

The Saturday Gazette.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

PRICE 3 CENTS.

VOL. I.—No. 11.

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The Gazette.

AROUND CHUBB'S CORNER.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN HISTORICAL SPOT IN ST. JOHN.

Some of the Men Great and Small Who Have Made It Their Headquarters For the Past and Present.

Who is there in St. John who does not know Chubb's corner and who knowing it has not at some time or other lounged near it to meet some friend. For more than half a century Chubb's corner has been the legal, political and financial centre of St. John. More important law cases have been quietly discussed in its shadow, more political jobs put up and more property changed hands on the more than one occasion when the corner of the city was rebuilt after the fire. As soon as the heat of the fire had subsided and the ruins of the old post office made safe, the old frequenters began to gather about the corner once again to discuss the credit of their fellow townsmen or to talk over old times and the reasons why Mr. So and So collapsed and how he would "cut up" if his creditors came down severely on him. Now-a-days those of the old time who survive can always be found about the corner and no doubt while they retain the use of their lower limbs they will continue to paddle down every day when sales take place if they have to remain in the house on other days. Chubb's corner is a great news centre; the first information of a commercial disaster even though it occurs at one or the other extremities of the city can always be got at the corner. The latest joke at the expense of some man about town can always be traced to the corner, while the newest thing in the way of a social scandal is first heard here. In fact it is the point where the men who are best informed as to what is going on about town meet daily and talk over matters and compare notes. Chubb's corner is the most convenient place in the city to do this. The banks are all within a stone's throw of it; the post office and city hall across the way and the custom house a short distance beyond. Business men are forced to pass by it and in doing so they always linger to learn the latest.

Chubb's corner has an interesting history. Before it was the site of the late Henry Chubb, the founder of the Courier newspaper, the north west corner of Princess and Prince William streets had several owners. When the present century was ushered in Colin Campbell, who was Mayor of St. John at one time, and also the post master resided and had his office on the corner. In those days there was no lobby in the post office for people to litter in while the mail was being assorted. Mr. Campbell delivered the mail to the citizens through a small aperture in the wall of his house, the recipient standing on the sidewalk meanwhile. Afterwards the property passed into the hands of Hugh Johnson who had his residence there. The next owner was George E. Frink, from whom in 1841 Mr. Chubb purchased the property and began at once the erection of a new brick building. A large fire occurred which destroyed the greater part of Prince William street, while Mr. Chubb was erecting his new edifice. Fortunately for him the fire stopped at the building, an while the structure was slightly damaged the work of construction was not seriously impeded. It was therefore in 1842 that Chubb's corner commenced its existence, and for forty-five years it has continued the financial centre of the city.

Henry Chubb the founder of Chubb's corner was one of the most enterprising, energetic and useful citizens St. John had. He was the son of John Chubb had a U. E. Loyalist who came to St. John in 1783. Born in 1788, Henry Chubb was apprenticed to Jacob S. Mott, the leading printer of the province. The first number of the Courier, a newspaper destined to obtain a wide circulation and to wield an extensive influence was issued from the office of Jacob S. Mott, on May 2, 1811, by Henry Chubb & Co. It grew with the city and became one of its most useful institutions, and would still have continued a power, had its publication not been suspended. Besides the publication of the Courier, Mr. Chubb carried on a general job printing business and kept a Stationery store in which was sold, besides the usual stock in that line, all kinds of fancy articles and a complete assortment of patent medicines—such was the general mix up in business, even down to a late date. Besides being a business man and editor and publisher, Mr. Chubb was, to some extent, a politician, having been appointed Mayor of the city in 1850. Being of a companionable disposition, Mr. Chubb naturally had a large number of personal friends and among these were the majority of the leading men of the city. They discovered that the Chubb's corner was a most convenient place to meet and talk

over events past and to come, and this was how Chubb's corner first got its name. Many of the old frequenters who made the corner famous as a financial and news centre have passed away and given place to an entirely new set of people, men who love gossip as much as the old fellows used to and can drive just as close a bargain, but who nevertheless have none of that spirit of bohemianism so marked in the frequenters of the generation whom they have replaced. To write intelligibly of Chubb's corner as it was ten, fifteen or twenty years ago it is necessary to describe its surroundings. An essay to describe its history of ten years before the fire Gabel's rubber store faced it and the Commercial bank building occupied the opposite corner. A coal shed occupied the present site of the post office; the bank of New Brunswick had been on its present site for over sixty years. A small stone building stood next the bank and this was used for various civic purposes. A water alley separated this building from the one further south, the alley being the entrance to the Bee Hive—an establishment every St. John man knew something about. Opposite the entrance to the Bee Hive stood an old wooden building in which the Daily and Weekly Telegraph offices were situated. A few yards south again was Barnes' Hotel, another popular resort for down town business men. Morrissey's or as it was better known by the Duke House of Lords was on Duke street. The Royal Hotel previously situated opposite the Custom House and Furlong's were also resorts frequently patronized particularly the latter. In the early days of the corner the store afterwards occupied by Mr. Furlong was kept by Thomas A. Paddock. Nearly all the places mentioned came into existence after the reputation of Chubb's corner was established, and it had become the favorite meeting ground of the city. Several of them also changed hands more than once since 1841, and a good many have passed out of sight altogether. The Bee Hive is no more. Pat Morrissey is dead, and a new but as yet to be found where the "Lords" formerly went. The Royal Hotel is on King street. The Cooper's Alley eating saloons have recently also. Mr. J. D. Turner, who more recently kept an oyster house on Water street has moved up town. The Commercial bank burst up. The city purchased the property for a city hall, and after the fire re-built the present expensive structure. The Daily Telegraph has come to Canterbury street, and scores of changes have taken place even in the last decade. And in the next ten years still more will be witnessed as business of the kind formerly done around Chubb's corner gradually working back the way. The banks, with two or three exceptions are centered about the corner, and the majority of insurance agents and real estate brokers are within easy call of the corner. In so large a list of frequenters as the corner had there could scarcely fail to be some odd characters—and if one could only recall the various eccentric individuals who have at one time or other did odd things on the corner some very odd things would most assuredly be brought to the surface.

Among the more famous of the first frequenters of Chubb's corner were Robert L. Hazen who, in after life, was Recorder of the city. He came every evening and was usually met by Sir William Ritchie, then a practising lawyer in this city, now Chief Justice of Canada. Mr. Peter Bernard was also one of these who could be seen on the corner every day. Mr. Bernard is still living and occasionally takes a walk up town to see what is going on. He always carried a white umbrella in summer and was for years the only one in town who carried an umbrella in fine weather. Charles Stewart long since dead was another of the earlier frequenters of the corner. He was extensively engaged in whaling operations both in St. John and at New Bedford, Thomas Lovett the United States Consul of the early days of the city, and John R. Parlow at one time Provincial Secretary of the Province and for a time chamberlain of the city were representatives of another branch of the old timers. Thomas Merritt was a unique figure among those who spent a considerable portion of their time in that vicinity. Isaac Bedell whose father Paul Bedell laid out the city plot of St. John was also frequently seen in the corner. He was a former merchant of this city had a particular place in front of where the City Hall now stands for observing the doings of the crowd on the opposite corner. He was somewhat eccentric in his dress and generally wore a long coat which gave him a most peculiar look. In fact there has always been some eccentricities displayed by some one of those who daily frequenters. One of those who daily resorted there always wore a seascucker coat and trousers and carried the drink he paid for his solitary morning drink

carefully done up in a piece of paper. Citizens will still remember a somewhat remarkable though familiar figure clad in a loose linen suit surmounted by a white straw hat. The latest fad in this direction is a suit of white flannel one gentlemen has recently assumed, and wears in open defiance of the good natured, but keen criticism of his friends. Coming down to more recent times there are still many figures about the corner which are still remembered, and though many have departed from this earthly sphere they are not yet entirely forgotten. Surveyor Dixon, better known as the hard of war, because he was once unfortunate enough to deliver a lecture on the Russian Persian and German Wars is often recalled by those who knew him in the flesh. George M. Burns is still living, but he does not frequent the corner as much as formerly. S. K. Brundage also a familiar figure is dead. Charles H. Chandler for a long time clerk to the Police Magistrate and one of the boys has gone the way of all flesh. Herb Sinnott the most inveterate practical joker of the city is also dead. Oliver Stone, who frequently helped Sinnott out in his jokes is in the Northwest. Joseph S. Knowles visits the corner occasionally, and after delivering himself of a large number of bad puns goes away and hides for a moment or two in Halifax. T. City Crook-shank, who was always supplied with a fresh fish story full of flavor very seldom looks down upon the boys now, but he occasionally puts in an appearance and is always sure of a hearty welcome. William Murdoch who published two volumes of excellent original poetry is also numbered among the dead. For many years he made daily visits to the corner to meet "a brither Scot" and there talk over the leading events of the day not only in the realms of fact but also fancy. Thomas W. Peters, Thomas Gilbert and Bradford Gilbert were for many years central figures among the corner frequenters. Then there was Charles U. Handford, George V. Nowlin, Wm. K. Reynolds, Jr., and a host of others greater and lesser lights who made their headquarters there.

At the present time John Kinnear and John Risk are perhaps the oldest frequenters of the corner. Warden T. W. Peters has been a familiar figure there for several years. George A. Garrison who died a few months ago was up to the last a regular visitor at Chubb's. He went down town every afternoon and although over 80 years of age was as spry as many men twenty years younger. Post Office Inspector King was a good portion of his time within ear shot of the corner, and although he has not been so much seen about recently Col. DeBlais is not forgotten by the older frequenters and is as genial as ever. Capt. H. W. Chisholm visits the corner quite frequently still and keeps posted on all that goes on there.

The old time auctioneers have long since disappeared. W. D. W. Hubbard still lives, but has retired from business. George E. Snider is still in business. Thomas Hanford has retired. Stewart & White have dissolved. George H. Clarke is making a fortune in the West. I. H. Anderson is dead. W. A. Lockhart still holds forth at the corner on Saturdays, and frequently on other days. The flags of T. B. Hanington and Geo. W. Gerow are often seen on the corner.

Half the real state of the city has changed hands at Chubb's corner. Ships, bonds and merchandise of all classes has been bought and sold there. On one occasion all the real estate owned by the city was advertised for sale at this place, but the city effected a settlement with its creditors and paid the bill for advertising the property—a bill amounting to over \$400. In old times the city bye laws were proclaimed at Chubb's corner and the bell man stopped there to make his announcements. The most famous of the city bell men was McCann who had things including led children, goods for sale at auction and public sales of all kinds.

But with all the changes Chubb's corner is still much the same as it has been for the past years. The same class of persons resort there, and while the lumber business which was formerly done on the street in front of Chubb's is now done in the offices, many transactions are still begun and completed on the corner. And no doubt will be for some time to come. The Board of Trade, the Commercial News Room, the Post Office and the City Hall are still there and they will always cause a large traffic along the street.

The Queen's Jubilee Souvenir is the title of a neat little publication issued in Halifax during the jubilee. It is a guide book to the city of Halifax and is capably written. The publisher and editor is Mr. Joseph B. Knowles and he has done his work well. The little book contains a preface worth twice the price charged, and besides a description of the city several clever humorous articles. For sale at the bookstores.

IMPROVING THE CITY.

STURBAN PARKS AND ROUND DRIVES SUGGESTED.

A Boulevard at Barrack Point and an Esplanade on Fort Howe, with a Large Park at Lily Lake.

In provision for wholesome out-of-door recreation by pleasant walks or drives without going great distances or without meeting with unpleasant incidents on the way Saint John is sadly deficient—although the site of the city and suburbs is one of the most picturesque in America. There are no playgrounds for the children or common for boys to have their games of ball or cricket to develop their growing muscles. The aesthetic side of life has been largely ignored—the practical has had full sway. It has been remarked that wherever the saw mill industries there the taste for the beautiful is dormant and undeveloped. These industries have been mainly the source of St. John's former prosperity, and the fact may possibly account for the lack of interest in anything outside of business. It can however no longer be said of St. John that these are its principal industries—there is literally no shipbuilding and the saw mill is no longer the controlling power. With the change in the nature of the business of the place, and a return to our former prosperous condition, it is to be hoped an interest will be developed that will make our town the desirable place for living in that its site and climate entitle it to be.

For a pleasant evening's walk of an hour, and at this season of the year of long evenings, and when the heat of the day has given way to refreshing coolness what can be pleasanter, where can one go? There is the "Government Pier"—you say—and the walk extending from it around by the sea to the Courtenay bay side of the city. Certainly this location had many of the features of a pleasant seaside walk originally, and if the Barrack grounds had been taken in hand at the time the soldiers were removed, in the present, a very desirable park, on a small scale, could have been made without great expense, and, by judicious purchase of surrounding property, fine sites for first-class residences could have been put in the market and made a source of profit as well as greatly improve that part of the town. But the Railway has been run through the property, destroying it for pleasure drive and the Exhibition buildings and Drill Shed erected on it. Yet with all this, enough remains that with proper treatment a very desirable promenade could be made, with seats and ornamental planters and a hand stand, shade trees sheltered and the approaches improved.

There are the squares—King and Queen—and the "Old Burying Ground" but they are only useful for passing through, being too small for exercising grounds and are lacking in any purpose of art in their lay-out to be of interest as a walk. The Burying ground could be made a pleasant place for a ten minutes stroll, but what little has been done towards improving it has been so badly done as to quite ruin it, except for nurses and children. When the new fence, so much needed, is erected it should be a good iron one on a low cut stone wall and with stone posts at intervals.

For a walk out of town there is "Lovers Lane," a walk without a tree or shelter of any kind for near a mile. Then there is Lily Lake and the approaches to it. A long chapter could be written on this subject profitably if there was in prospect of the property being taken in hand and laid out as a park proper. It has naturally all the requirements of a park in the way of wood, water and green sward, but needs the hand of art to develop these features properly. This need not require a great outlay at the start except for the purchase of the property which should be secured at once, more especially in the matter of the approaches. The lands now available are admirably adapted for the purpose, but are liable to be built upon at any time and thereby put out of the way of being used by the park or the acquiring of them made too expensive. A slight outlay at the first in making a few paths and clearing away the tree underbrush in places and with judicious management and policing would make the park a beautiful resort and not difficult of access. The Sandy Point road, or Howe's Road, as it is sometimes called, has always been a favorite strolling place, but is lacking in interest and has no connection with other roads except through the bushes, swampy in places and underbrush every where. This road could easily be connected with Lily Lake on the one side and the Fort Howe and Millidgeville roads on the other.

There is no such thing as a round drive out of St. John over good roads. In whatever direction you leave town you must return over the same road,

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unless willing to risk the springs of a light carriage over rough bye-roads. If you go out to the Marsh you return by way of the Marsh. If to Red Head or to Mispick you simply turn round and double on your tracks. To Sandy Point or to Millidgeville on the Kennebecasis—the "Beach" at Sand Cove or the Manawagish Road—from all these you return by the way you went. The remedy for this would not be difficult or expensive. The "Beach road" at Taylor's Island and Manawagish road could be easily connected, also the Sandy Point road with Marsh Road, and the Marsh road with the Red Head road. A comfortable afternoon's drive would cover all these roads giving a constant change of scenery.

No finer outlook can be had than that from Fort Howe—from the top of this hill can be seen in clear weather the coast of Nova Scotia, some 40 miles distant. The nearer view takes in the West-Bransford coast trending east and west, Mispick and Black Point on the one side, Manawagish Island and Pisarinco on the other with Partridge Island, Carleton, St. John and Portland in the more immediate foreground. The bridges over the Falls and Grand Bay on the St. John river to the west and north and the Marsh and distant Ben Lomond to the east. With these views to be had by a few minutes walk or drive from the centre of the city there has been no steps taken towards making a road to it or to put up a shelter or seats so that the views could be enjoyed when there, with rest and comfort. A fine, easy drive could be made to the top of this hill with an Esplanade at the summit where carriages could stop or move slowly about. A broad and ornamental shelter with seats for pedestrians should be put up and other seats placed at points where their improvement might be. But these would do no more than to make the road worth the road, as an outlook. It certainly could be made quite equal to the "Dufferin Terrace" at Quebec, without the great outlay, and would be a favorite resort of the citizens as well as a point of interest to take strangers to from here a road could branch off to the Millidgeville road and one to the Sandy Point road by way of the "Marsh" and the Sandy Point road continued along the shores of the beautiful Kennebecasis river to "Drury's Cove" and from there a road now connects with the Marsh Road, thus making a round drive which for its length would give as great a variety of picturesque scenery as can be had on the coast.

THE CRAZY ROMANOFFS.

How Insanity Has Run Through the Entire Imperial Family.

[From London Society.]

In the recently published memoirs of Count Vitshum, of Eckstadt, proofs are given of the hereditary character of the mental disease which afflicted the Imperial family of Russia. All the sons of Czar Paul I., like that unhappy monarch himself, who was murdered in 1801, became subject to fits of insanity. Paul I. had four sons—Czar Alexander I., the Grand Duke Constantine, Czar Nicolas I., and the Grand Duke Michael. Every one of them, after his forty-fifth year exhibited undoubted signs of mental derangement. This was not fully discovered in the case of Nicolas I. until after the Czar's death. An English physician, however, the Count says, noticed the appearance of the hereditary disease in the Czar as early as July, 1853, and he then predicted that the monarch had not more than two years of life before him. This he stated in a letter to Lord Palmerston. The Emperor Nicolas died in March, 1881, about four months earlier than the date predicted. The Count appears to have no doubt that the Czarine, too, so far as it depended on Nicolas, was of a poisonous nature. None of the four sons of Paul I. lived to be sixty years of age, and every one of them suffered from concussion of the brain after reaching his forty-fifth year.

Alexander died at forty-eight, a miserable man, moody and despondent, as Prince Metternich has painted him, "tired of existence." His brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, though manifestly insane, gave frequent signs of mental disturbance, of which he himself so plainly conscious that he did not think himself fit to be trusted with the reins of government. His conduct in the year 1830, at the outbreak of the revolution in Warsaw, will remain to be intrusted to the care of his wife, the Princess Lowicz, who was cautioned in the same way as is a physician in charge of a patient having intermittent fits of insanity. He died in his fifty-second year from congestion of the brain. The Grand Duke Michael was killed by a fall from his horse at the age of eighty. Some years before his death he had exhibited signs of undoubted mental disease, and his physicians declare that he was on the road to certain insanity. The events of 1848-52 were not calculated to allay the hereditary predispositions of the imperial family of Russia, but to excite and intensify them. There is something terrible in the contrast between the outward position of the Czar Nicolas, upon the best of whose will the fate of so many millions in Europe was depending, and the alleged diseased inward condition of his mind.

AN ESSAY ON BOYS.

Bill Nye's Advice to a Father Who Has a Son Who Despises Labor.

The following note, addressed to the editor of the World, has been passed over to my bureau for elucidation:

To the editor of the World: Please inform me the best thing to do with a boy that won't work in summer. M. L. B.

This was doubtless referred to me because I have given more attention to human industry than anything else, perhaps. I have also been interested in the accumulation of boys.

But to get right at the solution of this question, Mr. M. L. B., without stopping to try and find out what your name is by carefully scrutinizing your initials, I would say at first blush that if I had a boy who would not work in summer I would use him as a winter boy. Nothing interests me more, M. L. B., than the careful study of boys. I would rather put on a base ball mask and watch a boy than to go stealthily into a hole in a neglected canyon and pull a grizzly bear out by the tail. It is more exciting, too.

But I think that industry among boys is not making such fearful ravages as it did when I was a boy. Boys seem now to be more able to restrain themselves in the matter of forming industrious habits, and do not become the slaves of manual labor. I can see that I overdid it as a boy, and now that I am abundantly able to take life easy and enjoy well merited rest, my whole being seems to be so soaked in a morbid desire to work that even in England, where it is looked upon with horror for a gentleman to exert himself, I frequently lost caste by doing chores around the barn.

In the South, where industry is controlled almost solely by colored people, I can see now that I lowered myself by giving way to this wild, uncontrollable yearning for toil.

So that boys should not be allowed to think that industry is the one thing for which we were created. I wish I might say this in an impressive way so that boys would heed it.

How would it do for the World to send a man down to your house, M. L. B., and see what he could do with your boy in order to make him a summer boy?

The World wants to do what is right by its readers, but the trouble is to get its friends to harmonize on a policy. A few weeks ago a subscriber for the paper wrote to this office asking how to preserve watermelon rinds so that they would not work in summer, and here you come with a will and Macedonian cry for a recipe that will make your boy work during the same trying season.

I am anxious to adjust this matter so that both of you will be pleased, but I have a good many other things to think of, and it is hard to give your matter the time and thought that it really merits. I would like to dwell at greater length upon the horrors of industry, were it not for several far more important questions that are waiting here for a reply.

On my desk there is a pressing inquiry as to the best method for the amelioration of pimples which it will not do to ignore. There is also a tear-stained note from Fremont, O., asking what to do to restore animation and induce artificial respiration in a hen that has fallen into the swirl barrel through no fault of hers. Another subscriber, in a spirit of badinage I presume—for surely no one could be so ignorant—asks what he can do to make his hydraulic ram sing while mounting.

So you can see, M. L. B., that a man who answers all these questions during the week and then writes the matter for a 32-page Sunday paper is what might be termed a busy man.

Some would tell you, if your boy will not work in summer, to fill him up with New Orleans molasses and set him in a warm place, but that is no way to talk to a parent. I spy either use him as a winter boy or swap him with some man who has a boy that won't work in winter.

A MEXICAN FLOWER SHOW.

Peculiar Types of Spanish and Mexican Beauty—A Gambling Girl.

(Mexican Letter in Boston Herald.)

All types of Spanish and Mexican beauty filled the little plaza of Mixcoac that Sunday forenoon. There were the flashing eyes of Castile, the large, liquid, melancholy eyes of the Moors set in true Spanish faces, and the gray or blue eyes of the Germanic conquerors of the Iberian peninsula. There was a tall, slender girl, in a neat brown toilet, with eyes that seemed to magnetize her admirers—eyes dark and lustrous, which were not used with artfulness, but were, by nature and without art, of the sort that make of these susceptible male Latin slaves and serfs. One superb woman might have been taken for a goddess of Mexican liberty. She was of a blonde type, but with dark eyes, erect, sympathetic in the Spanish and Italian sense, of noble proportions, fit for the canvas of a Titian. There were so many handsome women and girls on the grounds that the men who had come out to see the flower show quite forgot the wonders of vegetation and gave themselves up to admiration of nature's masterpiece. Mexico might make of her finest women an exhibit that would conquer the hearts of civilized men and bring half of Europe here to find his fate. A feature of the exhibition, and tolerated with true Southern carelessness, was the gambling. There were roulette tables in full swing, card games, and last, but not a bit the least, the three-card monte men. All

these people and their apparatus were kept outside the low wall of the plaza. It was very funny to watch the monte sharp, who were each accompanied by one or two confederates, who, affecting indifference, would saunter up and win from \$1 to \$5 with entire equanimity. But all these gamblers had the hard-set mouth, the deep, drooping lines over the lips that mark the men who lives by games of chance. The monte operators had blankets of gaudy hue which they sat upon, manipulating the cards with great rapidity, and calling out incessantly:

"Colorado! Colorado! Colorado! Blanco! Blanco! Blanco! tantas vueltas! tantas vueltas!" &c., till one was quite defensed. One chap had a confederate who assumed the role of a nurse girl. She was modestly dressed in a cotton frock, and a neat cotton reozo covered head and shoulders. She was the picture of girlish innocence, and when she first staked her big silver dollar on the card she had selected, I thought her a sort of foolish maiden who was being entrapped by guileful man. She won, and then tried again and won once more. Some people, tempted by her luck, tried their hand—and lost! Soon the monte sharp had shifted his blanket to another place. I followed him and there found, trying her hand again, that innocent damsel dressed as a nursemaid in the service of a good family. As often as the monte man took a new place so often was to be found the nurse girl, and how artlessly she won her dollars, which afterwards she slyly gave back to her partner. Many soldiers played at roulette, some winning and some losing. The faces of big-eyed little boys watching the rolling of the ball were a study. The police stood about idly, never interfering with the busy gamblers, but ready to see that no one robbed the piles of silver lying on blankets on the ground or on red-colored tables in the open air or under tents. People lost and won, and generally lost. No one complained to the police, and no one exulted over his luck or bemoaned his loss. The best people did not gamble, though one handsome man, with his wife on his arm, felt a tug at his sleeve to take him away from a particularly good chance to pick up a monte man's pile.

Fashion Notes.

Moonstones grow more and more popular; many of them are set as cut-throats.

Heliotrope, Neapolitan blue, coquelicot, Japanese red, pomegranate, silver gray and daffodil are popular colors in the India silks that every day grow more fashionable.

The blouse and sailor collar look best on stout people; for slim ones the yoke and plaited waist is more becoming. The jersey suits have tight-fitting trousers to the knee and a tunic gathered into a yoke, with a broad belt to confine it. Where the bathing-grounds are private, light colors and white may be used, but for crowded beaches dark blue is the prettiest and least conspicuous.

Those who have maids or mothers to wait for them on the beach have in their case a long cloak, which they don immediately upon coming out of the water, and thus make a dignified retreat to the dressing-room. These cloaks are almost invariably of Turkish towelling in bright colors. They are made with long loose sleeves, and have two ribbons to tie across the front. A pretty one is of delicate blue, with the owner's initials applique upon the front in white braid.

Leghorn hats are becoming a craze, and are nearly as popular as was the sailor hat of last season. A pretty one had a soft fold of lilac silk twisted about the crown. The brim at the back was turned up and the left side bent down; set upon the back of the crown were some eight or ten ostrich plumes, half of them lilac and the other half purple. These fall forward over the crown and backwards over the curled and twisted brim, with a very charming effect.

A pretty morning dress for the seashore has a skirt of bright red cotton, frilled at the edge with two narrow plaitings. Over this is a deep flounce of sheer white open-work embroidery, through which the red shows prettily. The short front draperies—long and full in the back—and the plain basque is of white cambric with narrow stripes of bright red. The basque has collars and cuffs of red velvet. A broad red straw hat turned up sharply on the side, faced with dark red velvet and trimmed with a big bunch of buttercups, goes with dress, and the toilet is completed by a red and white striped Tuxedo parasol and a pair of the new sang de boeuf gloves.

Another pretty red dress is of dark copper-colored India silk, figured with interlinked rings of dull yellow. This has a kil-plaited skirt, the plaits very wide and trimmed with five rows of inch-wide copper-colored velvet. The draperies are long and full, but caught up high on the side. The basque has a high collar and waistcoat lapels of the velvet, the waistcoat itself being dull yellow crepe de Chine, shirred at the throat and from below the bust to the point of the basque. The leg o'mutton sleeves were gathered into a deep velvet cuff, and the tall, red straw hat, of the long, narrow shape so popular now, had a full puff of the velvet on the edge and was trimmed with a cluster of the variety of yellow coreopsis known as black-eyed Susans.

A REFORMED BANDIT.

Frank James Says that He Always Avoided a Fight and Never Drank Firewater.

(New Orleans Times—Democrat.)

A gentleman reports the result of an interview with Frank James, who is now living in Dallas, Texas, where he is employed as salesman in a wholesale clothing store. He is visited daily by large crowds of people from all parts of the country, to all of whom he extends a cordial greeting. To the gentleman who called on him he said:

"Yes, I am living quietly enough here, and I think the balance of my life will be passed peacefully. I have never carried a weapon since I surrendered my revolvers to Gov. Crittenden in Missouri. I do not carry any arms, because I do not want to have any trouble with any one. I do not think anybody wants to kill me, unless it might be some crank who wanted notoriety, and a gun would be no protection against such a man, for he would shoot in the back, or at some time when I was not expecting it."

When asked if he was a good shot, Frank replied:

"No, I am nothing extra, but there was a time when I thought that no man on earth could draw a gun quicker than I could. I practised it for twenty years, and always felt safe while talking with a man who had not already drawn his weapon. I knew that whenever he made a motion I could kill him before he could draw."

"What kind of gun do you prefer?" "Well, I always used a Remington 44. The same cartridge used in this six-shooter fits a Winchester 44 rifle, so there is no danger of a man getting rattled in a fight and putting the wrong cartridge in his gun. It is a bad plan to carry two kinds of ammunition when you have to use it in a hurry sometimes."

"Do you meet any people here whom you have known before?" "No. I meet a great many who claim to know me, but the fact is I really knew very few people anywhere, and fewer still know me. The reason I was never captured was because I never made a confidant of any one, and I never placed confidence in any human being. There was a time when no man on earth could have killed me without a fight. I never let those who were with me handle my guns, and if any one asked to look at my pistols I always took out the cylinder before handing it to him."

"Did you know many of the noted men who have figured in the West?" "I know them by reputation, but never met any of them. I always made it a point to keep away from bad men. These killers are always seeking quarrels, and I tried to avoid them as much as possible. I always hated to kill anybody, and never did unless I had to. No reasonable man wants to take the life of another if he can help it. I always tried to keep away from the Western country, where all the detectives supposed me to be. I stayed east of the Mississippi River most of the time, and always among quiet people who carried prayer books in their pockets instead of six-shooters. I found it much safer."

"Do you ever drink?" "I was asked by the visitor, who wanted to set 'em up, but got a temperance lecture in reply. "I never touch liquor. This is one reason why I was never caught; nothing could induce me to take a drop, so I always carried a cool head. Some men need two or three drinks to give them courage enough to fight, but as for myself I always want to go into a fight with a clear head. I can see better, shoot quicker, fight harder, and protect myself better. No, sir, I thank you, no whiskey for me."

Those Silver Chains.

Says a writer in the Boston Herald—Dear girls! In the name of that fickle jade, Fashion, cannot some of you resist those silver chains? By them if you must, but hang them on a peg in your apartment rather than around your tailor-made waist. It makes no odds whether these Bernhardt girdles are works of art worth \$90 or only a flimsy tin kitchen affair of no artistic or intrinsic value, they are too plentiful to either arrest the admiring gaze or add another "effect" to the prettiest toilet of the season. For a number of years a lady well known in Boston and Cambridge society has constantly worn one of these silver belts. It had the merit of being a pure Norwegian trinket, and, owing to association, was decidedly ditingue. Since the popularizing of this fashion I wonder how she relishes seeing her beautiful belt imitated in cheap metals and hanging to every other woman in the street. One must admit there is overmuch ochain in the present economy—no, that isn't what I mean—the extravagance of dress, when five ladies thus nobly accoutred all met as they did the other day at a garden party and clinked in jealous harmony together. And yet, considering the peril of slippery rocks and high-heeled shoes, let us not lightly condemn the summer girle. It may yet save some fair one's life. Who knows!

The favorite plan for making those bathing suits, when of flannel, has the drawers and waist in one piece, with a separate skirt that is attached by buttons to the belt. It is made either with yoke or plain blouse, short or long sleeves, and either short or Turkish trousers.

Russia's Royal Sorrows.

(St. Stephen's Review.)

I hear from St. Petersburg that the slight improvement which recently took place in the Czarina's health has not been sustained. The Empress is a prey to a deep melancholy, and so pronounced was this some weeks ago that the Czar, in alarm, called in Dr. Bukovitz—who, however, the Empress refused to see. The journey to the Don Cossack country somewhat roused the Empress from her sadness, but now that she is back in Gatchina the old depression is again asserting itself. The fact is that the Czarina lives in a state of constant terror, which is all the more oppressive because of the necessity of hiding it from the Czar. Then the young Czaritch gives cause for no little anxiety. I have it upon undoubted authority that the heir apparent to the Russian throne has been pronounced by physicians to be within a measurable distance of sheer lunacy. Nor is his physical health much better than his mental condition. Of all women in the world the Czarina of Russia is most to be pitied. Her husband is in daily peril of assassination and her eldest son is on the verge of lunacy.

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**Mountain Musings.**  
Talk not to me of the great, big East  
With its cities so monstrous grand  
An' a population that's been increased  
Till it scarcely has room to stand.  
Give me a lift in the mountain free,  
Where the clouds in the tree-tops ride,  
And the grizzly bear and the bumble bee  
Trot lovingly side by side.  
When the breezes soft in the gulches sigh,  
An' the sun squirts its genial rays  
Through the deep, dark dells on the mountain  
high,  
Till they seem as if bathed in a blaze:  
Where the Indian brave hums the songs of war,  
An' seeks for the scalp of his foe,  
An' 'twears till the elements seem to far,  
When he happens to stab his toe.  
I would not live in the eastern land,  
Nor snoop along fashion's walks,  
Where women, the poor, down-trodden band,  
Are obliged to wear shoes and socks.  
Ah! no, give Bruden a life in the West,  
A cabin beneath the trees,  
Where female women are never oppressed,  
An' can wear what they god-darned please.  
CAPT. JACK.

**DAWN:**

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

(Continued.)  
"Well, he is a sort of connection of your own, through the Prestons, who are cousins of ours, if any of them are left. His mother was a Preston, and his name is Arthur Preston Heigham. George told me something about him just now, and on thinking it over, I remember the whole story. He is an orphan, and George's ward."

"What is he like?" asked Angela, innocently.  
"Really I don't know; rather tall I think—a gentlemanly fellow. It really is a relief to speak to a gentleman again. There has been a nice disturbance at Isleworth," and then he told his daughter the history of the great dog fight.  
"I should think Mr. Heigham was perfectly in the right, and I should like to see his dog," was her comment on the occurrence.

As Arthur dressed himself for dinner that evening he came to the conclusion that he disliked his host more than any man he ever saw, and, to say the truth, he descended into the dining-room with considerable misgivings. Just as he entered, the opposite door opened, and Sir John Bellamy was announced. On seeing him, George emerged from the sulky silence into which he was plunged, and advanced to meet him.  
"Hallo, Bellamy! I must congratulate you upon your accession to rank."

"Thank you, Carefoot, thank you," replied Mr. Bellamy, who, with the exception of a bald patch on the top of his head that gave him something of the appearance of a jolly little monk, looked very much the same as when we last saw him as a newly-married man.  
"A kind Providence," he went on, rubbing his dry hands and glancing nervously under the chairs, "has put this honor into my hands."  
"A Devidence in petticoats, you mean," broke in George.

"Possibly, my dear Carefoot; but I do not see him. Is it possible that he is lurking yonder, behind the sofa?"  
"Who on earth do you mean?"  
"I mean that exceedingly fine dog of yours, Snarleyow. Snarleyow, where are you? Excuse me for taking precautions, but last time he put his head under my chair and bit me severely, as I daresay you remember."

Arthur groaned at hearing the subject thus brought forward.  
"Mr. Heigham's dog killed Snarleyow this afternoon," said George, in a savage voice.  
At this intelligence, Sir John's face became wreathed in smiles.

"I am deeply delighted—I mean grieved—to hear it. Poor Snarleyow! he is such a charming dog; and to think that such a fate should have overtaken him, when it was only last week that he did the same kind office for Annie's spaniel. Poor Snarleyow! you should really have been stuffed. But, my dear Carefoot, you have not yet introduced me to the hero of the evening, Mr. Heigham. Mr. Heigham, I am delighted to make your acquaintance," and he shook hands with Arthur with gentlemanly enthusiasm, as though he were the last scion of a race that he had known and loved for generations.

Presently dinner was announced, and the three sat down at small round table in the center of the big dining-room, on which was placed a shaded lamp. It was not a cheerful dinner. George having said grace, and drinking with gusto, but in moderation, and savoring every sip of wine and morsel of food as though he regretted its departure. He was not free from gluttony, but he was a judicious glutton. For his part, Arthur found a certain fascination in watching his guardian's red head as it bobbed up and down opposite to him, and speculating on the thickness of each individual hair that contributed to give it such a spiky effect. As soon as the cloth had been cleared away, George suggested that they had better go to work. Arthur assented, and Sir John, smiling with much sweetness, remarked profoundly that business

was one of the ills of life, and must be attended to.

"At any rate, it is all that has agreed uncommonly well with you," growled George, as, rising from the table, he went to a solid iron safe that stood in the corner of the room, and, unlocking it with a small key that he took from his pocket, extracted a bundle of documents.

"That is an excellent deed-box of yours, Carefoot," said Sir John, carelessly.  
"Yes; that lock would not be very easy to pick. It is made on my own design."

"But don't you find that small parcels such as private letters are apt to get lost in it? It is so big."

"Oh! no; there is a separate compartment for them. Now, Mr. Heigham." And then, with the able and benign assistance of Sir John, he proceeded to utterly confuse and mystify Arthur, till stocks, preference-shares, consols, and mortgages were all whirling in his bewildered brain. Having satisfactorily reduced him to this condition, he suddenly sprung upon him the proposal he had in view with reference to the Jotley mortgage, pointing out to him that it was an excellent investment, and strongly advising him, "as a friend," to leave the money upon the land. Arthur hesitated a little, more from natural caution than anything he could urge to the contrary, and, George noticing it, said:

"It is only right that, before you come any decision, you should see the map of the estate and a copy of the deed. I have both in the next room, if you care to come and look at them."

Arthur assented, and they went off together, Sir John, whose eyes appeared to be a little heavy under the influence of the port, presuming that he was not wanted. But, no sooner had the door closed, than the worthy knight proved himself very wide-awake. Indeed, he commenced a singular course of action. Advancing on tiptoe to the safe in the corner of the room, he closely inspected it through his eye-glass. Then he cautiously tried the lid of an artfully contrived sub-division.

"Um!" he muttered, half aloud, "that's where they are; I wish I had ten minutes."

Next he turned swiftly to the table, and, taking a piece of the soft bread which he was eating instead of biscuit with his wine, he rapidly kneaded it into dough, and, going to the safe, divided the material into two portions. One portion he carefully pressed upon the keyhole of the sub-division, and then, extracting the key of the safe itself, took a very fair impress of its wards on the other. This done, he carefully put the pieces of dough in his breast-pocket, in such a way that they were not likely to be crushed, and, with a smile of satisfaction, returned to his chair, helped himself to a glass of port, and dozed off.

"Hallo, Bellamy, gone to sleep! Wake up, man. We have settled this business about the mortgage. Will you write to Mr. Borley, and convey Mr. Heigham's decision? And perhaps—addressing Arthur—"you will do the same on your own account."

"Certainly I will write, Carefoot; and now I think that I must be off. Her ladyship does not like having to sit up for me."

George laughed in a peculiarly insulting way.  
"I don't think she would care much, Bellamy, if you stayed away all night. But look here, tell her I want to see her to-morrow; don't forget."

Sir John bit his knightly lip, but answered, smiling, that he would remember, and begging George not to ring, as his trap was at the hall-door, and the servant waiting, he bade an affectionate good-night to Arthur, to whom he expressed a hope that they would soon meet again, and let himself out of the room. Turning round, his smug face red with anger, he pronounced on his toes, and shook his fist violently in the direction of the door.

"You scoundrel!" he said between his teeth, "you have made a fool of me for twenty years, and I have been obliged to grin and bear it, but I will be even with you yet, and her, too, more especially her."

So soon as Sir John had left, Arthur told his host that, if the morning was fine, he proposed to go and fish in Bratham lake, and that he also proposed to take his departure by the last train on the following evening. To these propositions George offered no objection—indeed, they were distinctly agreeable to him, as lessening the time he would be forced to spend in the society of a guest he cordially detested, for such was the feeling that he had conceived toward Arthur.

Then they parted for the night; but, before he left the room, George went to lock up the safe that was still open in the corner. Struck by some thought, he unlocked the separate compartment with a key that hung on his watch-chain, and extracted therefrom a thick and neatly folded packet of letters. Drawing out one or two, he glanced through them and replaced them.

"Oh! Lady Anne," he said to himself, as he closed the case, "you are up in the world now, and you aspire to rule the county society, and have both the wealth and the wit to do it; but you must not kick over the traces, or I shall be forced to suppress you, Lady Anne, though you are the wife of a Brummagem knight, and I think that it is time you had a

little reminder. You are growing a touch too independent."

CHAPTER XIX.

Arthur's sleep was oppressed that night by horrible nightmares of fighting dogs. It was very early in the morning of the 1st of May, and, contrary to the usual experience of the inhabitants of these islands, the sky gave promise of a particularly fine day; just the day for fishing. He did not feel sleepy, and had he done so, he had had enough of his doggie dreams; so he got up, dressed, and, taking his fishing-rod, let himself out of the house as he had been instructed to do on the previous evening, and, releasing Aleck from his outhouse, proceeded toward Bratham lake.

And about this time, Angela woke up, too, for she always rose early, and ran to the window to see what sort of a day she had got for her birthday. Seeing it to be so fine, she threw open the old lattice, at which her pet raven Jack was already tapping to be admitted, and let the sweet air play upon her face and neck, and thought what a wonderful thing it was to be twenty years old.

Meanwhile our other early riser, Arthur, had made his way first to the foot of the lake and then along the little path that skirted its area till he came to Carefoot's Staff. Having sufficiently admired that majestic oak, for he was a great lover of timber, he proceeded to investigate the surrounding water with the eye of a true fisherman. A few yards farther up there jutted into the water that fragment of wall on which stood the post, now quite rotten, to which Angela had bound herself on the day of the great storm. At his feet, too, the foundations of another wall ran out for some distance into the lake, being doubtless, the underpinning of an ancient bathhouse, but this did not rise out of the water but stopped within six inches of the surface. Between these two walls lay a very deep pool.

"Just the place for a heavy fish," reflected Arthur, and, even as he thought it, he saw a five-pound carp rise nearly to the surface in order to clear the obstruction of the wall and sink silently into the depths.

Behaving carefully to one of two quaintly carved stone blocks placed at the foot of the oak-tree, on which, doubtless, many a monk had sat in meditation, he set himself to get his fishing-gear together. Presently, however, struck by the beauty of the spot and its quiet, only broken by the songs of many nesting birds, he stopped awhile to look around him. Presently, drawn by some unguessed attraction, Arthur took his eyes off an industrious water-bee who was building a nest in a hurried way, as though she were not quite sure of his intentions, and perceived a large raven standing on one leg on the grass about three yards from him, and peering at him comically out of one eye.

This was odd. But his glance did not stop at the raven, for a yard or two beyond it he caught sight of a white skirt, and his eyes, traveling upward, saw first a rounded waist, and then a head and pair of shoulders such as few women can boast, and at last, another pair of eyes; and he then and there fell utterly and irrevocably in love.

"Good heavens!" he said, aloud—poor fellow, he did not mean to say it, it was wrung from the depth of his heart—"good heavens, how lovely she is!"  
Let the reader imagine the dreadful confusion produced in that other pair of eyes at the open expression of such a sentiment, and the vivid blush that stained the fair face in which they were set, if he can. But somehow they did not grow angry. In another moment Arthur bethought him of what he had said, and it was his turn to blush. He recovered himself pretty well, however. Rising from his stone seat, he took off his hat, and said, humbly:

"I beg your pardon, but you startled me so, and really for a moment I thought you were the spirit of the place, or," he added, gracefully, pointing to a branch of half-opened hawthorn bloom she held in her hand, "the original queen of the May."  
Angela blushed again. The compliment was only implied this time; she had therefore no possible pretext for getting angry.

"My father told me," she said, "that he had asked you to come and fish, but I did not expect to meet you so early. I—I fear that I am disturbing you," and she made as though though she would be going.

Arthur felt that this was a contingency to be prevented at all hazards.

"You are Miss Carefoot," he said, hurriedly, "are you not?"  
"Yes—I am Angela; I need not ask your name, my father told me. You are Mr. Arthur Heigham."

"Yes. And do you know that we are cousins?" This was a slight exaggeration, but he was glad to advance any plea to her confidence that occurred to him.

"Yes; my father said something about our being related. I have no relations except my cousin George, and I am very glad to make the acquaintance of one," and she held out her hand to him in a winning way.

He took it almost reverently.  
"You can not," he said, with much sincerity, "be more glad than I am. I do not know more relations. Till lately I had my mother, but she died last year." "Were you very fond of her?" she asked, softly.

He nodded in reply, and, feeling instinctively that she was on delicate ground, Angela pursued the conversation no further.

Meanwhile Aleck had awoke from a sleep in which he was indulging on the other stone seat, and, coming forward, sniffed at Angela and wagged his tail in approval—a liberty that was instantly resented by the raven, who had now been joined by another not quite so large. Advancing boldly, it pecked him sharply on the tail—a proceeding that caused Master Aleck to jump round as quickly as his maimed condition would allow, but not before he had been pecked by the companion bird; indeed, it was not until Angela intervened with the bough of hawthorn that they would cease from their attack.

"They are such jealous creatures," she exclaimed; "they always follow me about, and fly at every dog that comes near me. Poor dog! that is the one, I suppose, who killed Snarleyow. My father told me all about it."

"Yes, it is easy to see that," said Arthur, laughing, and pointing to Aleck, who, indeed, was a lamentable case, having one eye entirely closed, a large strip of plaster on his head, and all the rest of his body more or less marked with bites.

"It is an uncommonly awkward business for me, and your cousin will not forgive it in a hurry, I fancy; but it really was not poor Aleck's fault—he is gentle as a lamb, if only he is let alone."

"He has a very honest face, though his nose does look as though it were broken," she said, and, stooping down, she patted the dog.

"But I must be going in to breakfast," she went on, presently. "It is eight o'clock; the sun always strikes that bough at eight in spring," and she pointed to a dead limb, half hidden by the budding foliage of the oak.

"You must observe closely to have noticed that, but I do not think that the sun is quite on it yet. I do not like to lose my new-found relations in such a hurry," he added, with a somewhat forced smile, "and I am to go away from here this evening."

The intelligence was evidently very little satisfactory to Angela, nor did she attempt to conceal her concern.

"I am very sorry to hear that," she said. "I hoped you were going to stay for some time."  
"And so I might have, had it not been for that brute Aleck, but he has put a long sojourn with your cousin and the ghost of Snarleyow out of the question; so I suppose I must go by the 6.30 train. At any rate," he added, more brightly, as a thought struck him, "I must go from Isleworth."

She did not attempt to see the drift of the last part of his remark, but answered:  
"I am going with my father to call at Isleworth at three this afternoon, so perhaps we shall meet again there; but now, before I go in, I will show you a better place than this to fish, a little higher up, where Jake's son gardener always sets his night-lines."

Arthur assented, as he would have been glad to assent to anything likely to prolong the interview, and they walked off slowly together, talking as cheerfully as a sense that the conversation must soon come to an end would allow. The spot was reached all too soon, and Angela with evident reluctance, for she was not accustomed to conceal her feelings, said that she must now go.

"Why must you go so soon?"  
"We have to tell you the truth, to-day is my birthday—I am twenty to-day—and I know that Pigott, my old nurse, means to give me a little present at breakfast, and she will be dreadfully disappointed if I am late. She has been thinking a great deal about it, you see."

"May I wish you many, very many, happy returns of the day? and—with a little hesitation—"may I also offer you a present, a very worthless one I fear?"  
"How can I?" stammered Angela, when he cut her short.

"Don't be afraid; it is nothing tangible, though it is something that you may not think worth accepting."  
"What do you mean?" she said, bluntly, for her interest was aroused.

"Don't be angry; my present is only the offer of myself as your sincere friend."

She blushed vividly as she answered:  
"You are very kind. I have never had but one friend—Mr. Fraser; but if you think you can like me enough, it will make me very happy to be your friend too." And in another second she was gone, with her ravens flying after her, to receive her present and jobation from Pigott for being late, and to eat her breakfast with such appetite as an entirely new set of sensations can give.

In the garden she met her father walking up and down before the house, and informed him that she had been talking to Mr. Heigham. He looked up with a curious expression of interest.

"Why did you not ask him in to breakfast?" he said.  
"Because there is nothing to eat except bread and milk."  
"Ah! well, perhaps you were right. I will go down and speak to him. No, I forgot I shall see him this afternoon."

And Arthur, let those who disbelieve in love at first sight laugh if they will, sat down to think, trembling in every limb, utterly shaken by the irush of a new and strong emotion. He had not come to the age of twenty-four without

some experiences of the other sex, but never before had he known any such sensation as that which now overpowered him, never before had he fully realized what solitude meant as he did now that she had left him! In youth, when love does come, he comes as a strong man armed.

CHAPTER XX.

Arthur did not do much fishing that morning; indeed, he never so much as got his line into the water—he simply sat there lost in dreams, and hoping in a vague way that Angela would come back again. But she did not come back, though it would be difficult to say what prevented her; for, had he but known it, she was for the space of a full hour sitting within a hundred of yards of him, and occasionally peeping out to watch his mode of fishing with some curiosity. It was, she reflected, exceedingly unlike that practiced by Jake's. She, too, was wishing that he would detect her, and come to talk to her; but, among other new sensations, she was now the victim of a most unaccountable shyness, and could not make up her mind to reveal her whereabouts.

At last Arthur awoke from his long reverie, and remembered with a sudden pang that he had had nothing to eat since the previous evening, and that he was consequently exceedingly hungry. He also discovered, on consulting his watch, that it was twelve o'clock, and moreover, that he was quite stiff from sitting so long in the same position. So, sighing to think that such a vulgar necessity as that of obtaining food should force him to depart, he put up his unused fishing-rod and started for Isleworth, where he arrived just as the bell was ringing for lunch.

George received him with cold civility, and asked him what sport he had, to which he was forced to reply—none.  
"Did you see anybody there?"  
"Yes, I met Miss Carefoot."

"Ah! trust a girl to trail out a man. What is she like? I remember her a raw-boned girl of fourteen with fine eyes."

"I think that she is the handsomest woman I ever saw," Arthur replied, coldly.

"Ah!" said George, with a rude little laugh, "youth is always enthusiastic, especially when the object is of the dairy-maid cut."  
There was something so intensely insolent in his host's way of talking that Arthur longed to throw a dish at him, but he restrained his feelings, and dropped the subject.

At half-past three, when George was still away, for he had gone out with his balliff immediately after lunch, Philip and his daughter were shown into the drawing-room, where we may be sure Arthur was awaiting them.

"Mr. Carefoot is not back yet," said Arthur, "but I do not suppose that he will be long."  
"Oh, he will be here soon," said Philip, "because I told him we were coming to call. What sort of sport did you have? What, none! I am very sorry. You must come and try again—ah! I forgot you are going away. By the way, Mr. Heigham, why should you go just yet? If you are fond of fishing, and have nothing better to do, come and put up at the Abbey House for awhile; we are plain people, but there is plenty of room, and you shall have a hearty welcome. Would you care to come?"

It would have been amusing to any outsider to watch Angela's face as she heard this astonishing proposition, for nobody had been invited inside her father's doors within her recollection. It assumed first of all a look of blank amazement, which was presently changed into one of absolute horror.

"Would he come, indeed?" reflected Arthur. "Would he step into Paradise? would he accept the humble offer of free quarters in the Garden of Eden?" Rapture beamed so visibly from every feature of his face that Philip saw it and smiled. Just as he was about to accept with enthusiasm, he caught sight of Angela's look of distress. It chilled him like the sudden shock of cold water; she did not wish him to come, he thought, she did not care for him. Obligated, however, to give an answer, he said:

"I shall be delighted if—and here he bowed toward her—"Miss Carefoot does not object."

"If, father," broke in Angela, with hesitation, "you could arrange that Mr. Heigham came to-morrow, not to-day, it would be more convenient. I must get a room ready."  
"Ah! domestic details; I had overlooked them. I daresay you can manage that—oh, Heigham?"

"Oh, yes; easily, thank you."  
As he said the words, the door was flung open, and "Lady Bellamy" was announced with the energy that a footman always devotes to the enunciation of a title, and next second a splendid creature, magnificently dressed, sailed into the room.

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Carefoot?" she said, in that low, rich voice that he remembered so well. "It is some time since we met; indeed, it quite brings back old times to see you, when we were all young people together."

"At any rate, Lady Bellamy, you show no signs of age; indeed, if you will permit me to say so, you look more beautiful than ever."

(To be Continued.)

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JOHN A. BOWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

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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.

If you have never tried it, says the Boston Globe, just hold your hand under a cold water faucet so as to let the water run across the under-side of your wrist for a minute or two, and see what a sense of coolness and refreshment it will give to your whole body.

While the ceremonies in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee were being held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, a mass of requiem for the repose of the souls of those who have perished in martyrdom under the rule of Victoria was celebrated in the Church of the Holy Innocents in that city, Fr. John Larkin celebrating. The edifice was crowded with worshippers, both men and women, many of the latter being dressed in mourning.

The reports concerning the ill-regulated conduct of King Kalakaua have received confirmation at Washington. He is disturbing the peace of Hawaii in a most unwarranted manner. The deities Venus and Bacchus divide his attention with the American game of poker, and locked in his palace, he is painting everything a most brilliant and startling vermilion. Meanwhile Queen Kapolani is enjoying the festivities of the Jubilee season in London. She should return home at once. If her royal husband goes on unchecked in his career he will lose his kingdom on a Jack-pot, end up with delirium tremens and make his Queen an exile and a wanderer on the face of a pitiless globe. It is not safe to let a King keep bachelor's hall.

Under the heading "Disabled Great Men," the Medical Record gives the following: The Emperor William is suffering from advanced senility; the Crown Prince from laryngeal papilloma and Bismarck from rheumatism; Mr. Gladstone has catarrhal troubles of his respiratory organs; Sir Michael Hicks Beach has cataracts; Mr. Parnell has some unknown malady which makes him an invalid; Lord Randolph Churchill married an American lady, and has the American disease, neurasthenia; Mr. Blaine is reported to be a brightique; Mr. Manning is hemiplegic; President Cleveland is rheumatic and lipomatous; the Emperor of Russia is suffering from mental depression; Mr. Jacob Sharp is reported to be diabolic, while Fr. McGlynn and Mr. Editor O'Brien are not as well as they should be.

Statistics collected by Dr. Rohe, show that five-sixths of the inhabitants of all cities in this country have no facilities for bathing, excepting such as are afforded by pail and sponge, or an easily accessible river, lake, or some other body of water. The establishment of public baths is urgently recommended, both as a sanitary as well as a moral measure. Tub, or pool baths are objectionable both on account of the expense and lack of privacy in the latter. The spray bath, in use in the French and German army barracks, are recommended. These are not at all expensive, either in the first cost or the administration, and allow each bather absolute privacy, and the opportunity for a thorough cleansing in clean water. Public baths should be open the year round, and not only during the summer months.

King Humbert, of Italy, does not like to attend places of entertainment in solitary state, as the late King Ludwig of Bavaria did, and as even Queen Victoria does. He wants his people to be present with him. At the opening of the exhibition at Venice the King gave expression to his disappointment at the loneliness and emptiness of the halls. An official told him that the public had been kept out from royal consideration for the comfort of himself and the Queen.

"I am sorry for this," said his Majesty, "though you have done it in good part."

It is my belief that the King belongs to the people as well as the people to the King." Before leaving the exhibition he recurred to the subject, again, expressing his deep regret. "I hope that none of you believe," said he, "that I am the sort of man who is shy of being seen among the people. I have no grounds whatever for such a feeling."

RAILWAY SUBSIDIES.

As usual parliament before prorogation voted a lot of railway subsidies. Two questions occur to most people in this connection. First, when is this sort of thing going to stop? and second, is the system of granting direct aid from the Federal Treasury to local railways conducive to good government? It is impossible to view the growing debt of Canada otherwise than with alarm. A heavy indebtedness is as bad for the nation as for the individual, and interest is a moth which eats up the public income just as surely as it does that of a private person. That the debt has been expended in public works makes the case a little better than it would be if wasted in war, but we all know that a person may become hopelessly involved by improving his property. No fixed principle seems to govern the granting of subsidies. Take our own province for example. The subsidizing of the Northern and Western and the Central Railways can be justified on the ground that they open a new country and provide means of traffic where none that are adequate now exist; but on the other hand the subsidies for two lines of railway which will form when completed a line from Fredericton to Centerville, Carleton County, are for roads which will be within saluting distance of the New Brunswick Railway for almost their entire length. Not that the country through which these lines will pass is not of the finest character or that the people who occupy it have not contributed their quota to lines already constructed, but as it is manifestly impossible to build a railway across every man's farm and as all contribute more or less towards every subsidy, it follows that some other principle than that of contribution to former subsidies will have to be sought in order to justify the granting of new ones. A sound negative principle would be not to subsidize competing lines. Perhaps a sound positive principle would be to subsidize only colonization lines, using the expression in a wide enough sense to cover lines through undeveloped lumbering or mining districts. Other lines might reasonably be left to private enterprise. No one wishes to cry a halt in the matter of subsidies altogether, but unless some such rule is adopted the country will be bankrupted by the demands upon the treasury and be gridironed with railways built for the money to be made out of construction and a dead loss to those who operate them. The giving of subsidies to railways which the business of the country does not need is also mischievous because it enables unscrupulous men to float bonds which can never within the lifetime of the first holders pay the interest, after the subsidy has been exhausted. Unfortunately instances of this kind are not lacking and the Albert Railway in our own province is a conspicuous example.

The second question, namely, that involving the effect of this system of indiscriminate subsidies upon the government of the country, has not received anything like the consideration which its importance demands. It is clearly impossible to obtain a correct expression of public opinion from a constituency in which the government of the day is about to pay out large sums of money for railway subsidies, and it is always possible for a ministry to keep enough constituencies in expectancy of benefits to make, with those already in actual receipt of them, a majority of all the constituencies in the Dominion. The correctness of this proposition can hardly be gainsaid, and the making of it involves no charge against anybody. Such a state of things is only the most ordinary manifestation of human nature. Pure government need not be looked for while parliament authorizes the ministry of the day to scatter thousands and millions in railway subsidies. The individuals who receive the subsidies are almost always willing to subscribe to campaign funds, and large campaign funds mean extensive corruption. All this is so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention it. Is there a remedy? Probably not a complete one; but it is possible to make the connection between the Federal government and

the subsidized parties more remote than it now is by vesting the granting of all subsidies in the local legislatures, each individual case to be presented on its merits by the local to the Federal government. This would measurably lessen the unseemly scramble for subsidies which every session of parliament witnesses, and we do not think that it would transfer the scene of them to the local legislatures. But if it did better have them in these, where the revenues are limited and the capacity for misgovernment is limited rather than in parliament where the scope for mischief is unlimited.

People Talked About.

Patti is now having her jubilee in London. It is paying even better than the Queen's.

The late John G. Wetmore, of Winsted, Conn., had his life insured in a New Haven agency. The risk was paid last week, and by a remarkable coincidence the number of dollars paid the heirs and the number of the check drawn for the insurance were identical—20,190.

A sensational despatch from Genoa, N. Y., says that Mrs. P. H. Richtmyer, aged eighty-two, has just completed a pair of trousers for her husband, aged eighty, to play baseball in. This is as it should be. No man is so old that he can consistently play ball minus a pair of trousers.

Another Presidential candidate has packed his little boom in a steamer-trunk and sailed for foreign shores. Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, left New York for Europe a few days ago. He hopes that the sea will act as a sedative on the bee which has been buzzing so persistently in his plug hat.

The late Bion Bradbury, Democratic leader in Maine, was one of the handsomest men in the country forty years ago. His figure was tall and imposing and his hair a coal black. His features were clean-cut and striking. His eyes were black. His voice was musical and far-reaching. He was in those days an orator of great power.

Mr. Labouchere complains in Truth that during a recent visit of two days in Rome the Duke of Edinburgh did not pay his respects to the Pope. Although eight-seeing the Duke did not even enter the Vatican. As the Pope has recently shown great courtesy towards Queen Victoria the rudeness of the Duke is much commented on in Europe.

The grand council of the six nations held recently at the Tuscarora Reservation, in the western part of the Indian Territory, elected Thomas Williams Sachedm in place of John Mounpleasant, deceased. Williams was born on the Reservation in 1854. He is a strong, muscular Indian, fairly well educated. He speaks English fluently. He is a temperance advocate and is the leader of the Tuscarora brass band. He promises to make a good chief.

President Cleveland is not fond of the man who calls at the White House only to pay his respects. Recently one of these courteous individuals sent in his card to Mr. Cleveland for the tenth time in half an hour and wrote in pencil that he did not want an office. The President remarked: "I would much sooner see this man if he did want an office, for then he would have something to talk about." Courteous people should keep away from the White House.

Mrs. Folsom leads a very quiet life at Oak View. She has many callers, but few who come to remain for any length of time. Her most frequent visitors are the President and his wife. Mrs. Folsom keeps two servants. The President employs a farmer and his wife to look after the twenty-eight acres which comprise the country seat. One cow supplies the place with all the milk required. The garden, an acre in extent, is now in fine condition. The turnips are looking well.

Women in Paris Gambling-Hells.

[Paris Letter.] The Paris gambling-hells are rather busy just now, more particularly those in which women play. A police inspector and his men made two swoops yesterday evening. In one place in the Rue de la Terrasse fifteen demi-mondaines were playing with all their might, when the agents of the law entered the room and seized a sum of about £250 which was on the table, as well as the roulette and the dice. A less important seizure was effected in a house in the Rue de Jacquemont, where eighteen females of the fashionable cocotte type were at the table. One of them remarked to the police that she wished they had put in an appearance on the night before, as they might have hindered her from losing an insignificant matter of £300 thereabouts. In this place about 215 were thereabouts. The women having had time to thrust a good deal of the gold and bank notes into their pockets. The proprietresses of the hells were arrested, the others being allowed to go away. The mania for gambling in hells and on the race courses, which has been developed of late years among the Paris courtesans, from the mouquette or trottoire of the streets to the dashing Apasias of the boulevards and the Bois, is, according to the best social authorities, to be traced partly to the decline in their ignoble earnings and partly to their desire to kill time, which hangs heavily on their hands.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

The usual summer digging has commenced. Can anyone explain why it is that the majority of persons have to wait until a street has been put in good order before they feel that a sewer is a requisite for their dwellings or stores. This opening of the streets is not confined to any one street or any particular section of the city. The habit—for such it must be, is general. Go where you will and you will hear the sound of the pick and the shovel, and discover men at work putting in a sewer or a water or gas pipe. Why could this work not be done simultaneously? There is no good reason why it should not. All persons comment upon the present method, but the majority of property owners who speak thus are or have been offenders themselves at one time or the other. I hope to live long enough to see this particular evil uprooted.

The heavy rain of two weeks ago has left the numerous hills of the city in a terrible condition. The earth and mud which held the stones of which the roadways of the city are made was torn out and floated down hill by the unusual wash caused by the storm, and the result is that there are thousands of loose stones on every hill. How these stones are to be secured again I will leave to some one better posted than I am to decide. To cart them off would in some instances totally destroy the roadbed. To leave them as they are is dangerous to the limbs of horses—particularly to weak-kneed animals. That something must be done but what that something is street Inspector Martin will have to decide.

I have observed in my walks abroad that the stones are firmest where the least mud has been removed from the roadbed. Under the system of road making that has been followed in St. John for years, when it became necessary to repair a street it was first covered with broken stones and over this was put a thick layer of gravel. The gravel was a necessity to make a paste to keep the broken stone in place, but it also made a great deal of mud. Since the street cleaning contract has been in operation more mud than before has been removed from the streets and I think this undue removal of the substance which held the stones firmly has something to do with the present unsatisfactory condition of some streets. Mud is objectionable in wet weather, but rolling stones are more so in dry weather. About all apparently that can be done to our streets with safety is to clean the gutters and remove the surplus mud where there is an surplus. To take off enough so that the stones become loose is a mistake, as experience has clearly demonstrated.

I do not know whether it is worth while making the suggestion at the present time or not, but now that there are so many loose stones would it not be well to have some of the larger ones broken and the principal streets picked over and levelled up. This would not require a large expenditure of money and my experience has been that tax payers grumble less about money expended on the streets than that put out for any other service—most likely because they see the work done, and get an immediate return.

I deeply regret that the scheme for fencing the old burial ground has fallen through, or if it has not been dropped by its promoter it certainly has not struck a responsive cord among the people of the city. St. John people are good given when they are asked but they do not come to front and offer assistance as they certainly should in this case. As yet we have no permanent memorial of the jubilee year save the bust of Her Majesty in Trinity Church, and this cannot be regarded as the gift of the people of St. John. It having been presented by the St. George's Society to the corporation of Trinity Church. It is not yet too late for St. John to erect something that can be looked back at in future years with pride. Some may think it a selfish thing to celebrate the jubilee year in this way but it is not. The old burial ground is about the only show place we have in St. John, and I hold, and think many others do also, that it should be put into more respectable condition than it at present is. A very small amount of money is now spent on it annually. Were the grant doubled or trebled the citizens would not feel it, and all right thinking persons would hold up both hands for it. There is no time like the present and if anything is to be done regarding the proposed new fence let it be done immediately.

The appearance of St. John has been greatly improved in the last ten years—particularly in the business section. It is not so long ago—many who are still young remember when the largest sheet of glass in a store window was about 18x15 inches. King and Prince William Street had some shop fronts with glass twice this size but the number was not great. I can recollect the first plate glass front in the city and there were not a great many ten or twelve years ago. Now nearly every store of importance has a plate glass front and the number is being rapidly added to every year. This year the improvements on Charlotte and Union Streets have passed far beyond the ordinary bounds, with the result of

greatly improving the appearance of these streets, and materially adding to the attractions of the town. As many of the stores and all the leading hotels now use the electric light the streets are more lightsome and cheerful than they used to be four years ago. I hope these improvements will continue, and that the property owners whose houses need painting will see to them before fall.

It will not be very long now before we hear the gentle tinkle of the street car bells all over the city. The building of the railway has been commenced and it is going ahead in good shape. I hear rumors also of other things to be which I am in honor bound not to mention just yet, but I hope soon to be relieved of this promise. Should these rumors—or more properly speaking, projects come to anything, they will greatly benefit the city both directly and indirectly. My informant also informs me that American gentlemen of wealth have been spying out the land down this way with a view of establishing various kinds of industries provided they obtain labor and raw material at such a rate that manufacturing can be profitably carried on. There is no reason why they cannot. There are scores—nay hundreds of good manufacturing sites in and near the city just alongside the railways. Labor, coal, several classes of raw material and land are all cheap enough round here just now, and this being so our friends ought to be able to turn their capital to good account.

A young man this week confessed before the Portland police magistrate to a beastial crime, unmentionable in civilized countries. Years ago, in the early days of the city a pillory stood in the Market Square, and a man found guilty of a similar offence was among other things sentenced to stand in the pillory for half a day. It was lawful in those days to do anything to a man in the pillory except kill him and the custom was to pelt the unfortunate with eggs, dead cats, decayed vegetables and other equally disagreeable missiles. How the poor creatures passed the ordeal heaven only knows, but in the first half century of the city's history more than a score of persons found guilty of various offences were pilloried. One of these was a Carleton man who had formerly held a high position in the community and was for a time a lay reader in one of the churches. His trial was one of the great events of the day and caused unusual excitement, ending as it did in a conviction, and a sentence which embodied half a dozen classes of punishment. It did not pay for a man who made extensive professions to fall from grace in those days. But the pillory, the stocks and whipping posts, all of which were permanent ornaments for the Market and King Squares, have disappeared, and the gibbet which formerly was a public affair has been relegated to the backyard of the jail. The world wags on and changes a little with each wag. What we lose in one way we make up in another. The generation of the past had no telephone or telegrams or electric lights, but we have no pillory or whipping post. There are still some persons though who want both.

So far nothing has been done to have the licensed dogs of the city properly numbered. There is no earthly reason why this bye law of the city should remain a dead letter any longer. Official neglect is responsible for its having been shelved so long. The public are now acquainted with the provisions of the act and it devolves upon the authorities to see that the law is carried out. I am pleased to see that the common council has taken one step in the right direction. They have decided to appoint some person to secure and impound vagrant dogs. If all dogs not properly numbered are considered vagrant the numbering of dogs worth owning will begin at once.

An Awkward Incident.

[London Society.] A most grotesque incident recently occurred as the Queen was leaving Windsor Castle for Scotland or Osborne, we forget which. One of John Brown's Highland connections had already seen Her Majesty safely into the royal saloon, and he was returning from the royal carriage at the station gates with a heap of wraps and rugs, when from between the folds there rolled on to the platform nothing less than two bottles of "Scotch!" The countenances of the officials, which are on the occasions of Her Majesty's comings and goings invariably frozen into an expression of idleness, thawed, and every man was convulsed with suppressed laughter. The whiskey made a very pretty show as it lay on the departure platform, but, after all, perhaps the face of the gillie was better worth studying.

New bathing stockings have cork soles in the bottoms of them, and some ladies wear little rubber slippers to protect the feet from the sand upon coming out of the water. The hair is protected by oilskin caps, whose ugliness is concealed by a square of Turkey-red calico tied so that a few stray locks may show becomingly and the ugly cap be hidden.

The total receipts from the sale of the French crown jewels were 6,864,000 francs, or \$1,224,752. Tiffany's purchases amounted to \$487,956.

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FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.  
Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Indigestion, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases.  
We send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

**RHEUMATISM. A WONDERFUL CURE!**  
Messrs. HASTINGS Bros: Early in February, 1885, 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 we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Mince's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times 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 "Sciaticine" offering wonderful cures. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. After four doses of the internal Medicine and three applications of the Eucaine, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about as usual and winter to this date January 6th, 1886, with insinuate changes. I can recommend your "Sciaticine," and hope that all who are afflicted with that most painful disease Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give "Sciaticine" a trial. Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or doubting the 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.

**DOINGS OF THE WEEK.**

**REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.**

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

Within the city the week has been one of unusual quiet. Commercial matters have been dull and the movement of merchandise unsatisfactory. Wholesale dealers report business on the whole as fairly satisfactory, but collections slow. Retailers make about the same report. The July bills have now been sent out and during the next few weeks there will be more money in circulation than for the past two months. Reports from the West and the United States show a gradual increase of trade and a return of confidence. These are the symptoms that always precede a boom and business men look forward with confidence to a large and profitable trade. St. John occupies an exceptional position in respect to her trade. She was just emerging from a somewhat scarred condition from the effects of the fire when the collapse of the Maritime Bank occurred bringing ruin to many and doing endless damage in many ways. This ill-starred history with its unhappy, but brief history has greatly injured the credit of the city abroad and rendered it more difficult to do business in St. John inasmuch as the banks have curtailed their credits to such an extent that even good business has been declined by some banks within the past month. The reduction of the capital stock of the Bank of New Brunswick coming at such a time has not tended to help matters out, and much of the capital withdrawn instead of finding its way into trade is still lying idle waiting investment in bonds or some interest bearing security regarded as undoubted. Beyond the failures already reported no new ones have occurred and the prevailing impression is that we have seen about the end in this direction. Most of the failures have been brought about by the shortening of credit after the collapse of the Maritime Bank. In many lines business has been done on such a small margin that there was not enough left for expenses. If business were on a cash basis it might be possible for merchants to fine things down, but where credit is asked and losses are sometimes made it is impossible for a merchant to trade successfully on a small margin. Competition is a good thing until prices are cut to such an extent that business men cannot pay expenses.

In criminal matters St. John has enjoyed a season of unusual peace. It is now over two years since a really serious crime has been reported. There have been numerous petty offenses and over a score of persons, big and little, have been sent to Dorchester in that time, but no serious offenses against the peace of the city have been committed. Prince Edward Island seems to monopolize sensations of this kind. The last and greatest is the murder of a young girl at Margate. According to the telegraphed accounts a young woman named Tuplin had been seduced by a man of the name of Millman. The parents of the girl seem to have been aware of their daughter's condition, but no steps apparently were taken to bring about a union between the parties. On Sunday last the body of the girl was found in a stream near where she lived with a stone attached to it. The autopsy revealed the fact that the girl had been shot before her body was placed in the stream, and suspicion of the crime rests strongly on Millman the betrayer to join whom she left her father's house prior to the murder. After being allowed to stroll around at will for a couple of days he was arrested. He takes the matter very coolly and so far only circumstantial evidence has been brought against him. There have been a good many murders on the Island within a few years and they will undoubtedly continue until some really guilty person is caught and suffers the extreme penalty of the law. Frederickton too has had a little sensation of its own. The body of a man was picked up in the river on Monday and the sensation loving reporters of the Celestial City immediately concluded that a foul crime had been committed. As the Telegraph man who discovered the possible identity of the body, and he alleged that there had been a row on board a tug boat, and the deceased had been roughly handled during the scrimmage. The tug boat men are very indignant about this statement, and one of them alleges in the Sun that he is bound to have justice.

There is nothing but war and rumors of war among the newspapers of the city. On Saturday last the Telegraph blew a blast from its largest and longest trumpet that would have staggered the oldest and most experienced liar of the province had he been on hand at the time. Our esteemed contemporary alleges in the

most modest manner in the world that it has a circulation double that of any other daily paper in this section. These big words and while it is admitted all around that no newspaper man ever did or ever will tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth regarding the circulation of his paper, it is not advisable to be too extravagant in such statements. It was reported in a select circle during the week that the Telegraph would be called upon to prove the assertion made, but up to date nothing has been done in this line. The Sun answers the trumpet blast of the Telegraph by printing side by side one of the latter's editorial articles and a despatch cut from the New York Herald a few days previous. There is a marked similarity between the two articles leaving little doubt as to one having been cribbed from the other. The Telegraph makes no answer to the charge of plagiarism—notwithstanding that this is the second or third time within three years that such a charge has been preferred against its editor. It is about time for the Maple Leaf to charge the St. John papers with stealing its news and giving no credit. The Frederickton Gleaser should also get up on his hind legs and lurch about the manner in which its news has been cribbed. It is extremely lonesome in St. John and we feel neglected when the Maple Leaf and Gleaser cease howling about the appropriation of their news without credit.

The social world has been very dull this week. It is too warm for parties or balls and no private garden parties or receptions have been given. A garden party in the interests of a proposed Presbyterian church was held on the grounds of Mr. A. Rankin, at Robbsey, on Thursday, and was well attended. The chief amusement of society people during the summer is Tennis and almost every afternoon, but particularly on Saturdays, the grounds of the Club, Chipman's Field, are the resort of the beaux and belles of the city. The visit of the flag-ship Belleophon next week will make quite a stir as there is certain to be a number of receptions and dinner parties in the city, and a ball on board the ship. The Belleophon is a fine vessel and St. John people retain many pleasant recollections of the former visit of the flag-ship.

Sporting circles are exceedingly dull. No interest has been taken by St. John people in rowing for several years back, and even the regatta during jubilee week does not seem to have caused the awakening that was expected. We have as much muscle as ever among our young people but there has not been the enthusiasm to call it out as there used to be in the palmy days of the Paris Crew, or even when Wallace Ross commenced his somewhat erratic career. The local sluggers are very quiet. In fact every department of sport save cricket is at a stand still. The St. John and Moncton Clubs have a match to-day and there are several other events on the carpet during the month. The Belleophon Club will, no doubt, endeavour to wrest the laurels from the St. John Club that they won last year. There is yet no talk of an athletic meet this year but no doubt one will be held later in the season. With a gymnasium open all the year round, and provided with a competent instructor, our young men should make something of a showing in the athletic circles. If a meeting were held every month by the Cricket and Athletic Club the interest in many sports would certainly increase. The Bicycle Club intend holding a series of races during the season, and several members are already in training. We have now a large number of excellent wheelers in St. John.

**Sleep.**  
Oh! Sleep is a fair little maid,  
With a step that is soft and light,  
And she watch on all the world  
At the wonderful banquet of life.  
"Oh! vision wine" she bears  
Fresh from the winery of night,  
Which she pours into empty cups  
From her mystical tankard-bright.  
She passes a sizzling crowd  
And offers her soothing draught;  
Their life is too joyous for sleep,  
So they bid her "Begone!" with a laugh.  
But sooner or late she is hailed,  
For "Oh! vision wine" they plead,  
Alas! their cups are so full of sin  
She can give them but half they need.  
Then gladly she goes to a weary child  
And touches the wine to his lips;  
He smiles up into her dreamy face,  
His blue eyes close while he sips.  
So on and on through the motley throng  
Boves the heaven-sent little maid:  
There, giving an old man rest from care;  
Here, lushing the moon of a babe.  
But a drop can she give to the drunkard,  
Though he holds out his reeking cup,  
While the tear-stained cup of a woman  
She pitifully fillet up.  
Ah! Sleep is a loved little maid,  
For she stills the noise and strife  
As she waits on the restless world  
At the weary banquet of life.  
—NELLIE J. HOLCOMBE.

A blind beggar in London has on the card he wears plastered on his chest the words: "Please bestow a glance and a copper on one who can bestow neither."

**THE CIRCUS.**

**How It Comes to Town and How It Leaves Again—Erecting the Tents.**

P. T. Barnum is writing letters to the Western newspapers on what he knows about newspapers and newspaper men. Adam Forepaugh is anchored with his big show on Staten Island, and to-day John H. Robbins will arrive with his show in St. John. Mr. Robbins is the youngest man in the circus business but he has already acquired a splendid reputation for his great show. St. John people have already made his acquaintance. He was here three years ago and gave a fine entertainment. Since then he has made numerous additions to his list of performers and his menagerie and there is every reason to believe that the circus on the Barrack Square this afternoon and evening will be a pronounced success in every way. Those who go—and who do not go to the circus?—may rest assured that it will be all that it is represented on the bills and through the advertisements.

The arrival of a circus in town is always productive of excitement. It is like the coming of a regiment of soldiers. Long before dawn the unusual commotion in the vicinity of the railroad termini proclaims that something unusual is going on. It is the first circus train coming in, for circuses are so big now-a-days that two, and sometimes four trains are required to haul them from town to town. When the train is hauled or pushed onto a side track one sees through the dim light of the coming day that the vans containing the animals of the menagerie are loaded on the cars. The gaudy painting, relieved by square feet of gold is carefully covered up with huge tarpaulins so that it is next to impossible to tell the band chariot from the lion's den. By the time another train has arrived bringing several large wagons on which are loaded the tent poles, and tackle for raising the huge tent. The tent itself is carried in several sections and is loaded on other wagons. The seats, guy ropes and apparatus are also stored away in different wagons all loaded on cars. Just as the sun rises out of the eastern sky a third train steams in bringing the performers, the various bosses, the canvass men and the horses for the wagons. Before this train comes to a stand still on the side track, quick eyes will discern a movement among the tarpaulins covering the cages and in a few minutes a dozen or more sleepy looking fellows are observed, rubbing their eyes alongside the cars. These chaps disclaiming a bed in one of the sleeping cars have slept under the tarpaulins on top of one of the cages.

Circus men have no time to lose when they strike a town. It is heavy and hard work to raise the huge tent, build the ring, clean the horses, wash the wagons and get ready for the parade at 11 o'clock. While the wagons are being unloaded from the cars and the horses hitched up the boss has gone to the field where the circus is to perform and with tape measure and rods is already laying off the ground. Flags of different colors are placed where the tent poles are to be raised and the pegs driven in. Before the boss has finished laying out the ground a wagon load of pegs has arrived and four men are pounding them into the ground with astonishing rapidity. Next the strong poles which support the centre of the canvas are put up and then the canvass is spread out on the ground, the various sections put together and the united whole hoisted up to the top and the poles and guy ropes which keep it extended secured. Before 7 o'clock the great tent in which the performance is to take place is all up. Next the smaller tent in which the menagerie is to be exhibited is run up. Then the ring is formed and the seats put in. The horses have meanwhile been fed and the wagons washed. Their work over the men get breakfast and begin preparations for the parade. The performers have none of this work to do, but nevertheless their's is not a bed of roses. It is always 11 o'clock before they leave the tents and then have to travel all night and be on hand again at 10 o'clock the following morning to go in the parade.

Striking the tent after the performance is not so difficult as raising it. The seats are first removed—indeed the performance is scarcely over before the warning whistle of the boss canvass man is heard calling his men, and in less time than it takes to tell the sides of them fall out and seats disappear like magic. All that it was possible to remove has already been put on the trains and so rapidly do the men work that the last vestige of the circus has disappeared from the city two hours after the final performer bowed himself out of the ring.

**Lodge Room Echoes.**

**There are over 32,000 members of the I. O. O. F. in Illinois.**

The Masons of the State of New York propose to erect in some convenient town, a home for the widows and orphans of Masons and the members of the order who have grown old and poor.

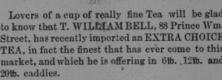
Prince Albert Victor has been installed Master of the Royal Alpha Masonic Lodge. The Masonic ceremony was performed by the Prince of Wales. A lodge of the Knights of Pythias is soon to be instituted in Paris, the ritual having been translated and used by many lodges in this country, who work in the French language; but this will be the first lodge of this order in France, or, in fact, on the continent.

The Masonic books of the late Thomas A. Doyle, Mayor of Providence, R. I. were bequeathed by him to the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, and have been placed in its library. Colonel George Shepard, of West Newton, Mass., joined Jerusalem Masonic Lodge of Northampton, Mass., in 1818. The Grand Lodge of the Order of Elks has resolved in favor of a migratory grand lodge, subject to the approval of the organization, and have resolved in favor of creating new lodges in towns regardless of population, wherever material to make good Elks is obtainable. They meet in Cincinnati next year.

A communication of the present and past Grand Masters of the different Masonic jurisdictions of the United States and Canada began in Chicago Wednesday with the intention of securing a closer and more harmonious working of the various jurisdictions. The result may be the formation of an entirely new organization, which shall have final authority over the highest lodges now existing.

The San Francisco Masonic Board of Relief expends more money for charity than any three jurisdictions in the United States. In the last thirty years \$238,297.84 has been distributed. Eighty per cent. of this amount was given to Masons hailing from outside of the jurisdiction of California.

**Branch of Tea Plant.**



**FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.**

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILSON & SONS, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 98, 12lb. and 3lb. caddies.

**MACHINE Repairing & Refitting OF EVERY DESCRIPTION**

Promptly Attended to at **E. S. STEPHENSON'S,** 53 SMYTHE ST.

N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

**WANTED.**

WANTED.—50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at UNK'S STEAM LAUNDRY, 107

**READ!**

Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Hams, Eoll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

**T. W. SEEDS,** 15 WATERLOO ST.

**NEW DOMINION Paper Bag Co'y.**

WRAPPING PAPER AND TWINES. Quality unexcelled. Prices unvaried. Satisfaction to all. 221 UNION ST., AND 10 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

MILLIONAIRES. Some of the Peculiarities of Men of Great Wealth.

Mr. John Alexandre, who married Miss Lawrence, at Bayside, last week, is an admirable type of the man of the world, and one of the most popular men in New York. His fortune is very large, so was the dowry of Miss Lawrence, who is the daughter of Colonel Newbold Lawrence, for several years president of the Stock Exchange, and a man of extensive possessions. Mr. John Alexandre's brother recently married Miss Crocker, of San Francisco. She is also rich, of course. In this way three great millionaire families are, in a sense, consolidated. Millions marry millions, and the power of the family name is increased. Hereafter the Alexandres, through the great fortunes which they have annexed by marriage, besides the fortunes which they have inherited, will rank with the Vanderbilts and the other enormously rich people of New York. The number of times that Mr. John Alexandre was engaged by rumor would have startled anybody else but the most placid and easy-going of men. He is, by all odds, the most popular of the sons of the old shipping merchant, and his wedding called out a notable show of society people.

There is an extraordinary diversity in millionaires. No two men, for instance, could be more thoroughly dissimilar than John and Henry Alexandre. When I think of it, millionaires never resemble one another. Yesterday, for instance, I walked for a few blocks behind a gentleman of trim physique and thoughtful mien. His figure was as well molded as that of fashionable leading man, and his coat was a marvelous fit. His grey beard was trimmed to a point, and he strolled along, the picture of a dilettante, artistic, and rather precise lounge. Nobody seems to know him, although he was on his native heath. His face was serene. He might have been an elderly society man, a gentleman of leisure, or an aristocratic poet. His name is quite as unfamiliar to the world as he was personally unknown on Fifth Avenue that day. His fortune is estimated at twenty millions, his name is Wilson, and he is one of the most daring and successful of speculators in real estate. His son married Miss Astor two years ago, and so strengthened the moneyed connections of that famous family.

A sharp contrast was furnished to the ornate Wilson on coaching day, by a man who would accord to every precedent be a dandy, a spendthrift, and a stop. He is none of these. William Waldorf Astor sat on Mr. Roosevelt's coach, during the great parade, with a loose and not particularly well-fitting coat wrapped around his athletic figure, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. Here is a man who made a brick canvass as a politician, served well as Minister to Italy, models admirably in clay, has written a good book, is now writing a play, manages an estate of two hundred million dollars skillfully, and is the virtual head of what undoubtedly ranks as the first family in America. He is clever, brilliant, well-born, and has had every advantage that boundless wealth could buy. He can box like a professional, has broad shoulders, and apparently never thinks of his attire. His father calls him "Bill." On every coach that day, there were prim, tightly clad, supercilious, and over-dressed young men, sitting erect and staring with affected indifference at the vulgar herd that surged below them. Undoubtedly they felt like aristocrats, or tried to, but they looked like a lot of tailors' clerks. The only man among them who was absolutely indifferent to his surroundings and his position was William Waldorf Astor.

Another sharp contrast occurs to me—Mr. Griswold Lorillard. If any man can look at him without feeling an instantaneous and almost overwhelming desire to yawn, he must surely have slept well over night. Mr. Lorillard seems to have but two objects in life—one to sleep and the other to increase his stock of English clothes. His eyes were designed by Morpheus. It is a physical impossibility, apparently, to get the lids more than one-eighth of an inch apart, and they close by reason of the laws of gravitation. Mr. Lorillard's specialty is in consonance with his physical capabilities. He sleeps on top of a coach, in an opera box, and in the windows of the Knickerbocker Club. He is blasé beyond all precedent. His thin, colorless face has never been disturbed by a smile, and he drifts from one fashionable assembly to another, reposing somnolently in the corner of his brougham. He has one accomplishment however—he is a capital whip. To see him perched on the corner of the seat of a big mail-car, with a pair of seventeen-hand bays thundering through a crowded park while the driver is ostensibly asleep, is one of the most interesting sights afforded in the surface view of New York. I have known him to rush by a light road-wagon, and cast one sleepy eye down at the hub of his wheel with an air of drowsy satisfaction as it skimmed within a hair's breadth of the hub of the lighter vehicle.

A millionaire who would probably be described by the majority of natives as the most popular man in New York is Mr. Charles Delmonico. His wealth is not suggested by his talk or clothes. He is amiable, cheerful, knows every one, goes everywhere, dresses quietly but with entire correctness, has a perfectly

appointed stable, and seems to do the proper thing by instinct. He chats in every tongue, and interests a visiting nobleman as much as he does a local politician.

Speaking of noblemen, reminds me of the Earl of Loudon, who is here now, and who is also, I am told, a millionaire. He is the most unostentatious of men. A few days ago, I chanced to be in the elevator of the Hotel Brunswick when he and the countess met and regarded each other in rather a friendly way.

"Have you been out?" asked the peer, glowering quietly upon his wife the countess.

"Yes," said mildly musically, "what are you going to do now?"

"I was thinking," said the noble earl, looking steadfastly downward, while the elevator-boy held his breath, and I shrank with becoming democratic and plebeian humility into the corner of the car, "I was thinking of going up-stairs."

"What for?" asked the countess earnestly.

"To—ah—change my boots."

There was a silence of two floors, and then the countess said pettishly:

"It seems to me that you are always talking about your boots."

The shrewd and discerning reader will discover that there is nothing particularly brilliant about the above conversation. I give it exactly as I heard it, because it illustrates something that I have heard before to the effect that there is nothing particularly startling about the average members of the British nobility.

The Earl of Loudon differs from Richard K. Fox of the Police Gazette in many ways. The latter bought his paper for a hundred dollars. It is now the only American journal that is recognized by the elite society of Cuba, Mexico, and South America, and it pays its owner something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Mr. Fox is fond of a good horse, and he has one peculiarity that I have never seen illustrated in other men—whenever he drinks a bottle of wine too much, he becomes the victim of an overpowering impulse to give away all the money that he can lay his hands on. He makes presents to everybody within reach, and, as his credit is good, his lapses from grace are apt to cost him a small fortune. At least, such was the case a year or two ago. His habit became too exhaustive even for his ample purse, and he has since closed his eyes resolutely to the seductive glare of the wine when it is red.

Mr. Gillig, of the American Exchange in London, is of the plaintive and abused type of millionaire. Somebody is forever wronging him, and it is in the face of the fact that he is the most genteel and unappreciated of men. He came on here to collect thirty or forty thousand dollars from Mr. Lawrence Barrett, a large portion of which was the result of serious interest. He failed, and he is now more plaintive than ever.

Robert Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio road would consider his ten million dollars as nothing if he could not afford a fresh business suit of tweed clothes every week or two. Pudgy and dumpy men are fond of sack-coats. It is the irony of fate. Mr. Garrett, who looks like a well-fed young produe merchant in a frock-coat, insists on wearing the sack-coat of the festive clerk, and looks like an exceedingly healthy and robust young retail grocer, in all the glory of Sunday attire.

I think that the happiest millionaire that I ever met is a man that built all the railroads in Brazil, collected his bootle and retired from active business forthwith. He drinks whisky because he loves it, smokes five-cent cigars because they suit his taste, and amuses himself and his friends by staring steadfastly at his nose with one eye, while he closes the other sagaciously, remarking unctuously at intervals:

"Gawd! I am rich, richer than even my dearest and fondest friends imagine. Let's have 'nother drink."

BLAKELY HALL.

That's the Way They Do It.

[Dakota Bell.]

So it came to pass that the ladies worked. They made 47 frosted cakes, 3,000 cookies, 91 plain cakes, 12 freezers full of ice cream, bought 60 quarts of strawberries, persuaded all the papers to give them long free notices, paid for the job printing with a 25-cent ticket, sat up nights and labored with fancy work, and ruined their chances of salvation by putting prices on it; and likewise, among miscellaneous things, pounded ice, and walked around on a trot, and waited on the table, and washed dishes, and got confused making change, and forgot to give the newspapers complimentarys, and spoiled their best dresses, and carried chairs and tables, and tired themselves out; all of which, without any exception or omission, they did in holding a church fair and festival in aid of foreign missions; and the next day when the reporter asked them how much they made out of the operation they told him cheerfully that by close figuring they found that they had only lost about \$7.38, but that they were going to hold another week after next, and hoped to do a little better. And then the wicked paper came out and said that "the ladies who had charge of the recent church festival report that they cleared a handsome sum, and are so gratified with the result that they will give another shortly."

BERNHARDT AND LANGTRY.

The Gracefulness of the Former and the Weak Points of the Latter.

Bernhardt never had a corset. She had never fastened a pair of stays around her in her life, which accounts for her suppleness and inimitable grace. For one reason she has always been so thin that there has been no need for corsets to confine her into a size small enough for her gowns. When she goes to the dressmaker she wears a smooth, but not tight waist of heavy white linen, which the dressmaker fills out in hollow places with a few folds of cotton batting fitting the waist of the gown over it. But this is only worn for smoothness and not to reduce her waist. On the stage she does not even wear that, which accounts for her long, smooth strides and the ease of her poses, that rather melt and dissolve into each other than change. In the winter she wears to the theatre a long, full gown of heavy Chinese crepe, of which the sleeves are tight-fitting and come only to the elbow, while it hangs loose from throat to ankles. Over this dress she slips on her costumes, never removing it unless the toilet is decollete. This China crepe gown keeps her warm and adds the requisite fulness to her figure without in the slightest degree impeding the freedom of her movements.

It is this fact which permits that exquisite equipose of bodily movement and the long, sweeping motion of her arms. Not only actors, but artists and sculptors, sit in the front row during the Bernhardt season endeavoring to learn the secret of her cat-like, sinuous grace. Much of it is natural, of course, and would be noticeable in any dress and under any circumstances, but much of it is also due to the fact that the muscles of her back, hips and waist have never been enfeebled and stiffened by the use of stays. Mrs. Langtry is said to have a beautiful figure of the conventional sort, dresses well and is called graceful, but when the two women are placed side by side in the photograph which they had taken together Sara Bernhardt shows instantly the superiority of her whole tone to that of the Beauty. The universal verdict has been that it looked like the picture of a lady and her maid, and Langtry wasn't the lady.

Langtry's is the perfection of form according to the English, fashionable code, and as Du Maurier pictures it in his representations of society girls. That is to say, her waist is brought to an ideal smallness; her shoulders are squared and lifted, broadened out of proportion to the rest of her body, and from tight lacing she has become "chicken-breasted." The only real or statuesque beauty she has left is the exquisite line from the crown of her head down the nape of her neck. Happily she has not been able by any artificial means to spoil that. But all around her body, about two inches below the arms, can be clearly seen through the silk, satin or wool of her gown a hard ridge which marks the upper limit of her corset. The same peculiar physiological phenomena may be observed in almost every actress who has a conventional reputation for dressing well. In Theodora and as Lady Macbeth Bernhardt wears a jersey next her skin, over which the soft folds of the fine crepe or silks hung, not made into a waist, but caught on the shoulders with brooches and held about the hips with the broad metal girdles which she has made so fashionable. Miss Eastlake has never worn a corset, but replaces it with something nearly as bad, a broad heavy linen band which gives her figure its peculiar look. In Clito, however, she dispenses with it and gains greatly in grace thereby. As Helie she wears a complete suit of silk webbing and drapes over it some fifty yards or more of India tissue, which is so fine and soft that a double width of it can be drawn through a ring.

A Peculiar Attempt at Murder.

[Paris Letter to the London Telegraph.]

A doctor named Grenouillet has just been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a heavy fine, by default, for illegally circulating poisonous substances. The circumstances of the case are peculiar. Grenouillet had as a patient a French lady whose husband was in Mexico. He seduced her, and her husband, M. Charretton, being apprised of this, came to France and took his wife home. A letter sent by Grenouillet to Mme. Charretton was intercepted by the husband, who found in it a piece of white paper, which he first threw away, but afterwards picked up and had examined by a chemist. It contained instructions for the poisoning of the husband without leaving any traces of the crime. The husband then accused his wife, who acknowledged everything. In her bedroom vials were found containing the poisons used by Claude Bernard on animals. Grenouillet disappeared when he saw that things were going against him.

Rare Presence of Mind.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

"Heavens!" gasps Mr. Hopeless, as he sits down heavily on his new hat, when leaving the Roseleafs' "afternoon tea." "There goes \$8.50." But hold! It is not his own, but the captivating Mashem's, his bitter rival. With rare caution he re-enters the house and lays the battered felt on a chair, to explain its present appearance, seizes his own, and escapes in triumph.

Out of Town.

Blinds are closing, curtains falling. And a silence quite appalling Settles on the house stone fronted, Whence the family is shunted. Side tracked at a rural station Is a jumbled aggregation.

Now are living rooms commodious Changed for barracks small and odious, Which you scarce could swing a cat in. Cotton spreads in place of satin, Slats with scanty feathers over, And the roughest sheets for cover.

Now the folks are brought to book at Meals that they would never look at On a table in the city— Eggs and bacon old and gritty, Poultry lean and antiquated, Butter from the city freighted.

Should they want a morning canter, Or a cool shady summer, Then a farm horse, slow and bony, Roads all treeless, dusty, stony, Reads the country-loving martyns Back to their unpleasant quarters.

Catching trains is such a bother To the brother and the sister, That 'tis not a bit of wonder When by accident or blunder One's ticket is left over In the city's fields of clover.

Navy blue and white twilled flannels, striped flannels, serges and jersey webbing are the materials best liked for bathing suits. With these usually go bright-colored silk stockings and a handkerchief of the same shade to tie up the hair.

A. G. BOWES & CO.

21 Canterbury Street, DEALERS IN

Stoves, Ranges

AND Heating Appliances.

THE "DUCHESS" RANGE

HAS ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, AND IS Highly appreciated by all who use it.

CITY RECOMMENDATIONS.

CALL AND SEE IT.

Stoves taken down, removed and stored for the summer.

We make a specialty of Stove Repairs.

NEW GOODS.

JAPANESE TOILET SETS, GALVANIZED CHAMBERS, GALVANIZED CHAMBER PAILS, JAPANESE BREAD BOXES, GRANITE IRON TRAPPIES, YORK TUBS, BATH TUBS, BOUND DISH COVERS, OVAL DISH COVERS.

ROBERTS & CRAWFORD, 100 Union Street.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED at St. John Dry Works.

C. E. BRACKETT & CO.

94 PRINCESS STREET.

Notice of Sale.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint 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 indenture of mortgage bearing date the 10th day of August, A. D. 1881, made between Alfred B. Sheraton, then of the City of Saint John, merchant, and Mary L. his wife, barrister at law, and Maggie J. his wife, of the one part and Ward Chapman Drury, executor and trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased, of the other part, as follows:—

"A LL the right title and interest which the said Charles Drury had at the time of his decease in and to all that lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Redheugh (formerly the Parish of Hampton) in the County of Westmorland and Province aforesaid being part of the southwest half of Lot No. 12 in the original grant and bounded and described as follows on the north by lands formerly belonging to the late Honorable John Robertson and a portion of the 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 said Kenebecensis River, containing eight acres more or less, and being all the land there formerly owned by the said Charles Drury, lying to the westward of the west side of the said lot, which will more fully appear in reference to a plan on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the said County of Kings, which indenture of mortgage is recorded in Book C. No. 4, pages 30, 31, 32 and 33 of Records on the 30th of August, A. D. 1881.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in the said indenture 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 CHAPMAN DRURY, Executor and Trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased.

HARRISON & PUGSELEY, Solicitors of mortgagees.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.

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.

TOO MUCH ENTHUSIASM. "Teaching, to me," said an enthusiastic young school ma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact I called to-night—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you—"

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady softly. "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

HE WAS A GONE SUCKER. "Ma'mma," said a young hopeful on Clinton avenue yesterday, "what is a gone sucker?"

"A gone sucker, my child," responded the fond mother, rather puzzled, "is very bad boy."

NO CHIROPODIST IN STOCK. Recently a Boston lady who is visiting a friend at a pleasant town not far from Augusta, had occasion to drive to the capital city in quest of some very thin stockings, which would enable her to break in a pair of new shoes, as she suffered badly from corns. Entering a store on Water street, she asked for stockings and then inquired, casually, "Have you any chiropodists here?"

"No, ma'am," replied the clerk, regretfully, "but I can show you some very nice ones in this thread and halbrigan." She bought.—[Lewiston Journal.]

ANOTHER NECESSITY. "What are you looking for?" asked one friend of another on Sunday afternoon as they were about stepping on a car.

"I have forgotten my bunch of keys," was the reply, "Ah, here they are." And he pulled out a ring on which were fastened three keys. "These are all the keys I carry—a watch key, a latch key, and my Sunday key."

"Sunday key?" "Yes." "What in the name of locksmithing is a Sunday key?" "Don't you know?" "No." "Haven't you got one?" "No. I use the same latch key on Sunday that I do through the week."

"But this isn't a latch key. It's a key for a saloon I frequent. How in the name of all that's thirsty can you get a drink if you have no Sunday key in these reform times."—[Philadelphia Call.]

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER LUNCHEONS. Miss Clara (at luncheon, while shopping)—Some bouillon, waiter, with plenty of bread, and an extra pat of butter. That's all.

Same Girl (at luncheon, with Charley).—Some white-bait, waiter, and chicken croquettes, and half a dozen Blue Points on the shell, and—some chocolate, and—lemon ice, and—ah—that's all at present.—[Puck.]

A LOST ART. "I wish I could get a pair of shoes made by John Brown's shoemaker," said a theatrical performer to a traveller.

"What for?" was the natural inquiry. "Look how long his sole has been marching without putting a pin on his uppers. I tell you the man would make such shoes nowadays would get rich in a year off of us people."—[Merchant Traveller.]

SHE KNEW THE CHARACTERISTICS. "Violent—Ma, how do people know it's a man in the moon?" "Mother (sadly)—because it's always out nights."—[Lila.]

RIVAL BELLES. He (to Miss Breezy of Chicago)—Do you know the Washashes of Michigan avenue, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy—Very slightly. He—I have heard that Miss Washash was a very cultivated young lady. Miss Breezy (superciliously)—I fancy that all the culture Clara Washash has could be put in a small cart and easily backed down hill.—[New York Sun.]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER! Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and it makes the best of all mixtures. It is sold in 5 lb. tins, 10 lb. tins, and 25 lb. tins. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. AT SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy, New Classes for Beginners meets every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon Classes Tuesday and Saturday. Call at the Academy for information and terms.

COSTUMES TO LET, or made to order. Also, will let to responsible parties out of town. Violins and Strings for sale. Best quality always on hand. NICE ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Banquets, and all respectable gatherings.

Campbell & DeForest, OVERCOATINGS, Scotch and English Suitings, AND TROUSERINGS. Also a New and Select Stock of Gents' Furnishings! Foster's Corner, 42 King St.

Myers' Machine Shop, ESTABLISHED 1864. Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power ELEVATORS. ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses. Manufacturers of Bassett's Frictionless Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Steers, Steam Engines, Judson Governors, Stratavent Blowers, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys.

34 to 36 Waterloo St. W. F. & J. W. MYERS. IMPORTANT!

Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use MAGNET SOAP. Its washing qualities are unsurpassed. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times, without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once, you will praise it to others a thousand times.



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

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE For young people is what the people call it. It is 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 of it.

HARRY WILKES. THE STANDARD-BRED HAMBLETONIAN TROTTER STALLION HARRY WILKES, No. 1896, will make the season of 1887 between St. John, Fredericton & Woodstock. PEDIGREE: HARRY WILKES was sired by George Wilkes, No. 819; Record 2:22. His dam was Belle Vio.

BROADCLOTHS AND DOESKINS FOR DRESS SUITS, WORSTED CLOTHS, SILK MIXTURES. A. GILMOUR TAILOR, 72 Germain Street, St. John.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 95 KING STREET. PUGSLEY BUILDING, COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS. DIRECTORY. Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company, J. R. P. & Co., Wholesale and Retail Merchants, W. Hawker, Druggist, W. Leitch, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

HARPER'S BAZAR. HARPER'S BAZAR combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous sketches are unsurpassed.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS Per Year: HARPER'S BAZAR, \$4.00; HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 4.00; HARPER'S WEEKLY, 4.00; HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, 2.00; HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (62 Numbers), 10.00; HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (62 Numbers), 15.00. Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

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PEDIGREE: HARRY WILKES was sired by George Wilkes, No. 819; Record 2:22. His dam was Belle Vio. GEORGE WILKES was by Hambletonian (10) out of Polly Spunker.

MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS! We have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets.

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HARPER'S BAZAR. HARPER'S BAZAR combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading.

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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.

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOHN HAY. This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln.

THE WAR SERIES, which has been followed with undying 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 Generals Howard and Slocum.

NOVELS AND STORIES. "The Handwritten Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady and the Tiger," etc. begins in November.

SPECIAL FEATURES (with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Keenan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the "Lazarus Problem," with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Catholics; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Chairmanship, 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.

GRIP! CANADA'S COMIC JOURNAL. Announcement for the Coming Year. GRIP is now so well known as to require very little of either description or praise. It is THE ONLY CARTOON PAPER IN CANADA, and it is furnished at about ONE-HALF THE PRICE of similar journals in the United States.

GRIP PLATFORM: Humor Without Vulgarity; Patriotism Without Partisanship; Truth Without Temper. Do not be without this favorite Canadian Cartoon Paper. Its price places it within the reach of all.

T. YOUNCLAUS, Direct Importer. MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, REEFERS, Tweed and Diagonal Suits, MEN'S WORKING PANTS. Me whole and well assorted stock of GOOD READY MADE CLOTHING can now be bought at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order, if possible, to clear my winter stock out before the season closes.

RAILROADS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887. On and after MONDAY, June 13th 1887 the train of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Intercolonial Railway and New Brunswick Railway Co. schedules.

New Brunswick Railway Co. 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, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN. 5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Mornings)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle 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 5.15 p.m., St. Stephen at 7.42 p.m.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co., 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. 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.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 9, 1887.

ENGAGED COUPLES.  
How They Should Behave—Some Interesting Experiences and Suggestions by Southern Ladies.

[Atlantic Constitution.]

A pretty girl, who has had and still has scores of admirers, was the first to take the witness stand. Her testimony was given with charming grace and carried conviction. It is this: "I have been engaged twice." A surprised murmur rose from the party. "And the truth of the saying that there is no accounting for woman's taste was fully verified in my case, for the two gentlemen could not have been more unlike. The first proposal came from one some years my senior. He told his tale with difficulty, and the hesitation with which he talked imparted to me something akin to it, for I did not accept him as quickly as intended. However, we became engaged, and remained so for four months. And do you know that during the whole time he never as much as touched my hand."

"Never kissed you?" asked a petite brunette, in a tone of wondering indignation. "Never." "The other man was an ardent wooer, and was a great stickler for what he called his 'rights.' Having been educated, so to speak, in the puritanical system characteristic of my first engagement, I was disposed to resent the seeming liberties he took; but I was told that an engaged couple were expected to be more demonstrative to each other than ordinary acquaintances."

"How do you mean?" "Well, there is certainly no harm in a woman permitting a man to whom she has pledged her troth occasionally kissing her. It is very frequently done, I know, and when no such understanding exists an exception to the rule is found."

"I don't know about that," was the dreamy observation of a young fellow who was said to be engaged. "I am disposed to think the puritanical system is yet very extensively practiced."

"What is the conduct toward each other of engaged couples?" asked one of the party.

"In honest, serious entanglements?" queried a lady.

"Yes."

"When a woman is truly and honestly in love with a man she is very careful, indeed, more so than she ordinarily is, in her conduct toward him. She is afraid of doing something that will injure her in his estimation. The more ardently she loves him the more reserved, frequently, is she with her caresses and endearments. I speak of the engaged period, of course; after marriage it is different. He perhaps kisses her a few times before they are married. I am told up North, and even in parts of the South, it is different. An engagement becomes a public affair, is announced, and the behavior of the couple is expected to be that of an engaged couple. Here with us it has not yet reached that point. It will some day, I am confident, and I do not know that it is not the best plan by far. It is certainly far more attractive to the parties themselves, and it is a serious drawback to flirting and coquetry, which too often characterize young girls. With us, a girl likes to be with her fiancé, but the moment the public becomes aware of the fact that he is her intended husband she rather avoids public appearance in his company. Just why it is I do not know, but it is frequently the case. I know a lady, now a staid matron who was engaged a year before marriage, who requested her fiancé six months before the time to refrain from visiting her. And for six months previous to the wedding she did not see him, though they lived within 12 miles of each other."

Base Ball Notes.

Umpire Doescher has been asked to take the management of the Indianapolis Club.

Dunlap has been made captain of the Detroit Club in place of Hanlon. The move is a very bad one.

Pete Browning has made his one hundredth base hit. He is the first player this season in either the Association or League to cross the century line.

The trouble of the umpire still continues. The American Association managers smiled when Valentine gave the New Yorks so bad a deal the other day.

The intercollegiate championship resulted as follows: Dartmouth, 10 won, 2 lost; Williams, 8 won, 4 lost; Amherst, 6 won, 6 lost; Brown, 0 won, 12 lost.

The \$10,000 beauty seems to have lost his grip. Boston has made money out of him, and would no doubt now sell him at the same figure that they paid for the great player. However, they can keep him yet a while as an advertisement.

During his brief, but well-advertised period of suspension Tony Mullane, among numerous other offers, received one from a country club of rather a unique character. It was \$200 a month and half the gate receipts. For originality, not to say liberality, the proposition stands alone.

Flynn of the Chicago Club is said to be for sale. Toronto and Cincinnati have been asking about him. President Spalding has given him a leave of absence to see if his arm will come into shape. He says he will give him his release to some other club, if he wants it, but Flynn says he prefers to remain with Chicago.

When the omnibus containing Doescher and the Boston players left the grounds after Monday's game the vehicle was stoned by a mob. Horning made an effort to reach a man who hurled a brick at Doescher, but was held in check by Morrill. Doescher was so badly scared that he did not dare to go into the club-house after his clothes, but returned to town and ate breakfast in his uniform.—[Chicago Herald.]

There are indications of serious internal dissensions in the Detroit Club and Manager Watkins is the cause of it. He is charged with having a spite against Getzlin, the best pitcher the club has, and will permit him to play only when compelled to by the popular clamor, and that he is determined on putting in that back-number pitcher, Weldman, and the inexperienced Twitchell. There is also trouble over the appointment of Dunlap as Captain in place of Hanlon.

The Cleveland Board of Common Council has passed by a vote of 23 to 13, an ordinance permitting base ball to be played within the municipal limits on Sunday. There is no doubt but that the Board of Aldermen will endorse the ordinance and the Mayor approve it. All Association games scheduled for Monday in Cleveland will hereafter be played on Sunday, an Association resolution passed in the spring permitting the change. The first game under the new order of things will be played here on Sunday, Aug. 21, between the Cleveland and Metropolitan Clubs. The Cleveland Club will not allow the sale of beer at its Sunday games.

Brady tells this one. "Orator Shaffer who was a very poor hitter, was very solicitous about his batting average. In 1882 he and Brady were in the Cleve-lands. The club was making the trip from Boston to Providence by steamer. A dense fog arose and there was danger of the boat being run down and sank. Shaffer and others of the club became apprehensive. Finally the boat just grazed another vessel. A number of the boys, including Shaffer, went to their staterooms to prepare themselves for the worst. As the orator reached the door of his room he paused and feelingly remarked: 'Thank heaven, if I go down there's my batting average right on my door.' The number of his room was 179."—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

The Chicago Herald says: "Kelly's is the old story of the pitcher that went to the well. He's broken at last—all broken up. When one Spalding parted with him in cold blood for hard cash there was a great outcry from the myriads of Chicago enthusiasts who know a ball player's points better than a jockey knows a famous horse's. As the season opened with victory perching everywhere but on the pennant of the champions, Spalding was pelted from all parts of the field. But that same Spalding, who himself was a whole battery once upon a time, is gifted with a long head and an eager pocket. His motto is that of the sagacious Semgambian who laid for the oon a comin' or a gwine. Kelly departing was worth \$10,000. Kelly revisiting the glimpses of the old ball field worth as much as an advertisement, and after a season of Bostonian diet, a well-known regimen already sufficiently detailed in this connection, would be so obviously inefficient as to make the sagacity of Spalding in disposing of him a matter of congratulation. If a charger come back spavined it is not unpleasant to reflect that somebody else owns him. Held or sold, the utmost has been realized on Kelly by a wild Westerner, who makes grist out of aestheticism and is in the ball field for glory and for gain. When Kelly was with the Chicagoans he was an eminently practical ball player, and won. With the Bostonians he is, fittingly, a profoundly theoretical player, and loses. Chicago art arrayed against Boston science is a dead sure winner in every other than the John L. Sullivan direction. Mr. Sullivan is a happy combination of both science and art."

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

GRAND SALE TO-NIGHT.

Nothing so deliciously pure and palatable has been offered the Public of St. John as our Candies, at the following low prices. Come and Try Them.

- FRENCH CHOCOLATE CREAMS ONLY 25 GENTS A POUND.
- CARAMELS, of all Flavours, ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.
- GUM DROPS ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.
- FINE MIXED CANDIES 12 1-2c., 15c., 20c., and 30c. A POUND.

At 55 KING STREET,  
NEAR GERMAIN ST.

REMEMBER THE GREAT CANDY SALE

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You can Buy French Chocolate Creams, Caramels, Gum Drops, Pure Mixed Candies of all flavors at very low prices. Our Famous Jubilee Mixture 15 cents a pound. Also, Fine Syrups for 25 cents a Bottle, of all flavours. Be sure and try our 12 1-2c. Boston Mixture.

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