

# The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 15.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

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### DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

#### A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

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

The week has been full of incidents but they were not of the most exciting character. Business generally speaking has been quiet, but in many lines fall trade is beginning. No failures are reported in the city and those of last week have excited but little comment and no further harm than that already done is anticipated. Every week improves the condition of affairs and tends in the direction of additional strength. Business is slowly assuming its normal state and if shipping and deals advance in sympathy with the general advance of other staples abroad there is every reason to expect a large and profitable fall trade.

The first event of the week in the city was the arrest of a young man named Lawson for burglary. Not much importance attaches to the charge as the value of the goods stolen was not great, but the young man is the son of respectable parents, and seems to have entered on a life of vice from choice. He has been in the courts once or twice before, but not charged with any serious offence. His name has however been mentioned in connexion with one or two incendiary fires in different parts of the city, while all sorts of rumors concerning former peculations are afloat about him. The city Police Magistrate had Lawson up for a preliminary examination on Tuesday and committed him for trial at the present session of the Circuit Court.

We have been favored during the week by visits from a large number of Salvationists. The occasion of this gathering is what is known as a council of war. Commencing on August 13th the council and meetings lasted until Thursday evening when a monster farewell and dedication was held. Commissioner Combs was there and over 100 field officers. Hundreds of persons—members of the army from various points in the province attended and joined in the parades. St. John is the central point of the Salvation Army in the Maritime Provinces and as a result the most important station they have east of Toronto. The event they were celebrating was the fifth anniversary of the bombardment of Canada by the army. All the chief officers were in attendance and took part in the services. One of the chief incidents was the marriage of Major Margretts the divisional commander of this section. The Army make all these events pay, but notwithstanding that an admission varying from 10 to 25 cents was charged all the meetings were crowded. As time wears on the street parades of the army are becoming more unique—or perhaps a better word is peculiar. The soldiers of the different corps are now resplendent in new blood red sashes, in which is labelled

the number of the corps they belong to. Two captains or officers of some kind wore suits of red and adorned their heads with black silk hats from which floated scarfs of red. Several of the lassies wore red skirts and jerseys in the procession and on the platform. The army is about to open a training home for the poorer persons who link themselves with it. Capt. Banks assisted by Captain Irvine is to have charge of this home. When the army has completed its new barracks in St. John and got its training home in good working order it will be one of the institutions of the city.

Sir John A. Macdonald arrived in St. John on Wednesday. He came to New Brunswick for a rest but he discovered that the people of this province were too much rejoiced at seeing him to allow him to have the rest he expected, and no doubt needed. His visit to St. John was quite an ovation. Arriving at Indian-town he was presented with an address by the city Council of Portland, and then driven through the streets to the Royal Hotel, the entire route of procession being lined with spectators including a very large number of ladies. At the hotel he was greeted by a number of prominent citizens, and in the evening attended a public reception at the Roller Rink, and afterwards another reception at the residence of Senator Boyd. Thursday morning was spent viewing the harbor and visiting several of the public schools of the city and Portland. In the afternoon he took a look at the Owens Art Gallery, and then attended a garden party given in his honor by Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Kaye, at Dunraghin, their handsome residence, Mount Pleasant. The evening was spent at a reception at the residence of Mr. Simeon Jones. St. John has not had such a round of gaiety in a single week this summer. Sir John won golden opinions for himself, and Lady Macdonald will leave behind her only pleasant recollections of her first visit to this city. The reception was hospitality itself, and their is not the slightest doubt that Sir John and Lady Macdonald appreciated the kindly manner in which they were met and received on all hands. The only thing to be regretted is that the visit was not of longer duration, as on Friday the Premier was obliged to leave for Ottawa, making a brief stay however at the beautiful village of Sussex. It would be in the interests of St. John if more of the statesmen of the west were to visit this province. Somehow they have got the idea that New Brunswick is a barren waste, valuable only for its fisheries and timber reserves. When they come here and find a people engaged in farming as well as lumbering and manufacturing besides fishing they are surprised. The beauties of the country; its healthful and salubrious climate; the undoubted enterprise and genuine worth of its people all cause them to change their opinions of the country, and lead them to believe and acknowledge the truth that the Maritime Provinces are as valuable as any other portion of the Dominion. The west is the greater half

it is true, but the east is still worthy of attention. It is only by personal visitation, and a tour through our fertile valleys and over our healthy hills that persons can get any adequate idea of the value of this province as a possession. New Brunswick they find a goodly heritage and one worthy of the best of treatment. Her people self-reliant and industrious, and while looking to the government for aid in their great enterprises still willing to put a shoulder to the wheel themselves.

Poverty is always a sad thing, but when we hear of an event like that which happened the other day in Portland it makes it all the sadder. An unfortunate man and woman who had secured tickets to Boston missed the Sunday night train and having no money were obliged to apply for the privilege of sleeping in a barn. The privilege was accorded but the unfortunate woman gave birth to a child during the night, and had to be cared for by the authorities. This is undoubtedly a sad case and when it is known that before these people meet with reverses it is all the sadder.

The death roll of the week though not large contains the name of one of our best known citizens, ex-alderman Wm. F. Butt. Mr. Butt was an Englishman by birth and but for a number of years has been a merchant of St. John. He was president of the Provincial Building Society and a member of the Masonic fraternity and of St. George's Society. His death was very sudden, and resulted from an attack of congestion of the lungs.

### SCOTT ACT IN PORTLAND.

#### How the Act is Not Being Enforced in the City Across the Way.

The Scott Act in Portland has at length wormed its way into the courts and gives promise of remaining there for some time to come. All the way through the act has been made the butt of ridicule. It has never yet received an intelligent consideration at the hands of the council. Side issues, little ward differences and a fear of results in coming elections all entered into the solutions of the "difficulties," and the "novel position of the City of Portland" are only the offspring of the retainers of the lawyers. Portland is in no way situated differently from other cities. The contention that it has an old license act which was made perpetual by the Dominion Parliament before the passage of the Scott act, and which has not been repealed is one of those airy notions which have been dangled before the aldermen with a surprisingly successful result. The facts of the case simply stated are, that prior to the act of union in 1867, Portland had a local police act in which were embodied some sections regulating the sale of liquor by retail. After confederation there was some doubt as to whether police acts, being in the nature of criminal acts, were not within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament. In order to settle any difficulty that might arise

under the question, the authorities had the act re-enacted both by the local legislature and dominion parliament, but the latter, both expressly so, and naturally only enacts such portion of it as are within its powers. No one at this day will contend that it is within the powers of the Dominion Parliament to regulate the sale of liquor by retail licenses, so that Portland, so far as liquor licenses are concerned, has no more acts behind it and no more privileges than any other place in the province. Then, with regard to the great trump card that was exhibited saying that the Act to which reference has just been made was "made perpetual" and could not be repealed. No greater blunder ever was uttered, and if the aldermen had known anything at all of the old license acts, they would not have listened ten seconds to the contention. The old license act ran only for periods of ten years. The Commons of Canada, with a view of saving time and expense in having the act re-enacted every ten years, used the words "and are hereby made perpetual." It saves Portland from having its police act renewed every ten years, but it does not go to the supremely ridiculous extent of saying, as the liquor dealers contend it does, that that act could never be affected by subsequent legislation. No blame, however, to the anti-Scott act lawyers. They have been tripping the aldermen with a straw and the success that has attended them thus far has given them good reason to assume that the most ridiculous proposition they could possibly propose, would be received with great deference, and the subject of discussion for some months at the council board.

The Scott act party themselves however are not by any means blameless in the matter. They have listened to the claims of the liquor dealers and the more they listened the more disturbed they became. Surely they have confidence in the act which they brought into force. If it was worth subscribing money for to win an election at the polls it ought to be worth a dollar or two now to test it. Two informations have now been laid, and there might well be 102, but the same shifting, dilly dalling process which has characterized the act all through is going on. They were to have been tried on the 11th instant. The trial was postponed until the 18th. On the 18th it was adjourned until the 29th. Is the idea to save it off until it will be too late to have it argued before the Supreme Court on October next? Then again, why have only two informations been laid? If the idea is to prosecute everybody why should not all be brought up and made to deposit their fines or security for the same pending a decision of the Supreme Court? It will necessarily be fully a year before the cases are finally disposed of. If they go against the dealers both at Fredericton and at Ottawa then all except the two complained of can desert the ship and leave scot free after having enjoyed all the profits in the business for the year. There is very little profit in having two cases tried. It should either one or all.

### SEEN ON THE STREETS.

#### THE RESULT OF ROUNDER'S SUNDAY NIGHT RAMBLE.

#### What he Saw at the Intercolonial Passenger Depot and the Other Places he Visited.

Everyone has a different way of enjoying himself for himself. Some men are happiest when guzzling whisky; others experience the greatest relaxation at prayer meetings. Business to numbers of men is the greatest pleasure they experience; to others again it is a great bore to be obliged to go to the office or the shop every day. Reading, writing, sleeping, talking and walking have all their devotees. Everyone must have something to do in which to work off his or her surplus energy. Women as frequently as men have their cranks. And if it were not for the fact that every man and woman is more or less of a crank the world would not make the progress it has. We owe much to the crank—that is the man or woman of one idea, something they are always striving to do. That something is always uppermost in their minds and whether in the society of a sympathizing friend who respects their opinions or in some miscellaneous gathering where the pet theory is sneered at, it is always on the tips of their tongues. But it is not of the crank I would write this week. At some other time perhaps I will take the world into my confidence and tell them something of the cranks I know. This time I will content myself with saying a few words about very commonplace individuals. People one sees on the street every week day and Sunday.

Last Sunday evening was one of the most delightful of the present summer. The atmosphere was clear and rarified. There was no moon to illuminate the streets and houses, but myriads of stars shed their soft light over the city's thoroughfares enabling the investigating pedestrian to see dimly the features of those who passed by. Thousands of young people were out for an airing dressed in their Sunday best. Young men resplendent in cutaway coats and bright colored cravats and girls in many lin frocks paraded everwhere. First I reviewed the crowd from the head of King street. It was the ordinary Sunday night crowd such as one sees every Sunday night. Next I walked slowly down the hill and bracing myself against the Western Union building again inspected the passers by. Having satisfied myself that no extraordinary people were abroad I hid me to the Intercolonial passenger depot, the trysting place of hundreds of giddy girls and gawdy mashers on Sunday evenings. It wanted half an hour of train time, but there were already quite a number of persons gathered on the spacious grounds in front of the depot. The electric cars at the station and the Belmont hotel made the little square as light as day. One could easily see all that was going on. The engine was just backing up to be hitched on to the train as I joined the throng. Why do these people come here? I asked myself and the one query naturally suggested another: Who are they? Why do so many people gravitate in the direction of the depot on Sunday night is a difficult question to answer. I asked a dozen or more standing there and whom I knew and they all told me they came to see the crowd. I have long known that scores of persons go to church for this purpose, but this is a novel thing to hear of people walking to a railway station to see a crowd. This however was the only explanation I could get from those I asked. Who the people were is easier to answer. They were of all classes. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, but on the whole there were more girls and women than boys or men.

Unable to obtain any satisfaction from the crowd as to their object in coming to such a place on Sunday evening, I determined to watch and endeavour to divine the purpose of these weekly visitations. "Good evening" I heard a sweet little feminine voice say, and turning quickly about, I observed a youthful dandy lifting his hat to two young ladies as he gradually pushed himself beside them making some not very original remarks about the weather. "Have you been to church?" she asked, and as they were passing out of hearing I heard the reply, "Oh yes." He had taken the arm of one of the girls and the other had just met another young man and the interesting quartette, all of whom seemed acquainted, were chatting pleasantly together. Fifteen minutes later, instead of a quartette, two couples passed me. Here at least was some light thrown upon the mystery I was bent on unravelling. These young people had evidently met by arrangement, perhaps not stated, but being acquainted with each other's habits an arrangement just the same. In the time that had elapsed from first seeing these two girls and observing them a

second time, I had noticed a dozen such apparently accidental meetings. Some couples walked away at once—others lingered about the grounds talking and laughing. Fully five hundred people were now standing about different parts of the station grounds—a few inside the building but more outside. Suddenly there came the sound of escaping steam followed by the ringing of the locomotive bell, and then the gates descended and the locomotive snorted past the crowd endeavouring to get up all possible speed to help her up the hill half a mile ahead. As the last car shot past the great crowd began to move. White dresses flitted by me; glances of recognition passed between girls and young fellows. Some mashing was done by the assembled dudes. Mill street was blocked with pedestrians for a few minutes and then things assumed their normal state.

Leaving the crowd I betook myself to more secluded parts of the city. I walked through North street, and by an unfrequented route to Chipman's field. Arriving at the continuation of Carleton street I found a number of couples sitting around talking soft nothings to each other. They all seemed happy as was evidenced by occasional soft laughs from the feminine members of the little groups. It has always been a matter of wonder to me why girls laugh in that particularly soft, silvery manner, and lob their heads around in a coy, bashful way, when they are all the time endeavouring to lead their cavaliers into making either an admission or an absolute confession. The parol is a particularly useful article at such times and therein is found the possible explanation of why girls carry parasols around with them after dark when such articles can be of no possible service in their legitimate way. I only passed through among these couples. At such times a stranger is not wanted and I felt that and walked on as rapidly as possible. Continuing my ramble I met a friend and we stood chatting at an unfrequented corner for half an hour. Dozens of couples passed us, and I could not help but notice their different moods and tenes as they skipped along. Sometimes the girl hung fondly and lovingly on her escort's arm, and cast occasional affectionate glances into his eyes. One young lady with a decided masculine air about her walked erect and stiff beside the young man of her choice, her hand barely touching his arm. Had they not been engaged in a most animated conversation I would have thought they had had a little tiff. But the unusually friendly manner of their conversation dismissed such thoughts. An old couple, the man about two steps ahead of the lady, moved by. He was long and she was short and seemed to be in a constant state of catch up as every now and then she would take one or two very quick steps, at the same time lengthening her stride. Some walked slowly and deliberately others rapidly, but all without apparent object only to kill time. Perhaps all were not lovers but most of them were.

As I stood on this quiet corner Trinity chimed ten and I started for home. Almost every doorstep I passed had its couple of youthful admirers. Sometimes I would hear a door slam just ahead of me and immediately afterwards a young man would pass me by. Occasionally she was standing on the steps and he on the sidewalk. But I saw no groups of girls such as one ordinary meets on week evenings. There were occasional couples but very seldom more than three girls together, except on the principal thoroughfares.

As I reached the door of my humble domicile it was half-past ten and the number of white dresses moving slowly up and down the sidewalk in front and behind me led me to believe that most of the young people of the city devote Sunday evenings to love making or flirting, which, I am not prepared to say as I don't know enough about the feminine gender to be able to distinguish between her conduct when dead in earnest or only fooling.

Perhaps some one better versed in things feminine will be able to give some other explanation for their nocturnal walks abroad than I have, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have at least done my best.

ROUSSEAU.

The Earl of Aberdeen wears his coronet somewhat insecurely. His right is liable at any time to be questioned by alleged or real male issue of his elder brother, who mysteriously disappeared years ago in America.

Miss Mollie Garfield is to wed J. Stanley Browne in September. Miss Garfield is now twenty-one years of age, and it is said she fell in love with Mr. Brown when he was President Garfield's private secretary.

It is interesting fact that both Stagg, the famous Yale pitcher, and Caldwell, stroke of the winning "Varsity crew, will devote their lives to the ministry. Their influence as clergymen will be all the greater from their success of athletes.

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### HE GOT AHEAD.

I am Beset by Three Desperate Burglars, but Luck Helps Me.

In the fall of 1886 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross-roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church, and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant, and the blacksmith were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled. The however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me he announced that I would have to sleep in the store's nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against marauders he did not want me at any price. He showed me a shotgun, a revolver, and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds and the doors by double locks. The close of the war had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of tramps and there were hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by some other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to that pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone.

The merchant seemed satisfied with the answers I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. That same night a store about four miles away was broken into and robbed and the clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of the week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway. If I had not been a light sleeper from habit, these occurrences would have tended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow and the shotgun stood with reach. The spring gun was set about midway of the lower floor. It was a double-barrelled shotgun, each barrel containing a big charge of buck-shot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt him.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the place over for a week spot, and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you, in describing the store, that just over the spot where we set the spring gun was an opening through which we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door. Toward evening, on the tenth day of my clerkship, I hoisted up a lot of pairs and tubs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open and I said to myself that I would let it go until I went to bed.

The store had the only burglar-proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had a hundred dollars or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to inclose it, and he could take out and put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and as I afterward figured up, we had about \$1,500 in the safe.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly-dressed, evil-eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other to a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and cheese and he soon went away, and we were so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover much attention. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was about 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired out, and I took a candle and made the circuit of the store, set the spring gun, and went to bed. I had to pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my bedroom, but I did not see it. It was a rather chilly night in October, and we had no fires yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep. It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came in. I did not know when I fell asleep. I suddenly found myself half upright in bed, and there was an echo in the store, as if the fall of something had aroused me. It was 1 o'clock, and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow, I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, as sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened up and was very black. I did not wait for the noise to be repeated. I was just as sure that some one was in the store as if I had already seen him, and I crept softly out of bed, drew on my trousers, and moved out into the big room, having the revolver in my hand. There were no door at the head of the stairs. I intended to go there and listen down the stairway. As I was moving across the room, which was then pretty clear of goods as far as the trap door, I

### Base Ball Notes.

Bingham, the Harvard pitcher, was guilty of a most creditable act in becoming a professional and trying to conceal his identity by assuming the name of Brewster. There is nothing disgraceful or creditable in a collegian becoming a professional ball player, but nothing could be more despicable than his attempt to conceal his actions.

Frank Bancroft is once more freed from baseball bonds, and a happy man he is. His condition at Philadelphia was indeed a most unhappy one, and he may well pity and sympathize with his successor. Frank is just now for the polo season to materialize just now. He would have been a good man for Indianapolis.

If the Chicago don't win that piece of business they call a pennant, it won't be their fault. They are in superb condition and are doing most brilliant work. There is no captain like Anson, and he has got his men into superb working order. They easily won two out of the four games in Detroit, so that out of the six games played there this season, they have won four. They are the champions of the country. Von der Ahe, and "don't you forget it."

Two professional leagues are practically defunct—the Eastern and Pennsylvania. No wonder. They could not stand large salaries and small crowds.

There is every probability that the St. Louis Browns will come into the league next season. They would be a great card, and therefore the percentage system ought to be adopted. The club has grown to be too strong for the American Association, a fact that cannot be gainsaid. While no one contends that they would be able to outdo the league clubs everyone admits that they would be in the race for the championship and make it very warm for the leaders. They would be a welcome addition and a strengthening one to the league.

Just after everyone was congratulating himself that the Boston won get West in their full force, Joe Hornung comes back sick. Luckily, the nine has a stronger batsman than he, though not so brilliant a fielder, in Sutton; and until Joe gets well, the change won't cripple the team much.

The umpire made it very hot for the Boston in New York. There is but one league umpire who is strictly A1, and his name is Herman Doerscher. Powers is good, but is inclined to home umpiring. The others are absolutely no good.

This calls to mind the triumph of the Portland club over umpire Phinney. It is a well known fact that the fate of the New England umpire whom Phinney cannot control is sealed. Phinney was a first class, impartial, level-headed umpire, and his dismissal by the league showed but too plainly the animus that controls the deliberations of this organization.

The legislation in regard to umpires is woefully weak. The lucky or rather unlucky incumbents of the position get no consideration from public press or managers of clubs. Deals in the New England league concerning changes in the staff are frequent. The legislation is not only weak but it is corrupt.

It seems strange that all the leagues find such trouble with umpires. The plan that has been repeatedly advocated in these columns is worth a trial. Appoint a man like Bob Ferguson in charge of the staff of umpires and let him be responsible for the supply of good men. The plan is worth trying. It can't result half as badly as the present one of home umpiring.

Buck Ewing is succeeding very well as captain of the New Yorks. The club seems to get along much better with him than it did with Ward, but most of the games thus far played have been on home grounds and a fairer test will be the work of the club on Western fields.

What Morrill lacks is life and vivacity, push and aggressiveness. He has excellent judgment, however, and isn't rattle-brained like Kelly, nor does he, like the latter, lose his head. At times Kelly will act wholly unreasonably and ungentlemanly. Morrill is always the gentleman. Still, if a club wants to win games of ball, a Michael Kelly captain is what is wanted.

Lack of judgment certainly was shown in not taking Wheelock along with the Boston nine on its Western tour. Was it to save a few dollars? Undoubtedly. The same old story of penny wise, pound foolish over again. Wheelock is a better fielder, a great base runner, and he has been hitting the ball well this year. Anson would never have allowed a player to lie as dormant as Wheelock has this season. It shows a woeful lack of judgment somewhere.

### Base Ball Notes.

It now looks as if the base ball interest would be revived in Worcester and a New England team placed there. A stock company will be formed there during the winter, and a prominent manager has the matter in charge.

James Johnson, a Palatka negro, built a house on a plot he had purchased, as he thought, but when the house was finished he found that he had misplaced it and that it was at least a block out of the way.

Jacob Shaefer writes to his brother in St. Louis that he has matched to play Nignaux, 900 points a night for six nights, on Oct. 16, in Paris.

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## RHEUMATISM. A WONDERFUL CURE!

Messrs. HANINGTON BROS: Early in February, 1886, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything possible to control the disease, but with no result, and I was very near giving up. I then had good medical advice and treatment which at last afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system, and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated by whole being. For more than two months I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I chanced to see an advertisement of your "Scientific" remedial wonderful cure. I ordered a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet four inches of the internal medicine and three applications of the Ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about as well as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and winter to this date, January 6th, 1887, with its climate change. I can recommend your "Scientific" and hope that all who are affected with that most painful disease Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give "Scientific" a trial.

Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or doubting that statement given can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information.

MRS. W. H. MOORE,  
South Farmington, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

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DAWN:

A NOVEL

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

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

Arthur, not seeing the slight flash of indignation in her eyes, replied:

"Well you know, there is always a risk, but I should imagine that it would very much depend upon the gentleman."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Philip arrived home about one o'clock on the Monday, and, after their nursery dinner, Arthur made his way to the study, and soon found himself in the

"Philip, whom he found seated by a tray, the contents of which seemed in no humor to touch, received him with his

customary politeness, saying, with a smile, that he hoped he had not come to tell him that he was sick of the place and

was going away. "Far from it, Mr. Caresfoot, I come to speak to you on a very different subject."

"In short," said Arthur, despatchedly, "I come to ask you to sanction my engagement to Angela."

"You are, then, engaged to my daughter?"

"Subject to your consent, I am."

Then came another pause. "You will understand me, Heigham, when I say that you take me rather by

surprise in this business. Your acquaintance with her has been rather short."

"That is very true, but I have seen a great deal of her."

"Perhaps, but she knows absolutely nothing of the world, and her preference for you—for, as you say you are engaged to her—may be a mistake, merely a

young girl's romantic idea."

Arthur thought of his conversation of the previous day with Angela, and could not help smiling as he answered:

"I think, if you ask her that, she will tell you that is not the case."

easy to topple over every stumbling-block that lay in his path to triumph; more, he might even be able to spoil that Egyptian George, giving him less than his due."

"Arthur," said Angela, one morning, when eight days had passed since her father's return from town, "we are too happy. We should throw something into the lake."

"I have not got a ring, except the one you gave me," he answered; for his signet was on her finger. "So, unless we sacrifice Aleck or the ravens, I don't know what it is to be."

"Don't joke, Arthur. I tell you we are too happy."

Could Arthur have seen through an acre or so of undergrowth as Angela uttered these words, he would have perceived a very smart page-boy with the Bellamy crest on his buttons delivering a letter to Philip. It is true that there was nothing particularly alarming about that, but its contents might have given a point to Angela's forebodings. It ran thus;

REWTHAM HOUSE, MONDAY.

"MY DEAR Mr. Caresfoot: With reference to your conversation last week about your daughter and G., can you come over and have a quiet chat with me this afternoon?"

"Sincerely yours, Anne Bellamy."

Philip read this note, and then re-read it, knowing in his heart that now was his opportunity to act up his convictions, and put an end to the whole transaction in a few decisive words. But a man who has

for so many years given place to the devil of avarice, even though it be avarice with a legitimate object, can not shake himself free from his clutches in a moment; even when as in Philip's case, honor and right, to say nothing of a still more powerful factor, superstition, speak so loudly in his ears. Surely, he thought, there would be no harm in hearing what she had to say. He could explain his reasons for having nothing to do with the matter so much better in person. Such mental struggles have only one end. Presently the smart page-boy bore back this note:

"DEAR LADY BELLAMY: I will be with you at half past three. P. C."

It was with very curious sensations that Philip was that afternoon shown into a richly-furnished boudoir in Rewtham House. He had not been in that room since he had talked to Maria Lee, sitting on that very sofa now occupied by Lady Bellamy's still beautiful form, and he could not but feel that it was a place of evil omen for him.

Lady Bellamy rose to greet him with her most fascinating smile. "This is very kind," she said, as she motioned him to a seat, which Philip afterward discovered had been carefully arranged so as to put his features in the full light, while, sitting on the sofa, he saw Angela again, so to hold any written communication with her, or anybody in any way connected with her. The year ended, you can return, and should you both still be of the same mind, you can then marry her as soon as you like. If you decline to see terms—which I believe to be to your mutual ultimate advantage—I must refuse my consent to the engagement altogether."

A silence followed this speech. The match that Arthur had lit before Philip began, burned itself out between his fingers without his appearing to suffer any particular inconvenience, and now his pipe fell with a crash into the grate, and broke into fragments—a fit symbol of the blow dealt to his hopes. For some moments he was so completely overwhelmed at the idea of losing Angela for a whole long year, that he was almost completely as though she were dead, that he could not answer. At length he found his voice, and said, hoarsely:

"You are hard terms."

"I can not argue the point with you, Heigham, such as they are, they are my terms, founded on what I consider I owe to my daughter. Do you accept them?"

"I can not answer you off-hand. My happiness and Angela's are too vitally concerned to allow me to do so. I must consult her first."

"Very good, I have no objection; but you must let me have your answer by tent-to-morrow."

Breakfast was not a cheerful meal the next day, and Pigott, noticing the prevailing depression, remarked, with sarcasm, that they might, for all appearance to the contrary, have been married for twenty years; but even this spirited sally did not provoke a laugh. Ten o'clock that day that was to decide their fate, came all too soon, and it was with very anxious hearts that they took their way to the study. Philip, who was seated in readiness, appeared to view Angela's arrival with some uneasiness.

"Of course, Angela," he said, "I am always glad to see you, but I hardly expect—"

"I beg your pardon for intruding, father," she answered, "but, as this is very important to me, I thought that I had better come, too, and hear what is settled."

dropped her white palm upon the preciously paper.

"I suppose that Mr. Heigham will leave to-morrow on the understanding we mentioned?" she said, carelessly, but in a significant tone.

"Remember, I have no responsibility in the matter. I wash my hands of it, and wish to hear nothing about it."

"The thousand pounds has done it," reflected Lady Bellamy. "I told George that he would rise greedily at money. I have not watched him for twenty years for nothing. That cur, Philip, is as good as a play," and she laughed her own peculiar laugh.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When Arthur came to smoke his pipe with his host that evening, the latter looked so gloomy and depressed, that he wondered to himself if he was going to be treated to a repetition of the shadow scene, little guessing that there was something much more personally unpleasant before him.

"Heigham," Philip said, suddenly, and looking studiously in the other direction, "I want to speak to you. I have been thinking over our conversation of about a week ago on the subject of your engagement to Angela, and have now come to a final determination. I may say at once that I approve of you in every way"

(here his hearer's heart bounded with delight), "but under all the circumstances, I don't think that I should be right in sanctioning an immediate engagement. You are not sufficiently sure of each other, and I'm anxious in the virtue of constancy, and I'm anxious in your own interests, to put yours and Angela's to the test. The terms that I can offer you are these: You must leave here to-morrow, and must give me your word of honor as a gentleman—which I know will be the most effectual guarantee that I can take from you—that you will not for the space of a year either attempt to see Angela again, so to hold any written communication with her, or anybody in any way connected with her. The year ended, you can return, and should you both still be of the same mind, you can then marry her as soon as you like. If you decline to see terms—which I believe to be to your mutual ultimate advantage—I must refuse my consent to the engagement altogether."

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"Of course, Angela," he said, "I am always glad to see you, but I hardly expect—"

"I beg your pardon for intruding, father," she answered, "but, as this is very important to me, I thought that I had better come, too, and hear what is settled."

"As it was evident that she meant to stay."

"Oh! very well, very well—I suppose you have heard the terms upon which I am prepared to consent to your engagement."

"Yes, Arthur has told me, and it is to implore you to modify them that we have come. Father, they are cruel terms to be dealt to each other for a whole long year."

"I can not help it, Angela, I am sorry to inflict pain upon either of you, but I have arrived at them entirely in my own interests, and after a great deal of anxious thought. Believe me, a year's probation will be very good for both of you; it is not probable that, where my only child is concerned, I should wish to do anything except what is for her happiness?"

"Of course you can defy me—it is, I believe, rather the fashion for girls, nowadays, to do so—but, if you do, you must both clearly understand, first, that you can not marry without my consent till the first of May next, or nearly a year hence, when Angela comes of age; and that I shall equally forbid all intercourse in the interval; and secondly, that when you do so, it will be against my wish, and that I shall cut her name out of my will, for this property is only entailed in the male line. It now remains for me to ask you if you agree to my conditions."

Angela answered him, speaking very slowly and clearly: "I accept them on my own behalf, not because I understand them, or think them right, or because of your threats, but because, though you do not care for me, I am your daughter, and should obey you—and believe that you wish to do what is best for me. That is why I accept, although it will make my life wretched for a year."

"You hear what she says?" said Philip, turning to Arthur. "Do you also agree?" He answered boldly and with some temper (how would he have answered could he have seen the thousand-pound check that was reposing upon the table in Philip's rusty pocket-book, and known for what purpose it came there?):

"If it had not been Angela's wish, I would never have agreed. I think your terms preposterous, and I only hope that you have some satisfactory reason for them; for you have not shown us any. But since she takes this view of the matter, and because, so far as I can see, you have completely cornered us, I suppose I must. You are her father and can not in nature wish to thwart her happiness: and if you have any plan of causing her to forget me—I don't want to be conceited, but I believe that it will fall."

Here Angela smiled somewhat sadly. "So, unless one of us dies before the year is up, I shall come back to be married on the 9th of June next year."

"Really, my dear Heigham, your way of talking is so aggressive, that some fathers might be tempted to ask you to come back at all; but perhaps it is, under the circumstances, excusable."

"You would probably think so, if you were in my place," blurted out Arthur.

"You give me, then, your word of honor as a gentleman that you will attempt neither in person or by letter, nor communication with Angela or with anybody about this place for one year from to-day?"

"On the condition that, at the end of the year, I may return and marry her as soon as I like."

"Certainly; your marriage can take place on the 9th of June next, if you like, and care to bring a license and a proper settlement—say, of half your income—with you," answered Philip, with a half smile.

"I take you at your word," said Arthur, eagerly, "that is, if Angela agrees. Angela made no signs of disagreement. Then, on those terms, I give you my promise."

"Very good. Then that is settled, and I will send for a dog-cart to take you to the four o'clock train. I fear you will hardly be ready for the 12.25. I shall, however, hope," he added, "to have the pleasure of presenting this young lady to you for good and all on this day next year. Good-bye for the present. I shall see you before you go."

It is painful to have to record that when Arthur got outside the door, and out of Angela's hearing, he cursed Philip, in his grief and anger, for the space of some minutes.

"Poor Aleck," said Angela, when the time drew near, bending down over the dog to hide a tear, as she had once before, in her grief and anger, for the space of some minutes.

"You will not miss him, Angela, because I am going to make you a present of him if you will keep him."

"If that is very good of you, dear, I shall be glad to have him for your sake."

Well, keep him, love, he is a good dog; he will quite have transferred his allegiance by the time I come back. I hope you won't have done the same, Angela."

"Oh, Arthur, why will you so often make me angry by saying such things? The sun will forget to shine before I forget you."

to the cheap markets and buy the provisions that were to last the Sherborne Lane household (for her father lived in the same room that he practiced in) for the ensuing twenty-four hours. The world was a hard place for poor Mildred in those days of provision hunting, when so little money had to pay for so many necessities, and to provide also for the luxuries that were necessities to her invalid mother. Some years later, when she was a sweet maiden of eighteen, her mother died, and a medical competition was keen in Sherborne Lane, and her removal did not greatly alleviate the pressure of poverty. At last one evening, when she was about twenty years of age, a certain Mr. Carr, an old gentleman with whom her father had some acquaintance, sent up a card with a pencilled message on it to the effect that he would be glad to see Dr. James.

"Run, Mildred," said her father, "and tell Mr. Carr that I will be with him in a minute. It will never do to see a new patient in this coat."

Mildred departed, and gliding into the gloomy consulting-room like a sunbeam, delivered her message to the old gentleman, who appeared to be in some pain, and prepared to return.

"Don't go away," almost shouted the aged patient; "I have crushed my finger in a door, and it hurts me most confoundedly. You see something to look at in this hole, and distract my attention."

Mildred thought to herself that this was an odd way of paying a compliment if it was meant for one; but, then, old gentlemen with crushed fingers are not given to weighing their words.

"Are you Dr. James's daughter?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, sir."

"Ugh, I have lived most of my life in Sherborne Lane, and never saw anything half so pretty in it before. Confound this finger!"

At this moment the doctor himself arrived, and wanted to dismiss Mildred, but Mr. Carr, who was a headstrong old gentleman, vowed that no one else should hold his injured hand while it was dressed, and so she stayed just long enough for him to fall as completely in love with her shell-like face as though he had been twenty instead of nearly seventy.

She never had any cause to regret it, for he was kindness itself toward her, and when he died, some five years afterward, having no children of his own, he left her sole legatee of all his enormous fortune, bound up by no restrictions as to re-marriage. About this time also her father died, and she was left as much alone in the world as it is possible for a young and pretty woman, possessing in her own right between twenty and thirty thousand a year, to be.

Needless to say, Mrs. Carr was thenceforth one of the catches of her generation; but nobody could catch her, though she alone knew how many had tried. Once she made a list of all the people who had proposed to her; it included among others a bishop, two peers, three members of parliament, no less than five army officers, an American, and a dissenting clergyman.

"It is perfectly marvelous, my dear," she said to her companion, Agatha Terry, "how fond people are of twenty thousand a year, and yet they all said that they loved me for myself, that is, all except the dissenter, who wanted me to help to 'feed his flock,' and I liked him the best of the lot, because he was the honestest."

Mrs. Carr had a beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, a place in Leicester, and scrabbled that she rarely visited the Isle of Wight, where she rarely visited, and lastly a place at Madeira where she lived for nearly half the year. There never had been a breath of scandal against her name, nor had she given cause for any. "As for loving," she would say, "the only things she loved were beetles and mummies," for she was a clever naturalist, and a faithful student of the lore of the ancient Egyptians.

beetles, she would exclaim, had been the connecting link between the two sciences, and scabbled to the human husks with which they are to be found; but this statement, though amusing, was not strictly accurate, as had in reality contracted the taste from her late husband, who had left her a large collection of Egyptian antiquities.

(To be Continued.)

Modesty is Discretion.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Most men like modest girls best. Modesty is discretion; that's all. The modest girl won't let you have her hand where there's anybody likely to see; but when there's nobody when there's nobody looking and gives you both her hands. I have known young ladies who would squeeze your hand tenderly, look into your eyes, and do everything that was agreeable in the most shameless manner before other people; but when they were alone with you they'd sit half a mile off and talk primly about the weather. I don't think those girls would make good wives. At all events, they don't make good sweethearts, and about marrying it is much the same as with boys eating cherries. They lay aside the best to finish up with, when they get to what they've laid aside, they're so full of cherries that they can't enjoy any more. Of course there are other boys who eat all the good ones first. But it seems to me all rules work both ways anyway and end in discomfiture of some kind. The only rule of life experience brings us to is never to lose a chance of fun when we can get it.

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

JOHN A. BOWES, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1887.

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

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Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The engine that went through the Chatsworth bridge was numbered 13.

A CONJECTURE that is dreaming of a pneumatic tube which he hopes to shoot people into Europe in three hours.

A FAST EXPRESS is now run between Gibson and Woodstock. The distance is travelled in two hours.

The Duchess of Cleveland, observes the Boston Courier, has introduced the assinine fashion of carrying a staminal while riding horseback.

THE Fredericton Bridge should rest securely on its foundations.

MR. ROSKIN'S again in print. This time he writes "The Young Man, and his advice is concerning matrimony."

PREMIER MACDONALD leaves St. John with a better idea of the city and its people than when he came here.

The Grand Southern Railway is in the hands of a receiver.

The most inveterate stickler for the cultivation of "the noble art of self-defence" must admit, says the New York Epoch, that the recent records of the prize-ring are marked by an all but uniform brutality.

It is notorious that strangers have a better idea of what St. John might be and can be than many of our own people.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in the building of churches—some of which are far from necessary.

What lacks the summer? Not waves a-qui-ver. With arrows of light from the land of dawn.

What lacks the summer? Not fumes blooming. Nor tall white lilies with fragrance ripe.

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tickets. Many of them were business men and swells from up among the high-toned hotels.

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The most inveterate stickler for the cultivation of "the noble art of self-defence" must admit, says the New York Epoch, that the recent records of the prize-ring are marked by an all but uniform brutality.

It is notorious that strangers have a better idea of what St. John might be and can be than many of our own people.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in the building of churches—some of which are far from necessary.

What lacks the summer? Not waves a-qui-ver. With arrows of light from the land of dawn.

What lacks the summer? Not fumes blooming. Nor tall white lilies with fragrance ripe.

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manufacturer has yet explored the field. Let one of them discover a profitable trade in this direction and a dozen will follow him.

The Ottawa liar of the New York Herald is at it again.

The Telegraph's editor says the advocates of the Harbor Commission have failed to show that the completion of the project would benefit the city.

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.

The engine that went through the Chatsworth bridge was numbered 13.

A CONJECTURE that is dreaming of a pneumatic tube which he hopes to shoot people into Europe in three hours.

A FAST EXPRESS is now run between Gibson and Woodstock.

The Duchess of Cleveland, observes the Boston Courier, has introduced the assinine fashion of carrying a staminal while riding horseback.

THE Fredericton Bridge should rest securely on its foundations.

MR. ROSKIN'S again in print. This time he writes "The Young Man, and his advice is concerning matrimony."

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JUST RECEIVED!

- JUBILEE BELLS,
- GIPSY POTS, TINKER POTS,
- TRIPPO FASSETS, BRASS BASELS,
- BRASS ORNAMENTS for Trimming,
- BRASS MATCH SAFES,
- BRASS INK STANDS,
- WOOD and BRASS CABINET and PHOTO FRAMES,
- MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
- CUTLERY, PURSES,
- LUNCH and MARKET BASKETS, POCKET BOOKS,

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

WATSON & CO'S.,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

AGENTS FOR

Royal Family Cigarette

We have on hand a fine Assortment

Choice Havana Cigars

Which will Sell low to the Trade.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 KING STREET.



HARNESS

A FULL STOCK OF

Harness of all Kinds,

WORKING OR DRIVING.

—ALSO—

HORSE COLLARS

Of a superior make and quality.

WHIPS, HORSE BRUSHES, &c.

T. FINLAY,

227 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Medical Hall!

R. D. McARTHUR,

Druggist and Apothecary,

59 Charlotte Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FINE DRUGS and CHEMICALS,

MATERIA MEDICA,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,

SOAPS, COMBS, &c.

Remedy for Potato Bugs.

I have for sale at Low Rates to Cash Customers

500 lbs. PURE PARIS GREEN

In one pound Tins,

R. D. McARTHUR,

Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street,

Opp. King Square.

Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

W. HAWKER,

Druggist,

110 PRINCE WIL. ST.

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 me to St. John for your Balsam of Peppermint 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 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.

PICTURES FRAMED

With the best

MOULDING ONLY.

On account of light expense I am prepared to give lower prices on

Picture Framing,

Looking Glasses,

Picture Mouldings,

Mirror Plates,

Fancy Goods,

Than any other Dealer in the City.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Call or write and get our quotations on the above.

W. BRUCKHOF,

102 KING STREET,

Over Mr. Clark's Drug Store.

SAMUEL E. DAILEY

Gold, Silver and Nickel Plater.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE CARRIAGE, SLEIGH AND HARNES TRIMMING. ELECTRO-PLATE in all kinds of METALS.

Old Tableware Repaired and Regilded. Such as Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. All Orders promptly attended and Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

242 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

### Messrs. DeFOREST & MARCH

having secured the services of a Superior Cutter,

**Mr. WM. CHRISTIE,**

of Glasgow, Scotland, who has had experience in the Old Country as well as in the United States, are now prepared to turn out

**First-Class Work**

in all the Branches of

**TAILORING.**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

No. 42 King Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

### FOR LADIES' EVENING WEAR.



Ladies' Pink Satin Oxfords.  
Ladies' Cream Satin Oxfords.  
Ladies' White Satin Oxfords.  
Ladies' Pale Blue Satin Oxfords.  
Ladies' White Satin Slippers.  
Ladies' Kid Slippers

In endless variety at  
**WATERBURY & RISING,**  
34 King and 212 Union Streets.

—THE—  
**SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL**  
**INSURANCE CO.,**  
—OF—  
**EDINBURGH.**

CAPITAL, - - - - \$30,000,000.00  
TOTAL ASSETS, - - - - \$35,338,362.46

Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates.  
**D. R. JACK, Resident Agent.**

—OFFICE—  
Room 3, Parsley's Building, Corner Prince Wm. and Princess Streets.



WE TAKE PHOTOS IN  
**CLOUDY WEATHER**  
AS WELL AS ON THE  
**BRIGHTEST DAY.**  
**INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.**

We invite all to call at our Studio and inspect our Work.  
**W. BRUCKHOF & CO.,**  
Cor. King and Charlotte Streets,  
(Entrance 75 Charlotte Street.)

ESTABLISHED 1846.

**M. N. POWERS,**  
Coffin and Casket Warerooms,  
OLD STAND  
77 and 79 PRINCESS STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**Coffin & Casket Materials**  
OF ALL KINDS.  
For Sale at Lowest Prices,  
Orders in the City and County attended to with dispatch.

**ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**HATS, CAPS & FURS,**  
63 Charlotte Street,  
St. JOHN, N. B.

**R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & Co.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Trunks, Satchels, Bags, Valises, &c.  
(McLaughlin Building.)  
83 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Society Boxes and Canvas Covers Made to order.  
Sample and Express Work a Specialty.

### FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

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

EDITORIAL ADJECTIVES.

Pasted over the desk of the city editor of a Georgia paper are the following instructions to reporters:

"All brides are lovely, beautiful and accomplished, except they be old and too widows, and then they are amiable and cultivated.

"All merchants who advertise are enterprising, wide-awake, and a credit to our city. The names of those who do not advertise must not appear in our paper.

"All old lawyers are able and worthy of a place on the supreme bench. Young lawyers are promising and silvery-tongued.

"Conductors on passenger trains are gentlemanly and courteous.  
"Doctors are eminent.  
"Farmers are intelligent.  
"Candidates who put their announcements in our paper are gaining ground every day. Those who do not announce are likely to be defeated."

PRINCE ADVERTISES.

Mrs. De Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates)—Oh, how do you do, dear Lady Wrymouth?  
[Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest woman in the whole British peerage.]  
Mrs. Stanley Brown—Very well, thanks, dear Mrs. Cormoran. How are you?  
[Mrs. Cormoran is said to be the plainest woman in the whole British empire.]

NOT MUCH DISAPPOINTED.  
"Hasn't been a very young woman picked up and brought in to-day?" he inquired at police headquarters last night.  
"No, sir."  
"Any report of anybody being drowned?"  
"No."  
"Anybody run over and killed?"  
"No. Some of your friends missing?"  
"Well, I agreed to meet my girl at the office of the justice of the peace at 10 o'clock this forenoon, and we were to be married, but she didn't show up."  
"That's very strange. Was she well?"  
"Yes, in tip-top health."  
"And you are greatly disappointed, of course?"  
"Not so very much. I kinder thought if she came around there we'd kinder get married, but I didn't sot any hopes on it. She's the third one who has jumped me inside of two weeks, and I've learned not to bet my hat on anything going to happen in no such world as this. Oh—huh! Let 'er go, Gallagher!"

THE SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIFE.  
She was learned in all the lore  
Of science, and her store  
Of attainments was bewildering and grand;  
She could tell you what to eat,  
From cereals to meat,  
And analyze all estates off-hand.

She loved a learned man  
On the scientific plan,  
On the scientific plan,  
And she cooked the family fare  
In a way that makes his swear,  
And very often leads to vulgar strife.

The meat is burned and tough,  
The pastry is vile stuff,  
The veg' tables are always underdone;  
But his cooking wretched bread  
That is heavier than lead  
This scientific woman takes the bun.

AN OVERDOSE.  
Judge—Of course you have an excuse ready?  
Prisoner—I have your honor. I was full, but it was for medical purposes. Whiskey is good for snake bites.  
Judge—Were you bitten by a snake?  
Prisoner—No; but your honor, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."  
Judge—I see, I see. But you should have confined yourself to the ounce. I fine you \$10 for prescribing medicine without a diploma.

THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS.  
"No, Algernon, I cannot marry you. Papa will not allow it."  
"Why not?"  
"Because he says you are an actor."  
"Your father is much kinder than the press."

IT MADE HER WEARY.  
A reporter was standing at the confectionery counter of a prominent grocery yesterday when a burly man came in and addressing one of the young women behind the counter said:  
"Give me a pound of your best."  
"Taking a look at the girl he made a dash for the door, looked up and down the street and returning with a satisfied expression concluded:  
—"your best mixed candy."  
After he had received and paid for his candy and gone out, and the clerk said with a pout:  
"That makes me tired. He is the twentieth to-day, if there has been one."  
"Why did he go out?" asked the reporter.  
"To look for a white horse."  
Her hair is a little on the red.

### Fashion Notes.

Dust cloaks for summer travelling are made of pongee, with loose fronts held in by ribbons.

Many pretty white laces have stripes running across the breadth instead of lengthwise and make up charmingly with pink or blue surah.

Bows of striped picot ribbon are made up with little clusters of heron's feathers and are prettily worn in the hair at dinners and dances.

A simple and very inexpensive hat for the seashore are those of black straw with very wide brims, trimmed only with a big cluster of cheap red roses or yellow chrysanthemums.

For wear with dresses open at the throat are chemises of plaited muslin, with a lawn tie like those worn by gentlemen in evening dress. These are fastened to the chemise, which opens behind. These supersede the linen collars and give four-in-hand scarfs.

Bonnet waists are very popular, and a pretty firm belt for them is made by winding a ribbon two inches wide three times round the waist and tying it through a heavy antique silver buckle.

A kilted petticoat made of striped English flannel, worn with a short jacket bodice and three-fold coachman's cape, is now a favorite morning costume for watering-place wear.

Another kilted skirt over which was worn a white serge polonaise, with belt, collar and cuffs made of white velvet, embroidered with gold, was more dressy and distinguished looking.

A charming gown can be made by utilizing an old Indian shawl with palm and arabesque border such as may be found in almost any old lady's wardrobe. Over a plain skirt of stiff black moire the shawl is draped so that the border falls in a diagonal line from the right hip. The waist is made of black camel's hair, with gathered vest, collar and cuffs of the border, and the whole is trimmed with many loose resettes of narrow black moire ribbon.

For those who still prefer chemises to the present fashion of discarding them in favor of silk undershirts, they are shown made of lawn and trimmed with narrow valenciennes lace, which washes well. They are extremely light and comfortable for hot weather. For those who can afford the first expense the cheapest and coolest nightwear for summer is pongee. It comes at 45 cents a yard and six yards are required to make a nightgown. No trimming is used except herring-bone stitching, with silk of some pretty contrasting shade, such as olive-green, lilac or light blue. They wash well and will wear five or six years, being in the end a saving of expense.

A pretty costume worn at Saratoga last week, which also had the merit of being very inexpensive, was a plain skirt of pale heliotrope surah without trimming of any sort. Over this was a full drapery of pongee. The waist was of the pongee shirred in two clusters at the throat in front and one behind. This fullness was shirred to a point back and front at the waist line and a wide moire heliotrope ribbon wound three times around the waist and fastened with a dull silver buckle. The full sleeves were gathered to a cuff of the heliotrope. The wide straw hat was of the same shade, was turned up at the side and trimmed with velvet and a bunch of rye. The Lisle thread stockings were of heliotrope and the gloves were of the same shade in silk.

BEACON FIRES ON A THOUSAND HILLS.  
A certain territorial unity was imparted to the national demonstration of rejoicing loyalty in the evening of the Queen's Jubilee Day, June 21st, by the well-managed system of beacon-fires and signal rocket communicating fiery tokens from place to place, on all the heights where they could be visible to each other, over a large extent of country in Great Britain. This ancient and primitive mode of spreading either glad or alarming intelligence, which is finely described in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and in the "Agamemnon" of Eschylus, has bequeathed the name of "beacon" to many a cliff and hill in England; and the more frequent mountain summit of Wales and of Scotland, from time immemorial, have been associated with its one customary use. The well-known range of Malvern Hills, said to form the backbone of the midland counties, including the Herefordshire and the Worcestershire Beacon, afforded in the last-mentioned height, which is fourteen hundred feet above the sea level, a site for the initial Jubilee beacon-fire, which, it had been announced, was to be the signal for the lighting of all the other beacon-fires on the highest points of ground all over the kingdom. More than a thousand beacon-fires were lighted in the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, including bonfires set ablaze by local associations in different parts of the country. It was arranged that Malvern should start the lighting up, a light of rockets at the time of lighting up the beacon-fire on the crest of the highest points of the Malvern range being the signal for lighting all the other beacon-fires within the range of sight, which, in their turn, spread the signal north, south, east and west. London had its beacon-fire on the highest ground of Hampstead Heath, taking the signal from Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were bonfires as far north as the Orkneys, but

### People Talked About.

Babelsberg is surely a strange name for the place in which Emperor William expects to obtain rest and quiet.

Queen Victoria has taken to carrying a walking-stick, not for vanity, but because she needs its support.

Mme. Christine Nilsson owns two large buildings on Otis street, Boston, which the assessors rate at one hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars.

Boulanger is a name not very common in this cosmopolitan city. The New York Directory mentions only three persons bearing the name.

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg says that he is a hurry to devote his life "to the happiness, greatness and progress of a loving people." How like John Sherman!

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lives in an attractive suburb of London, and, though she is sixty-six years old, she feels young and is intensely interested in every musical event.

Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, was just one year old on the seventeenth day of last May. He is paid seven million pesetas a year, which nearly equals one million five hundred thousand dollars.

John C. New ex-Treasurer of the United States, has wholly recovered from the paralytic stroke he sustained last winter. Mr. New is proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal, a paper which pays its owner a handsome income.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is a most energetic man when on his travels. In Paris he rises at 6 in the morning and works and studies with the enthusiasm of a young scientific man on a foreign tour. He takes copious notes on all he sees and hears, and it is feared that he may contemplate a book of European travel.

The United States Treasury Department has authorized the free entry of a case of paintings from Europe which will soon reach this port on its way to King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands. Kalakaua is fond of art, and is something of a painter himself. He can color a town a luminous and startling red in a very short space of time.

Bishop Perry, of Iowa, whose sermon in Westminster Abbey was such a scathing rebuke to the Revolutionary fathers of the United States, was once pastor of a church in Litchfield, Conn. Even in those days his Anglomania was apt to crop out at odd moments. He was fond of Litchfield, however, as it possesses "a good old English name."

Daniel Spraker, President of the Mohawk River Bank, at Fonda, N. Y., is probably the oldest bank president in the country. He has held his present position since the bank was founded, in 1835. He is now ninety years of age, and is in a very precarious state of health. He has been blind and deaf for some years, but attended to his duties at the bank up to a few days ago.

ABOUT THE CITY.

Skeeton avenue is the latest name given the central walk in the old burial ground.

A novel method of keeping a young man quiet who was determined upon breaking something was employed at a recent gathering. He was placed in a salt sack and sewed up. Men have frequently been "sewed up" before but very seldom in a salt sack.

The other evening a dudsish masher, pursuing his avocation, saluted a gay young lady of color on Charlotte street. He had only obtained a rear view and when he politely doffed his hat on passing her he was told: "G'long you white dude I don't want ye." A crowd heard it and the masher departed crushed.

Dog collars have been in great demand all week and will no doubt continue so. There are fewer vagrant dogs on the street this week than formerly. May they grow gradually less during every week of the season.

Will some one please rise and explain why one of the Moncton contingent of the Salvation Army should adorn himself in a suit of blood-red so as to bear a closer resemblance to a gobbler than a man. It is all very well to be eccentric but a man dressed in a suit of red is more likely to produce profanity than prayer as he passes through the streets.

We sigh for cooling showers in the hot weather, but not when we have gone to a picnic; but the people who have not gone to the picnic still sigh, and they get the shower and so do we.

FACTS.

I. Saint John has cooler and more enjoyable summer than any other city in America.  
II. Fact I, combined with the elevated position and perfect ventilating facilities of the

**St. John Business College** renders study, during the warmest weather, as agreeable as at any other time of the year.  
III. The combination of favorable circumstances is enjoyed by no similar institution.  
IV. We give no summer vacation.  
V. Students can enter at any time.  
VI. We give a fuller course of study than any other business college.  
VII. Telegraphy is a prominent specialty.  
VIII. Kerr's Book-keeping mailed to any address for \$1.00. Circulars mailed free.

S. KERR,  
Principal.  
Old Fellows Hall.

### Mid-Summer Sale of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

**WM. J. FRASER,**

—OF THE—  
**ROYAL CLOTHING STORE**

**47 KING STREET.**

Is offering immense inducement in the way of

**LOW PRICES — AND — GOOD CLOTHING**

**FOR MEN AND BOYS.**

Wishing to dispose of all the SUMMER STOCK before September, he has reduced the prices on all the Stock of

**MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.**

COME FOR BARGAINS.

**WM. J. FRASER,**  
One Door above Royal Hotel.

**MANKS & CO.,**

—IMPORTERS OF—  
**American and English Fine Felt Hats.**

—MANUFACTURERS OF—  
**SILK DRESS HATS,**  
**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S**  
**FINE FURS OF ALL KINDS,**  
57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Society Hats Made to Order.

**Maritime Lead & Saw Works.**

**JAS. ROBERTSON,**

**IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT**

AND  
**Manufacturer,**

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building;  
**Cor. Mill and Union Streets.**

**WILLIAM GREIG, - Manager.**

**CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.**

Retail Department, 60 Prince Wm. Street.

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

**HARDWARE,**  
**Plated Ware,**  
**Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c.,**  
Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have

**One of the Largest Assortments**  
of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces.

THE LEADING LINES ARE  
**Housekeepers' Goods,**  
In Tinware, Agate Ware, Ironware, Granite Ware, Cutlery, etc.,

EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS IN  
**ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,**  
In the Latest English and American patterns.

We mention Novelties in this Line in SALAD BOWLS, BISCUIT BOXES, CASTERS, ETC., in New Designs and Colors.

**CLARKE, KERR & THORNE**  
60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

**PIANOS & ORGANS,**  
The Best and Cheapest,

SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.  
Small Musical Instruments, Strings & Kinds.

**PICTURE FRAMING**  
Of all kinds.

Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c.  
**WM. MURPHY & Co.,**

4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

**BUILDERS' HARDWARE,**  
In all its Extensive Variety.

Constantly kept in stock the newest and latest additions in this branch.

**CUTLERY,**  
From the leading English Manufacturers.

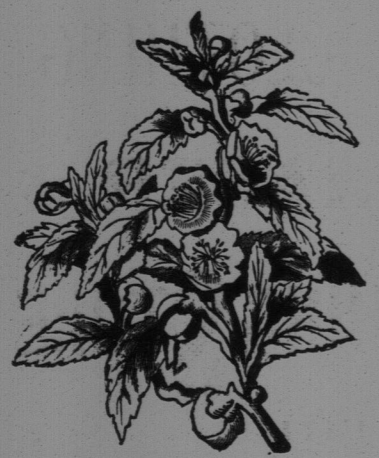
BRUSHES, of all kinds,  
LAMP GLASSES,  
CLOTHES WRINGERS,  
BRACKETS,  
GARDEN TOOLS,  
BRONZES, CLOCKS,  
PUZZLES, FLYING GOODS,  
&c., &c., &c.

Great variety in Plated Spoons, Forks, &c., &c.

**Croquet, Lawn Tennis, CRICKETING GOODS,**  
**Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes.**  
AGENTS FOR  
Arocher & Panorast Gas Fixtures,

—AND—  
**FAIRBANKS & CO'S.,**  
Celebrated Scales.

Branch of Tea Plant



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA. Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that F. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA...

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

Ground Floor on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company, M. J. Finn, Wine Merchant, W. Hawker, Druggist, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St. Rooms 1, 2, 3.—D. B. Cook, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul.

Second Floor. Rooms 15, 16.—News Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor. Rooms 17, 18.—C. N. Skinner, A. S. Barrister, & B. O. Skinner, Judge of Probate.

Third Floor. Rooms 29, 30.—The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association. Rooms 31, 32.—R. C. John Dunn, Government Architect.

Top Floor. Rooms 33 to 45.—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE Repairing & Refitting OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S, 53 SMYTHE ST., N. B.—Scalps a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH, MANUFACTURER OF Woven Wire Mattresses. Of several Grades and Varieties, which are Warranted to be the Best in the Market.

Woven Wire Cots. These Goods are sold by the principal Furniture Dealers in the Lower Town.

FACTORY: 35 and 37 WATERLOO ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WANTED. 50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at UNDER'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

READI Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Ham, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, etc.

T. W. SEEDS, 15 WATERLOO ST.

T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer. MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, REEFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS.

My whole and well selected stock of GOOD READY MADE CLOTHING can now be bought at (greatly) reduced prices, in order to get rid of my winter stock before the season closes. Also, a full line of

Gents' Furnishings, Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overhirts, Ties, Vests, etc. I am also making clothing to order from my large and well selected Scotch and English Cloths. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms Reasonable.

City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

MR. SMITH'S WILL

Mr. Augustus Maw was such a smart young gentleman that his friends expected great things of him. There are some persons who possess the knack of inspiring confidence without doing anything to warrant it. Augustus had failed to distinguish himself during his scholastic career, yet those who knew him believed in him almost as much as he believed in himself.

Augustus had inherited from his parents a small fortune, which he would be entitled to receive upon attaining 23. There was no difficulty, therefore, about raising the premium which was necessary to enable him to have the run of the chambers of some successful counsel. Accordingly the aspiring youth was confined to the care of Mr. Retainer, the celebrated equity draughtman and conveyancer, whose pupils, though depressed in a social sense, invariably learned to draw particular neat pleadings and to turn out legal instruments calculated to mystify the most intelligent layman.

After a brief experience Augustus began to have a dim idea of the goal of his ambition was rather more difficult to reach than he had anticipated. He realized that plodding, hard work, perseverance and ceaseless study were essential ingredients to the success of his scheme. Now Augustus was one of those enterprising youths—there are many of them about—who are in too great a hurry to make a fortune to be able to give time to honest industry. He did not exactly abandon the hope of reaching the goal, but he resolved not to fritter away his abilities in striving too much for the money which it was to secure.

Augustus had been very much struck by the private affairs of a good many people of wealth and distinction were revealed to him. He was naturally of an inquisitive disposition, and he revelled in the surreptitious knowledge he acquired in this manner. Mr. Retainer had a large connection among solicitors of old standing with aristocratic clients, and according to custom, his pupils were permitted to try their hand at preparing the rough drafts of wills, marriage settlements and deeds of various kinds. It was quite tantalizing to Augustus to behold the secretary, as it were, and to observe the secret disposition of so many thousands of pounds, without profiting thereby. He did not see his chance in this direction he might one day make a discovery which he could utilize to his advantage.

Meanwhile, he grew utterly sick and tired of the law before the wished-for opportunity arrived. But at length his drooping spirits were revived by what seemed to be a genuine prospect of acquiring a fortune. One day the hands in the paper he was reading a paper of written instructions for the will of a Mr. John Smith, of Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town, who had been represented by a well known firm of solicitors. Mr. Smith appeared to be a gentleman of considerable wealth, for he owned whole terraces of houses in London, large areas of country, and stock exchange investments galore. Augustus' attention was attracted by two circumstances, one of which was that this Mr. John Smith was a neighbor of his uncle, with whom he resided, and the other that the testator had an only daughter, to whom he had bequeathed nearly the whole of his wealth. From the fact that Mr. John Smith resided in the unassuming locality of Camden Town, Augustus was led to believe that he was a person of quiet tastes and habits, to whom it would be easy to obtain an introduction. This discovery, Augustus, holding nothing would be simpler than to ingratiate himself with the old gentleman, and to gain both her hand and her fortune.

To tell the truth, this was not the first time that Augustus had cherished designs of marrying a rich widow whose respect he had learned in a similar manner. Unfortunately, in previous cases the ladies had been of such advanced station, which rendered them unapproachable. Disparity of station had not prevented him, however, from making discreet advances. Like all mortals, Augustus was not generally known. But he learned sufficient to feel convinced that the old gentleman was a wealthy miser. He was described as a taciturn and rather eccentric person, who had resided many years in Hilldrop Crescent with his daughter and a maiden sister. He was supposed to be comfortably off, for he paid his way and lived at his ease, but he was certainly not suspected of being a millionaire.

Augustus wisely determined to look well before he leaped in this instance, and he therefore set to work to ascertain whether Mr. Retainer knew anything about Mr. Smith and his affairs. Accordingly, he laboriously prepared the draft of Mr. Smith's will, and presented it to Mr. Retainer's sanctum. The learned conveyancer, struck, perhaps, by the unwonted zeal of his least promising pupil, good-naturedly put aside the papers he was engaged upon, and invited Augustus to stand by while he revised the important document. This method of instruction was particularly galling to Augustus, for Mr. Retainer was accustomed to make mince-work of his pupil's youthful efforts, and was usually frank in his criticism. On this occasion, however, Augustus drew the ordeal

with editing meekness, being entirely preoccupied with the momentary inquiries he desired to make. "What, Mr. Retainer, after a good deal of contemptuous 'plishing' and 'shaving,' accompanied by vicious scratchings of broad-stribbed pen, through the document aside, Augustus said, rather awkwardly: 'Do you think it will be all right, sir?'

'Of course not. It requires to be entirely redrawn. You might have saved your time and trouble, sir, as well as mine,' returned Mr. Retainer, snarling savagely.

'I mean, do you think it is a hoax?' continued Augustus, feeling very small indeed. 'You know best, sir,' exclaimed Mr. Retainer, glaring at him. 'I was referring to the instructions,' Augustus hastened to explain, pointing to the document.

'There is nothing the matter with the instructions,' exclaimed Mr. Retainer, starting at Augustus. 'I dare say not, as far as the solicitors are concerned—' Augustus blurted out.

'One of the oldest and most respectable firms in London,' interrupted Mr. Retainer indignantly. 'What on earth are you driving at?'

'Well, I mean, do you think that the testator has all the property to leave that he speaks of?' said Augustus in desperation. 'No, you are in error of case of a man making a sham will.'

'Not through a firm like Taps & Parham, a well known solicitors' firm, is it?' asked Augustus. 'What can have put such a notion into your head?'

'Nothing, except that the testator lives in Camden Town,' Augustus cried. 'I know Hilldrop Crescent slightly,' added Augustus hastily. 'They are comparatively small houses, and the neighborhood is not fashionable.'

'Mr. Retainer looked rather amused. He leaned back in his chair a moment and regarded Augustus through his spectacles as though impressed by his shrewdness. Augustus did not bear the scrutiny very well, for the testator had just died, and the circumstances of the case, it is all right.'

'Mr. Retainer dismissed Augustus with a nod he finished speaking, and the enterprising student left the room with his doubts completely set at rest. It seemed that Mr. Retainer had private reasons for knowing that the will was trustworthy, and he was not a man given to jesting, nor to speaking without proper means of knowledge. Augustus, therefore, resolved upon the spot to obtain an introduction to Mr. John Smith without a moment's delay.

This did not prove more difficult than he had anticipated; in fact, the details of his conquest over the susceptible heart of Miss Arabella Smith are too commonplace to require recital. Suffice it to say that Augustus' fascinating manner, his fashionable attire, and his performances upon the guitar, in fine flute combined to render him irresistible.

The Smiths turned out to be a respectable family, without the least pretension to gentility. It was evident that Augustus was the nearest approach to a gentleman they had ever been acquainted with, and their gratitude was, from the outset, somewhat distinguished. No doubt, the fact that he very much exaggerated the amount of his small fortune assisted to facilitate his courtship.

It was not until Augustus had been for some time in the house under a shadow, and the prospect of securing him for a son-in-law, and when Augustus, after a comparatively short acquaintance, was discovered by his father, that Augustus' position became a little more precarious. He was naturally elated by the success, though the naive vulgarity of Miss Arabella rather distressed him. But she seemed a good honest sort of girl—very beautiful, certainly, yet fairly presentable. Compared with the solid fact that she was his own daughter, these trifles weighed very lightly with Augustus. The crumpled rose leaf which disturbed his happiness was due to the ominous behavior of a rival. Mr. Theodore Brittlebone, whose attentions, until Augustus had appeared upon the scene, seemed to have been favorably received by Miss Arabella.

Mr. Theodore Brittlebone was a quaint and gloomy youth, whose avocation was something of a mystery. At all events, he never seemed so unnatural across between him and Augustus, which resulted in Mr. Brittlebone being requested by old Mr. Smith to discontinue his attentions to Miss Arabella, and to marry her daughter. Mr. Brittlebone accordingly withdrew his society, but he was quite as much in the house as before, he would still be a neighbor of Augustus. Occasionally his conduct became violent, and he once actually challenged Augustus to fight it out like a man beneath a lamp post.

The unruly behavior and persistent persecution began to prey upon the nerves of Augustus, who had been a little less than stoutly not addicted to pugilism. He was painfully conscious that he was no match for the bellows Mr. Brittlebone, and he was seriously apprehensive for his personal safety. But what worried him even more was that his rival cast doubts upon the expediency of his going into the house. Apparently Mr. Brittlebone, rendered keen-eyed by jealousy, divined the real cause of Augustus' devotion. At all events, he never ceased to insinuate that he was acquainted with Mr. John Smith's real circumstances, in a tone and manner which were painfully suggestive. Augustus forbore to discuss the subject with him, although these dark hints made him very uneasy. He was quite unable to fathom his rival's father-in-law, who declined to be in veiled into conversation about his affairs. But it was evident that this ratiocination was not assumed for the occasion. Old Mr. Smith was habitually taciturn and secretive, and in this respect his conduct was quite in keeping with miserly propensities. Augustus consoled himself with the reflection that none could know better than himself the true state of the case, and endeavored to stifle his misgivings by attributing Mr. Brittlebone's intemperate to envy and ignorance mingled with jealousy.

Although Augustus duly announced his engagement to his friends, he did not for some time mention it to his fellow-students at Mr. Retainer's chambers. He instinctively guessed that Mr. Retainer would suspect how the event came about, and therefore, to avoid unpleasantness, he deemed it prudent to hold his tongue. But after awhile the news leaked out, as all news will; and when Augustus was, one morning, requested to go into Mr. Retainer's room, he had a presentation of what was in store. 'Good morning, Mr. Maw,' said Mr. Retainer, very stiffly. 'I have sent for you to ask if it be true, as I hear, that you are engaged to be married?'

'Yes, sir; it is true,' said Augustus defiantly. 'Of course, I have nothing whatever to do with your private affairs,' returned Mr. Retainer, 'but it has occurred to me that I

may be in a measure, innocently responsible for what has taken place. 'I don't understand,' said Augustus, red-dening. 'The young lady is a Miss Smith, I am told—the daughter of Mr. John Smith, of Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town,' said Mr. Retainer, meekly.

'That is correct,' admitted Augustus. 'Whose will was prepared in my chambers a few months back,' said Mr. Retainer with unpleasant emphasis. 'It was an accidental circumstance,' murmured Augustus, avoiding Mr. Retainer's gaze.

'Of course. If I thought for one moment that any one of my chambers could be capable of such a gross breach of faith, well as of professional etiquette, as to take advantage of a professional secret, I would request him to put on his hat and leave this moment.'

The effect of this speech upon Augustus was that he felt inclined to sneeze out of the room at once, but he was detained by Mr. Retainer's words were equivalent to a formal notice to him to leave. Augustus stood his ground, however, from sheer desperation. 'I quite agree with you, sir,' he said, shortly.

'I am glad of that,' said Mr. Retainer, with a grave bow; 'your affection for the young lady,' he added, 'being purely disinterested, will, I trust, permit me to say that I should say any more. Still, to avoid misunderstanding, you had better read this.'

He handed Augustus a letter which he had been holding open with his finger. Augustus took the document without a word, and read as follows:

'DEAR RETAINER: It was a coincidence, and nothing more. I put in the name of Smith myself, and my confidential clerk, who will, I trust, expressly asked that it might be drawn under a fictitious name, so that clerks and other persons through whose hands the draft might pass should not be able to identify him with the testator. It was an old precaution, and I must say, I was added Mr. Retainer, looking severely at his will, but he had not time to do so before the testator had been called to his account. I don't quite understand,' murmured Augustus, though he perceived well enough that there had been a fatal mistake somewhere.

'It is very simple,' explained Mr. Retainer. 'A client of Messrs. Taps & Parham—a gentleman well known in society, but rather eccentric—gave instructions for his will, but he expressly asked that it might be drawn under a fictitious name, so that clerks and other persons through whose hands the draft might pass should not be able to identify him with the testator. It was an old precaution, and I must say, I was added Mr. Retainer, looking severely at his will, but he had not time to do so before the testator had been called to his account. I don't quite understand,' murmured Augustus, though he perceived well enough that there had been a fatal mistake somewhere.

'No harm is done, as Mr. Taps says,' said Mr. Retainer, as Augustus, looking stupidly perplexed, handed back the letter to him. 'I don't quite understand,' murmured Augustus, though he perceived well enough that there had been a fatal mistake somewhere.

'I did not know him at the time,' blurted out Augustus.

His conscience had bitten his tongue off the instant after, for he saw he had betrayed himself. Mr. Retainer, in a voice of thunder, ordered him out of the room, and Augustus, overcome with humiliation and confusion, needed no second bidding.

The prevailing sentiment which agitated the bosom of Augustus, when he came to consider the situation, was a deep sense of having been cruelly wronged and deceived. The instructions of Mr. Brittlebone concerning Mr. Smith's circumstances had, as we have seen, for a long time caused him uneasiness, and now that it had transpired that the old gentleman was not the owner of the property mentioned in that will, Augustus had no difficulty in convincing himself that his rival's aversion was certainly not unreasonably founded. Most unreasonably he suspected poor Arabella and her relatives of having attempted to inveigle him into matrimony by means of pretences, and in his virtuous indignation he did not pause to consider the injustice of the charge. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he immediately wrote and broke off the engagement, using expressions of reproach and harshness which poor Arabella had done nothing to deserve.

After this it was particularly galling to Augustus to be consoled with for having missed the hand of an heiress. It did not, however, when too late to repair the hasty step he had taken, that old Mr. Smith, though not fabulously wealthy, was certainly rich enough to make a most desirable father-in-law. Before Augustus had recovered from the unpleasant shock of this revelation, intelligence was received of a visit from Mr. Brittlebone, which resulted in his being swathed in vinegar and brown paper for several days, and evidence to the effect that his brutality, Mr. Brittlebone had considered the happiness of leading Miss Arabella to the altar, but this was not what he wanted. Augustus, in the unenviable capacity of defendant in an action for breach of promise, had been indicted in heavy damages, which enabled the young couple to start handsomely in business in the hardware line.—Truth.

An Artist on the Sidewalk. I saw recently a scene that would well repay an artist to a master stroke of delineation by imitation. It was in the broad part of Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue; time, 10:30 p. m., a actor, a rather tall, spare young man. He had spread two newspapers on the sidewalk right where the glare from an electric light was the strongest, and on them had laid in as attractive a way as possible five contrivances known, I think, as catch-lies. They were very cheaply made of a material that resembled oil-cloth. As I approached he was stooping over and adjusting his wires. Then he rose, looking neither right nor left, but steadily at his display, and thoughtfully withdrew a few feet into the shade to study the effect. He stood erect, his chin slightly depressed, right arm akimbo and the left hand gently rubbing the side of his face, the picture of perfect self-forgetfulness. I could not help smiling.

After a moment he stooped ever the newspapers again, moved one or two of the 'catch-lies' slightly, then withdrew to the shade and viewed them from another quarter, now and again rubbing his cheek gently. Finally, finding the effect artistically good, he dropped his hands to his side and looked up with a slight smile, and hopefully waited for customers.

He had been so preoccupied and evidently so interested in his work for the work's sake, like a true artist, that I had not been able to repress my smile, but it now occurred to me that probably that shabby array represented his entire stock in trade, upon the successful disposition of which depended perhaps his lodging and breakfast, perhaps a delayed supper as well, and a great pang went through my heart as I left him, hopeful and apparently cheerful, to find a customer if he could before morning.—'Uncle Bill' in Chicago Herald.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call ST. NICHOLAS. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, 'We have nothing like it on this side.' Here are some leading features on this side.

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Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author. A short Social Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, Biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single combats or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic combats in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.

The Social Stories include 'Tuan and Juanita,' an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtney Taylor, author of 'On Both Sides'; also, 'Jenny's Boarding House,' by Jas. H. Deane, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: 'How a Great Panorama is Made,' by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; 'Winning a Commission' (Naval Academy), and 'Recollections of the Naval Academy'; 'Boring for Oil,' and 'Among the Gas Wells,' with a number of striking pictures; 'Child-Sketches from George Eliot,' by Julia Magruder; 'Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren,' recounted by Thrasher Matthews; 'Historic Girls,' by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwab, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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Notice of Sale.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at Charles Drury's office in the City of St. John on SATURDAY, the 22nd day of October next at the hour of 12 o'clock noon the land and premises described in a certain instrument of mortgage bearing date the 10th day of August, A. D. 1881, made between Alfred R. Sheraton, then of the City of St. John, merchant, and Mary J. his wife, and Gilbert R. Pugsley, of the same place, barrister at law, and Maggie J., his wife, the one part and Ward Chipman Drury, executor and trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased, of the other part, as follows:

A. All the right title and interest which the deceased Charles Drury had at the time of his decease in and to all that lot of land and premises situate, being and being in the Parish of Botolph (formerly the Parish of Hampton) in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick bounded as follows: to wit: The original grant and bounded and described as follows on the north by lands formerly belonging to the late Honorable G. A. Deshaies and a portion of the lot of the late Honorable G. A. Deshaies on the south by land owned by John Anderson, formerly belonging to Scribner, and known as Lot No. 12 in the said grant and on the west side by the mid Channel of the River, being the west boundary line of the said grant, which will more fully appear in reference to a plan on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Kings, which instrument of mortgage is recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Kings in Book C, No. 4, pages 30, 31, 32 and 33 of Records on the 26th of August, A. D. 1881.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in the instrument of mortgage and by reason of default in payment of the principal and interest secured in and by the said mortgage.

Dated this 18th day of June, A. D. 1887.

WARD CHIPMAN DRURY, Executor and Trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased.

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PUBLICATIONS.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching, and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in:

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THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill, Sherman's March to the Sea, by General Howard and Sherman. General Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbons, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady and the Tiger," etc., begins in November. The novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halliwell Post, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Test Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberia; articles on the Food Question, with reference to his bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedral; Dr. Egleston's "Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mr. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers, articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

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EAST AFRICAN DRUGS.

VEGETABLE POISONS USED FOR ANOINTING SPEARS AND ARROWS.

A Kuning Plant Whose Active Principle is Similar to Strychnine-The "Poison Tree"—Narcotic Indulgence Condemned to Tobacco.

Of curative drugs the east African manifests but little knowledge. Near Lake Ugonbo a small wild aloe, when the green skin has been peeled off, forms an ice cold and healing application to burns and in the neighborhood of Dar-es-Salaam a highly aromatic plant, with hairy purple stalks, called arcazambou, is reported a good native cure for pains in the stomach. The Somalis occasionally eat the leafy variety of dragon's blood, a resin of acidulous flavor obtained from the mol tree (Draec. coccinifera). Between Zanibar and Dar-es-Salaam occurs a creeper with bean like, hairy, S-shaped pods having several stinging spines. It is about four inches long, of yellowish brown color, and is called upoupa. The pain yields to cowdung and uric acid. In the same region a broad leaved grass called mwanga mwanga enjoys some fame as a styptic.

ARROW POISONS.

Arrow poisons come much more prominently within the range of native study, and most tribes use some description of vegetable poison for anointing their spears and arrows. The most important is a species of Strophantus, either S. hirsutus or S. kombo, which will probably prove to be the sole source of this class of poison used on the eastern coast, from Zanibar to Somaliland and even far into the interior. The plants in name, bearing large, rough ribbed leaves arranged in clusters of three or four together. Each shoot consists of three branches, of which one bears the seed and the other two the leaves. The flower is yellow, with curiously talled petals. The seed has the form of a large military frog button, with lobes nine inches long, and is the direct source of the poison. This, according to St. Vincent Erskine is called umtsani in Gaza or southern Mozambique, and is so energetic that men wounded by arrows in the fleshy part of the leg have been known to die within three hours, and with small wounds the poison takes effect before they can run out of sight. He likens the active principle to strychnine.

THE "POISON TREE."

The flesh of animals killed by this poison is eaten by the blacks without ill effects. Probably identical with this is the "poison tree," from the roots of which the natives of Somaliland extract a black resin, which is used for poisoning their arrows. Perhaps, also, the pitch like poison obtained from the boiled down bark of a tree used on the Zambesi river for application to arrows, lances and even bullets, and the muvvi or poisonous decoction of the bark of a tree used by the Nyassa and Zambesi valley, is the same article under another guise.

Indulgence in narcotics appears to be confined to tobacco, which is very commonly grown under cultivation. It is a species about two breeding grounds in the shallow bays of the lower Mexican coast. It is probable that some go down as far as the Central American coast. All the right whales along the coast do not enter the Arctic, although it would seem that the greater number do. Many are found in the summer season in the Arctic sea and along the coast of Siberia. The right whale seeks out his summer feeding grounds in high latitudes where seeks out breeding grounds in low latitudes. This annual migration and return is counted on with the greatest certainty. As many whales come out of the coast in August as enter in the spring. These facts govern the operations of the whaling fleet. Hence, after the Arctic whaling season is over many ships discharge and reef at once and go down the coast preparatory to a later cruise in high latitudes. At several points along the coast in this state there are shore stations where a considerable number of whales are caught as they go up and down the coast.—San Francisco Bulletin.

He Probably Was.

"Was the early man a savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man arose at 3 a. m. and rushed around like mad to reach the depot only to find that he was too early by about four hours, it is safe to say that he was somewhat savage.

Silk Raised in Utah.

About 17,000 pounds of silk cocoons, averaging \$1 per pound, have been raised in Utah during the last year. The industry is still in its infancy, but the outlook is very flattering.—Chicago Herald.

The "Hair Moth."

"The hair moth," which creates havoc made a fine head of hair, rapidly destroying it and creating baldness, is being talked of in New York and Brooklyn, and the cheap barber shops are being blamed for the propagation.—Chicago Herald.

London's Great Exhibitions.

London has had four great exhibitions in as many years—the "Fisheries," "Healtheries," "Inventories" and "Colonies." It is now proposed to follow these by the "Yankeries."

A genius in Troy has just invented a stone that saves three quarters of the wood, while the ashes it makes pays for the remainder.—Boston Budget.

Some Embarrassed People.

He came to me in the car as we were jogging along over the Erie, and without any preliminary palaver about the weather or the crops or the Bulgarian situation, he asked: "Do you see that couple on the right?" "Yes."

"Purty good looking woman, and got on some nice togs, ain't she?" "Yes."

"What do you think of the man?" "Oh, he seems to be a sensible sort of a man and he's a purty good fellow."

"Well, kinder. Say, I'm in a sort of box and want a little advice. That woman used to be my wife. We were divorced about a year ago, and she's now married to him and they are on their bridal tower, or tower, or whatever you call it. I'm kinder embarrassed to know just how to put it, but you can see the case from a neutral standpoint. Now, then, shall I knock his head off, treat him with cold contempt, or go over and wish 'em much joy?"

"What were the grounds for divorce?" "We fit too much. I wanted to be less, and so did she. She'll either lose that chap or break his neck."

"Do they know you are here?" "Oh, yes, and I suppose they are kinder embarrassed too. It seems a case where some proceedings ought to be taken."

"A row won't help you any?" "No, I suppose not, but if I could get Mary I might hear some of the biggest spouting and jawing which ever fell on mortal ears. She's open to me at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and kept it up until midnight without stopping over three times for breath. Such commands of language you never saw."

"Not in this case. See how pet and proud she sits up there! She does that to brag over me. She wants to give me to understand that I wasn't the only husband she could get. If I treat 'em with silent contempt, how is she to find out that I'm now on my way to spend a quiet vacation in a hotel of this town? I want Mary to know that. The day she left me she said I was too plain meat to marry the fat woman in a side show, and I want her to know that I was engaged to a staving looking woman in less than six weeks. I think I'll go over and have a talk with 'em."

"Well, don't raise any row." "Oh, I shan't unless the fellow begins to bluster against me. I shall be married Saturday, and she's four times as good looking as you are, and has a big farm and \$3,000 in cash."

"Don't believe it!" "Same old Mary. Sounds perfectly natural to hear you call me a dogged liar."

"Well, Mary," he said, as he turned to her, "so you've got another man, eh?" "Oh, it ain't! Same old Mary, I see. That's just the chin music you used to give me when I asked why dinner wasn't ready."

"That's more of it! Seems almost as if we were living together again, and I was dogging you," he said. I shall be married Saturday, and she's four times as good looking as you are, and has a big farm and \$3,000 in cash."

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FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CALCUTTA.

Wonderful Improvement in the Transmission of Cable Messages.

"How soon will this reach Calcutta?" asked a white haired man as he slipped a ten word message through the receiving wicket of the down town office of a cable company.

"Can't say exactly," said the receiving clerk. "It's 5 o'clock now and there's work enough on hand to keep the wires red hot till midnight. We'll get it off by 2 a. m."

"I'm sure you'll send it as soon as possible, but that's not what I mean. When will it reach Calcutta, retiring from business many years ago and have forgotten some things about cable telegraphy with which it was once familiar."

"Why, if it leaves here at 2 it'll get there before 3.30 any way."

"You are joking, young fellow. I remember that in waiting a week for a message from India or Hong Kong; no doubt the world moves faster now."

"I wonder what he would have thought if he had seen the message," I told him that his message would be in Calcutta in fifteen minutes from the time it left here, and yet that is not an under estimate of the time, if no unusual delay occurs in transferring from one system to another. The New York merchants and city men know well enough the annoyance and losses on European and Asiatic business caused through native operators when messages had to be deferred from one government to another before they reached their destination.

"Twenty years ago eight days delay on a message was quite common. Telegrams that had to pass through Turkey were thrust aside at Constantinople until the Turkish operators had cleared their lines and their work of mutilation often cost the merchant his message and the price of a 'repeat' when the telegraph was unable to translate the mangled English delivered to him in Bombay or Calcutta."

"Now all this is changed. British and American operators well found in all parts of the globe, much to the surprise of outsiders, who wonder why natives cannot be trained to take charge of the circuits. Our operators proceed to foreign stations and in the most unhealthy climate manfully do their duty. Much of the message is no longer common, and the merchants of this country reap the benefit. The other day I was asked by a merchant what he had to do to be trained to take appointments at such places as Vera Cruz and Panama, where Anglo Americans scarcely live. The fact is, it does not make a model operator. What the Mexican operator would be like I will not venture to suggest. But the fact is, it is not unusual for a Spanish operator to give 'M. A.' (wait) while he saunters to a neighboring station to indulge in a cigar."

"He has finished his refreshments. It is no wonder he cannot be trained. Much of the English and American operators do their work, for they seldom forsake their posts while they have a leg to stand on."

"New York Times.

Being Back to Simplicity. It is evident that the fads of trio-a-bras are going, and that to be urtic-ac-bra is a strong reaction toward the classic styles and severe simplicity. The hats of hats and decorators in New York say that people profess themselves weary of the clutter they have been having round them and their homes and ask to be furnished in white and gold. Of course this was to be expected sooner or later. In former years it has been the fashion to have a variety of things in one's house, but in these days fashions change with great rapidity.

Very likely we may go all the way back to the Grecian type of house before we stop, when once the mania for simplicity sets in, in any one would know what that type of a beautiful example may be seen on Broad street, near Girard avenue. This is a house built about 1820, and designed by the late Mr. Styles. It is very beautiful in its plain square of white marble, with the smallest portion of classical ornament, and a great relief to the eye after the bewildering of curious things which lately have been getting built.

The people in the suburbs who are putting rustic stone walls of preposterous thickness around their tiny Queen Anne houses had better take warning that they will soon be out of style.—Philadelphia Times.

The Widow of Gen. Pickett. Among the visitors at the panorama of Bull Run at Washington the other day was a lady of striking appearance, who seemed greatly interested in the picture of the light. When the lecturer began to describe that portion of the battle near the railroad track and said "the conflict here can only be likened to features of the battle of Gettysburg, and the disaster. And the next day to lay the equal famous Pickett's charge," the lady seemed to take a greater interest in the picture and when she turned to look at the lecturer he recognized her as the widow of Gen. Pickett, that dashing Virginian who led the Confederate charge at Gettysburg. The lady is living in Washington now and her name appears on the payroll of the interior department as a laborer. But Mrs. Pickett is not required to do laborer's work. She is assigned to clerical work. She is refined and cultured woman and is only one among the widows of renowned soldiers on both sides of the late war who fill small places here.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Garrett's Rich Secretary. Mr. Robert Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Annapolis railroad, has three private secretaries, one of whom has become rich by speculating in stocks on tips given him by his employer. Mr. Garrett owns one of the finest private libraries in the country, and has decidedly literary tastes.—Harper's Bazar.

Calling Names. Two young salesladies at Macy's no longer prosper as they pass dry goods over the counter. Said one—You're a man old thing! Said the other—You're a—a salesperson! And now war is in their hearts.—New York Sun.

The Famous Isle of Cumbrae. The Marquis of Bute has purchased the famous Isle of Cumbrae for which the Scottish minister once prayed: "Lord, bless the Greater and Lesser Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."—Morning Journal.

Von Motke and the Children. Von Motke is fond of visiting the village school near his Kreisaus home, and putting questions to the children. The old gentlemen is said to enjoy this greatly, but it is likely that the children don't.—Boston Budget.

Bill Nye Courts Southern Hospitality.

I have recently taken quite a railway trip into the south in search of my health. I called my physicians together, and they decided by a rising vote that I ought to go to a warmer climate, or I would enjoy very poor health all winter. So I decided to go in search of my health, if I died on the trail.

I bought tickets at Cincinnati of a pale, yellow hair, who is just beginning to work his way up to the forty-ninth degree in the Order of Ananias. He will surely be heard from again some day, as he has the elements that go to make up a successful liar.

He said that I could go through from Cincinnati to Asheville, N. C., only one easy change of cars, and in about twenty-three hours. It took me twice that, and I had to change cars three times in the dead of night.

The southern railroad is not in a flourishing condition. It ought to go somewhere else for its health. Anyway, it ought to go somewhere, which at present it does not. According to the old Latin proverb, I presume he should say nothing but good of the dead, but I am here to say that the railroad that knocked my spine loose last week, and compelled me to carry lunch baskets and large trunks, and to get my grip-sacks through the gloaming, till my arms hung down to the knees, does not deserve to be treated well, even after death.

I do not feel any antipathy toward the south, for I did not take any part in the war, remaining in Canada during the whole time, so that I could not be accused now of anything that would look like a settled enmity. I have always avoided anything that would look like a settled enmity. I have always avoided anything that would look like a settled enmity. I have always avoided anything that would look like a settled enmity.

To further illustrate how far minded I am in these matters, I have patently read all the war articles written by both sides, and I have not tried to dodge the foot notes on the marginal references, or the war maps of the memoranda. I have read all these things until I don't know who was victorious, and if at the war I don't know how to proceed in order to eradicate my prejudices.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

Queer Wrinkles. "What luck did you have, dear?" asked his wife, as he returned home from a day's fishing. "Splendid," he said; "just look at them." Opening his basket he displayed a lot of mauls.

The butcher had mixed those baskets up. A WORK OF ART. Brown (to Robinson with a package under his arm)—Still hunting up art treasures, I see, Robinson. What have you got there, a Japanese diadem? Robinson—No, it's an American pie.

TIMELY INFORMATION. Gus—Have you put the important question to old messybags' daughter, Jack? Jack—No. I hear there is a prior attachment there. Gus—Yes, she's attached everthing the old man owns.

MUST HAVE SEEN THEM. "Did you see the Alps while you were abroad, Mademoiselle De Lyze?" he asked. "Oh, I think so," he replied, brightly. "We were everywhere and saw everything."

THE FIRST BILL ALLOWED. "Maria!" called her father, "William asked me for your hand last night and I consented." "Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."

SAVING INFORMATION. "Pa, why is a girl called a belle?" asked Clara. "Oh, I guess it's because of her tongue," unfolding his mouth as he said.

COLD WEATHER. "Did you order the ton of coal?" she asked of her husband. "We are all out." "Yes, but the coal is not here yet." "I wish it would make me warm," said the discouraged wife with a shiver.

ON A GATEWAY WARREN. Gentleman wife, after leaving restaurant—The waiter seemed very grateful for the liberal tip I gave him. Wife (sentimentally)—Very. Gentleman—Did you overbear what he whispered to the waiter at the adjoining table?

Yes—Yes, part of it. Gentleman—What was it? Wife—Something about fools and their money being soon parted.—New York Sun.

Burdettes. Stranger—And what is that large building on the opposite corner? Guide—That's Oh! —A skating rink! And for what is it used? Guide—It isn't occupied. Stranger—For what purpose, then, was it erected? Guide—Blowed if I know. I don't think I ever heard.

IT ONLY ATTEMPTED MERE. A bold, bad boy of Illinois threw a couple of plugs of tobacco into a big jug of whisky he found in the horse stable during a church supper. And the next day the local physicians reported seventeen cases of ice cream poisoning, all men, and the poor women who had the ice cream cried their innocent eyes out about it.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT. When King Charles was quite a young yet, why he asked one of his wise councilors "What is the difference between a bank and a clock?" "Oh, most wise and gracious prince," replied the counselor, "when a clock is wound up it goes, and when a bank is wound up it goes. But what happened? The English people rose up in their might and cut his neck off at each end. Go thou and do likewise when you hear a man talk like that.—R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

What They Say About Liberty. If Miss Liberty had been with New Yorkers during the war she would have been lynched or ridden on a railcar. She is the biggest copperhead in the country.—St. Paul Herald.

There is a strong suspicion afloat out west here that the reason Bartholdi made his statue here because it became a part of his coat of arms. And the next day the local physicians reported seventeen cases of ice cream poisoning, all men, and the poor women who had the ice cream cried their innocent eyes out about it.

At last the drummers are outdone. Liberty has more cheek than any of them.—St. Paul Herald.

Liberty Enlightening the World ought to try it on some of the other New York papers.—North American.

The Harvard Graduate Five Years After. "Is the lady of the house in?" asked a tramp of the servant, who answered the door bell of one of the steeple houses in Austin.

"The lady oh de house don't come to de do to talk wid de liss ob you." "Then," said the tramp, elevating the remnant of a hat with a grace Chesterfield might have envied, "tell the lady of the house a gentleman wishes to speak with her in the parlor."—Texas Sittings.

1887.

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1873 1887

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DEALERS IN

SHIPS AND SPIP BUILDING.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THE BUSINESS.

History and Sketches of Ships of the Past from an Old Sketch.

We hear much about the decadence of ship building and are frequently told that wooden ships are done; that the ship of the future will be built of iron or steel. That the last mentioned materials will largely enter into the construction of ships is beyond question, but that wooden ships are a thing of the past is not so certain. Within a few years it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that wooden ships are sure to hold a large trade for many years to come, until some means of cheapening the cost of steam vessels is discovered.

nold above the Falls. The people of St. John saw in her the pioneer of a noble fleet of ships which should claim it hereafter as their home port. From that time shipbuilding appears to have been established, and it grew steadily in magnitude and importance.

The woods mainly employed in the construction of New Brunswick ships are birch, beech, spruce, hackmatack and pitchpine. All these woods, except the last, grow in New Brunswick. A New Brunswick high classed ship, built under survey, will class A 1 for 8 years at Lloyd's, or 6 years at Bureau Veritas, or 10 years in American Lloyd's.

The building of clipper ships has, however, ceased of late years at St. John, as well as everywhere else. Ships are now built to carry large cargoes, and it is found that such ships on good lines sail nearly, if not quite, as well as the lean, sharp clippers. The building of extremely large ships has also ceased. No ship is now built in St. John of less than 1150 or more than 1750 tons.

Formerly most of the ships built at St. John and indeed throughout the Province were built on speculation for sale in England. The builders sometime did very well, but when times were bad ruinous losses resulted from it, and it was entirely abandoned some years ago.

Table with columns: Year, No. of Vessels, Tons. Lists data from 1825 to 1874.

Eavesdropping is an offense that the people of Pennsylvania do not mean to countenance, as appears in the following indictment, which Assistant District Attorney Kenney sent to the grand jury last week.

The writer was in New York once when Manager Murie invited the whole New York press to go to Philadelphia and witness the game, and I don't think that I am far from wrong when I say that a couple of reporters travelled at the expense of the New York club on one of its trips.

"A modest bathing suit should not fit," says a prudish papa. If a girl thought her bathing suit doesn't fit, she would have a fit herself.

- HOTELS. Hotel Dufferin, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Fred. A. Jones, Proprietor. Royal Hotel, T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r. SAINT JOHN, N. B. New Victoria Hotel, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Prop'r. CONTINENTAL HOTEL (LATE ROYAL), King Square, St. John, N. B. G. RIX PRICE, Owner and Proprietor.

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J. & J. D. HOWE.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., July 21st, 1887. MR. JOHN HOPKINS, Union Street. DEAR SIR—For some years we have been using your pressed Beef and Tongue and have experienced many injurious effects from their use.

BOILED AND PRESSED YESTERDAY CORNED BEEF AND TONGUE.

Also, Something New PRESSED HAM Also, Fresh Meat, Poultry, Vegetables, Etc.

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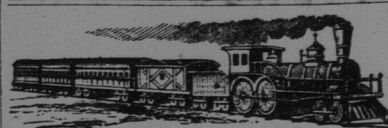
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1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887 ON and after MONDAY, June 13th 1887 the train of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS... 7:00 ACCOMMODATION... 11:00 EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC... 2:15



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In effect June 27th, 1887. Leave St. John, Intercolonial Station, Eastern Standard Time. 6:40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.



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 2:00 p.m., and Carleton at 2:25 p.m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 5:14 p.m., St. Stephen at 7:42 p.m.

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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; and every Saturday evening at 7:30 for Boston direct.

Union Line.

St. John and Fredericton. FARE ONE DOLLAR. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE a Steamer of this Line will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, calling at intermediate points, every morning (except Sunday) at nine o'clock, local time, and will leave Fredericton for Indiantown, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted) also at nine o'clock. Freight carried at low rates a careful agent constantly in attendance to receive same. N.B.—Good facilities have been provided at Indiantown and Fredericton for embarkation of Passengers and Freight. R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager, Office at Wharf, Indiantown.