

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 27.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS, RUBBER, LINES AND COTTON HOSE, MACHINE OILS of all kinds, FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds. Liberal Discount to Dealers.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

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

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

Much mischief has been done in New York (says Harper's Bazar) by the willingness some hostesses have shown in introducing the more plausible of adventurers, those who travel with a handle to their names. Nothing is so hard as to doubt a prince, a lord, or a marquis, yet a prince picked a pocket at a lady's reception in New York, and his minister said afterward that he was the worst villain in Russia, which is saying a great deal. But the lady was deceived by the name. When obliged to send for a policeman, at least to frighten her high-born pick-pocket, she was sympathized with by all her guests, not blamed. An adventurer sometimes comes well introduced by his talents. He may be a painter of merit, an artist, a musician. We owe him much for the lively work. Genius excuses a great deal. We even forgive a bad-mannered, incorrigible snob, pretentious and under-bred, if he has talents that delight us. There is a large double-breasted, wide-sleeved capote, called the Eccentricities of Genius, in which we too often wrap even a clerical sinner, an ill-mannered adventurer, a "dead-beat."

DARWIN NOT AN ATHEIST.

His Turbulent and Dissipated Youth—Extremely Fond of Music.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes lengthy extracts from a new book, entitled "Darwin's Life," which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appears that Darwin as a child was naughty, and as a boy he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury school after seven years very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of a doctor, but his horror of the sight of blood and his repugnance to dissection prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel and paid the choir boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839 Darwin became a deist and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God."

THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE.

I tried to kiss the lovely maid, But she resisted; I was not the least afraid And so, I lasted.

She said, "You're missing all my hair, Likewise my collar." I promptly said, "I do not care!" She said, "I'll holler!"

The hand with which the maiden sweet He red lips shielded I caught—the victory was complete: She sweetly yielded.

LILY LANGTRY'S BELONGINGS.

Some of the Features of Her Home and Her Costumes.

When the contents of the little Langtry house in Park Lane were sold and the social career of the famous Jersey beauty came to an end all the fashionable London world gathered to the auction of her effects, and were considerably surprised at the revelations of the luxury within that modest little domicile. The house was small, but everything in it was of the very finest and most expensive quality. The damask was as thick and shining as white satin, all the beautiful Belfast bed linen was embroidered with a double "L," and many of the sheets and pillow-slips were edged with lace. The hangings, rugs, embroideries and furnishings were of the richest and all the domestic appointments exquisitely dainty and costly. This passion for luxury is an integral quality of the beauty's nature. She cannot exist without it and will have it at any cost. The moment she settles down anywhere it begins in three days to show itself in all sorts of charming adjuncts, and her house on Twenty-third street was a perfect marvel of costly liveliness. Her piano was draped with an India shawl, the card-trays and ash-receivers were richly enamelled, the rugs were of the most expensive furs, the candlesticks of solid silver. Every detail, every appearance, had an intrinsic money value apart from what beauty it possessed, and as for her personal appointments they were fitted for the use of an empress. All the fittings of her travelling dressing case are in gold and the heaviest crystal, and ivory, shell, silver and porcelain, made into the dainty and luxurious toilet devices that only Parisians can manufacture, furnish forth her bath-room and dressing-table.

AN INTERESTING CHURCH CASE.

A Man Fined for Irreverence in Kneeling on Only One Knee Goes to Recover.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 1.—One of the most extraordinary cases that has ever come up before the Supreme Court of the Dominion has just been argued here, and is likely to be carried to the imperial Privy Council of Great Britain, the highest tribunal in the realm, before it is finally disposed of. It involves the question of right of the Roman Catholic Church to exact or collect fines from members of the congregation who have failed to conform to the rules of the Church. The case at issue is that of Poitras vs. Lebeau. The suit arose out of the refusal of the appellant to kneel on both knees during high mass in the Church of St. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, near Montreal. The action for \$2,000 was brought against the respondent for having instigated proceedings charging the appellant with having infringed in said church an irrevocable act, for which he (the appellant) had to pay the sum of \$8.20 penalty. The case was tried by a jury, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the respondent. This verdict was moved against before the court of review, when a new trial was granted on the ground that the evidence was contradictory and that the plaintiff had suffered damage. The Court of Appeal reversed this judgment and confirmed the verdict. Appeal was then made to the Supreme Court here.

FOR MUMMIFIERS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

It is strange how some people will mix up sporting with musical matters—and yet the following would seem to be quite appropriate.—Bass Ball Magnate—"Want a job as umpire, eh?" Applicant—"That's what I'm after." "Ever umpire before?" "No." "Play ball!" "Never." "Then what are your qualifications?" "I have been leader of a church choir for ten years." "Why didn't you say so before? you're just the man we've been looking for; consider yourself engaged."

Nelson's New Quarters.

(London Daily Telegraph.)

Mme. Christine Nilsson, now the Comtesse de Miranda, has just taken on lease a double apartment, which she will keep as a pied a terre in Paris. It consists of a ground floor and entresol in the Place Vendome, and being shut off from the rest of the house, it is of the class described here as a hotel. The apartment was formerly inhabited by Dr. Pratt, a well-known American doctor. Mme. Nilsson says that, having now a house in London, a place in Madrid, and an apart-

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITES.

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

Daughter—Papa, don't you know it bad manners to put your hands in your pockets? Papa—No, my dear, I am only practicing. Daughter—Practising what? Papa—To put my hands in my pockets for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married the duke you are engaged to.—Judge.

THE HAPPY CANDIDATE.

The candidate to victory on the way Concerning whom the parties all unite. In saying just about election day "Oh, he's all right."

YOUNG AMERICA.

A Boston mother was putting a little one to bed and said: "I think, Flossie, you are old enough to learn an evening prayer. I'm going to say it for you, and you will repeat it after me."

"Yeth'm," lisped the little one. "Well, we'll begin. Are you ready?" "Yeth'm. Let er go, Gallagher!"—Boston Courier.

"How is my boy getting on?" inquired an anxious father of the principal of a boarding-school.

"Wonderfully, wonderfully," replied the pompous pedagogue. "He is making rapid strides in everything but penmanship. I'm sorry to say he's the worst writer in the school."

"Pshaw!" returned the father, "don't trouble yourself on that account. I intend to make a doctor of him."—Judge.

I imagined Maria had thousands laid up in strong wallo; I wedded, and find she has millions—Of faults. —Tid-Bits.

"Shall I sing for you, George, some simple ballad, dear, attuned to the deathless love we bear each other?" she asked, and her manner indicated how gladly she would do anything for George.

"Yes, sweetheart," replied George, in a low, sweet tone, "sing 'Darling, I am growing old.'"

Commercial traveller (to Texas hardware dealer) "How's your stock of rope, Mr. Sharpedge?"

Mr. Sharpedge: "We've got a pretty fair stock left; things have been rather quiet 'round here lately."

Bobby: Ma, can I stay home from school to-day?

Mother: Yes, Bobby, your father wants you to help him up the parlor stove?"

Bobby: "Well, ma, why cant I go to school?"

First citizen: "I see there is a red flag out just around the corner of your house."

Second citizen (alarmed): "What a red flag?"

First citizen: "Yes; a case of small-pox, I hear."

Second citizen (relieved): "Oh, small-pox. My wife has just got back from the country and I was afraid it might be an action."

Patient: "I s'pose, doctor, you make out your prescriptions in Latin so that your patients won't know what it is?"

Doctor: "Possibly."

Patient: "And you make out your bills in English so that your patients will know what it is?"

Doctor: "Exactly."

The Khedive of Egypt is a strict monogamist. He lives with his one wife and children at his palace at Ismailia, near the Nile Bridge. Every morning he rises between four and five and takes two hours exercise. Between seven and eight he drives to the Abdin Palace, where he holds state receptions, receiving telegrams and attends to the affairs of State.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

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RUBBER GOODS.

The American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte street has just been opened. The store is under the management of the Messrs. Mullins, and is equipped with a complete stock of Rubber Goods which they handle exclusively. They make a specialty of American rubbers and overshoes, and clothing for gentlemen and ladies. Their stock is well worth an inspection.

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

MOXIE NERVE FOOD,

—ALSO—

GINGER ALE

—AND—

Bottled Soda,

No. 16 NORTH WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. A. WALLIS & SON.

A. E. POTE, Manager.

JUST RECEIVED!

JUBILEE BELLS,
GIFTS POTS, ZINKER POTS,
TRIPOD BASKETS, BRASS EASELS,
BRASS ORNAMENTS for Trimming,
BRASS MATCH SAFES,
BRASS INK STANDS,
WOOD AND BRASS CABINET and
PHOTO FRAMES,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
CUTLERY, PURSES,
LUNCHEON and MARKET BASKETS,
POCKET BOOKS.

All the above goods will be sold at
very low prices at

WATSON & CO'S,
Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

D. CONNELL,
Livery Stable,
SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

**CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital, - - \$10,000,000.

H. CHUBB & CO.,
General Agents,
Losses adjusted and paid without reference
to England.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 15 Coburg Street,
NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, ETC.

OFFICE:

94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE.

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

MISS M. HANCOCK,
85 QUEEN STREET.

JOHN BODEN,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &C.

Office: No. 8 PALMER'S CHAMBERS,
Princess St., St. John, N. B.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.

GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
and Surgeons, N. Y. York; of King's College
London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scot-
land.

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

JAMES T. SHARKEY, L.L.B.,

Barrister and Attorney,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED and DYED at
the **St. John Dye Works.**

C. E. BRACKETT & CO.
94 PRINCESS STREET.

RATS, CATS AND SNAKES.

SOME OF THE SUPERSTITIONS BELIEVED BY THE COREANS.

Reference Paid to Reptiles—Tabby Not
"High in High Esteem—Rodents Excess-
ingly Troublesome—The Legend of the
Farmer and the Snake.

Corean houses are usually more than
supplied with rats. They gambol about on the
paper ceilings, if the room is supplied with a
ceiling, if not they burrow in the mass of
mud and mortar between the rafters and the
tiles. In case the room is furnished with a
ceiling the rats become very disagreeable in-
deed, for the thick paper is like a drumhead,
and being made up of several layers held to-
gether by rice paste, the rats pull up strips of
this paper and eat it. The noise is like that
of an amateur brass band, and never fails to
arouse a neighbor from the sounds. Thus, it
be ever so used to it, while upon the
new comer the effect is quite exaggerated.
By a species of drum practice upon this drum-
head ceiling the rats may be so frightened
that they will stay away for the rest of the
night.

The natives do not like rats, and endeavor in
various ways to get rid of them, as, for in-
stance, by placing a written character on the
ceiling, or many characters at times, under the
popular supposition that like people, so re-
spect the written characters that they will
not desecrate it by walking over it. Some
rats, however, are said to be like some people,
and the charm does not always work satisfac-
torily.

FREEDOM FOR SNAKES.
Snakes are allowed free liberty in and upon
a Corean house. They usually live in burrows
in the mud under the tiles. These burrows
are doubtless used by the rats during the win-
ter time, and they are noticeably absent dur-
ing the summer, after the proper occupants
have thawed out. The snakes doubtless make
it lively for the rats, but their principal food
is the eggs and young of the swallows, which
live under the eaves. One can always tell
when the snake is visible by the crooked char-
acter of the birds. Hundreds of them con-
gregate about where he may be seen him-
self on the hot tiles, and jabber away at him
with all their might. Others fly away and
enlist the services of the impudent magpies,
who come screaming in their shrill tones and
give Mr. Snake a sharp dig in some unex-
pected part. The snake usually gets the worst
of the encounter and runs to cover.

The people will not kill the snakes; they
have a superstition based on fear. They trace
it back to a story concerning a man who
killed a poisonous snake and afterward was
killed, together with his whole family, by the
bite of the dead reptile. The house snakes
are some three feet in length, fat, lazy and
practically harmless.

One cannot help but note the absence of
cats in Corea, and as the rats become more
and more troublesome an occasional feline
servant becomes an appreciated favor. Cats
are sometimes kept, but they are seldom seen,
while dogs are everywhere and weasels are
not a rarity. The latter animals will and
confine their raids mostly to chickens.

The cat is considered an unclean animal
and never occupies the place it does in a
European household. The superstition con-
cerning the cat is also traced back to a story,
and is as harmful to the descendants of the
hero (heroine) of the story as it was benefi-
cial in the case of the snake.

A LEGENDARY TALE.
It is reported that once upon a time a
farmer working in the field felt some of
vacuity which frequent lightning of his
belt would not relieve. He went on till he
could wait no longer, and from wondering
why his spruce did not brought him a con-
tinuous meal he worked himself up into a
rage at his negligence. He decided to go
and investigate the matter, and on the way
he took the precaution of selecting a good
club for any necessary use such as clubs may
be put to. Searching his house, he espied his
wife lying on a mat with her baby in her
arms, apparently both asleep. "Ah ha!" he
cried, "this is the way you lotter around
while I work the till till my belly has
vanished. I'll teach you a thing or two."
With which he struck her a sound blow,
which only resulted in jolting the babe from
the breast and discharging a drop of blood
where milk should have been.

The enraged farmer was startled. He
forgot his anger as he saw that his little
family lay dead before him. He went to ex-
amine the apartment and under a chest he
found a lot of blood and the tail of a snake,
with a cat still eating at the living head and
upper portion of the body. The snake's head
still jumped about and the fangs darted out,
trying to keep out of the way.
But the jumping head had struck the sleeping
mother and the deadly fangs had pierced her
flesh, sending the poisonous blood into the
nursing infant, killing them both. Since
that time cats are not kept in the country,
and are but seldom seen in the cities. When
seen they appear wild and run as if afraid of
their lives.—"H. N. A." in San Francisco
Chronicle.

The Great American Disease, Dyspepsia.
"Americans as a class eat as much oil with
their salads as did the Venetians in the time
of Medici," said John Chamberlain in a jour-
nalist the other day. "But it took a great
many years to overcome their Puritanical
prejudices. In the minds of the descendants
of the Puritans there was a strong but un-
conscious association between Catholicism
and French cookery, and oil being exten-
sively used by the French in the preparation
of their food these descendants, like their
ancestors, had a strong aversion for it. The
Puritans were never so happy as when he was
uncomfortable. They imagined that to de-
serve heaven hereafter they were obliged to
live in a sort of modified hell on earth. They
rightly concluded that dyspepsia was the best
representation of the tortures of the bottom-
less pit, and the surest way to contract it
was to eatheer oil in their salads. This is
the true origin of the American disease, dys-
pepsia.

"Salads when properly prepared are the
most enjoyable part of dainty dinners. They
are cooling to the stomach. They assist di-
gestion, which is often needed after a dinner
of heavy joints and side dishes. They re-
lieve the feeling of fullness so often com-
plained of by fast eaters, and their prepara-
tion at table animates conversation. When
bathed in pure olive oil they become nature's
choicest gifts. Dyspepsia and cranky, idiotic
ideas are unknown to the lover of a well
made salad."—New York Evening Sun.

Destruction by Salt Mining.
The extensive subsidence of Northwich,
Eng., according to Mr. Thomson Ward, has
no other cause than the pumping of brine for
the manufacture of white salt. The upper
bed of salt lies beneath about fifty yards of
marl; the lower bed, separated from the first
by ten yards of marl, is over thirty yards
thick. The sinking was first noticed in 1770,
a century after the first discovery of salt, and
has progressed rapidly since. Much property
has been destroyed, and large lakes have
been formed—some having an area of 100
acres and all depths up to forty-five feet.—
Arlansaw Traveller.

A Popular Fashion.
A popular, but silly, fashion is to stick a lot
of imitation bugs and spiders on the large
silk umbrella shades for high standing lamps
which are now so extensively used in draw-
ing rooms and libraries, and which make
each party so picturesque.—Chicago
Times.

DRINKING BEFORE MEAL TIME.

Directions Which May Be of Great Value
to Dyspeptic—The Morning Glass.

An acquaintance of the writer, who has
suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number
of years, and has tried most of the numerous
remedies a host of kind friends have recom-
mended for her relief, hands us the following
article from The Medical News, with this re-
quest that it be printed in The Scientific
American. Our dyspeptic friend has found
great relief in following the directions, and
it is hoped others may be also benefited.

"In the morning the stomach contains a
considerable quantity of mucus spread over
and adherent to its walls. If food enters at
this time the tenacious mucus will interfere
to some extent with the direct contact be-
tween the food and the stomach necessary to
provide the secretion of gastric juice. A
glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes
through the stomach into the small intestines
in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It
partly dissolves the stomach, stretching and,
to some extent, obliterating the rugae; it
thins and washes out most of the tenacious
mucus; it increases the fulness of the capil-
laries of the stomach, directly if the water is
warm, and indirectly, in a reactionary way,
if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the ali-
mentary tract, wakes it up so to speak, and
gives it a morning exercise and washing.

"Care must be taken not to give cold water
when the circulation, either local or general,
is so feeble as to make reaction improbable.
We should not risk it in advanced age, nor
in the feeble, whether old or young, nor
should it be given in troubles, like
chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is
best to give warm water or hot water. The
adding more to it is very essential. Such a
time honored custom as drinking soup at the
beginning of a meal could only have been so
persistently adhered to because of it having
been found by experience to be the most ap-
propriate time. It does exactly what warm
or hot water, with the addition of salt, does,
and more, in that it is nutritive and excites
the flow of gastric juice."—Scientific American.

Experience Under Ether.
Every one who has inhaled ether feels that
he has passed through a remarkable experi-
ence, whether of a disagreeable nature or
the reverse. Sometimes the vapor carries
with it the most delightful sensation, and
again it is only produced by the horrible.
When a patient is "going off" or returning
to consciousness, he often indulges in absurd
remarks.

"Just my my blue bonnet," said a lady,
opening her eyes after some time spent in a
dentist's chair. "So I can't be dead; that
wouldn't have been waiting for me in
heaven."

Another, a sober matron, was so delighted
on returning to consciousness, at seeing the
kindly face of her physician leaning over
her, after she had been floating off into space,
that she exclaimed excitedly, "O, doctor, I
love you!"

"Yes, yes, I know it," he replied, sooth-
ingly, and she has since declared that she was
so angry with him for not estimating the
importance of her statements that she kept
on wildly insisting, "But you don't under-
stand, I adore you!"

One young girl, compelled to go through a
painful surgical operation, began laughing
immoderately as soon as the ether affected
her. After her recovery, she was asked to
recall the cause of her merriment, and in doing so
she laughed as heartily again.

"I can't tell you how funny it was," she de-
clared, "if someone had been looking on,
there was a big mosquito going in and out
with the loops. Oh, if you could only have
seen how funny he looked!"

From which it may be inferred that ether
is common with hashish and opium, has the
power of investing the simplest objects and
the most ordinary characters with a new
genius which had inhaled ether for the
purpose of having his teeth extracted, says
there was, some days in the course of the
operation, and when the last teeth were
pulled he had begun to regain consciousness.

"I felt no pain," he says, in describing his
sensations, "I felt the jar when each
tooth left my head. But all the time I was
dreaming that I was whizzing through the
country on a lightning express train.

"At intervals some one threw a huge log
across the track, in front of the engine, and
we went over it with a bump and jolt. Not
knowing what it was, I realized that the jar
was that of a departing tooth."—Courier
Journal.

What the Typewriter is Doing.
The typewriter is creating a revolution in
mechanical correspondence, and filling the
country with active, competent young ladies
who are establishing a distinct profession,
and bringing into our business offices, law-
yers' offices, editorial sanctuaries, etc., an
element of decency, purity and method which
is working a perceptible change. The field is
limitless; daily not from crowding out of
their places young men who have been in
the habit of claiming a pre-emption for clerical
work of all descriptions, but in creating
the smallest amount of time. Whereas, five
years ago, has come from the dis-
covery to business men of an ability of
writing more than twenty times as fast as
convenience and excellent work of the type-
writer forced them to it.

The art of dictation is almost a new art,
but it is spreading rapidly, and business men
are beginning to understand that much of
their lives has been wasted in the mere me-
chanical drudgery of letter writing, and that
through employing a competent amanuensis
they are now enabled to get off their corre-
spondence with the least possible friction and
the smallest amount of time. Whereas, five
years ago, the typewriter was simply a me-
chanical curiosity, today its monotonous
click can be heard in almost every well regu-
lated business establishment in the country.
A great revolution is taking place, and the
typewriter is at the bottom of it.—Penny's
Art Journal.

Methods of Long Range Shooting.
To the general public the interest in Creed-
moor was due perhaps largely to the pictur-
esque features of the contests. It was a strik-
ing novelty to see men shooting at a nearly
invisible target, and, in so doing, getting
into all kinds of awkward, uncouth attitudes.
The man who made a bull's eye at 1,000 yards
received as much credit for his effort on ac-
count of lying on his stomach as he did for
his faultless aim. And on the other hand, he
who missed at the same distance had sym-
pathy mixed maybe with condemnation, be-
cause he lay on his back and rested the muz-
zle of his gun on his toes. But after a few
contests the novelty of the methods was of
no greater interest than the sport itself, for
people soon familiarized themselves with the
difficulties of long range shooting, they be-
lieved they understood its peculiarities, and
they talked as learnedly about it as they do
now about balloon jigs and rocker keels.—
New York Sun.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNGRY
AND INQUISITIVE REPORTER.

No Oriental Luxuries in Sight—A Mys-
terious Compound Brought to the Table.
Two Slices of "Pe-sick-re-ant-i."—A
Pot of Delicious Tea.

In Mulberry street, near Canal, amid the
noise, bustle and confusion of the busy mar-
chaunts of the "Broad," there is a quiet and un-
pretentious dining room. It is presided over
at all hours of the day and night by Wah
Sing Foo, and the business is said to be a
thriving one. Pictures of turtles, pigs,
sharks and several kinds of hobgoblins are
pasted on the windows and their virtues, as
articles of diet, are set forth in choice spider
serifed pieces of brown paper. It is the most
attractive sign, however, reads as fol-
lows: "A good diner's cent."

This was sufficient to lure a reporter into
the place recently. There were none of the
Oriental luxuries in sight. On the walls were
a few pictures of flowers, highly colored, and
a certificate that Mr. Foo, or some of his
friends, had attended a Sunday school. The
tables were of pine and partially covered by
a ragged material that looked like a cross be-
tween a dishcloth and a mop. Mr. Foo was
engaged in leveling the sole of his shoe with
a hatchet when the reporter entered, and,
after glancing up quickly, went on with his
work. The reporter dropped carelessly upon
a stool and waited. How long the wait would
have lasted will never be known. There was
a sudden interruption. A pungent odor
in from the back yard, where something was
being cooked. It was too powerful for any
nose save a highly cultivated one. The re-
porter tried to keep it back, but it came
—a double barreled sneeze—that set every-
thing ringing.

It struck Mr. Foo amidship. The hatchet
fell on his foot and the shoe dropped into
something which looked like a log of mo-
lasses. There was blood in his eye and there
might have been a tragedy, had not the in-
nocent cause of all the commotion put on
a hungry look and touched his sunken abom-
en with his finger.

THE BEST IN THE HOUSE.
Mr. Foo smiled so that no one could tell
whether he was weeping, gnawing or gnashing
his teeth as he said:
"Wing Foo ah alle go to kiting see bah."
"All right, Mr. Foo. I'll forgive you. Now
just sit the best in the house up to the
eight cent limit, and all will be well."

Mr. Foo jumped away with the air of a
man who did not understand a word that had
been spoken. He kept out of sight for twenty
minutes and then appeared with a large bowl
of something steaming hot, which he set on
the table and then took a seat close by. He
began to whistle a peculiar call and the yel-
lowish soup moved restlessly in the bowl. A
spoon came with the stuff. It required some
courage to take a mouthful, and it would
take a team of horses and a derrick to get one
up to the rack for a second trial. A mixture
of hard, mustard, salt and large water may
tempt a lagging appetite, but it is just a lit-
tle surprising to the stomach of a man who
thoroughly used to the customs of the Flor-
y Kingdom. Mr. Foo took the mysterious
compound away and came back in a little
while with a large plate and a couple of small
dishes. There were two slices of some
brown material on the platter. Mr. Foo ad-
mitted that it was "pe-sick-re-ant-i." There
is no doubt that it was the genuine good.
It tasted so. One of the slices was filled with
small fish bones, and the other was a dainty
morsel which might have been taken, with a
little imagination, to be a bit of fried mussel
meat. Mr. Foo evidently runs his place on
the town, not on the water, and he keeps one
from being poisoned. A nibble
here and there demonstrated that an ash can
would be a safe place for Mr. Foo's "layout."
It made it easy to understand why young
Chinamen wear wrinkles and appears like
an old man while yet in his teens.

Mr. Foo removed the dishes. He wanted to
bring some more of the menu, but the re-
porter indicated that he would prefer a drink
of some kind. After a long delay Mr. Foo
appeared with a tray bearing a small pot of
tea and a cup that resembled a toy. The tea
was revelation. It was aromatic and the
flavor delicious, and if there had not been a
small family of Croton bugs found in the teap-
ock, after the tea had been swallowed, it
would have been thoroughly enjoyable. This
ended the dinner.

"Well, Mr. Foo, how much do I owe you?"
the reporter asked, simply as a matter of
form.

The remark brought back Mr. Foo's cheer-
fulness, and he came near uncovering his
spine with longitudinal extension of his smile.
He showed for the first time that his English
had not been entirely neglected. After a few
marks with a brush through the wreath of
smiles came the words soft and low:

"Sixty-nine cents." "Sixty-nine cents? Go to, Mr. Foo. You are
crazy! Why your sign out there says that
you give a good dinner for eight cents. What
do you mean by this extortion?"

"Ah! Excuse me. Eight cents for poor Chin-
aman. Mexican man riches, no eat like
Chinaman. He eatte plenty soup, beef and
good things. Mexican man, much pay, Belly
good. Sixty-nine cent cheap. Chinaman
lose money all time. Belly poor."

The bill was paid, and the visitor came
away with the experience and conviction that
Mr. Foo had mistaken his calling. He ought
to double up with Hungry Joe and do the
"band shaking" act.—New York Tribune.

A Cure for Wakefulness.
Many a middle aged man who is in the
habit of going to bed after eating a hearty
meal is puzzled when he finds himself waking
up in the small hours of the morning, day
after day, and unable to get to sleep again.
He knows that this wakefulness is unnatural,
but it never occurs to him that it is due to
his stomach. He took me several years, dur-
ing which I lost months of sleep, to find this
out, but now I know it. If the victim of in-
somnia whom I have described will rise from
his bed when he wakes and drink a pint of
water he will go to sleep again immediately,
and will not wake again until his ordinary
hour.—Maj. E. S. Foster in Globe-Democrat.

Apotheosis of Pepper.
We knew it would come. The announce-
ment has been made that a paper coffin has
been invented and put upon the market. A
man may now build his house of paper, eat
his dinner from paper plates, wipe his face
with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a
paper piano and go to his grave in a paper
coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a
piece of paper and the death published on
another piece. There are few things more
useful than paper.—Philadelphia Record.

The Smoked Herring Monopoly.
The island of Grand Manan is the home of
cut and dried monopoly that would be hard
to match. Grand Manan puts up annually
more than 1,000,000 boxes of smoked herring,
and controls the market.

Boston is the paradise of newspaper
women.

A. G. BOWES & Co.,

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



THE BEST
IN THE
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ALL
MODERN
IMPROVE-
MENTS.

Call and examine it

At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

City Market Building, Germain Street.

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

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PIANOS & ORGANS,

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

Small Musical Instruments, Strings & Kinds.

PICTURE FRAMING
Of all Kinds.

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OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

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93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs,
Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

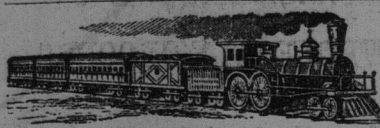
SPECIAL NOTICE!

GRAND OFFER.

**THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL
BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE
UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR
THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR
25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.**

This Offer remains open until December
25th.

RAILROADS.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

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

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN. 8.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Fregeuse Lake, Grand Falls and Edmundston, with Pullman Buffet Car for Bangor.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 10.40 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.20 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

LEAVE CARLETON. 4.30 p.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock, Grand Falls and Fregeuse Lake.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 10.40 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4.20 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1887.

ON and after MONDAY, June, 13th 1887, the train of this Railway will run daily Sunday excepted as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS: 7.00 a.m. to 11.00 a.m. EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC: 11.00 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Trains will Arrive at St. John. EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC: 5.30 p.m. EXPRESS FROM ST. JOHN: 11.00 a.m.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1887.



Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows: LEAVE ST. JOHN at 5.20 p.m., and Carleton at 12.20 p.m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 5.14 p.m., St. Stephen at 7.42 p.m.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co'y.

BOSTON!

EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston direct, and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Union Line.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, the splendid Steamer David Weston will leave for Fredericton, Houlton, and intermediate ports, as follows: local time, viz. on Wednesday and Friday mornings at nine o'clock, and on Monday and Saturday afternoons at five o'clock.

RETURNING will leave Fredericton on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at seven o'clock, and at intermediate ports, viz. at seven o'clock, and on Monday and Saturday afternoons at five o'clock.

Excursion Tickets issued to Fredericton and all intermediate stops on Saturday afternoons, good to return free on following Monday, but no return ticket less than 50 cents.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager, Office 215 West, Indianopolis, St. John City Agency, at H. Chubb & Co's, P. Wm. St.

FEATHER BEDS.

The Most Comfortable of Beds When Kept Thoroughly Clean.

The winter season is rapidly approaching when feather beds will be a necessity. There are hundreds, nay thousands of people in this and all other countries who would just as lief do without an overcoat during the winter months as without a feather bed. All of us remember when we visited the country districts and were put to sleep in the spare bed how delightful the sensation was. How we settled down among the soft feathers until the bed almost became blanket as well as bed.

They obtain from a merchant a bag of feathers which they are told are of the best quality and for a few months the bed is soft and good. Then it gradually becomes hard; the feathers through constant use mat together and sleep instead of being a restorer is rendered uneasy and the sleeper wakes in the morning almost as tired as when he went to bed. If the bed is thoroughly aired every day the hardening process is delayed for some time, but in this climate of ours through airing is out of the question.

A few years ago an ingenious American invented a machine for renovating and cleansing feather beds. The machine is known as the champion feather bed renovator and one or more of them are in use in every important city in the country. The machine is so constructed that as the feathers from the bed pass through it all foreign substances, insect life such as moths are removed and every feather is thoroughly cleansed. The cleansing process also removes all the impurities left after the plucking of fowls and cleanses the bed of every contamination resulting from sickness if there has been any in the bed, or from the exhalations of the body which are so readily absorbed by feathers.

It is only quite recently that the feather bed renovator has been introduced into St. John, but for the few months Mr. Max Ungar, No. 32 Waterloo street, has had his in operation. A very large number of beds have been cleaned and all who have had beds cleaned express the greatest satisfaction with the thorough manner in which the Renovator does its work. The names of those who have patronized Mr. Ungar's establishment include among them the very best people of the city.

Diphtheria.

"Last January," says J. N. Temple, of Orwell, Ont., "there appeared diphtheria in our neighborhood. Doctors ran night and day, but I kept going to Hagyard's Yellow Oil and brought my children through all right." Yellow Oil cures all painful complaints and injuries.

Rouben B. Thrull is said to be the oldest practising lawyer in the world. He lives at Rutland, Vt., is ninety-three years old, and has just been attending the sessions of the Rutland County Court looking after some old cases on the calendar.

A Narrow Escape.

People who are exposed to the sudden changes of our northern climate have little chance of escaping colds, coughs, sore throat and lung troubles. The best safe-guard is to keep Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam at hand. It is a quick relief and reliable cure for such complaints.

Earl Cairns, who as Viscount Garmochie has a paid Miss Fortescue \$50,000 for falling to marry her, has just inherited \$5,000,000 from a foolish uncle. Now Miss Adelaide Green, who refused to marry him because he couldn't pay for the wedding presents, may be thoughtful. She took the Prince of Wales's advice, too, it is said.

Miss Jeannie Youmans has succeeded her brother, Prof. Edward L. Youmans, in the editorship of the Popular Science Monthly. Miss Youmans has always been her brother's assistant and companion in his study.

A Sad Contemplation.

It is sad to contemplate the amount of physical suffering in the world. How many weary, broken down invalids there are to whom life is burdensome! The nervous debility and general weakness of those afflicted with lingering disease is best remedied by the invigorating power of R. B. B. J.

The Empire's Dying Request.

[St. Paul Globe.] An umpire of the Northwestern league lay dying. It appears there was lack of tender usage, and a player stood beside him as his life's sands ebbed away, and bent with rapt attention to hear what he might say. The "croaking" umpire faltered as he took the player's paw, and he said: "Old boy, I am going, you'll miss my useful jaw. Say to all your brother players who were once dear (?) friends of mine, if they check the man who runs the game, expect they must a fine." Tell the pitcher of your base ball club (I think his name is Mike) that he can't expect each ball that's pitched to be declared a "strike," and he mustn't scowl and show his wrath or make display of gall, when the hired man behind the plate shouts forcibly "one ball." And just whisper to your brother not to hold the ground ball is caught, such breaks as that will change a man's decision not a jot. Besides," he said, "his glossy eyes were wet with tears of brine," they cannot grumble if they get a reasonable fine. Tell your "catcher," who at first or third is wont to take his place, not to open up his fusillade until a man's on base; and, furthermore, if captain, I would warn him to desist, for he makes the people tired, and he "never would be missed." Tell the fellows that an umpire's only human, after all, and they can't expect him not to err sometimes in games of ball, and the only way to keep recalcitrants in line is to "sock it to 'em" gently with a "tenner" for a fine. Say to all the members of your club when ere disputes arise, that it hurts one's feelings keenly to be told direct he lies; and also, to the fellows three who occupy the field, to hold the ground ball because, be sure, the umpire will not yield. This wordy warfare only serves to cause delays in the game. You may mound the umpire most to death, but he'll get there just the same, and he'll make cold shivers "chase" up and down each kicker's spine by passing round among you all a souvenir in fine. Tell the mouthy men, who make remarks while seated in the stand that their wit-nesses are chagrined, and at no time in demand; that umpires can not always rule in favor of their team, however strange or startling this assertion may seem, and, cries of "Rats" and "Put 'em out" and "Umpire, how is that?" disgust all lovers of the game—are silly, "stale and flat." Such people should, in dudgeons be, and there be made re- pine, for an umpire cannot reach them with his customary fine. I'm going, you all follow, I think I've told you all the things that umpires most detest while refereeing ball. I've done my best to satisfy the patrons of the game, and if I erred in judgment sure my heart was not to blame. I've only this request to make when I am laid away, that you'll think of what I've told you in the games you'll often play. Soon I'll quit this sphere of sorrow for a land that's more divine, where the umpire gets no more shake, and there's no more need for fine."

One Hundred Dollars in Gold.

It is not often that farmers and farmer's wives, or people generally who keep hens, have an opportunity to make from ten to fifty dollars in eight week's time, besides increasing the number of eggs from their hens from two to five hundred.

For three years, J. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., have offered several premiums payable in gold coin for the best results from the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay. These premiums, for the four best results from eight weeks' laying, more than 1000 hens have laid. The premiums are as follows: Fifty dollars for first best result; Twenty-five dollars for the second; Fifteen dollars for the third; and Ten dollars for fourth best result.

Of course every person who competes cannot get a premium, but the following letter from a party who took only a small premium last year, shows that every one can make money by the use of Sheridan's Powder, from an increase of eggs alone, even if they do not get a premium.

Evansville, Vt. I. S. Johnson & Co.—I was happily disappointed at receiving the \$6.00 premium. I got well paid for the \$1.20 I spent for Sheridan's Powder in increase of eggs from eight hens, more than I should have got if I had not fed the Powder. I am well satisfied.

Yours very truly, L. D. ALEXANDER.

Any person can compete who desires. Johnson & Co. send full particulars free to any address. The sooner one commences the better, as the more eggs they get during the season of high prices, the more money they will make out of the trial. If you wish to commence at once it would be better to send for some Powder and particulars both at the same time. For 50 cents in stamps Johnson & Co. will send to any P. O. address two 25 cent packs, five packs for \$1.00 or for \$1.20, a 21 pound can of Powder will be sent postpaid; or six cents on any express office for \$5.00 express prepaid. You cannot make a mistake by ordering at once.

John Varpey and his wife have lived on Moosehead Lake, Me., for twenty-five years, and during that time have together killed over 400 bears, unnumbered deer and caribou, and a much smaller game. Mrs. John is as expert a bear hunter as her husband, and accompanies him in all his hunting excursions. In June, 1885, they killed five bears in one day.

Mrs. Crawford, wife of Francis Marion Crawford, was the daughter of Gen. Bayard, who raised a regiment of sharpshooters during the late war.

A VIOLET.

A violet dewy and dainty and blue, With the delicate freshness of heaven's own lips, Sweeter than flowers where the wild bee sips, Pressed a long kin on the petals of her lips, To pluck my soul, I left her there. "Keep it, dear love, and though far away, It will tell what my lips refuse to say." So I kept it for many a long, long day, I kept it now and I will always. For withered and dead, its dainty hue Still bears an echo of love most true. Of the life that has grown so heavenly dear, And the old, old tale grows fresher, never, For the hand that gave it is mine forever. —James Clarence Harvey in Home Journal.

CONCERNING THE BEAN QUESTION.

Recipes from a Region Where Beans Can Never Be Cooked.

"What is your recipe for baking beans?" The question was asked of several individuals of extended experience. Landolf Alcock, of the Hotel Hamilton, who sat over against the big and finely painted screen that adorns his dining room, on the top of them, put the jar in the oven and the beans baka. I always cook them myself, and I imagine I know how to do it.

John Stelling, the warm personal friend of Senator Mahon, said: "Down south they have a habit of cooking the beans according to the approved method and then mashing them. I am fond of beans, but I did not learn how to bake them until I came there. I soak them until they become soft, put them in a earthen jar with a little pork, season with pepper and salt, turn a little molasses on top of them, put the jar in the oven and the beans baka. I always cook them myself, and I imagine I know how to do it."

"I have not yet become thoroughly acquainted with the baked bean," said Bill Nye. "Up in Laramie, when in his office, baked beans were unobtainable at any price. The altitude of Laramie, like the prices that rule there, is very high, and it was found impossible to boil beans there with any degree of success, let alone baking them. The only way they could be cooked was to put a little ketchup in the water which they were boiling, but under the best conditions the beans are liable to be about as hard and unpalatable as marbles."

They have a tradition in Germany that beans can only be properly cooked when soaked in clear spring water. The host of a restaurant on the River-seventy-two, whose recipe did not materially differ from that of the other epicures, was very particular as to the manner that they should be soaked and prepared before baking. He soaked them about four hours and then bakes them in a dripping pan with a little piece of scored fat, and then put in a sheet of paper. A hole in the ground should be followed out and a fire built in it. When the burning has gone on long enough to make the desired degree of heat, remove the brands, put in the box of beans with a piece of pork on top of it, cover up the box and let the contents gradually cook until the desired degree of perfection.—New York Evening Sun.

There's Something in a Name.

When one of the finest lake barges of the built of a few years ago was about to be launched, one of her owners was told that the boat would be christened the Megalosauras. He protested against the name, basing his objections on the well known tendency of sailors to shorten such long appellations. His reasoning prevailed.

Senator Palmer, being of the party that discussed veneration on this occasion, was asked by Capt. Westcott to suggest a short, expressive name for a new craft. "I'll call her," said he, "the Bum."

This short, expressive appellation induced the reflection that the Norse or Finnish legends contained names suitable for lake craft, and there was instanced the poem Kalevala, dealing with the mythology of the Finns. In their earlier days on the shores of the Baltic, that people believed that there was a race of demigods who ruled objects in nature. There was Tapio, who ruled the forest; Uksi, the lakes and rivers; Tuoni the rulers of death. There were a sufficiency of alliterative names to suit the owners of fleets, such as Kyllikki, the beautiful maiden who scoured the addresses of Kauno, Kullervo, the strong and courageous youth, Kaleva and Kestralokki.

The name said that Persian legends and poems abounded with pleasing names. Nourmahal, "the light of the harem," and Nanouma, the enchantress, had been appropriated by the yachtsmen of the Atlantic. There was Bendemeer, Chilmimar, Kanzeroo, Cadesia and Amb. He was asked if he would adopt Fenamor, Fadiades and Mokama, from Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and answered that he would not hesitate because they were distinctive and unobscure. There were plenty of others, Zelic, Mirzala, Zamara, Peri, Zaraph, Mahadi, Camadava, Zamma and Salama; and Israeli, who, the legend, had the most melodious voice of all God's creatures.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

That Horse Taming Secret.

"Apropos of 'Horse Whispering,' a correspondent points out that the mystery is very simply explained by Horro's. Here are his words in the 'Romany Rye': 'I knew a cob in Ireland that could be driven to a state of particular person in a particular tone; but that word was connected with a very painful operation which had been performed upon him by that individual, who had, frequently employed it at a certain period while the animal had been under his treatment. The same cob could be soothed in a moment by another word used by the same individual in a very different kind of tone—the word 'deaghblasia,' or sweet-tasted. Some time after the operation, while the cob was yet under his hands, the fellow—who was what the Irish call a fairy mist—had done all he could to soothe the creature, and had at last succeeded by giving it gingerbread buttons, of which the cob became passionately fond. Invariably, however, before giving it a button he said 'deaghblasia,' with which word the cob by degrees associated an idea of unmitigated enjoyment. So, if he could rouse the cob to madness by the word which recalled the torture to its remembrance, he could easily soothe it by the other word, which the cob now heard with instantly followed by the button, which the smith never failed to give him after using the word 'deaghblasia.'—St. James' Gazette.

Black Sheep Among Peers.

The London Telegraph finds 113 out of 555 peers worthy to sit in Westminster. The rest are black sheep and they who are hopelessly eccentric or congenitally stupid. The Telegraph suggests that the peers pick out a small minority and let them do the legislating for the country.—Chicago News.

A MODCO WARRIOR TALKS.

Interesting Interview With a Member of the Once Famous Tribe of Indians.

The Modocs on their native heath were as determined a tribe of Indians as ever attempted to remove the dandruff from the heads of their white brothers. It cost millions of money and dozens of valuable lives to subdue them when they put on their war paint a few years ago and commenced to raise Cain and the hair of the settlers. No tribe of equal number ever cost the government half as much trouble as the Modocs. The remnants of this once powerful tribe are being slowly extinguished by intermarriage and consumption on their reservation in Indian territory. Two of their number, William Clinton and the historic William Faithfull, called at our office the other day. The former is a bright young man, who was not a child when his people were wrestling for supremacy with the United States government. He is well educated, speaking and writing the English language fluently.

In speaking of his people he said: "There are not many of us now, death having reduced our number to less than ninety, and in a few years we will not have a living representative. The climate does not agree with us as the reservation and many are slowly dying from consumption. I believe if they were brought back to California they would recover. I came out here fourteen months ago with five of my people whom it was thought would die before they reached their old home. Only one died and the other four have entirely recovered. I am going back tomorrow to sell off my possessions and will return with as many of my people who are sick as my money will bring."

Clinton spoke with feeling, and seemed to be anxious that his tribe should not become extinct. Accompanying Clinton was William Faithfull, who said that he also was on his way to the Indian territory. Faithfull is well advanced in years, and his stiff, wiry hair will soon be gray. During the Modoc outbreak he fought from the opening to the close with Capt. Jack, but seems to have had more honor and principle than that noted.

Through Clinton as interpreter he spoke freely of his part in the war. He can speak very good English, but says he hates to use the language of a race that has done him so much wrong. "I never being wronged," said Faithfull, "and had to fight. Afterward we were sorry we had started on the warpath, but were afraid to stop, for Capt. Jack said we would be killed, and might as well die well as die slowly. Lots of times some of us would go to Jack and say that we would fight no more, but he would make a long speech, and we would agree to fight on. When Capt. Jack planned to deceive the peace commissioners and they were under the impression that he would go and warn them, but I was watched so closely that I could not get away. I then sent a squaw named Toly Kiddle, and very good English, but they believed in Jack, and not in me. Dr. Thomas was killed. Col. Meacham was in Indian territory and gave me \$10 for saving his life. Lots of times I could have killed white men, but never did. I have one squaw, and am going home to get her out here, and I will be happy. I have no children."—Yreka Union.

How Governor "Bob" Stewart Got Even. An old citizen, a gentleman of high social and official standing in St. Joseph, tells a story of the famous Missouri governor, Bob Stewart, which, true as the letter, proves that he was a stronger man than fiction: "I was coming up the Missouri river when I was a boy," said the ex-governor, "and I was working my way on a steamboat. At a point where we had to wood up I didn't carry as big a load as some of the roughest, nor were we in the well known tendency of boys for I was not strong, and had been tenderly raised. The mate became enraged at my slow movements on the gang plank and he gave me a kick on the shin above and on my forehead with a buffalo robe as payment for my passage to that point. I never saw that mate again, but he had been a good deal of a fellow. I was very much surprised when I was again on the river, to see the mate above who had been working in your gang."

"The mate said: 'No, I don't remember it, but it is very likely that I did it.' "Well," says I, "I am that boy and here is your pardon. I always thought I would get even with you."

"The tears came to the old man's eyes, and he said: 'Well, governor, to be a mate in those days a man had to be a dog, and I don't play with your part,' I said. 'Now, leave here, and don't let me see you again.'"

"He made his exit I gave him an able bodied kick, and little Bob Stewart had got even with that big steamboat mate. "Some like romances, don't they? Yes, but every word is true, I need barely say, sir."—St. Joseph Gazette.

A Full Lark Story.

Signor De Nino has made another collection of the folk lore stories current in the province of Abruzzi. Among the fables are quaint versions of some of the legends that are the common property of the whole world. The one about the creation of animals in the Garden of Eden and the age of man bears resemblance to the story of the animals that were created, and ten years were deducted in the case of the ass, the dog and the ape. When man was created and learned that he was to live but twenty years, he begged hard for a hundred years, and finally the Creator gave him the thirty years that the animals just named had refused. So it comes about that man's first twenty years are his happy ones; then comes the next ten years of labor; domestic cares and children fill the next period, the dog's ten years; during the division that follows the children marry and about their father, and in this way the ape's ten years elapse. "After fifty," soliloquizes the story teller, "what more is life to thee? He who has had, has had."—Home Journal.

The Buzzard and the Fox.

A Fox who was Crossing the Fields one day Encountered a Buzzard, who not only Jeered and Insulted him, but actually Dared him to combat. A Peasant who came upon the scene Expressed his Surprise that the Fox should Submit to such Conduct, but the latter replied: "An Enemy not worth Burying is not worth Killing."

Moral.—That's why so many Loafers remain Unthumped.—Detroit Free Press.

THE Saturday Gazette

IS THE BEST PAPER FOR SUNDAY READING

Published in the Maritime Provinces.

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1897.

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

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 50 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. Rates given and locations assigned on application.

The Retail Price of THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is TWO CENTS a copy, and it may be had at that price from all Bookellers and Newsdealers in the Maritime Provinces; and from the Newsboys on the street on the day of publication.

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

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BUFFALO BILL has been more made of by the English aristocracy and even by Royalty than any American who has crossed the pond for some years.

SAYS THE Boston Budget.—The old criminal diversion of garrotting and robbing is beginning to be prevalent in Boston after a lapse of about twenty years.

AN unhappy man recently attempted suicide by leaping from the Arc de Triomphe, which is a couple of hundred feet in height.

THE city ministers have organized a Sabbath observance association. They intend to bring the strong arm of the law to bear against the street car drivers to prevent them driving their cars on Sunday.

LORD Mayor's day in London passed by quietly, no disturbances of any kind being reported. It rained hard all day.

THE people of St. John are in doubt as to whether the editor of the Telegraph resides in Portland, Maine or St. John. For the past few weeks the tone of the paper would indicate that it was not only edited, but also published in Maine.

The famous floating island of the Derwentwater, England, has come to the surface again, after a long disappearance. This is a mass of decaying vegetation forming a layer of peat, on top of which is a thin covering of clay-bottom of the lake, but sometimes some force, supposed to be in the gases generated by the decaying matter, causes it to rise to the surface.

The excavations that are being carried forward at Pompeii are giving most interesting results. In the beginning of the month a wooden case was dug up, containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used in the present day.

A RECENT despatch from Jacksonville, Florida, contains the following—John J. O'Donnell, of the United States Signal Service, who arrived here July 23, on his way to Key West, and who was subsequently detained here owing to the yellow fever at that place, left to-day for his destination.

This is what the Boston Budget has to say respecting the new version of the Bible.—The new version of the Old Testament, published in 1885, had a fair sale for a little time, but the demand has fallen off, and the inquiry now is nearly altogether for the King James version.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley, who left for Ottawa last night, will visit New York before his return for the purpose of visiting several capitalists there who contemplate the construction of large iron smelting works and a locomotive factory in St. John.

THE PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE.

There is something refreshingly cool in the demand of the Carleton people that the eastern side of the harbor should construct a highway bridge over the mouth of the river to connect Portland and Carleton together.

Nothing is likely to be done in a hurry indeed in the present state of the civic finances no representative of a ward on the east side is likely to be very warm in support of the proposed bridge. It is claimed that the ferry is being run at a loss. This is not so. The ferry is paying running expenses, and more.

The cost of the proposed bridge is put down at a quarter of a million of dollars, the interest on which at four per cent. would be say \$10,000 a year and the working expenses would be in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

It would, however, be a greater accommodation to the people living on the west side and they should be called upon to share in making good any deficiency there might be.

The common council is going to investigate the management of the ferries. For the past ten years the ferries have been the great bug-bear of the council, and the cause of more squabbling than any other civic department. It is, however, about time that the ferries were investigated and every vestige of the rotten system of management in vogue there for years swept away and for ever buried out of sight.

It is said that the people of Carleton pay for the maintenance of the ferry. That is true, but an examination of the accounts will show that the citizens of the eastern side of the harbor have contributed about \$5,000 a year in direct taxation for the support of the ferry while Carleton has not paid a cent in this way.

The bridge across the mouth of the St. John is a possibility, but it can only come when St. John, Portland and a portion of Lancaster are united into the city of St. John. This amalgamation must take place first and before it can take place the harbor must be placed in commission. This is a question worthy of the serious thought of the people of St. John, Carleton and Portland.

ST. JOHN WAKING UP.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley, who left for Ottawa last night, will visit New York before his return for the purpose of visiting several capitalists there who contemplate the construction of large iron smelting works and a locomotive factory in St. John.

It is now in order for the prophets of evil to come up and say that it is ridiculous for anyone to invest money in locomotive works in this city.

The majority of our people will wish Dr. Pugsley god speed in his mission and if he succeeds in impressing upon the gentlemen in New York who are considering the project that the venture will prove a paying one, it goes without saying that the common council will meet him on his return in a fair spirit.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY. We are being constantly told that in the United States all men are equal—that in fact it is a truly democratic country.

THE Mode Operandi. The mode of operating of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts at once and same time upon the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and the Blood, to cleanse, regulate and strengthen.

may saer at European pomp and feudal rubbish, but if we will take the trouble to probe our own shortcomings, it will be found that aristocracy reigns in our tenement houses as well as in the palatial mansions. Do our railroad kings or wealthy bankers associate with the modest shop keeper? Will the wife of a prosperous house-contractor be on terms of intimacy with the brick-layer's wife?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

Something About the Englishman Under Arrest for Violating the Coercion Act.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, (not Sir Wilfrid), who has just been condemned to two months' imprisonment in Ireland, is a man of a romantic history and disposition. His wife, Lady Anne Blunt, is a daughter of Lord Lovelace and of Ada, Byron's daughter.

He has been much at variance with his countrymen, who, as is natural, do not entertain a high idea of his judgment. Some of them, indeed, have not scrupled to say that he was mad. At the time of his intervention on behalf of Arabi certain of the English papers ascribed his success with the Egyptians to the fact that in the East an obliquity of intellect is regarded as an evidence of the Divine favor.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE.

CALL AND SEE THE AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. (Formerly occupied by J. W. Ramsdell.)

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

"Evening on Long Island Sound" is the title of a clever marine painting by Miss Jessie W. Barbour, exhibited in Messrs. Flood & Sons' window, King st. The subject represents a yacht, the tracery of whose spars are silhouetted against the moonlight of the sky.

LIVING WITH HIS NECK BROKEN.

(Kalamazoo Special.) Robert Brockie, a farmer of Pavilion, near here, fell from a load of corn-stalks Saturday evening and alighted on his head. His neck was dislocated and he was picked up for dead.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN.

W. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Fall & Winter Dry Goods

179 Union Street 179

White, Se't, and Grey Flannels, Comfortables, Gent's Scotch and Canadian Shirts and Pants, Ladies' Wool Vests, Ladies' and Children's Wool Hosiery, Bl'k and Col'd Ulster Cloths, "Velveteens, White and Colored Swansdowns, Men's Cardigan Jackets, &c.

All goods marked Very Lowest Cash Prices.

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

THOS. STEAD, Sec'y. Insurance at minimum rates.

GEO. ROBERTSON & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

West India Merchants

Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store,

50 KING STREET.

Business Respectfully Solicited by

Geo. Robertson & Co.,

Office 50 King Street.

TENDERS FOR THE

Estate of Allan Bros.

TENDERS will be received by the Trustee for the purchase of the Estate of ALLAN BROS. 237 1/2 King Street, St. John, N.B., on or before SATURDAY, the 13th Nov. instant, at 12 o'clock noon.

Separate Tenders may be made for the stock and for the estate exclusive of stock and book debts. Inspection of the premises can be had at any time, and a statement of the stock and book debts can be seen at the office of the Trustee.

W. WATSON ALLEN, Trustee.

Am. Grey Buckwheat, &c.,

JUST RECEIVED.

AMERICAN GREY BUCKWHEAT, GOLDEN WHEAT, CRACKED WHEAT, SWEET POTATOS, BEANS AND BEAN, very choice. BEES HONEY, strained. SWEET CIDER.

For Sale by R. D. LOGAN,

91 Charlotte Street.

SPANISH DOUBLOON

Genuine Imp. Cigar.

SPANISH DOUBLOON

Smokes free and easy.

SPANISH DOUBLOON

Gives general satisfaction.

SPANISH DOUBLOON

A general favorite with smokers.

SPANISH DOUBLOON

3 for 25 cents or \$4.00 a Box containing 50 cigars.

Try the SPANISH DOUBLOON

If not satisfactory money refunded.

R. D. McARTHUR,

Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

P. S.—Under new regulation among Druggists Drug Stores close at 5:30 (Saturday evening excepted) and on Sunday open from 9:30 to 10:45 a.m.; from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.

IN STOCK

STATIONERY all grades. TOYS in great variety. WAX AND CHINA DOLLS, all sizes. WAGONS AND WHEELBARROWS. SCHOOL BAGS AND SATCHELS. SLATES. PENCILS. SCHOOL BOOKS. BRASS GOODS, New Novelties. LEATHER AND FLUSH GOODS, cheap. CUTLERY, &c.

Wholesale and Retail at WATSON & CO'S., Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

TO ARRIVE

10 CASES OF NOVELTIES, Which we will offer extra low.

WATSON & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

FOR BOSTON, Via Eastport and Portland.

COMMENCING MONDAY, November 14, and until further notice, Steamers of this Line will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8 a.m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, will leave Boston at 8:30 a.m., Monday and Thursday, and Portland at 5 p.m., same days, for Eastport and St. John.

Also, leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a.m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO., Limited,

DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS,

Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.

On and after NOVEMBER 14th, and until further notice, the Steamer SERRA will leave St. John for Digby and Annapolis every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 7:30 local time. Returning will leave Annapolis and Digby same days, after arrival of trains from Halifax and Yarmouth.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Reed's Point Wharf.

Homeopathic Medicines

We keep in Stock a large assortment of

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Homeopathic Medicines

—AND—

HUMPHREYS

Specifics.

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A. C. Smith & Co.,

CHARLOTTE ST.

New Cloths.

Received to-day ex Uluda:

New Autumn

—AND—

Winter Overcoatings,

SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS,

In all the New Shades and Patterns.

A Full Stock Now on Hand from which to select.

A. R. CAMPBELL,

46 KING STREET, Over Colonial Book Store.

1,200 PAIRS

BOYS'

Laced Boots!

—SELLING FOR—

One Dollar and Upwards

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900 PAIRS

Youths' Laced Boots,

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SIZES: 10, 11, 12, 13.

—FROM—

90 CENTS PER PAIR UP.

Also Solid Leather, Inner Soles and Counters.

Waterbury & Rising,

34 King St. 1212 Union St.

COME AND SEE THE GRAND OPENING

AT 61 CHARLOTTE STREET.

COME AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE IN FANCY GOODS!

Buy best everything—dry, bright and shining. Free from all limitations as to origin and destination.

THEY CAME

and up and down, from East and West, and North and South, far and near, and are ready to be scattered in like manner.

Don't fail to ask to see the NEW CARUSALS.

Come and See!

A Fine Art of the Italian, the Beauty of the features, the ability of the Italian, the Wisdom of the German, and not least, the Funny Things of the American. Buy things real, and real things so homely they are handsome.

Again, I say, Come and See!

Business is coming notwithstanding the Jubilee.

F. & S. L. GORBELL.

St. John Business College

—

Evening Classes will re-open

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10.

Hours 7.30 to 9.30.

A 10 per cent. discount will be allowed

who enter at once for full winter term.

SPECIALTIES: Book keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, etc.

Many, good book-keepers have qualified themselves by attending evening classes.

Send for our new circular.

S. KERR, Principal.

1000 Fellows' Hall

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Baron Wolverton who subscribed \$100,000 to the Irish National cause is dead.

The women's suffragists are to have another bill before parliament at its next session.

Outrages by moonlighters continue to occur in Ireland.

It is intended by the government to renew the prosecution of Lord Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, for publishing reports of suppressed meetings of the league in the Nation.

It is stated that the health of O'Brien who is suffering from consumption, will be completely broken by his imprisonment. He has been refused all prison liberties and put on prison diet.

UNITED STATES.

Dr. McCosh has resigned the presidency of Princeton University.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain arrived in New York on Monday. He declined to be interviewed on Irish affairs.

Anarchist Ling blew his head off with a bomb, in the Chicago jail, on Thursday. The death sentence of Schwab and Feiden has been commuted to imprisonment for life. Spies, Parsons, Engell and Fischer were hanged yesterday.

CANADIAN.

Captain Warren, the owner of the seized Canadian sealers estimates his loss at \$150,000.

Hardman & Co's. lumber mills at Ottawa were destroyed by fire on Monday. Loss \$75,000.

Business is booming on the Canada Pacific Railway.

Fire on Tuesday caused a loss of \$15,000 at St. Catharines and \$14,000 at Amherstburg, Ont.

Bowie, the Antigonish murderer has been arrested at Boston.

A German paper is to be started soon in Montreal.

Thomas B. Crosby has been nominated by the liberal conservatives of Yarmouth, N.S.

Counterfeit Dominion \$2 bills of the issue of 1878 are in circulation. They can be detected by the emission of the dots over the letters "4" in the name British American Bank Co., at the bottom of the bills.

LOCAL.

A new Presbyterian church at Maryland, was dedicated on Tuesday.

The potatoe trade is reported to be booming.

Rev. W. Macdonald was inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Hampton, on Tuesday.

The schooner Ariel sailed for British Columbia, with a general cargo on Wednesday.

An Wright colored, died at Onabog on Tuesday. She had lived 101 years.

Ashley Nevers, of Wessis, Sunbury County, was on Tuesday arrested for placing obstructions on the N. B. Railway. He was held for trial.

The house of Abner Grass was broken into on Tuesday morning, and \$70 taken.

Michael Slavin was killed by falling from a wagon at Newcastle, Grand Lake, on Tuesday.

Bishop Sweeney is to consecrate a new church at St. Mary's, York County, on Tuesday.

Over \$12,000 worth of canned blueberries were shipped from the North Shore this season.

At a meeting of the Protestant clergy of St. John on Thursday, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, (1) That in consideration of the unsatisfactory character of the reply of the street car company, this convention do hereby take all possible steps with the view of having the law of the land bear upon this case duly enforced. (2) That a society be formed for the purpose of presenting the aforesaid and other cases of what may be deemed on consideration contrary to the right observance of the Lord's day, before the proper tribunals.

Rev. H. Carmichael, of Hamilton, Ont., has been offered the pastorate of St. John's church.

There is a great scarcity of labor at the capital, and as a result wages are advancing.

A number of minor burglaries are reported around town.

Captain Rawlings and officer John Woods of the Portland police force, are having an interesting time over some licence money alleged to have been paid the former by the latter.

The Church of England lecture course was opened with a concert on Tuesday.

Hundreds of persons who went to the United States last week, are returning, unable to find employment.

The Golden Grove woolen mills have been running over time for some months.

An Exodus from Maine to California.

BANGOR, Nov. 4.—In the decade between 1870 and 1880 the population of this city, and, in fact, all the surrounding country, was reduced to an alarming extent by the rush of emigration to the West, Minneapolis and Chicago in particular, and business received a severe check. Everybody seemed to think that all he had to do to get rich right away was to go West, and the rush was something remarkable. People sold out homesteads, where they had lived the best part of a lifetime, for a song, and got out in hot haste. Some of them, who had money to start on, got along in the West very well, but the majority—well, they are back here trying to re-establish themselves.

Just now there is another craze for emigration, and this time it is to California, and the exodus to California is nearly equal to the former rush for Illinois and Minnesota. Every day mechanics, professional men, and trades people are disposing of their effects here and leaving for the Pacific slope, confident of doing at least twice as well in Los Angeles, San Diego, and other places as they can here. Meanwhile the level-headed part of the population are speculating as to when the excursionists will come back—and how.

A diamond sun, instead of star or crescent, is the newest corsage brooch for a bride.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Some of the Things the Little Ones Love to Say.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

The importance of distinct enunciation in singing was well illustrated in a Sunday-school recently. The scholars frequently sing:

Pass along the watchword, shout it as you go, Victory's history, over every foe.

A little girl of five years, coming for the first time to Sunday-school, was greatly pleased with the singing of this hymn. When she reached home she said:

"Mamma, they sang such a funny song at Sunday-school to-day."

"What was it?" asked her mother.

"Oh, they sang, 'Pass along the watchrag,' and they kept, saying it over and over."—Youth's Companion.

A DEEP LITTLE THINKER.

The conversation had been about children in general, and the mother told the following story about her own child:

"The other night she was kneeling by my side and saying her prayer of 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' she got as far as 'If I should die before I wake,' when she stopped, and being in a hurry to place her in bed, I said, 'Well, go on; what next?' The little eyes gave her a look of earnestness and deep thought, and after having apparently settled the question in her own mind, she said in her baby way, 'A funeral.'—Philadelphia Call.

A SIGN OF THIRSTING DAY.

"Who was the most patient man?" asked a teacher in one of Pittsburg's Sunday-schools yesterday.

None of the small scholars seemed to know until a little chap, who had been in a brown study for a few minutes, held up his hand.

"Who was it, Johnny?"

"It was the man who had the awful-poor turkey."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

MAGNUM BOMBS.

A young miss, aged ten, whose sister had just become engaged to a physician, was seated at the supper table with the family. There had been remarks made and opinions expressed about the M. D. when the young miss gave her opinion as follows: "I think it will be a very good thing for the doctor, as he can now get into his study, and not given them all away to strangers." Supper was adjourned.—Judge.

BILLY'S DIAGNOSIS.

"What's the matter with baby, Billy?"

"Nahin, ma, on'y the same old teething."

"But I never saw him make such faces: have you been doing anything to him?"

"Nahin, on'y jest now he went inter his studio an' licked all the yellor ochre off her palette, an' I guess he ain't got custard."—Yonkers Statesman.

DEFENSIVE OUTLOOKS.

Little Edith—ish I was as big as Elsie.

Mother—You should not have such a wish as that, Edith; you want to keep young as long as you can.

Little Edith (not so sure)—I don't know about that. If I was as big as sister Elsie I'd wear a bunnet, and then you couldn't spank me any more.—Wilmington Star.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Quincy teacher recently in giving primary language lessons wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingram," "Brusca," and "Wilde," and then requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his ingenuity as follows: "A hedgehog has Brusca on his back."—Boston Commonwealth.

AN ADMIRER OF SIMPLICITY.

A little girl in one of the neighboring suburbs, who was much disturbed at a thunder shower, was told by her father that the rain was good for her pants, and that it was really a good chance which brought the shower at that particular time. Looking up through her tears she said: "I'd rather have plain rain."—Boston Journal.

THE FIRST THING IN ORDER.

"And what would he do, Henry," asked a lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die and your uncle were to marry again?"

"Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."—Philadelphia Call.

Zadkiel the Real Autocrat of the Turks.

[St. James's Gazette.]

A study of Turkish superstition might help to explain much that is mysterious in the news telegraphed daily from Stamboul to the newspapers of the Gianoir.

Notwithstanding the progress the Turks have made of late years in the arts of civilization, Zadkiel is supreme King over the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire. From the highest to the lowest, all are a prey to the devotest superstition. The office of Munceljim Bashi, or Court Astrologer, still exists. Its present occupant, Hadji Tahir Effendi, was until 1877 President of the Council of Education, and during the short existence of the Turkish Parliament, nine years ago, was created a Senator. His duties are not of a very complex kind, but they have an important bearing on political and social movements. For every action of the Sultan and his Ministers he has to calculate the most propitious day, hour and minute; and he publishes annually an almanac in which, for the benefit of the whole Mahometan population, the days are specified on which it is best to have the hair cut or the nails trimmed, to take medicine or to be bled, to visit friends, to buy houses, lands or slaves, to undertake a journey, and even to do nothing. Next to the Koran no work is more widely studied among the subjects of the Padiashah, and it is very doubtful whether

even the great Evangel of the Prophet is more scrupulously obeyed.

More than is yet inapplicable in diplomatic negotiations at Stamboul might be accounted for if it were found that the proverbial ill-luck of Sundays, Tuesdays and Saturdays had not been duly considered, or that proper attention was not paid to the seven evil days in every lunar month, or to the unlucky character of the month of Safer, the second month in the Arabic calendar. No Turk would be bold enough to enter a new house or undertake a journey on these inauspicious days when the Shaytans or devils are abroad, much less consider seriously a question of politics. It goes without saying that the average Turk thoroughly indorses the pathological eccentricities of the peculiar people and the cosmic heresies of Mr. John Hampden. In several cases of sickness the services of the hakim are dispensed with, and the prayers of a sheikh or holy man are requisitioned. As for the globular shape of the earth and its alleged revolution, the intelligent Mahometan laughs such follies to scorn. The disappearance of the sun at night is accounted for by the periodical retirement of that pious luminary for prayer and religious reflection.

Fashion Notes.

Orange is the shade of yellow that becomes a pug.

Hats and bonnets are very picturesque this season.

All Paris frocks are more looped than London Gowns.

Russian, mediæval, and renaissance styles are the rage in Paris.

Ostrich feather bows and hand trimmings are coming in vogue.

Malmsey is a new and most delicious shade of Madeira wine color.

The variety in bodices, corsages, and sleeves is seemingly endless.

The polonaise is revived, but it is not done as before.

Next to yellow, cardinal red is the best color for the ribbon of a lady's driving whip.

Bonnets composed entirely of fringes of curled ostrich feathers are seen among Sydney's late military novelties.

Evening toilets in Paris are much looped and very bouffant, but not so those intended for day and street wear.

Not of gold, silver, and steel, jet beads and other beads are not infrequently studded thickly with shark's teeth, pointed pieces of black jet.

Siren, pale sea green, shot with gold and with crimson, appears in many of the new ribbons and military fabrics, plushes, velvets, and moires.

The English dog cart, the tilbury, and the "spider" phaeton are the vehicles affected by lady whips in the Park, and a span of colts is preferred to a single horse.

Shot woolen fabrics, with the wrap of red, the roof of blue, green, brown, yellow or gray, in various shades of these colors, are the latest novelty seen on dry goods counter.

Lady whips, or drivers in the Central Park wear close fitting tail suits and driving coats, long gaiters with tassels, and they handle the reins in tan or grey colored chamois gauntlets.

The deep bands of long fleeced fur that extend from the throat to the feet of some of the new long wraps for midwinter wear are regal in effect. Narrow collars, cuffs, and a muff of the same fur is used with these wraps.

The English felt turbans and toques intended for wear with tail gowns have close rolling brims, bound, or rather bordered, with wide silk latters' galloon or braid, and frequently the only trimming is loops of the same galloon and a few quills.

A two-inch wide ribbon, folded double and set with little gold bells all around is the proper color for a pug. After the ribbon is tied in a double bow it should be secured by one of those patent shoe-string clasps that ladies use to fasten the Newport and Oxford ties.

Some of the new moire and other ribbons are shot in white or called sage shades, pale green and bronze brown, just the color of seaweed of that name when first washed up on the seashore if held up to the light, showing the glint of ruddy brown just where the weed is greenest.

Diagonal wools, with a fleecy pile selvaige two or three inches wide, are sold for skirts and overskirts of woolen suits, the bodice being of the same wool or of velvet, plain or plaided. The fleecy selvaige forms the trimming at the bottom of the skirts and upper draperies of such gowns.

Bright Mikado yellow is the favorite color for the ribbon on a lady driver's whip. It makes a dash of gold in the sober landscape of fall, in the whiteness of winter, the tender green of spring, the deeper tones of summer, and glows like a bunch of marigolds among the gorgeous glories of the Indian summer foliage.

The matinee tea jacket or saquee to wear with any skirts is of soft surah, or crepe de chine and is elaborately trimmed with lace, feather and herring-bone stitching, silver, gold, and silk embroidery, and bows and flots of ribbon. White, black, and scarlet and pale tints of evening colors are all seen in tea jackets, matinees, and tea gowns.

A lady's walking or driving suit cannot be too severely plain and simple, while her afternoon and evening toilets at home or for visiting may be as elaborate as lace, "rain" fringes, ribbon bows and flots, and all the accessories of the toilet can make it. She may be as busy as Frou-Frou and not violate good taste in the latter hours of the twenty-four.

It will be remembered that Charles Dickens, the novelist, when a lad, served in the office of a Mr. Blackmore, and that one of his duties there was to keep a petty cash book. This cash book has lately been brought to light in London, and will appear in Mr. Kitton's promised collection of Dickens's portraits. It is noted that the book contains such names as Weller and Mrs. Bardell; and there is a Newman Nott which, it is surmised, suggested Newman Noggs. All the entries are in Dickens's handwriting, and it is shown that on the first day of August, 1828, his salary was raised from £8s. 6d. a week to £10s. a week.

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OTTER COLLARS AND CUFFS; BEAVER COLLARS AND CUFFS, extra value. BEAVER CAPS, OTTER CAPS, SEAL CAPS, RUSSIAN LAMB CAPS, in Stock and Made to Order.

Fur Coats, Fur Linings.

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Casters, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands,

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—ALSO NEW GOODS IN—

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PAINTS IN THE L

DAWN:

A NOVEL BY RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SIR," "JOES," "THE WITNESS'S HEAD," ETC.

"I say, Arthur, that you are a very noble gentleman, and that, though from this day I must be a miserable woman, I shall always be proud to have loved you."

Arthur stood utterly confused. "And what will you do, Mildred?" "I'll she answered, with the same hard laugh. "Oh, don't trouble yourself about me. I shall be a happy woman yet."

He did not know what she meant, indeed, he was half-distracted with grief and doubt. For a moment more they stood facing each other in silence, and then suddenly she flung her arms above her head, and, uttering a low cry of grief, turned, and ran swiftly down the stone passage into the museum.

A painful sight waited him in that silent chamber, for there—stretched on the ground before the statue of Osiris, like some hopeless slumberer before an inexorable justice, with her brown hair touched to gold by a ray of sunlight from the roof—lay Mildred, as still as though she were dead.

He knelt beside her and kissed her, and then he rose and went. But for many a year was he haunted by that scene of human misery enacted in the weird chamber of the dead. Never could he forget the sight of Mildred lying in the sunlight, with the marble face of mocking calm looking down on her, and the mortal frames of those who in their day had suffered as she suffered, and ages since had found the rest that she in time would reach, scattered all around—fit emblems of the fragile vanity of passions which suck their strength from earth alone.

CHAPTER-LVI. When Arthur got out of the gates of the Quinta Carr, he hurried to the hotel, with the intention of reading the letters Mildred had given him, and, passing through the dining-room, seated himself upon the "stoop" which overlooked the garden in order to do so.

At this time of the year it was generally speaking, a quiet place, and that contained upon its trembling finger, and repudiating the statement, marked "to be read first," on account of its business-like appearance—glanced at the first lines of Angela's own letter, when the sound of hurrying feet and many chattering voices reminded him that he could expect no peace anywhere in the neighborhood of the hotel.

The second English mail was in, and all the crowd of passengers, who were at this time pouring out to the cape to escape the English winter, had come, rejoicing ashore, to eat, drink, be merry, and buy parrots and wicker chairs while the vessel coaled.

He groaned, and fled, in his hurry leaving the statement on the bench on which he was seated. Some half mile away, to the left of the town, where the sea had encroached a little upon the shore of the island, there was a nook of peculiar loveliness. Here the giant hand of Nature had cleft a ravine in the mountains that make Madeira, down which a crystal streamlet trickled to the patch of yellow sand that edged the sea.

Its banks sloped like a natural terrace, and were clothed with masses of maidenhair-fern interwoven with feathery grasses, while up above among the rocks grew aloe and every sort of flowering shrub.

Behind, clothed in forest, lay the mass of mountains, varied by the rich green of the vine-clad valleys, and in front heaved the endless ocean, broken only by one lonely rock that stood grimly out against the purpling glories of the evening sky.

This spot Arthur had discovered in the course of his rambles with Mildred, and it was here that he bent his steps to be alone to read his letters. Scarcely had he reached the place, however, when he discovered, to his intense vexation, that he had left the enclosure in Angela's letter upon the veranda at the hotel. But, luckily, it chanced that, within a few yards of the spot where he had seated himself, there was a native boy cutting walking-sticks from the scrub.

He called to him in Portuguese, of which he had learned a little, and, writing something on a card, told him to take it to the manager of the hotel, and to bring back what he would give him. Delighted at the chance of earning sixpence, the boy started at a run, and at last he was able to begin to read his letter.

Had Arthur not been in quite such a hurry to leave the hotel, he might have seen something which would have interested him, namely, a very lovely woman—so lovely, indeed, that everybody turned their heads to look at her as she passed, accompanied by another woman clad in a stiff black gown, not at all lovely, and rarer ancient, but, for all that, well-favored and pleasant to look on, being duly conveyed to their room in the hotel by his friend the manager.

"Well, thank my stars, here we be at last," said the elderly stout person, with a gasp, as the door of the room closed upon the pair, "and it's my opinion that here I shall stop till my dying day, for, as for getting on board one of those beastly ships again, I couldn't do it, and that's flat. Now look here, dearie, don't you sit there and look frightened, but just set to and clean yourself up a bit. I'm off downstairs to see if I can find out about things; everybody's sure to know everybody else's business in a place like this, because, you see, the people can't get out of a bit of an island; it must travel round till it wears out. I shall soon know if he is married or not, and if he is, why, what's done can't be undone, and it's no use crying over spilt milk, and we'll be off home, though I doubt I shan't live to get there, and if he isn't, why so much the better."

"Oh, nurse, do stop talking, and go quickly; can't you see that I am in an agony of suspense? I am in an agony of suspense! I must get it over one way or the other."

"Hurry no man's cattle, my dear, or I shall make a mess of it. Now, Miss Angela, just you keep cool; it ain't no manner of use flying into a state. I'll be back presently."

But, as soon as she was gone, poor Angela flew into a considerable state; for, flinging herself upon her knees by the bed, she broke into hysterical sobs, and her Maker that Arthur might not be taken from her. Poor girl! alternately racked by sick fears and wild hopes, hers was not a enviable position during the apparently endless ten minutes that followed.

Meanwhile Pigott had descended to the cool hall, round which were ranged rows of hammocks, and was looking out for some one with whom to enter into conversation. A Portuguese waiter approached her, but she majestically waved him away, under the impression that he could not speak English, though as a matter of fact his English was purer than her own.

"That's a pretty little woman leading a baby by the hand came up to her. "Pray, do you want anything? I am the wife of the manager."

"Yes, ma'm, I want a little information—at least, there's another that does. Did you ever happen to hear of a Mr. Heigham?"

"Mr. Heigham—indeed, yes, I know him well. He was here a few minutes since."

"Then perhaps, ma'm, you can tell me if he is married to a Mrs. Carr that lives on this island?"

"Not that I know of," she answered, with a little smile; "but there is a good deal of talk about them—people say that, though they are not married, they ought to be, you know."

"That is the best bit of news that I have heard for many a day. As for the talk, I don't pay no manner of heed to that. If he ain't married to her, he won't marry her now, I'll go bail. Thank you kindly, ma'm."

At that moment they were interrupted by the entrance of a little ragged boy into the hall, who timidly carried out a card to the lady to whom Pigott was talking.

"Do you want to find Mr. Heigham?" she said. "Because, if so, this boy will show you where he is. He has sent here for a paper that he left. I found it on the veranda just now, and wondered what it was. Perhaps you would take it to him if you go. I don't like trusting this boy—as likely as not he will lose it."

"That will just suit. Just you tell the boy to wait while I fetch my young lady, and we will go with him. Is this the paper? And in her writing, too. Well, I never. There, I'll be back in no time."

Pigott went up stairs far too rapidly for a person of her size and years, with the result that when she reached their room, where Angela was waiting half dead with suspense, she could only gasp.

"Well," said Angela, "be quick and tell me."

"Oh, Lord, them stairs!" gasped Pigott. "For pity's sake, tell me the worst."

"Now, miss, do give a body time, and don't be a fool—begging pardon for—"

"Oh, Pigot, you are torturing me!" "Well," miss, you muddle me so; but I am coming to it. I went down them stairs, and there I saw a wonderful nice-looking party with a baby."

"For God's sake tell me—is Arthur married?" "Why, no, dearie, of course not. I was just a-going to say—"

But whatever valuable remark Pigott was going to make was lost to the world for ever, for Angela flung her arms round her neck and began kissing her.

"Oh! oh! thank God—thank God! Oh! oh!" Whereupon Pigott, being a very sensible person, took her by the shoulders and tried, to shake her, but it was no joke shaking a person of her height. Angela stood firm, and Pigott oscillated; that was the only visible result.

"Now, then, miss," she said, giving up the shaking as a bad job "no high strikes if you please. Just you put on your hat and come for a bit of a walk in this queer place with me. I haven't brought you up by hand this two and twenty year or thereabouts to see you off in high strikes like a housemaid as has seen a ghost."

CHAPTER LVII. Arthur read this letter, and his heart burned with passionate love of the true woman he had dared to doubt. Then he flung himself upon the grass and looked at the ocean that sparkled and heaved before him, and tried to think; but as yet he could not. The engines of his mind were reversed full speed, while his mind itself, with quick shudders and confusion, still forged ahead upon its former course.

He rose, and cast upon the scene around him that long look we give to the place where a great happiness has found us. The sun was sinking fast behind the mountains, turning their slanted sides and soaring pinnacles to giant shields and spears of fire. Beneath their mass shadows—fore-runners of the night—crept over the forests and the created rollers, while further from him the ocean heaved in a rosy glow. Above, the ever-changing vault of heaven was of a beauty that no brush could paint. On a ground-work of burning red were piled, height upon height, deep ridges of purple and of crimson. Nearer the horizon the colors brightened to a dazzling gold, till at length they narrowed to the white intensity of the half-hidden eye of the sun vanishing behind the mountains; while underlying the steady splendor of the upper skies flashed soft and melting shades of rose and lilac. Blue space above him was broken up by fantastic clouds that floated all on fire, and glowed like molten metal. The reflection, too, of all these masses and varied lights in the azure of the eastern skies was full of shaped contrasts and soft surprises, and a travelling eagle, sailing through space before them, seemed to gather all their tints upon his vivid wings, and, as he passed away, to leave a rainbow track of broken light.

But such a glory was too bright to last. The sun sank swiftly, the celestial fires faded, the purple grew faint and died, and, where they had been, bright trailed her somber plumes across the sea and sky.

But still the quiet glow of evening lingered, and presently a line of light was shot athwart it, cutting a track of glory across the shadowed sea, so weird and sudden that it might well have been the first ray of a resurrection morn breaking in upon the twilight of the dead.

He gazed almost in awe, till the majestic sight stilled the tumult of his heart, and his thoughts went up in thanks to the Creator for the pure love he had found again, and which had not betrayed. Then he looked up, and there, stately and radiant, standing out clear against the shadows, her face illuminated by that soft yet vivid light, her trembling arms outstretched to clasp him, was his lost Angela.

He saw her questioning glances fall upon him, and the red blood waver on her cheek; he saw the love-lights gather in her eyes; and then he saw no more, for she was in his arms, murmuring sweet broken words.

Happy are those who thus shall find their Angela, whether it be on—or on the further shores of yonder solemn seal. And Mildred? She lay there before the stone symbol of inexorable judgment, and sobbed till the darkness covered her, and her heart broke in the silence.

THE END. Sir John Swinburne, one of the British Peace Association sent to this country to interview President Cleveland, is the uncle of Algernon Swinburne, the poet.

The Dancer. Bella's Dark face is sweet, And her two fitting feet Are more attractive far than Circe's spells. What imagery too rich in commendation Of the seductive, rhythmic undulation Of the limbs figure that those feet sustain, With fall as soft as fall of summer rain?

How she floats above the footlights, something beautiful in gaze, With brightness contradicting all of gravitation's laws. And a smile the while she hovers, surely something of the grace To those two feet appearing has crept upward to her face. In perspective over bald heads see her flutter to the floor.

A Titania laughing over Beaming Bottoms by the score, Tantalus up their old affections in an all-encreeling net. Weaving meeshee now about them with each instant's pirouette.

But front rows not alone the fairy captives. Those who have half-exhibit equal raptures; She's charmed the bald and all the rest. What simile shall suit her best, What neat comparison enhance, Praised for the Spirit of the Dance, Who, from the stage's side, Floats like a lily on a cooling tide? Each touch of foot is but a light caress; She steps on velvet like the leopardess; She has such art we may not know her arts. And drifts on tilted toes into our hearts! STANLEY WATERLOO.

The Rain. The rain! the rain! the rain! It gushes from the skies and streamed Like awful tears, and the sick man thought How pitiful it seemed. And he turned his face away And stared at the wall again, His hopes might dead and heart worn out. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

The rain! the rain! the rain! And the broad stream brimmed the shores. And over the river crept over the reeds And the roots of the sycamores: A corpse swelled by the drift. Where the boat had snapt its chain— And a hoarse-voiced mother shrieked and raved. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

The rain! the rain! the rain! Fearing with never a pause, Over the fields and the green byways— How beautiful it was! And the new-made man and wife Stood at the window-pane Like two glad children kept from school. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

Dangerously Acquired Bloom. (Boston Times.) John B. Stetson, the Philadelphia hat maker, who employs 800 men, women, and children, has a Sunday school of 1,600 scholars in connection with his factory. The chapel where it meets cost \$40,000 and in it lectures by distinguished men are given weekly. Adjoining it is a well-stocked library and reading room, and next to that is a dispensary, and adjoining is a beautiful prayer room, where at noon on each work day the employees meet for half an hour for prayer and praise. Mr. Stetson devotes one-tenth of his earnings to benevolence, and mentions his employees when they break down.

Cured by B. B. W. When all Else Failed. Mr. Samuel Allan, of Lisle, Ont., states that he tried all the doctors in his locality while suffering for years with Liver and Kidney trouble, nothing benefited him until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, four bottles of which cured him.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical and satisfying in its use. It is sold in competition with the adulterated low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. See early in case. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N.Y.

NOTICE. St. John and the West Indies. THE GAZELLE, the pioneer vessel of The Saint John Forwarding and Trade Promoting Company (Limited), will leave the Port of Saint John for Demerara, on or about the

Twentieth day of November inst. All persons intending to forward goods by this vessel, are requested to communicate with the Secretary at once, and send forward their merchandise as speedily as possible after the date named.

All goods received will be carefully looked after and forwarded to their destination, and if desired will be delivered to the Company's agent, for sale, etc. Saint John, November 2nd, 1887. E. R. BURPEE, President. R. B. HUMPHREY, Secretary of the Company.

BOARDING. MRS. CHAPMAN, ENGLISH LADY, has taken the house, 120 Garmarthen Street, and will be pleased to receive Gentlemen boarders, who will have with her all the comforts of home. Terms moderate. A Good Table.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN. BOOTS, SHOES & SLIPPERS. FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET. Are now Showing a Splendid Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, In all the Leading American Lines. ALSO THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF Boys', Youths', Misses' and Children's Boots To be found in the City. FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

WE Take Photographs in CLOUDY WEATHER AS WELL AS ON THE BRIGHTEST DAY. INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS. W. BRUCKHOF & CO., Cor. King and Charlotte Streets, Entrance 75 Charlotte Street.

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W. HAWKER, Esq., Druggist, etc., St. John, N. B. DEAR SIR—Last year I came home from a fishing trip with a fearful Cough and Cold, and took all the medicine I could think of, to no purpose. I was told that I had Bronchitis, and was done for. A friend came to see me, and said he would send to St. John for your Balsam of Talc and Wild Cherry, which he had great faith in. After taking a dose or two the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since. It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several lots. I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it. Yours truly, C. E. BOARDMAN, Milltown, St. Stephen, N. B.

WANTED. Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Wool and Wool Rappings. Persons in the country sending the above will promptly receive the highest market prices. THOS. L. HAY, Storeroom—Head of Alley, 15 Sydney St. Residence—41 Paddock Street.

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