indelicately perhaps, and there is only one more word to be said between us, and that word is good-by," and she held out her hand.

He did not seem to see it; indeed, he had scarcely heard the latter part of what

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—FOR—

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

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

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.50 per annum, 75 cents for six months.

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

We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal commissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application.

Advertisements will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes.

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

Advertisements desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

Advertisers will find in THE GAZETTE a superior medium of reaching the best and most desirable class of customers.

The sale of the second issue of THE SATURDAY GAZETTE proves conclusively that there is room for such a paper in St. John—a paper expressing the views of the people without political bias and furnishing a large and varied selection of interesting reading.

Not only has the city sale of THE GAZETTE exceeded our highest hopes, but increased orders from many newsdealers in the country shows that it is meeting with success out of town as well as in town.

We hope to be able to make even a more favorable report of our progress next week.

Arrangements have been completed for the delivery of the paper to subscribers in town and commencing with this week the city subscribers will be served by carriers.

By next week we hope to be able to make deliveries in Portland and Carleton. It will necessarily be some time before the system can be made to work smoothly as new names are being continually added to the list of subscribers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

These long drawn out purses fair ones carry ostentatiously in their hands have been named "boddlers." The name has a pleasing sound.

Two languages—English, German, Norwegian, Swedish, French, Bohemian, Finn, Polish, Italian, and Chinese—are spoken in Minnesota. The Governor's message was printed in each of these languages.

Towns are no dairies in Naples, and no milk carts. The milkmen walk from street to street, leading cows by strings. When a customer comes the cowman halts and milks the desired quantity in the purchaser's jug.

The Duke of Connaught, Queen Victoria's youngest son, cannot return from India to participate in the jubilee without the special permission of Parliament, and a bill has been introduced to that effect. Otherwise, he would be obliged to resign his command at Bombay.

The fund of £500,000, or \$2,500,000, left by George Peabody for building improved houses for the poor of London, has, through rent and interest, grown to £910,068, or \$4,513,340. There are now 5,014 separate dwellings, containing 11,150 rooms, and the average rent of each dwelling is less than \$1.25 a week.

An experience of a book-agent in a school is narrated in the Cleveland Leader. The agent called upon the superintendent, and, finding him out, rang a bell close at hand. It proved to be a fire-alarm, at the sound of which six hundred well-trained pupils arose and fled out of the building. The agent soon sought "fields fresh."

Dr. Franz Boas, in a report on the Indian tribes of British Columbia, says that the principal figure in the mythology of several of them is a raven, who created all things, not for the benefit of mankind, but to "revenge himself." Cannibalism is practised by some tribes in connection with the winter dances; and there is a Kwakiutl tradition that one of their ancestors descended from heaven, wearing a ring of red cedar bark, and taught the people the cannibal ceremonies. These ceremonies have been adopted only in part by the Comacks, who content themselves with eating "artificial" bodies, which they prepare "by sewing dried halibut to a human skeleton."

A PHILADELPHIA paper gives the result of some official calculations recently made showing that the total anthracite area of Pennsylvania before mining commenced was 320,000 square miles, and allowing 1,000 tons to the acre, a foot in depth, would give 320,000,000 tons; thus, assuming the depth to average thirty feet, a grand total appears of 9,600,000,000 tons. At the present time the consumption averages about 30,000,000 tons a year.

A remarkable needle is owned by Queen Victoria. It represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This Roman column is adorned with many scenes in sculpture, which tell of the heroic deeds of the Emperor Trajan. On the little needle are pictured scenes from the life of Queen Victoria, but the pictures are so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass in order to see them. The needle can be opened. It contains a number of needles of smaller size, which also contain microscopic pictures.

The Prince of Wales, in his capacity of Duke of Cornwall, has had a considerably better year than the Queen in the capacity of Duchess of Lancaster. The Queen was able to draw during 1886 only \$250,000 for her private use from her duchy revenues, whereas the heir apparent has had no less than \$302,815.81 placed to his banker's credit in the shape of the net profits of his valuable Cornish property. Things are looking up in the mining country. Arrears of rent, which were considerably over \$65,000 at the beginning of 1886, barely exceed \$50,000 at its close, while the royalties due on mining property had been all paid up, with the exception of some \$3000 of \$4000.

FASHION now dictates that those who can afford it shall have extra room in their residence furnished to represent not only a distinct period, but a certain country as well. Thus we have English rooms, colonial, Egyptian and Japanese apartments, according to the purse or fancy. The first "white room" built in New York of any prominence is the music room in the Villard mansion, now owned and occupied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The floor is highly polished in light colored woods, and the entire apartment is of ivory white, picked out with gold, and in the panels of the walls medallions of lutes, ribbons, and scrolls of music. A handsome "white room" has the floor of polished wood, with here and there a white Astrakhan rug; the furniture is of white, picked out with gold, upholstered in white satin brocade; the curtains and other draperies are of white plush embroidered with gold; the picture frames are white and gold, a white easel stands in one corner, and a white and gold piano. It makes a most beautiful apartment.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

There seems to be a prospect of a settlement of the Fisheries dispute between Canada and the United States, although upon terms which are neither those which one political party told us we would get or the other insisted that we ought to. Party feeling runs at such a pitch in Canada that it is next to impossible to arrive at what may justly be called public opinion; but it will doubtless be conceded that the great majority of the people were and are averse to the adoption of any policy which will destroy the friendly relations between the Dominion and the United States. At the same time, as appears at present likely, the right of free fishery in Canadian waters is to be surrendered to the United States without a substantial equivalent, the disappointment of Canadians generally and of the residents of the Maritime Provinces in particular, will be very keen. Perhaps the Dominion government, while open to reasonable criticism, ought not to be held to close an account for any responsibility in this regard. Our government could scarcely claim to be a free agent in that particular and consequently ought not to be held accountable as such. The Fisheries question is an Imperial one, though affecting the pockets of Canadians directly, it is a matter with which Canadians can only deal indirectly. The Colonial Office in London may invite the opinion of the Ottawa Cabinet and may give careful attention to any suggestions from that quarter, but the decision is largely influenced by considerations in which the people of Canada take little interest, and which may or may not be hostile to the Dominion. In regard to the Fisheries the Canadian government was and is handicapped in several ways. By common consent the subject is regarded as one not to fight over; but the threatened retaliatory measures assented to by the U. S. Congress in its late session would, if put in operation so hamper Canadian trade that a government would scarcely care to face the responsibility which would attach to persistence in a course resulting in retaliation. On the part of the home authorities there is an unconcealed desire to avoid friction with the United States

as much as possible, in which feelings Canadians of course shall under these circumstances see it is hardly fair to place upon the shoulders of Sir John Macdonald the whole responsibility of a settlement which may not meet our views of what is just and equitable.

It is on occasions like this that the peculiar character and the disadvantages of the Colonial relation, as now understood, appear. Few men will be found to say that if Canada were an independent nation her valuable fisheries would be bartered away for a trifling consideration. Treating directly with Washington we could not have obtained worse terms than those which the British government seem determined we shall accept, while we might have obtained better terms. It is an old saying and a true one that if you want your business well done you should do it your self, and we venture to say that a shrewd Canadian representative, representing Canadian interests only and influenced by Canadian considerations alone, could make a far better arrangement with the United States or any other foreign power than can possibly be made through the medium of the British government, which in some respects is as foreign to Canada as that of any other nation.

Mr. Blake has claimed that Canada should have the right to negotiate her own commercial treaties, and this opinion is now shared by the majority of both political parties. The Liberals have no monopoly of it, if they ever did have one. It is not very easy to see how this right and British connection as we now have it, can exist together, but there is a large and growing section of the people to whom this aspect of the case would occasion no blame and if the Fisheries's settlement proves to be as much of a surrender as now seems likely the strength of this party will greatly increase. The Fisheries's question is therefore of more importance than it appears at first sight. The day has gone by, and we hope will never return, when the people of this country will be asked to sacrifice important and real domestic interests for the sake of so-called Imperial considerations. If it were to the advantage of the Empire at large, or of the United Kingdom especially that Canada should give up something of value, there is enough attachment to the mother land amongst us to lead us to make the sacrifice cheerfully; but it is difficult to believe that a government, racked with home politics of the most difficult type, and mixed up in intricate foreign complications can have given to the affairs of Canada that consideration which their importance to Canada demands. If a sacrifice is to be made, it will be a useless one; and that is why it will be made unwillingly.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

The three provinces of Canada usually known as the Maritime Provinces, that is New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, have a recorded area of 59,214 square miles and a total population of 870,786 by the census of 1881. In detail the figures are:

Table with 3 columns: Province, Square miles, Population. Nova Scotia: 28,967 sq miles, 440,572 pop. New Brunswick: 27,374 sq miles, 321,233 pop. P. E. Island: 2,133 sq miles, 196,981 pop. Total: 58,274 sq miles, 870,786 pop.

This area would make a very respectable state. It would be nearly one half larger than Portugal, more than four times as large as Belgium, nearly four times as large as Holland, more than three times greater than Switzerland, twice as large as Greece. A little larger than Roumania, nearly three times as large as Montenegro and three times as large as Denmark. In the excellence of their soil and their fitness to maintain a population perhaps not one of the countries named, unless it be Holland and Belgium, is equal to these provinces, and perhaps when the varied resources of the Maritime Provinces, such as the coal, the iron, the lumber, the stone, the fisheries and the immense wealth of soil are all considered these provinces are on a par with the most favored parts of Europe. Yet in not one of the countries named is the population less than two millions, excepting Montenegro, which is only a little larger than Prince Edward Island, and yet has nearly as many people as Nova Scotia. In Holland and Belgium together, having a united area less than that of New Brunswick, nearly ten millions of people live. While in Denmark which is only a very little more than half as large as New Brunswick alone, more than twice as many people live as the census takers found in the Maritime Provinces. These facts are worth thinking over. In the

new world we grow accustomed to such vast areas that we are apt to lose sight of the capacity of a country to maintain a population. Of course it would be in the highest degree unreasonable to expect that for generations to come the habits of life of our people could so change that they could live crowded together as they are in Holland. We do not know how to live that way. We have been accustomed to more elbow room. Yet it is not evident that we have room in these provinces for vast development, and can our public men find a better subject for their consideration, an they find a better field for their talents than in endeavoring to develop these provinces by the sea?

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Go to work, young man, go to work. Don't be misled by the miserable saying that the world owes every man a living. Just think the matter over a little. Why should the world owe you anything? What have you ever done to make the world your debtor? You were born, but that fact can hardly be placed to your credit. You were not a free agent in that transaction, and if you were the obligation would be off your side and not on that of the world. Statisticians tell us that some one is born during each second of time, and when you reflect a little, and take into account the strife and anxiety and worry and trouble there is for those who are already alive to keep so, you will be apt to conclude that if you had not been born at all, or if that event was unavoidable, you had been born in the morn or the Daystar or on the most remote member of the Milky Way, this world, which you fondly call your debtor, would have managed to get along without you and that somebody else's lot would have been a little easier. Some men, perhaps the majority of them, put the world under an obligation to them, and when the world finds it out it pays its debt promptly. Sometimes the obligation is not discovered until it is too late to pay it in anything but fame and piety, but in the vast majority of cases it is recognized at once and the reward is quickly forthcoming.

In nine cases out of ten the young man of twenty does not amount to much in actual present value, but he is full of great possibilities. He is apt to be of the opinion, especially if he has gone through college, that the world at large has been waiting for his advent, and that there is not an avenue to fame or wealth which will not be made smooth for his feet. Ten years will undeceive him, but ten years are a long time to wait, and ten years lost are not easily made up. The youth fresh from his books is like a man with a chest full of bright new tools, which he has never learned to use. And as in the case case there may be cut fingers and spoiled work before the man becomes a skilled mechanic, so in the other there will be disappointments and failures before success comes: but in both cases steady application is all but absolutely sure to be crowned with a fitting reward. Remember young man, in this is a rock upon which scores have been shipwrecked, that your ignorance of the practical affairs of life, of what men think of things, of what society at large expects, is probably what you are most ignorant about. There are a few cardinal principles which will enable you to avoid many errors. Be diligent; be honest; be willing to learn.

It is quite a wrong notion that it is necessary to sow a certain amount of wild oats. Possibly most persons, who amount to anything, sow more or less of them; but there is no need of going into that sort of thing as a business, as too many do. From business habits just as soon as you can, and form no habits which are likely to interfere with your business. Take a man of thirty, who has lived aimlessly, or who has subordinated his alleged business to the gratification of his appetite or his love of pleasure. You can't make much out of him. The habits formed in the first ten years of manhood are likely to color the whole remainder of life. Of course there are instances in which men have indulged in evil, yet have reformed and made a success of life after all; but the number is small, and the chances against such a result are too great for anybody to deliberately take them.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Go to work, young man, go to work. Do something for yourself. Be a skilled mechanic, or if you can't be that, and can be nothing better, be an unskilled one. Master some line of trade. Learn to farm and be independent. If you

can't do anything in these lines try a profession. But whatever you do, don't be idle. Don't wait for something to turn up. Don't imagine that the world is going to hunt you up to pay you the debt which you imagine it owes you.

SQUELCHED AT LAST.

It is said that when Noah looked out of the window of the Ark, the first day that menagerie was fairly afloat, he turned and said to Ham who was standing by reading the paper, "There's one satisfaction in this, and that is we've got the bulge on the oldest inhabitant." As in our age so in Noah's there were old fellows, who could just fairly totter, and who gravely assured you that if it was not for this, that and the other ailment they would be as active as ever, and they were always telling about high freshets they had seen when they were boys. Hence Noah's expression of satisfaction. Well, we can all say now with this distinguished prototype of Barnum, that we have "got the bulge on the oldest inhabitant." He can't open his head now about freshets. He can no longer hover about the river bank in the spring and make the air quiver with his stories of what took place in the last century or thereabouts. His occupation is gone. Last winter's snow staggered him, and the spring freshet has finished him. Two generations at least will pass away before he can recover, but when he does get in his work again how fresh it will be. We shall miss him in our walks along the water, his familiar name will no longer be invoked to help the reporter out of a hard place. Farewell old chap, farewell.

Fashion Notes.

There is a rage for checked and barred wools. Sailor suits are immensely popular for little boys. Matching the various parts of toilets is in high favor. Lace and tulle bonnets are having a run of popular favor. Fichus of plaid silk are worn with plain silk and stuff dresses. Full sleeves, mutton leg or bishop, are de rigueur with full waists. Plaid silks are used as underskirts for lace frocks by Parisian dressmakers. Palstrons, draped diagonally from right to left, are coming into general favor. India silks in bright colors are prettily combined with sheer white wool stuffs for dressy summer frocks.

Belts of gilt and silver galleon, and headed belts also, are worn with dog collars and wrist bands to match. Full blouse waists, with belts all around, are seen on some of the handsomest imported frocks for midsummer wear.

Viols, purple, and pale water green beresge take up well together, with a belt, collar, and cuffs of gold or silver galleon.

When a dress is composed of stuffs of two colors the bonnet and parasol must be also of these two colors, to be strictly correct.

An admirable combination for a summer frock is of white and tan colored veiling, with cuffs, collar, and belt of wide gold galleon.

New silk stockings in all the new shades of absinthe, verigris, dull rose, lilac, and Gobel blue, are seen on Denning's hosiery counters.

Summer frocks are made of ganzas, canvas woven stuffs, crepe-line, India silks, challes, beresge, and old-fashioned printed and plain lawns.

Black silk and black lisle thread stockings remain the favorite hosiery for all occasions where a stocking matching the toilet is not demanded.

All bodies of light summer fabrics are made with full soft drapings in one form or another over the bust and shoulders, or from the neck to the waist line.

Some of the new ribbons used by French dressmakers are in lovely shades of dull rose, violet, pea green, or verigris, Gobel blue, and carnation, with picot edges purple tinted.

Little girls wear hats with big crowns and medium-width brims, trimmed with huge bunches of flowers knotted to the crowns with loops of ribbon that match the colors of the flowers.

Black point d'esprit lace makes a lovely dressy frock with a collar, belt, and cuffs of cut jet galleon and tasselled agraffes on the shoulders for spangles matching similar ornaments on the overskirt loopings.

Jackets, in rough cloths, ecru, cream or sand colored, are lined with satin to match, and trimmed with dull gold braid or cord, whichever you choose, and buttons to match. Bright red linings are preferred by some.

Bishop sleeves are finished with deep cuffs reaching half way or all the way to the elbow, and the cuffs are frequently of velvet, while the upper part of the sleeve is of the soft, light material of the dress. The collar of the dress then is also of velvet.

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

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

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

"What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable Austin lady to another in church, just before the service began.
"I've got good reason to be mad," was the response.
"Is it?"
"I dressed myself up in this new suit I ordered from New York, and went to church to show it off."

"Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion. There was nobody to see them for a whole hour, and I might just as well have had no clothes on at all. It made me so mad that—"

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," was the opening remark of the preacher, and the rest of the conversation was lost to the reporter.—[Texas Sittings.]

"A diamond, weighing over four ounces and nearly the size of a silver dollar, has just been found in one of the Western Territories," read the sage, and he looked over his glasses to the fat reporter's desk opposite. "That is to bad for my wife, said the fat reporter, 'for she will have to go without her shoes a while longer; I must have that diamond.'—[Peabody Reporter.]

He—Of course, you know the 'Heir of Redcliffe?'
She—'I'm not sure. Would you mind just humoring it?'—[Punch.]

A Troy citizen was so ill that his life was despaired of.
"John," said his wife, smoothing his brow, "the doctor is here."

"Is he?" said the patient, feebly. "Ask him if he knows the result of last night's cock fight."—[New York Sun.]

I know there's a cross about Nora's blue eye, but that fact we love cannot smother; For her eyes are so pretty! No wonder they throng To be gazed round into each other.

Tough (in apothecary shop)—Say young fellow, gimme ten grains of strychnine, right away, in a big hurry, and don't you forget it.
Clerk—Rats?
Tough—Now, look a-here, I don't want any of your slang, or I'll jump over there and spoil that dude collar o' yours in 'bout four seconds.

He was waited on immediately.

Bostonians consider Mr. Riddle's assertion that their feet are notoriously large as a deserved tribute to the broadness of their understanding. Mr. Riddle should remember that large feet are symbolical of great soles.—[Life.]

A young man who had foolishly pawned his overcoat before the bleak winds of March had ceased, was gazing at a polar bear in a menagerie.
"Why do you shiver?" said the bear.
"I envy you your warm coat," responded the youth.

"Ah, if you only wait until the summer," said the bear, "you will see me suffer more than you do."

But when then summer came and the bear was luxuriously sporting himself in the cool bath furnished by his owners, he saw the young man sweltering under the same coat he had worn in the spring. Which shows that the savage has no appreciation of the benefits of civilization.—[Life.]

The Sunday Herald declares that the stories about the frauds in the champagne business are yarns. It has interviewed a lot of champagne dealers, and they say so. This is as conclusive as the confirmation of the Indiana man's estimate of the local judge, who he declared was the greatest jurist living.

"You can't prove it," exclaimed a doubting listener. "I don't need to," was the answer, "he admits it himself."—[Lowell Courier.]

Omaha Man—Live in Alaska, eh? Pretty tough climate, isn't it?
Alaska Man—No, delightful climate, wouldn't live in Omaha again for a fortune.
"I thought it was winter most of the time there."

"Well, it gets a little cool sometimes, but think of the advantages of a climate like that."

"It has advantages, has it?"
"Yes sree. You can carry postage stamps in your pocket all the year round and they never get stuck together once."—[Omaha World.]

AROUND AND ABOUT.

A Friendly Chat on a Number of Subjects of Passing Interest.

It seems to me that the people of St. John are too easily discouraged at times, while at others they are altogether too buoyant. There has been nothing but rumors of disaster during the entire week. The names of individuals and firms who have been thought perfectly solvent, and so far as official notification is concerned are still perfectly solvent have been freely placed on the insolvent list. What the evidence of their solvency or insolvency is I have not taken the trouble to investigate. One or all of them may be utterly bankrupt; that is entirely unable to meet their engagements. Much, indeed all, the business of the world is done on credit. A man with a capital of a few thousands does a business of sometimes more than ten times his capital. He has to buy on credit and as many others are doing business on the same principle he has to sell on credit. He gives his notes for his accounts, and takes the notes of others in turn. So long as this confidence continues all is well, but just so soon as man loses confidence in his fellow and this lack of confidence becomes general the aspect of things becomes serious. There is no use denying that the rumors of the past week have been of a character to destroy confidence—but then there are reasons, and strong ones too, for believing that some of the rumors at least that have passed from mouth to mouth for a week past are groundless. At least let us all hope so, and do not in the name of all that is good get panic stricken and run from what may possibly prove a spectre.

The collapse of the Maritime bank and the highfalutin financing indulged in by one or two firms who did business there are enough to destroy confidence in the honesty and integrity of man. But after all the worst is now known inasmuch as if anything worse did come to light, it would not cause more than passing surprise. But the collapse of this institution, inconvenient and bad as it is, should not be used as a handle to pull down other concerns who may have been weakened by over trading or doing business on margins too fine to pay expenses. The competition for trade has been very keen during the depressed times, and it is not surprising that many men who have been looking forward to an increase of values should almost despair and possibly think it not worth while to continue the struggle longer. It is this doing business on almost invisible margins that has caused the present unfortunate condition of trade and now that an advance in values seems imminent it is a pity and a shame that good men should be drawn into the vortex and compelled to sink, when they are so near the current where they might swim. It is the duty, in such a state of affairs, for the strong to help the weak. There is little likelihood of this being done in a man's world which would sooner see a man sink than swim, but it is the right spirit all the same and as the weak support the strong during periods of prosperity it would only be business like for the strong to return the compliment in hours of adversity.

But enough of this. Every one knows that the present is perhaps the worst combination that could possibly be imagined. The people of St. John have a badly burst bank, and a fresh and abnormally high on their hands besides a lot of old women who do nothing but cry about the poorness of the times.

I have heard the names of several gentlemen who have engaged in this delightful occupation mentioned as being very weak financially, and if these were all perhaps one could hardly feel sorry. But unfortunately others who have always, and on every occasion upheld the credit of the city, are also placed in the category of unsound ones.

The failure of the Maritime Bank has brought relief to many minds, if it has brought disaster to the homes of scores of others. In conversation with the collector for a large city establishment he mentioned to me that he had never had so many excuses from creditors as since the bank went up. "It is surprising," said this guileless young man, the number of people who have had money invested in the Maritime Bank. But do you know," he added, "that my own opinion is that a good many people have lied a good deal in order to create sympathy." I believe the young man, but whether they lied to secure sympathy or not I don't know, but that many have lied there no doubt.

Personally I never had any money. I am one of these fellows who are trustees only. A certain amount of wealth is sometimes thrust upon me to be divided

up among other people, but that is all. Newspaper men are all wealthy—that every body knows. A leading editor told me the other day that he had grown much wealthier since the Maritime Bank closed its doors—comparatively you know. But I have diverged, as political speakers frequently do. What I started out to say was that another collector—a tax gatherer, I think, told me that over a hundred people who had no money at all the day before the Maritime Bank closed its doors all offered to pay up the day after in Marine bills.

It is the springing now and a favorable season to suggest that the people of St. John look better after the painting of their houses in future than the in past. Preachers often illustrate their sermons with little stories of the fearful doom awaiting the sinful, and if I were a preacher I might also be permitted to use an illustration, and if I did illustrate it would be about in this way. Two men built houses, a wise one and a foolish one. The wise man painted his house, but the foolish one didn't. At the end (or some time before) of time the wise man grew rich because people thought him prosperous and trusted him while the foolish man who remained poor was obliged to put a new front on his house. This is not a very graceful story and not very well told, but I think it is to the point. A man saves money by painting his house regularly. Indeed I thoroughly believe that if a man advertises his business and keeps his house painted he will grow in wealth and happiness, while his neighbors will grow in grace.

We have twenty-four o'clock at the Post Office now, but the clerks don't keep the window open a minute after nine o'clock all the same. It would certainly be a good scheme to have the Post Office General Delivery Window kept open long enough to deliver important mails arriving at or about nine o'clock. They used to do this long ago, but now-days the boys get hungry as soon as they see a heavy mail and leave for home.

Solomon's Judgment in Chinese.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive about the matter that he was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke:

"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought me here alive."

"Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caught the baby to be undressed and its clothes put on the fish.

"Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, not by the wrapping in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause one of the mother's threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child!

"Without doubt, she is the true mother," she declared; and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued, and the child given to her.

"Without a doubt, she is the true mother," she declared. And the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meantime the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.

France's Best Beauty Going on the Stage.

"La plus belle femme de Paris" is going on the stage. She was so qualified in the catalogue of Tissot's pictorial exhibition three years ago, where she was represented entering a salon between two lines of admiring gentlemen and men of the class who make gallantry the business of their lives. The husband, wearied and neglected, brought up the rear. But the painter, not to expose himself to a challenge or an action, put on the husband's shoulders the head of somebody else. Seven or eight years ago the Peerless Parisienne brought the small diamond crescent in the hair into fashion, with the pseudo-Greek coilure which is beginning to go out. The first time

one sees her one thinks her miraculously beautiful. The impression continues the second or third time. After that one wishes for a little animation, and then the beauty palls. She has two plastic defects. The nose is a trifle too long, and the mouth is too small to be in proportion. This is bad for the stage, where a large mouth is wanted, because it best emits voice. She also introduced the habit of cutting the corsage down to the waist behind, and having it sleeveless. I suppose nobody ever so well supported being bared, the lines of neck, shoulders, bust, and arms being faultless. All the skirts were so draped as to suggest statuesque perfection everywhere else. It was impossible, while the first impression she made was fresh, to keep one's eye from wandering after her. The figure is full medium height, the head being wonderfully set on the neck; but the face, though vivid, wants repose, and is, therefore, less Greek, of the antique mould, than pseudo-classic. Painters glorified her—Serpont among the rest.

The reasons given for the determination of the Peerless Parisienne to go on the stage are loss of fortune and the example of Mrs. Langtry. "La plus belle femme de Paris" is from Louisiana.

Making the Old Boys Spruce Up.

[Virginia (Mont.) Madsonian.]
A distinguished gentleman who had just returned from the East informs us that on the last day of June next two cardinals of New Jersey girls will arrive at Moreland, ready to marry any eligible bachelor that will make the proper advances. As Barnum used to say that pretty girls, peaches and strawberries were the principal product of that State, we are of the opinion that this will be the best chance ever offered to some of the old fossils who have been living in lonely solitude on half-cooked corn dodger and "sow-belly" to get a life partner (barring, of course, the divorce court). Letters addressed to C. O. D., Moreland, Mon., will be promptly answered, as long as the cargo of Jersey lightning holds out.

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The Gazette.

CONVINCED.

"Now tell me, dearest, truth for truth— I sometimes fear you may have known In boyhood, or your earliest youth, Another girl you called your own."

"Forgive me if I seem to lapse From perfect faith—that is not it! I only wonder if, perhaps, You ever loved a little bit!"

He thought of Kate, whose brilliant mind Once gave to life its keenest zest; He thought of Maud, whose hair had lined The left-side pocket of his vest.

He thought of Lillie, Nell and Sue, Of gentle May and cassy Nan, And then he did as lovers do, And proved himself a truthful man.

With infatigable and mournful eye He sadly turned away his head. "If you can think"—she heard him sigh. "Oh! no-no-no! I don't!" she said.

—MADAME S. BARDOUX.

THE ROMANCE OF A BRAIN.

By JOHN T. COLLIER.

The last night of March, 1881, gave the lie direct to the proverbial statement concerning the loquacious entrance and lamb-like exit of the first spring month. The storm howled and howled about the Ramsbury Royal Hospital "like a roaring lion." As I hastened along the dim corridors, the windows rattled and the lamps flickered fitfully. I was the matron, and it was my duty to visit the wards to see that all was right for the night. Here there was silence, sad and peaceful, only broken by the sigh or subdued moan of some sleepless sufferer. The eerie gleam of faintly-burning night-lights soothed rather than disturbed the patient. Noiselessly I passed the long row of beds, white and ghostly in the pale gloom, and whispered a word of inquiry or advice to the nurse in charge. I found that all the patients were as comfortable as circumstances would permit; even John Talks, a simple and gentle old man, who was slowly leaving this life, was reported to be doing so with the very minimum of personal inconvenience.

Ramsbury was proud of its hospital. It had been recently built in the Queen Anne style; and, as regards hygienic arrangements, not even the local architect, who had not been employed, could suggest a flaw or an improvement. The day on which it was opened, Ramsbury was honored by a royal visit, and John Williams, the mayor, was made the proudest of citizens by the conferment on him of knighthood.

My apartments defied criticism. My sitting-room was as cosy as the most fastidious might desire. It was after eleven when I gained its seclusion. I threw myself into the armchair, and began to read a leader in the *Lancet*. Though the article was spicy and sensational, yet my mind began to wander, for in spite of my every effort of restraint, memory carried me back to the 31st of March, ten years ago. I was then twenty years of age, and it was my wedding-day. My husband, who was eight years my senior, was a wealthy planter, and possessed a fine old estate in Barbadoes. My father, who had been colonel of the regiment stationed at Bridgetown, had died of yellow fever two years previously and I was left an orphan. But Algernon Vernon loved me and comforted me in my hour of dark sorrow. He persuaded me to remain in Barbadoes, and after some time he asked me for the love that I had already given him.

The first year of our wedded life was almost too delightful. The golden hours, crowned with love and laden with happiness, danced merrily away. Was it possible that bliss so perfect, so entrancing, could continue long in this woful world? Why not? I had all that one could reasonably desire. I was the fair young mistress of a beautiful home; my husband loved me tenderly, and his friends were generous and affectionate.

At the very commencement of our second year of married life, we were terribly shocked by an occurrence which might have brought death in its most awful form to one or both of us. It was a calm, moonlight night; the air was cool and refreshing, and most enjoyable after the enervating sultriness of the day. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. Algernon and I were sitting in our little boat, and were enjoying the strains of the military band that was discoursing sweet music on the promenade at Bridgetown. To the leeward of the town the sea deepens very slowly, so that at a considerable distance from the shore the water is not deeper than from forty to sixty feet. The bottom is of white coral, and is clearly visible, so pellucid is the sea. On that night the lagoon was very clear and tranquil. Far below I could see the pebbles glittering and flashing like polished rubies and pearls. Here arose a fantastic rocky, beautiful with sea-flowers of all shades, while from its summit loomed and sheeny streamers of silver-green wrack floated on the tide. From its portals the quivering tails of fish were seen protruding, in the shimmering light I observed one stout comical old monster basking lazily and looking askance with his great eyes of black and gold on the mercurial pranks of his juvenile companions. My husband was trying to hook some of these gorgeous creatures as they issued forth from their hiding-places amongst the coral and luxuriant sea-moss; but they were surprisingly wary and seemed to gaze in a knowing way at the tempting bait. At length one more silly or more

hungry than the others, began to nibble tentatively and cautiously. Algernon was attentively watching its movements, and was about to pull up the line when I suddenly uttered a wild loud scream, for there in the white moonlight I saw the hideous form of a shark within a few feet of my husband's outstretched head. The scream just saved his life, for it caused him to turn at once to me. The teeth of the monster grazed his scalp. With commendable presence of mind Algernon drew a revolver and fired. Sullenly the shark slunk away. By the red streak on the water we knew that it had been severely wounded. On our return home, it was discovered that Algernon's injury was no trifling one. The scalp was lacerated, and the bone bore marks of the shark's teeth. It was some months before the wound was healed. Either on account of the shock, or from the effects of the injury, or from some mysterious cause, Algernon's disposition soon began to undergo change. A peevish and unreasoning irritability took the place of his former genial snivility. The slightest annoyance disturbed his mental equipoise; his temper was ruffled by the lightest breath of provocation. I felt assured that he loved me as ardently as ever, and yet he was ever criticising my actions, and reproving me when censure was as undeserved as it was unnecessary. I bore these manifestations of ill-temper with patience and without protest, as I fondly hoped and believed that they were only temporary results of the shock. I felt confident that when he became convalescent his original temperament would re-assert itself. Alas for my hopes! The stronger he grew the more violent became his temper. I will remember the first wild outburst of passion. I had offended him in some trivial matter. (I think I had ordered a hat without consulting him.) This acted as a spark to a powder magazine. For the space of an hour he simply behaved like a raving maniac. He roared, he fumed, he swore horribly, and when I answered him not a word, but remained calm and dignified, he grew more fierce and furious. He seized the poker, and demolished two beautiful vases, and ended the performance by hurling it at a tall mirror.

And yet, ere another hour had elapsed, Algernon was kneeling before me, and with tears in his eyes, was asking me to forgive him. This I gladly did, as I saw that he was heartily sorry and ashamed of his vile conduct. Nevertheless, I could not forget his coarse and cruel outburst of passion which cleared the atmosphere; that it would form a crisis in our life, and that happy peace and sunshine would follow. Alas! I was again doomed to disappointment. My husband's character was completely altered. Stormy fits of rage were of frequent occurrence; during the intervals he was morose and irritable. The passion of love was deposed from off the throne of his heart, and in its stead unreasoning anger reigned. Yet I did not give way to despair, neither did I mention his strange conduct to any one. The servants, however, had eyes and ears, and soon the gossips of Bridgetown had something piquant to relieve the monotony of their existence. To one who had been tenderly nurtured, and who was sensitive and impulsive, this life soon became unbearable. Providence, however, opened up a strange way of escape. One night Algernon was late in coming home. Wishing to please and conciliate him, I remained up and awaited his arrival. It was past midnight when I heard his footsteps in the hall. My presence irritated rather than soothed him. He insinuated that I had been entertaining some undesirable person during his absence. He brought his face close to mine and sneered forth horrible suggestions. In alarm I mechanically gave him a gentle push, for I loathed and abhorred the man who could dare to utter such foul accusations. His face grew suddenly white; he clenched his hands and stood motionless before me. Then he turned suddenly, and swiftly left the room. That awful look of unearthly hate and anger startled me into action. Instantly I fled through the open window. I ran with all possible speed, and concealed myself in a clump of shrubs at the back of the house. It was very calm and oppressively sultry; the stars were shining through the chinks of great-sullen clouds. In less than ten minutes I heard him making a search in the out-houses. I saw him pass my hiding-place, I trembled lest he should discover me. I heard him muttering curses and murderous threats against me. I saw that he held something in his hand. He raised it; it was a revolver. I expected that he was about to fire, but he hesitated. I felt strongly impelled to scream, but what good would that have done? The servants were asleep, and we were some distance from any other house. I breathed a prayer to God, and remained silent. The pistol was lowered.

"She is too great a coward to go in there among the snakes," I heard him say, with a sardonic laugh. He kept pacing about the house for an hour. I longed to escape from the haunt of serpents, but I preferred the company to that of my husband. Then I heard what was sweeter than any music to my ears—the patter of rain-drops on the leaves. Few and heavy they fell at first, but soon they roared down on the dry earth like a great cataract. Suddenly there was a fiery gash in the black heavens, and then followed the grand

and awful bass of thunder. The night was very dark. I determined to make my escape. Quietly and cautiously I groped my way to the front gate. As I opened it, the house was suddenly enveloped as in a flame of pale blue fire. At the window I saw my husband; his hands were behind his back, and his head was bent. I felt certain that he had not noticed me, though the lightning was amazingly vivid. Nevertheless, I ran along the road as fast as ever I could. I was lithe and agile, and sped along swiftly. The rain came down in a deluge, and I was soon drenched. This impeded my progress, and I became very exhausted. I stood for a moment to take breath. Great Heavens! Above the roar of the storm my ears, quickened by terror, heard footsteps not very far away. I stood eagerly listening, and fondly hoping that it was only a fancy. I clasped my hands to my bosom; I crouched low and uttered a despairing cry, for in the white and ghastly glare of the lightning flash I saw my husband, with livid face and head uncovered and the deadly weapon in his hand, within a few yards of me. Instantly I saw a flash and heard the sharp report, and then the darkness of merciful night hid from my view the gruesome vision. I fled unhurt into the open fields, but no footsteps followed. In the early dawn I made my way to the house of a friend, who gave me a few hours' shelter. There I learned that a vessel would be starting for England at noon. I at once made up my mind to leave my home in the Barbadoes and return to the land of my birth. I went to Bridgetown and drew from the bank £250 of my own money. I made some necessary purchases, and took a ticket for London. At one o'clock the steamer left her moorings. I saw Algernon rush to the end of the pier and gesticulate wildly. Whether prompted by love or anger I know not, and so brokenhearted was I that I cared not to follow him.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE: An Episode of Wiesbaden.

IN SIX PARTS. VI

The next night was dark and stormy. How I had passed the day I cannot now remember. I only know that every moment seemed an eternity of suffering. Chalmers was away from breakfast until dinner, and Manvers accompanied him. When they returned, Derrick briefly told us to prepare to brave the elements, as he wished us to go with him to the Priory. We put on thick pea-coats and dark cloth caps, and at twelve o'clock started off in the dog-cart, Chalmers driving. The rain came down in torrents, and it was as dark as Erebus. We pulled up at the police station just outside the village of Lee ford, and the inspector, who evidently expected us, came out and said something in an undertone to Chalmers. We alighted; taking a bull's-eye lantern, the latter signed us to follow him.

"Look here, Chalmers," I said hastily. "I don't know what you are going to do, but I'm not a party to any underhand—"

"Silence!" replied he sternly. "If you do not wish to accompany me, you can stay here; nothing you can say or do will avail now."

"Shut up, Cis," growled Jack, taking my arm, "you can't do any good by talking, so we may as well see this thing through, and I must confess I am devoured with curiosity. I know something, but not all."

So Chalmers and the inspector led the way, not to the inhabited part of the Priory, but to the ruins; we entered a part of the ground I had never visited, and there we halted, one lantern making a spot of faint light in the blackness of the night. The inspector gave a low whistle, which was returned at some little distance. We then went on through what seemed a thicket of brushwood and other undergrowth till we arrived at a heavy iron door almost concealed by overhanging creepers. I instantly concluded it must be the entrance to the subterranean vaults I had heard were connected with the house. Chalmers inserted a key into the lock, and we entered. Inside we found four men stationed, and noiselessly and on tip-toe we crept along a mouldy dank stone passage dripping with water, until we came to another iron door clamped with heavy iron bars. Here Chalmers again stopped and listened intently, when I was startled into nearly dropping the formidable stick I carried by hearing Ethel Dalton's silvery voice say within a short distance of me.

"Hark! did you hear anything?" "It is only those cursed rats," replied a deeper voice, which I recognised as that of her father.

At this moment I felt myself firmly seized by the arm, and Chalmers drew me into a recess where was another door, but smaller and less heavily constructed, overgrown with mosses and lichen. "Now," he said in a low undertone, "you may see for yourself what manner of people these Daltons are."

As he spoke he withdrew with the utmost care and noiselessness a brick from the masonry at the side, leaving exposed a small iron grating. I looked through, but for an instant my heart throbbled so madly that I could distinguish nothing; but presently a curious scene met my eyes.

I saw a small vaulted stone apartment lighted by several candles. In one corner was a gas stove over which the elder Dalton was bending in the act of stirring something in a metal pot.

At a rough deal table were Ethel and her brother, busily engaged with some complicated machinery; the ring of metal sounded in my ears, and, indeed, prevented them from being aware of our close proximity; whilst a pile of bright sovereigns and other coins lay scattered about in all directions.

"What does it mean?" I whispered, whilst a terrible fear seemed to paralyse me. "It means," whispered back Chalmers, "that they belong to a notorious gang of forgers and coiners who have eluded the police for more than two years; but we've caught them red-handed at last." He looked round, whistled, then threw himself with all his force against the door, which, previously loosened from the masonry, fell inward with a crash; in another instant we were in the room. My first thought was to rescue Ethel; upon seeing us, she uttered a piercing shriek—a shriek which even now at times rings in my ears,—and flew to the door opening into the building. I hastened to assist her, but it was already guarded; we were too late.

As I endeavoured to thrust the constable aside, Jim Dalton, who was struggling with Chalmers, rushed at me; drawing a revolver, he exclaimed, "Devil! it is you who have betrayed us," there was a report—Ethel, with a cry for mercy, flung herself before me—the next moment she fell into my arms, mortally wounded. I but dimly remember what followed; I was aware of a severe struggle going on around me, of holding Ethel closely clasped and entreating her to speak to me; that for one brief instant her glazing eyes met mine as if mutely entreating forgiveness; then I heard another report, I was conscious of a stinging pain in my side; the room, the lights, swam round me in one blurred indistinct mist, then came a blank, and I fell to the ground insensible.

I was laid up for months with a bullet wound in my side from Dalton's revolver, and fever attendant on the shock I had received, and during that time the famous trial of the Turners, father and son, and forgery and coiners, made a tremendous sensation. Derrick Chalmers had met them in St. Petersburg, where they had kept a gambling-hell with the wretched woman whom I should have married, and who, it afterwards transpired, was young Turner's mistress. Finding the police on their track, they escaped to Australia, where the younger was convicted of forgery; he escaped from prison, and then it was that Chalmers, who had turned private detective for his own amusement, determined to unearth them.

It is needless to say that they were sentenced to life-long penal servitude. As for the woman who was nearly making shipwreck of my life, she sleeps in a corner of the old churchyard at Lee ford, and

As I write these concluding lines, a soft warm arm steals round my neck, and a bright laughing face peers into mine, as the voice I have heard in all the world says, "When will you have finished that horrid scribbling? The luncheon gong has sounded these ten minutes, and I am so hungry!" So you see, kind reader, I am a lonely bachelor no longer.

THE END.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Like the princess, in the cleft, Golden time of long ago, Earth lies sleeping, trained and frenzied, 'Neath her covert of snow. Couch spring, the fairy lover, Stands beside her slumbering form, And within an ivy bower, Wakes her with his kisses warm.

And she feels their magic power, Feels a stirring of the blood; Where he kissed her, in that hour, Straight there blossomed a fragrant bud.

Golden curls of daffodillies, Flash upon his dazzled sight; Brow and breast of whiter lillies— Never was so fair a sight!

Eyes of violet's deepest azure, Breath of perfume from the south, And he sees, with thrilling pleasure, Just a redbud, for her mouth!

HENRIETTA GARDNER.

Duplicated Bridal Presents.

(Washington Letter.) A social problem which has been for years a weighty one has at length met with a solution in Washington. How can the duplication of bridal presents be avoided? At a recent wedding at the capital the friends of the bride sent her mementoes in the shape of cash. Ten-dollar gold pieces, in sums ranging from \$20 to \$200 were considered appropriate and welcome presents. The young couple could thus buy what they chose with the money. This such a precedent will meet with the recognition it deserves is doubtful. There is something ungentlemanly about cash which will doubtless offend the aesthetic taste of society. But to those who have at their marriage been overwhelmed with half a dozen after-dinner coffee sets, eight or ten salad dishes, six or seven oil-lamps and innumerable cut-glass pitchers, the idea of ten-dollar gold pieces appeals with resistless fascination. Young people about to wed may not be grasping, but they are not so overcome by sentiment that they do not realize the superiority of boodle over bric-a-brac.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

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THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

Below are enumerated some of the weekly features of the Gazette. It will not be possible to open up all the departments in the first issue but those omitted this week will appear next.

The Saturday Gazette will differ materially from existing publications in the lower provinces, and will endeavour to fill a field long vacant. It will be a paper for the family, and will be conducted with the aim to make it a welcome visitor in every home.

Stories, short and continued, will be provided in each issue and care will be taken, in making selections, to obtain the productions of authors already known to fame, and whose works all will appreciate.

Women and Women's Work, will be dealt with by contributors who understand what women like to know and most want to learn. The household, the fashions, and the progress of womanhood in the arts, professions and employments, besides the many different phases the woman question assumes will be discussed from week to week by intelligent writers. Society gossip from various points will be a weekly feature.

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned. Neither fear of, nor favor for interested ones, will prevent the exposure of any sham, be it either in religious, social or political life. The greatest good to the greatest number, will always be our motto.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country The Gazette will endeavour to consider all important questions in the light of their effect on the country at large, rather than the ground usually taken, their effect on one or the other political party. Honest government at Ottawa, greater economy and less senseless bickering among Provincial legislators, the simplification and cheapening of Provincial legislation generally, and the union of the Maritime Provinces will be the chief planks of The Gazette's political platform.

Literary, Theatrical and Sporting Matters will be dealt with by competent writers, and the latest news and gossip under these heads will be found in every number. Members of the various Secret Societies will find items of especial interest to them in the columns of The Gazette, from time to time.

In short the Saturday Gazette will be a weekly journal for men and women containing the things they most want to know, written in a breezy, intelligent manner by the best writers on and off the press of the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Honest criticism of all things will be the Gazette's king post.

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.



THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

HOW A YOUNG FRENCH OFFICER STOLE HER IN A CROWD.

The Enormous Fuss which the Sultan Made About the Matter, and what Came of It.

[Baltimore American.]

Among the many harems in Turkey that of the Sultan at Constantinople is by far the most important. All these harems are built in the same style—that is, after the manner of a prison, and to see one of them is to see them all. They are composed of many low-structured buildings surrounded by high stoned walls, which effectually prevent even a glimpse of the interior, and within which reigns a silence profound. This is always a matter of surprise to foreigners, and it may well be so when we consider the large number of women confined there in addition to the many attaches of the establishment. The women are watched over by negro eunuchs governed by a chief, and waited upon by negroes of their own sex, all of whom are natives of Egypt trained from infancy for this special service. The negro women are tall and robust, with an abundance of woolly hair, broad flat nose, and black shining skin, in marked contrast to the men, who are peculiarly shaped, their stout bodies and disproportionately long legs giving them a grotesque appearance. This is the more conspicuous from the fact that they generally travel upon small Arab horses, their feet nearly touching the ground. In the harem the women spend their time in comparative idleness, the bath and the toilet filling the hours not allotted to eating and sleeping. Some of them smoke cigarettes, and singing with a harp and accompaniment, is not unusual. Their indolent natures makes them averse to exercise, and they mostly recline upon their divans. In fine weather they are permitted to take a drive, a certain number at a time. A half-dozen carriages step at the harem in the early afternoon, and are filled with occupants, four being the complement of each carriage. They wear very thin lace veils, which permit any one having good sight to distinguish their features even at a considerable distance. But one must be very careful in approaching too near these veiled beauties, else he may receive a stroke from the lash of the driver. One wonders often why the women wear such thin lace over their faces, while the free women of Constantinople are muffled in thick cotton veils, with only a small hole for one eye. The harem carriages are mounted upon heavy springs, painted in vivid vermilion, and highly varnished. They have golden ornaments and are drawn by two horses. The driver is a eunuch, as are also the mounted guards, one at each door. When the women visit the great bazaar, a kind of market where all sorts of wares are sold, the carriages drive up in line before the entrance, the guards dismount, and, turning their horses over to the care of the drivers, accompany the women through the bazaar.

During the Crimean war a small French army corps was quartered in Constantinople, placed there to protect the numerous hospitals and to guard prisoners. One day, when the women of the Sultan's household were visiting the bazaar, a young army surgeon, taking advantage of a moment when the crowd densest, successfully abducted one of them. He stole with her through the bazaar, crossed the narrow street, and concealed her in the European quarter, called the Pera. It is difficult to conceive how this affair could have been successfully carried through, as it is almost impossible to elude the vigilance of the eunuchs; besides, the principal actors in this escapade had never seen each other before, and neither one could understand a word of the other's language. Does it not prove that the desire for liberty is deeply implanted in every human soul? The poor slave of the harem leaves the comforts of the only shelter she has ever known, and joyfully intrusts herself to the protection of a stranger, so wearied is she of her hated bonds. Be it said in justice to this young officer, who was a gallant man and the possessor of an ample fortune, that he had but one end in view, namely, to give liberty to this unhappy woman. One can scarcely imagine the tumult that ensued when the eunuchs in charge found that one of their number had disappeared. The Turks cried out at the sacrilege, the police were quickly summoned, and the bazaar thoroughly searched, but all to no purpose. The hour for return to the harem having struck, the carriages were obliged to start homeward, notwithstanding the fact that in one of them was a vacant seat, and, judging by the consternation depicted upon the faces of the eunuchs in charge, it was very hard to divine that a heavy punishment awaited them. At nightfall the regular police were re-enforced by a large number of detectives, and the search was vigorously prosecuted, while immense rewards were offered for the discovery of the unhappy fugitive. At the end of three days she was found and brought in triumph back to the harem, where, according to the brutal custom, she had to suffer the penalty of a horrible death in the presence of her former companions. The punishment in this case was even more terrible than that usually inflicted. The fact of the

young officer being a Christian operated strongly against her. Decapitation alone was deemed too mild a penalty, and it was commonly reported that the poor runaway was bound between two pieces of wood, then sawed through the middle of the body, and thrown into the sea. The capture of the woman was soon followed by the discovery of the name of the officer, and thereupon his head was demanded and a reward offered for it. On the arrival of the troops in Constantinople orders were issued at the army headquarters imposing the necessity upon the part of the soldiers, officers, and file alike to observe due respect to all the customs of the city, and especially was there an edict of non-interference with Turkish women. The officer who had thus violated orders was liable to severe punishment, while the large reward offered for his head by the Turkish authorities caused the camp to be swarmed with spies, and on several occasions the sentinels on guard found it necessary to fire upon suspicious characters lurking in the vicinity.

Finding it impossible by these means to secure the person of the officer, other steps were resorted to, and a few days later the General in charge of the troops was himself summoned to the presence of the Sultan. Accompanied by his staff he appeared at the palace. This palace is built at the edge of the water and under the brow of a barren hill. At the distance of 100 feet one would not imagine that a palace could exist in such a place; nevertheless, the style is fine. It is built entirely of white marble and surrounded by a wall. At the principal entrance is a large iron grating, and at about eighty feet from that grating is the palace. The first apartment is the reception hall, which has but two openings—one to enter and the other at the rear, leading to the interior of the palace. The room is large and high-pitched, the walls and floor are solid white marble. There is no furniture, not even seats; during an audience one is obliged to stand. On the right, at about fifteen feet from the entrance door is a niche in the wall capable of holding five or six persons. This niche is surrounded by a low railing, and the Sultan enters it and receives his visitors. On the arrival of the General at the palace he was immediately ushered into this audience hall, and soon thereafter the Sultan, followed by his interpreter, entered from the exterior and took his place in the raised niche. Turning his face in an opposite direction from his visitor, according to custom, he threw his sleeve over the railing as an indication of his mighty presence. The interpreter, speaking in French, said:

"General, the Son of the Sun and the Moon asks you to deliver to him the officer who committed the sacrilege of abducting a woman of his harem."

The General answered: "Mr Interpreter, I pray you to present my sincere regrets to his Majesty that I cannot comply with his request; firstly, because I have not the power; and, secondly, because the officer's act is not a crime according to our code of law. The officer having violated the order of my department in his interference with the women of the country, will receive a severe punishment, but beyond that I cannot go."

Thereupon ensued a conversation between the Sultan and his interpreter, and the latter soon spoke: "General, the Son of the Sun and the Moon desires to know if you have decided."

This was uttered with an air of menace, but the General calmly replied: "I can only repeat what I have said, and, furthermore, I pray that his Majesty will cease his attempts to capture the officer in question."

After this another talk took place between the two, at the conclusion of which the interpreter said: "General, the Son of the Sun and the Moon informs you that he will refer the matter to his Majesty the Emperor of France."

The Sultan then took his leave, followed by the interpreter, and the General returned to his camp. A few days after a French frigate from the Crimea, carrying the mail and having hospital convalescents on board, crossed the Bosphorus. The General took advantage of this chance and forced the officer to embark. He was escorted to the vessel by several companies of infantry and some cavalry. This escort remained at the wharf until the departing frigate was out of sight. This terminated the affair.

"Isn't it a cute little thing," said Mrs. Gushly to her husband, as she held the baby up to him.

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