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Twenty Thousand Dollars.
-JAMES J. MCKAY.

The Saturday Gazette.

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GAZETTE
For the opening chapters of
LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

VOL. I.—No. 43.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

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PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

Things the European Correspondents Think Worth Cabling.

A discovery of much interest has been made in Canterbury Cathedral, by the finding of a stone coffin about five inches from the surface of the ground in the chapel of Thomas a Becket, which contains a human skull and bones, supposed to be the remains of the martyred archbishop.

Leo XIII. is as grave, reflective, and severe as Pius IX. was gay, witty, and sportive. The latter was full of humor and was often in high spirits, and when he had laid aside the cares of his sacred office enjoyed a joke and would indulge with his friends in pious sarcastic hits and amiable little speeches.

Inquiry is being made at Woolwich relative to the burning of an Armstrong breech-loading gun, which happened at the Royal Arsenal recently. It is thought the gun is not of Government manufacture, but made at Elswick, and purchased by contract from Sir William Armstrong & Co., the officials are very reticent on the subject, and represent the occurrence as merely one out of a small percentage of failures which are always expected in the course of the proof trials, but the great size of the weapon, which was a 10-inch gun, of about four tons weight, gives prominence to the affair, and the fact of having fired several rounds before the burst took place, points to some cause beyond a mere flaw in the material.

The Central News learns from an official source that in view of the promised Government legislation on titles it has been ascertained that the total net charge payable to clerical appropriators and their lessees in England and Wales now amounts to £2680,039; payable to parochial incumbents, £242,103; to lay appropriators, £706,205; to schools and colleges, £196,066.

A Berlin cable says Hamburg has a social scandal. Pastor Wisnack, the head of a refuge for fallen women in that city, has been arrested for converting the refuge into a harem and allowing the inmates to indulge in secret debauches. Other directors of the refuge are implicated.

There is again talk of a European conference for the purpose of finally settling the Nile and Sudanese fate, but the probabilities point to an attempt at a speaker and ruler solution of the Bulgarian difficulty, which will not require to be prefaced by diplomatic solemnities.

In England there is increasing belief that Lord Salisbury has succumbed to Bismarck's wiles, and has involved the country in responsibilities which Englishmen, in these degenerate days, are curiously shy of assuming. Under Secretary Ferguson has been closely questioned in the House of Commons, but has replied so ambiguously that an amendment to the address is to be moved, calling upon the Government to keep clear of foreign entanglements. Should the Liberals return to power or have their own way now, England will, in the event of a European war, play the safe, if not particularly dignified, part of looking on until the chief combatants are exhausted and stepping in and making a cent penny by the deal.

Key's financial difficulties are being worse every week. The Sultan urged to cut down diplomatic expenses, but as they have not been paid

POOR SAILOR JACK.

MORE HARD KNOCKS THAN ROYALTY.

How He is Treated at Sea and How He is Treated on Land.

I have often wondered how men in possession of their faculties could ever adopt the calling of a sailor. This calling is possibly no more perilous than are many other callings that are pursued on land, but it has connected with it many hardships which language is incapable of expressing. For myself I have but little sympathy with the man who ships a second time before the mast. Disappointment in other pursuits, crosses in love, domestic difficulties, escapades outside the pale of sympathy. Though this is the case, in the hearts of all good men and women there is a tender spot for the sailor, and I doubt if there is another class of men in the whole world for whom so many prayers go up to God as for the class to which he belongs. And, if prayers avail anything, I would that those prayers might be prolonged and redoubled, for if there is a man on earth who has a special need of God's care it is the sailor, whether afloat or ashore. At sea he roasts in the torrid and freezes in the Arctic zones; he has experiences with cyclones, hurricanes, icebergs, collisions, wrecks, hunger, thirst and strange diseases; at best he is ill fed, in a majority of cases he is ill used by the ship's officers, but nevertheless, he sees no object in remaining on shore, when he reaches it, any longer than is necessary to relieve himself of his earnings, which he is generally assisted to do with remarkable celerity.

I wonder what has become of Captain Porter of the Vancouver? I wonder if he dares to walk the streets of Yarmouth? I wonder if he is still ill fed, in a majority of cases he is ill used by the ship's officers, but nevertheless, he sees no object in remaining on shore, when he reaches it, any longer than is necessary to relieve himself of his earnings, which he is generally assisted to do with remarkable celerity.

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EDUCATION, PRODUCTION AND POLITICS.

Some Ideas from a Level-headed Business Man.

"Protection," remarked one of our best known and most successful business men to a Gazette representative a day or two since, "has given all the impetus it can give to our industries, and in some instances has stimulated them to such a degree as to render them unprofitable."

"Such being the case," answered the reporter, "what are the subjects that most earnestly demand the attention of our statesmen?"

"The first question to be dealt with," was the answer, "is the educational system of the Dominion with relation to its trade, commerce and manufacturing industries. The problems of life, that is, everything relating to man's welfare and development in the world will be worked out by intellectual rather than by muscular forces. There are other battles to be fought beside military and naval battles, and the world is not for this, and the same is the case in a commercial, manufacturing or trading contest. Our agricultural interests may be made the backbone of our resources by the establishment of schools of instruction in scientific farming."

"The more thoroughly we study the comprehensiveness of the laws of nature," said the reporter, "the more fully we realize that the laws of nature are adaptable to all man's wants."

"Yes," was the reply, "they are clearly defined in their relations to supply and demand as they are in the blessed system of spring-tides and harvest. If it were not for this the enormously increased and increasing powers of production caused by the application of steam and electricity, combined with scientific appliances would have caused an over-production altogether beyond man's ordinary wants; but the natural laws referred to stepped in, as a result of man's higher intellectual cultivation; his tastes became more refined and diversified, his love of the beautiful higher and more extended, and the products of the skilled artisan became, as it were, the necessities of his every day existence. Thus, instead of general education lessening the field of man's labor, it is ever opening new worlds to conquer. If Canadian statesmen would give up their pot-house politics of personal abuse and selfishness, and use their God-given intellects in fostering the true politics of the country, that is to raise the standard of our people higher, morally, financially and physically, instead of being looked upon as they have been, in some cases too justly, as parasites upon the community, they would do honor to themselves and become a blessing to the country. If that grand evil called socialism, that has assumed such proportions in Europe and whose hydra-head has been shown in America, is to be stamped out or extirpated, it can only be done by the moral and intellectual development of the whole people."

PORTLAND'S BEAR GARDEN.

A SAMPLE DISCUSSION IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

The Opinion one Alderman has of Another—He Would take the Mayor With Him.

The Portland City Council Chamber has always been something of a bear garden. Several scenes disgraceful to any legislative body have been enacted in this chamber by the aldermen of Portland. Perhaps the least excusable and most disgraceful ever recorded of any deliberative assembly took place in the ill-ventilated council chamber on Tuesday night last. The question of Union St. John and Portland was up for discussion. To mention union to some of the Portland aldermen is like flourishing a red flag before an angry bull. But Tuesday night's exhibition was the worst ever given by the Portland circus men. Here are a few samples of the language hurled at one member by another during the debate on union:

Ald. Forest—Who are you anyhow? Ald. Chesley—I am neither a local preacher nor a lawyer. Ald. Forest—No, but you are a d—d idiot. The Mayor—Order, order, gentlemen. I will not allow such remarks across the board. Ald. Chesley will please speak to the subject under discussion. Ald. Busby—Your Worship I rise to a point of order. Ald. Chesley has spoken more than ten minutes and under the by-laws he is only allowed to speak ten minutes.

The Mayor—The point is well taken. Ald. Chesley will have to take his seat unless the beard gives him permission to proceed. Ald. Price—I move Ald. Chesley be allowed to finish his speech. Carried. Order was then restored and Ald. Chesley concluded his speech. Ald. Forrest followed—He was a local preacher as Ald. Chesley had remarked and was not ashamed. He took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community in which he lived. He not only was a local preacher but a Sunday school teacher and was proud of the fact.

Ald. Price—Your worship I take the point that Ald. Forrest's remarks have nothing to do with the question of union. The Mayor—The point is well taken and I hope members will confine themselves to the question under consideration. Ald. Forrest discussed the question of union for some little time and then branched off in an attack on Ald. Chesley.

Ald. Forest—You ought to have done so long ago. The Mayor—Order, order, gentlemen. There are any more personalities indulged in I shall leave the chair. It is discreditable in the extreme, such conduct. Ald. Forest—Your Worship, if Ald. Vincent does not withdraw his remarks I leave the meeting. I will not stand such insolence.

Ald. Price acted as a peace-maker by taking the floor and discussing the union question. Ald. Vincent—I have always treated you, Ald. Forest, as a gentleman, but your remarks are not calculated to lead me to retain that opinion of you. Ald. Forest—Your Worship, I expressed regret at the personalities indulged in by some members and was sorry to have to say that in almost every case the trouble arose through the representatives of Ward 4.

Ald. Law—Your Worship I won't stand such remarks from a man like Ald. Wallace. I am above him in every respect. Ald. Forest—That's so, hear, hear. The Mayor—Gentlemen this crossing will have to stop or I will certainly leave the chair. Later on, when the question of paying a bill was under discussion, Ald. Murphy got permission to make an explanation. The alderman was making a little speech when Ald. Vincent rose to a point of order.

The Mayor—Ald. Murphy will please take his seat until I hear the point of order. Ald. Murphy—Your Worship you gave me permission to make an explanation and I am not going to be choked off. The Mayor—A point of order has been raised, Ald. Murphy, and please take your seat until it is decided.

Ald. Murphy—I got permission from your Worship to make an explanation and I won't sit down. The Mayor—Ald. Murphy will you take your seat? Ald. Murphy—No, I will not. The Mayor—Well, then I will have to take measures to remove you from the room.

Ald. Murphy—Do it if you dare (bringing his fist down on the desk) and if I go down stairs you'll come with me. Excitement ran pretty high and Ald. Vincent withdrew his point of order and sat down and quiet was once more restored.

Homemade Humour.

A young couple were recently married in the St. Paul Ice Palace. Their wedding was a novel one, but their courting was probably done in the ordinary way. During that stage the ice cream palace is usually most prominent. A Philadelphia lawyer with some knowledge of boxing attends to shortly chains the pugilistic championship. He has no idea of fighting. It is thought, but simply means to hold the title until he loses it in fair argument. It is feared that the New Brunswick lobster is in danger of becoming extinct. This would be bad for trade and for the lobster. In its vigorous state the lobster is an affectionate creature and will readily attach itself to man. "That's the stuff" is the latest slang phrase current in St. John. This week in the market, a vendor, while selling a turkey, became violently excited on hearing a young passer-by use the expression. The countryman understood the young fellow to say "that's tough." Wk. Sewer.

The American Rubber Store.

Messrs. Frank and Walter Mullin, formerly in the employ of the American Rubber Co., of New York, Boston and Chicago, and thoroughly conversant with the business, have opened a very attractive store at 65 Charlotte St., where they occupy three flats for the sale of American rubber goods, controlling the sale of the products of their former employers in the Maritime provinces and Maine. They have a beautiful stock of rubber goods for the wear of ladies, gentlemen and children, and a variety of small wares, in which all novelties are shown as soon as they make their appearance in the American market. They have ladies rubbers in 23 styles, and gentlemen's in 15; among the former are some very fine goods with waterproof casings, more tops and fur trimmings. They have ladies cloaks in 27 styles; some double fly front gentlemen's coats which are new and nice, and boys and girls rubber clothing for every age. They make a specialty of firemen's coats, and notwithstanding the duty, all the goods are sold at about the same price as Canada manufacture. Among the small wares are brushes, combs, tobacco (a novelty that is sold for 25 cents) springs, pen holders, ink stands, atomizer pens, rattles, dolls, corkcracks, funnels, hairpins, hot water bottles, capsulas, sponge bags, rubber sheeting and a thousand articles which must be unenumerated. The following is from Capt. Frink, of the Salvage Corps and Fire Police.

To the American Rubber Store, St. John, N. B. In connection with the fire department of this city, I have worn the rubber boots supplied by your house, and I take this opportunity of giving expression to the entire satisfaction I feel in recommending that all of the men of my command be supplied with them. Yours very truly, W. W. Frink, Captain Salvage Corps and Fire Police.

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

Black satin corsets are being discussed. In Paul Bourget's last novel, "Les Merveilles," he dressed his heroine in a black corset, and thereupon received numerous notes, some commending saying that it was not fashionable. Bourget is now going about among the Parisian dressmakers to get data to establish his theory. The applications for membership to the Marlborough Cricket Club are so numerous that a candidate proposed now would not come up under the existing regulations before 1930. The export of African diamonds for 1887 was 3,690,036 carats, of the value of £4,251,837. There is trouble over the special trains which Queen Victoria used last year on the Continent. The Queen won't pay and neither will the Treasury. Probably the railroad companies will get left. The first time the 100-ton gun was fired at Gibraltar is knocked out its carriage. The semi-annual earnings at the London Albion, where the ballet is the chief attraction, were £13,000. The early closing bill is now in Parliament, and it may surprise some to learn that Mr. Charles Bradlaugh is its leading opponent. The Russian Government has discovered an old law forbidding Jews from acting in certain provinces, and in consequence several actors have been compelled to cancel their engagements. The sole export of the Selly Islands is booming. During the month of January ten tons of narcissus were exported, against one ton in the corresponding month of last year. In 1887 about 15,000,000 stems were exported. When General Boulanger entered the Chatelet Theatre, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, on Feb. 7, the audience stood up, raised their hats, and shouted "Vive Boulanger." Another demonstration was made when his carriage drove away. Southern Russia has taken to cultivating tobacco, for which the climate and soil are admirably adapted.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.
Lovers of a cup of really fine tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince/Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which is being offered in 12, 18, and 24c. packets.

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

- Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street. Halifax Banking Company, W. A. Fin, Wine Merchant, W. A. Harker, Druggist, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
Second Floor. Perhaps for beauty and desire...
Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St. Rooms 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Venus And Cupid on the Drummond Road.

[By D. F. McARTHY.]
The following curiously constructed sentence appeared as part of an advertisement in the Freeman's Journal of this morning, Wednesday, 13th May, 1898:
LAST EVENING, A CAMEO BROOCH, representing Venus and Cupid on the Drummond Road, between Seven and Nine.

"Along Drummond-road I strolled.
—THOMAS PARSONS.
O Road, by Farlow's name renowned,
Amongst alleys in fact and fable,
Where Bess O'Neil's foot was crowned
By Bessie's sister, beautiful Mabel!
A greater glory none is below,
For lately in this lovely weather,
Along by market 'twas the staid side,
Venus and Cupid strolled together.

Breton Mills

BY CHARLES J. BELLMAY.
Copyrighted by the Author, and published by the Freeman's Journal, St. John, N. B.

thing, that he permitted himself to entertain for a moment the idea of...
"Thou shalt never be," giggled the other: "you don't say you didn't know the elopement with Curran fellow, though it's been kept pretty still?"
"Do tell!" Philip shuddered. Why were creatures like those permitted to touch such a girl as Bertha's? "Married another chap, I'll tell you, young Breton never was much for looks, anyhow."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW STOCK COMPANY.
The terrible scene of suspicion now in Philip Breton's mind bore the bitter fruit of a dreary winter month. No effort had been made to dispel the gloom which had fallen on a fair sister's name. For a moment he might admit that, for his torment, would only return to him, but he would not be content with a few creases, but might seem to be a true friend. He thought it might be worth his while to be assured even of the worst. He believed that he might depend on his ideal temple of womanhood. If he had made so little of the most sacred gift of God, he would have a right to expect that he would be treated as a man.

His wealth had brought him a happiness that made even a life like his worth living. He had a magnificent property of the Breton mills, in his slight farm. She would have looked for a man of lofty stature and commanding mien, and not a mere led whom nobody would glance twice at on the street.
"Where is Curran?—I want him!"
"Why, he's just gone; he drove off to Lewiston."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE WAITED?
The new maid, who showed Philip Breton Mrs. Ellingsworth's parlor, was not nearly as pretty as her predecessor's office, but she was too much absorbed with her delicate errand to take any notice of her. Bertha was alone somewhere, deserted, unprotected. Something must be done for her. It was a pity that she should have been left in the woman's bosom which he had seen leaving in late of her; but a magnanimous heart is wont to count on the generosity of others. The maid said Mrs. Ellingsworth was not in, and so he was left to appeal to the woman's generosity of his wife.

He rose suddenly from the satin covered sofa and looked wonderingly at a woman's form in the doorway. Could this be the poor little factory girl, this fashionably dressed woman, with a train like a queen? He had stupidly enough expected to find her in the same old calico dress, perhaps with the same old calico shawl about her shoulders. But the girl was not so sensitive as to be annoyed. Had not she kept him waiting while she dressed on purpose to enjoy a triumph? And now she was quite pleased at the plain evidence of it. She smiled rather deprecatingly as she extended her jeweled little hand to him.
"Why haven't you called before?" Her voice had lost the desperate or alien tone he remembered in it of old, but he was not sure he liked it any better. He bowed, like any gentleman, as he touched her hand, and noticed the great gold bracelet on her slim wrist. Philip was unpleasantly reminded of manacles, and then the massive chain around her neck, with a huge locket shaped like a palfrey, had suggestions of a sort of award, he fancied, the girl would hardly have liked if she had thought of them. He glanced at her olive cheeks, and the slightly oblique eyes, and the voluptuous fullness of her form, and could not but think of the girl he had discarded so long ago as a perfect success.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RADICAL.
"O, my God, my God, why couldn't I have waited!"
She tore the gold chain from her neck and cast it on the floor. Her husband had given it to her, and she hated him at this moment and the proud name had put upon her. She had rather an smile of that other than all these empty golden favors.
"I am sick of their soft ways and their lying tongues," she murmured. "Why didn't I rapidly about the room, wrenching the great gold hands about her wrists, unconscious that she chafed and bruised the skin."
"I didn't know you were so mad," she sobbed. "Don't remember it? I was mad." She rose tremblingly to her feet and came forward covering her face with her hands. She might have been an amazed child, so gentle and sweet she seemed now. She took down her hands from her face; what man could be so cold and hard as to stand against such eyes as hers looking through their tears. But she was alone.

He roared suddenly from the satin covered sofa and looked wonderingly at a woman's form in the doorway. Could this be the poor little factory girl, this fashionably dressed woman, with a train like a queen? He had stupidly enough expected to find her in the same old calico dress, perhaps with the same old calico shawl about her shoulders. But the girl was not so sensitive as to be annoyed. Had not she kept him waiting while she dressed on purpose to enjoy a triumph? And now she was quite pleased at the plain evidence of it. She smiled rather deprecatingly as she extended her jeweled little hand to him.
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CHAPTER XX.

THE STRIKE BEGINS.
The strike had begun. What pity do the rich deserve! Even their women are taught only to break honest men's heads. They are beautiful as the angels of heaven and cruel and pitiless as the angels of hell.
"Bat what," cried Philip, catching him by the arm. Curran had not yet spoken the longed-for words to protect Bertha's name from the insult of another suspicious thought. But a shout rolled up from the street, and another and another in quick succession. Curran shook him off, and catching his hat from the table, sprang down the stairs.

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

The management of THE GAZETTE take great pleasure in announcing as among the attractions of THE GAZETTE during the coming weeks

Four Stories

each of them of intense interest.

LOOK AT THE EXHIBIT.

THE REWARD OF CRIME, a Story with a moral, by CHARLES BARNARD.

Twenty Thousand Dollars, a Story of to-day, by JAMES J. MCKAY.

THE PRICE SHE PAID, a Story of Society by FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Unrivaled in interest and splendid in execution.

The Romance of a Fur Cap, a most interesting short Novel full of exciting incidents.

Twenty Thousand Dollars, By THOMAS J. MCKAY, will be published complete in the next GAZETTE. It is a story that may be read by everybody.

The other stories will be published as space will allow of which announcement will be made hereafter.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Catherine Street, JOHN A. BOWEN, Editor and Manager. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1888.

The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters. It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writer.

We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal commissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application. Write your name and address plainly on a postal card and send for a specimen copy.

Advertisers will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes. Rates given and conditions assigned on application.

The Retail Price of THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is TWO cents a copy, and it may be had at that price from all booksellers and newsdealers in the Maritime Provinces; and from the Newsboys on the streets on the day of publication. A direct all communication to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Figaro one of the leading newspapers of Paris is not satisfied with the existing relations between France and the United States. In concluding the article Figaro speaks thus: "It will be well to repeat that the Americans will gain nothing by attempting reprisals against us. Let them take the trichine out of their pigs and the French Government will recall the prohibition of the import of American goods."

The New York World's hotel man says of a prominent Canadian: "Sir Richard Cartwright, of Toronto, was at the Brevort House a few days ago. He was formerly the Canadian Minister of Finance. Sir Richard said that the majority of the people of Canada were in favor of commercial union with the United States. There was a small class of man-

ufacturers who oppose it for selfish reasons, but a canvas of the country would show a large majority in favor of commercial union. The people of Canada were giving much more thought to commercial union than to the fishery disputes." Sir Richard unfortunately for himself is not the oracle of the Canadian people. He tried to manage the finances of this Dominion once for a period of five years but failed most miserably.

"A woman," says a witty cynic, "is the man who talks of herself when I want to talk of myself." "The man who talks incessantly," says an Arab proverb, "is a mill whose clatter we hear, but which gives us no meal." "Beware," said Boudinot, "of becoming a fluent talker. In a flood of words some character will always be washed away, your neighbor's or your own."

Swiss justices of the peace seem to know nearly as much about the law as their New Brunswick brethren. A Parisian author recently went to a retired part of Switzerland to complete a novel. Owing to the non-arrival of remittances the author and his wife were placed in jail for their bill. They were kept in confinement for six days, when the justice of peace learned from Lausanne that imprisonment for debt has long been obsolete in Switzerland.

THE TELEGRAPH is still trying to persuade the public of St. John that it is a loyal newspaper devoted to the best interests of the city. Unfortunately for the Telegraph its career for the past few years has clearly demonstrated that the Telegraph cares for no interest save its own, a fact which its waning circulation attests. The Telegraph was once a great newspaper now it is well it is not even a newspaper let alone being a great one.

Fiction is becoming more and more daisy. A new English author improves upon "She" by having his heroine evolved from a flame and an eye been noticed in a booksellers window over a row of cheap novels, bearing the legend "Warranted two murders in each story." The ten commandments have to be carefully considered by sensational authors at least through inadvertence some one be left over at the end of the story still unbroken.

Says the Boston Courier: "Canon Knox-Little has stirred up a wild tempest in theological circles by a crusade against metaphysical dogmas, who have reminded him, according to his unfortunate and irritating phraseology, of 'second-hand cavalry officers.' Writers of the cloth might have forgiven the comparison to cavalry officers, but they were stung to absolute fury by the word 'second-hand,' and innumerable letters to the press have protested in no measured terms.

THE CITY FINANCES.

The exhaustive report on the city finances presented at Wednesday's meeting of the common council, has had to deal with in a long time. Like most reports of the kind it has its dark and cheerful aspects. Looking at the cheerful side first we find that there has been a total reduction in the general debt of the city of \$44,052, while \$4,800 more per cent. debentures have been refunded at 4 per cent. thus effecting a total saving in interest for the present year of \$2,730.72. The sinking fund will admit this year of a further reduction of \$1,532 of debt bringing the total debt of St. John (east) under \$1,000,000, while \$9,000 more will be refunded at 4 per cent. The sinking fund at the close of 1887 notwithstanding that \$37,000 was taken out of it to redeem debentures still contained \$250,273.73.

The dark side of the finances of St. John are found by an examination of the departmental accounts. The east side current account was in debt at the end of the year \$4,170.35; the fire department account \$2,137.46; the street department \$5,825.27; the scavenger department \$48.85; the police department \$5,994.92; the ferry department \$1,903.58; the Lancaester lands \$1,544.76. The only accounts having balances to their credit were the salvage corps \$473.71, lamp department \$391.59, market house \$4,824.33.

This showing is not as favorable as it ought to be. It is not claimed that the departments are in much worse condition than they were the previous year, but they are little better. The large balance of \$89,276.19 to the credit of the credit of the city in the Bank of New Brunswick may be pointed to and the claim made that the finances of the city are in a most healthy condition. So they would be if \$72,000 of this total did not belong to the sinking fund. Deduct these funds from the grand total and it will be found that if the law were interpreted as strictly as it ought to be there would be only \$17,000 with the collections from January to carry on the city's business until October 1st next, when the assessment for the current year is largely collected.

Two remedies are open to the council, either to curtail expenditures or to apply to the legislature for authority to increase the assessment for the maintenance of the city, which is now only \$90,000. A large section of citizens would oppose any increase in the assessment which is perhaps as high as the people can afford. But one or the other remedy must be

applied as the receipts of the majority of the accounts mentioned above are less than the expenditures. We shall return to a consideration of some other of the city accounts.

Numerous kind words were said of the Chamberlain's excellent work during the year. There is no question that Chamberlain Sandall has devoted himself to his office with great assiduity. He has done good work for the city and has always the interests of the citizens first in view. Such services are worth more than kind words. Kind words are cheap. Chamberlain Sandall is deserving of a more substantial reward than mere words and the members of the council should see that such meritorious services as he has rendered the city are not allowed to pass largely unnoticed and underpaid as in the past.

WANTED, A THEATRE.

St. John needs a theatre. This is a fact practically admitted on all hands. Many projects have been advanced, but no headway towards securing the need of building has been made. There is every prospect that the Mechanics' Institute will be closed to the public in a few months. Unsited as the hall of this building is for a theatre it is at the present time the only available place with sufficient seating or stage capacity. The stage is a popular educator. From it are spoken the thoughts of some of the best of our modern writers, as well as the wisdom of sages of the past. Saint John cannot afford to do without a theatre. It may be argued that the theatre is not well patronized by the public of St. John and therefore is not a popular institution. Such arguments are merely begging the question. The truth is St. John has had no building since 1877 in which a play could be properly mounted and all theatre goes know that effective stage setting is quite as important as a good play. If success and popularity be limited at. Effective stage setting is impossible in the Institute. There is not a room enough behind the proscenium screen and if there were there is nothing in the building to do the setting with. To have a good theatre the building must be erected solely for the purpose. No amount of patching will ever transform a lecture hall into a theatre. It is time the young men and women of St. John were moving in the direction of a proper building. There are several projects and sites they might examine, all of them having some advantage. What is wanted is a building the first cost of which will not be too great and the running expenses after it is built not burdensome. If practicable the building should have sufficient steady revenue to pay all such permanent charges as taxes, water rates and care taking. If such a site can be procured it will not be difficult to make the theatre a financial success.

A FEW FIGURES OF INTEREST.

There are two ways of looking at the harbor commission matter. First there is Ald. Robertson's way, by which the City of St. John receives a revenue of \$10,000. Then there is the correct way. For the benefit of those who have not the time nor the inclination to study this very important question in all its aspects, we give in this issue of THE GAZETTE a summary of both ways. Ald. Robertson in his report to the council, after giving the details of the receipts and expenditures of the harbor for last year, presents the following summary of the account: Net Revenue from Corporation wharves, \$24,200.81; Deducted for Expenses, 2,574.81; Net Harbor Revenue, \$21,626.00. From which there is to be deducted the additional sums of interest and sinking fund \$4,701.40 which is paid out of the departmental accounts, and also \$1,145.16, the amount of assessments on the wharves, these deductions Ald. Robertson figures that there is a net profit from the harbor of \$10,404.20. Immediately after the publication of this statement THE GAZETTE pointed out that: 1st. It was not a complete statement of the harbor accounts inasmuch as the west side properties and fisheries had been omitted. 2nd. That Ald. Robertson had selected the best paying properties in the harbor, and omitted those which show a diminished revenue compared with the previous year. Also, that the expenditures for repairs were the smallest in any year since 1882, and far below the average of the past six years. 3rd. That if the harbor paid \$10,404 a year why was it necessary to levy an assessment on the citizens of \$6,145.16 each year? 4th. That the surplus of \$10,404, which appears in Ald. Robertson's summary is mythical and did not go towards the immediate reduction of taxation. 5th. That in point of fact the harbor instead of producing a revenue of \$10,000 actually cost the citizens half that amount annually. In proof of the statements we gave a summary of the average revenues and expenditures of the harbor the past six years including 1882 and 1887. By this statement it appeared that the average gross revenue of the whole harbor was \$39,039.94; but that fully \$17,000 of this revenue would have to be deducted inasmuch as it being mortgaged to bond-

holders could not be regarded as an asset for the annual assessment. Taking the statement of last year's revenue (the most favorable year) the total of the revenues from properties going directly into the city treasury and not mortgaged for a specific purpose, was in the total \$12,708.90, from which there was to be deducted interest, repairs, sinking fund and the cost of management of the harbor which last year was \$13,204.97, showing a net loss on the harbor last year of \$1,496.07, and this after the revenue had been largely added to by doubling the side wharfage of vessels while loading. It will be well for the citizens to examine carefully the following statement which shows very clearly how the city can make money out of the harbor instead of its being an annual tax upon them. We do not ask the public to accept our figures as being correct, but we do ask them to give them careful and thoughtful consideration as we believe that the placing of the harbor in commission is the very best thing that could happen to the city. The articles appeared in THE GAZETTE of August 6th. It is as follows: A correspondent sends us the following interesting figures on the harbor commission. It is alleged that the harbor furnishes the city with a revenue of \$30,000 and these persons would have us believe that this is all profit. Now here is a statement showing how this \$30,000 is expended: Interest on city debt, \$20,000.00; Sinking fund, 1,000.00; Harbor wharves, 1,000.00; Police property, 1,500.00; Police wharves, 1,000.00; Potters' wharf, 3,000.00; Market Wharf Sinking Fund, \$33,738.26; Retaining wharves, 725.81; Potters' wharf, 900.00; \$35,550.84. By this statement it will be seen that the interest charges and sinking fund appropriation for the harbor is \$25,650.84. When the cost of repairs and salaries are added it will be seen that the harbor costs the citizens fully \$12,000 a year.

Hebrides in the summer of 1745 and his return to France in the autumn of 1746, or so dreary an ending as that of the drunken profligate, dying of premature old age, in 1788, a dismal wreck, a broken down debauchee. Charles Edward should have died at Culloden.

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COWARDICE IN POLITICS.

The Chicago Current, which is the tool of no party, sect or organization, is so outspoken in its denunciation of party corruption as was the Boston Liberator or the Washington Republic in the days that preceded the rebellion. In America, corruption and politics are synonymous. An honest politician, in Canada as well as in the United States is a rare bird. So rare indeed that Mr. Chamberlain has not got him in his list. The Current says the politician is cowardly as well as corrupt. The Current is right. The fear of losing support and power, call it policy, tactics, caution, or what you will, is afraid of cowardice, nothing more, nothing less. What has been the result of the pusillanimity of American political parties? Moralism has gained such a stronghold that it can only be wiped out as always was wiped out by its arrogance and overestimate of its own strength. The Whiskey League has grown from a commercial interest to a civil power; and both of the great political parties are hand and glove with its iniquity and crime. Either of these parties would declare for free rum, free gambling halls and free brothels if it was thought that thereby they would be strengthened. Anarchistic and socialistic immigration is unrestricted, because of the fear of parties that restrictive legislation might offend foreign born voters and weaken their power. The Current concludes that even a candidate for superior for a rural district must be politic and seek the influence of the church on one hand and that of the devil on the other, as a necessary part of election.

This condition of affairs is as sure to result in civil war as was the condition of affairs that existed prior to the rebellion. Then, with a very few exceptions, the people of the north folded their hands in fancied security; now the people of the whole country do the same, though the cyclone of fratricidal strife may burst upon them at any moment. And how about Canada? Young as she is, she rivals the Republic in political corruption and cowardice, and her fate cannot be other than disastrous unless her councils are marked by greater integrity and bravery.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A proposed Requiem Mass for the memory of the Pretender Prince Charles Edward Stuart, at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, was forbidden by Cardinal Manning, but a "solemn office" was celebrated on Monday in the Anglican Church of All Saints, Lambeth, the Rev. Dr. Lee officiating. History records no sadder close of a career than that of "The Young Pretender," Charles Edward Lewis Casimir Stuart, who died at Rome on January 31, 1788—one hundred years ago. With him expired the pretensions of the Stuarts. The mournfulness of the ruin was deepened by the splendid gleams which had illuminated the Prince's opening fortunes. He had led a victorious army into the heart of England. Defeated, he was still a hero. His perilous flight and escapes, in spite of the price set on his head, the unwavering loyalty and fidelity of his devoted adherents during the months that elapsed between the rout of Culloden and his final escape from Scotland, the romantic devotion which has shed such a lustre on the name of Flora Macdonald, won for him still more admiration than even the brilliant audacity of his invasion. For lives present so glorious an opening as the fourteen months between his landing in the

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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUETTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND EVERY SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD. T. MILBURN & CO., PROPRIETORS, TORONTO.

H. S. Cruikshank, FLORIST, Old Burying Ground and Foot of Golding St. Has for Sale, cut ROSES, CAROLINE HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CHINESE PRIMROSES, CAMELLIAS, &c. BULBS, in blossom and about to blossom. HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, SNOWDROPS, &c. EASTER AND OILIA LILIES, GEEBANTUMS, many new varieties, and all the flower and foliage plants usually found in a first class greenhouse.

DeFOREST & MARCH, MERCHANT TAILORS. LADIES AND MILITARY WORK A SPECIALTY. A. F. DEFOREST, PROPRIETOR, 18 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

For Family MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS, OYSTERS SHELLED. By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from 18 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

FOR YOUR OYSTERS GO TO S. BRUCE'S Oyster House, 9 King Square (North side). Oysters delivered to all parts of the City. Discount made on Family and Hotel Orders.

WHEN ORDERING YOUR Oysters, Do not forget the New Oyster Store, 5 KING SQUARE. CHAS. H. JACKSON.

NOTICE. IT IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Local Legislature at its next Session for an Act to incorporate the Canadian Gas Light and Heat Company, for the purpose of making Gas from oil or petroleum for illumination and heating purposes, with power to lay pipes in public streets and with such other powers and for such other purposes as are necessary thereto. Dated St. John, Dec. 22nd, 1887.

ESTABLISHED 1868. GEO. ROBERTSON & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS -AND- West India Merchants Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street. Uptown Store, 50 KING STREET. Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

\$10,000 Worth of good Ready-Made Clothing -AT- A Great Reduction to Clear -IN- Mens', Youths' and boys' Scotch, English and Canadian TWEED SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS. Pilot, Beaver, Melton, and Nap Cloth OVERCOATS, ULSTERS AND REEFERS.

150 Chamois Lined and Rubber Lined Blizzard Coats. 500 Pairs Men's all-wool working Pants, from \$1.90 to \$3.50. Fine Cloths for Custom Work. Scotch and English Tweed Suitings, Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings. Beaver, Pilot, Meltons and Nap-Cloth Overcoatings. English Hairline Trousering in all the latest patterns.

Gents' Furnishing Goods IN WHITE SHIRTS, REGATTA SHIRTS, FLANNEL TOP SHIRTS, Fancy Braces, CASHMERE JACKETS, WOOL JIBBERS, FINE MITTS, COLLARS, TIES, WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, AND HANDKERCHIEFS, SHAWLS, STRAPS, BRASES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c. 100 dozen all-wool Shirts and Drawers, at the City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS. NOW OPEN -AT- 87 CHARLOTTE ST., MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT -AND- Confectionery Store. All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, 7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOS. L. BURKE, 11, 13 and 25 WATER ST. CHAMPAGNES. Leading High Brands -Qts. & Pts. MOSELLE, SAUTERNE and CLARETS, BELFAST SODA and CANTRELL AND COCHRANE GINGER ALE

AND WHOLESALE. The Leading Brands -Qts. & Pts. IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKIES, BRANDIES, HOLLAND GIN JUST LANDING. Special Highland Blend Whiskey, GELIC-OLD SMUGGLER, THE "PROVOST," IRISH, "VICEROY," IRISH, "SHAMROCK," IRISH, "GRO. ROB." and "44". THOS. L. BURKE.

New Cloths FOR WINTER. I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS AND ULSTERS -AS TO WHICH I INVITE THE attention of my Customers. A. R. CAMPBELL, 46 KING ST. Colonial Book Store

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

I observe that the newspapers in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada are denouncing the bucket shops. There is no question that the average bucket shop is nothing but a gambling place. The proprietors affirm that they place their orders in New York and thereby do a legitimate business. This may be so but there are a great many of the patrons of the bucket shops who believe otherwise. But whether they do or do not make little difference. Speculating in stocks, wheat or oil, on a margin is gambling. Nothing more, nothing less, and the small operator who does business through the bucket shop is not any better nor any worse than the Wall Street operator who does his business on the floor of the Stock Exchange. There is legitimate business done in stock exchanges but the legitimate portion of the entire stock speculating business is but a drop in the bucket as compared with that which is better designated by the words stock gambling. The bucket shop is a menace to society and the sooner it is wiped out of existence the better for its patrons, as men who make money in bucket shops are as scarce as strawberries in January. I could give a very interesting list of St. John men who have lost money through dabbling in stocks on margin if I felt so inclined. But such a list would be neither edifying nor amusing.

In the early part of the winter I heard a great many people say that the climate of New Brunswick was changing. There has been a change in the snow fall in the last few years—that is—there has been no sleighing to speak of until after the middle of January, but we have about the same average snow fall each year. It will surprise most persons to know that there has practically been no change in our climate for the past thirty years, which is the period of which we have reliable statistics. Some winters are colder, some summers warmer than others, but this same thing occurred twenty years ago just the same as it does now-days. The number of people who can sell what kind of weather we had years ago is very few indeed.

I have long been of the opinion that the majority of our people are too easily discouraged. When they hear of a failure they immediately prophesy the failure of every other house in the same line of trade. The other day a business man said to me while discussing this subject:

"There never was a more genuine display of want of confidence than that which prompted the creditors of Macellan & Co. to close up that business. Results have shown that the business was in an excellent condition. Already, within eight months a dividend of thirty per cent has been paid to the creditors, with certainty of further dividends of thirty per cent still to be paid. Had this business been allowed to go on, there is not the slightest doubt that dollar for dollar would have been paid. But immediately after the Maritime Bank closed its doors the depositors in Macellan & Co. commenced to check out their balances thus paralyzing the business and rendering it impossible for the concern to go along. Had the creditors remained calm and not got into a panic when there was no absolute necessity for it, the business could have been pulled through all right without loss to any but the proprietors." As it was with Macellan & Co., so it is with every other business. Let a report be put in circulation that any concern is shaky, and immediately a whole band of creditors swarm around and make the most unreasonable demands. The most solvent business in the world could not meet all obligations if called upon to do so within a week. What our people want is greater confidence in themselves and in their fellow citizens. If they had only this quality there would be fewer failures and less of unreliable street reports.

There is another thing about the people of St. John that should be amended. There is altogether too much of a disposition to meet at every new enterprise, to point out its numerous difficulties, and if a man gets down to keep him down. Some men glory in the downfall of a fellow man, and have nothing for him but a kick. This is fleshly the most cowardly and meanest trait in human nature, and St. John has a great many, too many mean men among its population. It is when a man is down that he wants sympathy, but how few men there are who have even a kindly word for a friend, who has either failed in business, or violated some social rule. I do not believe in extending sympathy to vagabonds. Such people are beyond sympathy altogether, and justly merit the punishment their wrong acts have called down upon them. But there should be more of investigation before a man is finally condemned. There are but few lives that have not very large flaws. I know some thing of the lives of a great many men, and I am certain there are many acts in all of them that would scarcely bear investigation that Ald. Woodburn does not utter. At a meeting of the Free Alliance the other day he would sed with the business while reverse present. As it happened,

FOR REVUELLERS.

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

Rehearsing music! I could ever sit beside them, listening 'till they were done, And then ear-piercing as the sharpest wit, And then ear-piercing as the sharpest wit, From from throat of him (as being it) Those saddest notes that might awake drowsed To rise with ears a-stead. Sometimes in moans Thy melodies our hearts more closely knit. If earthly music can enchant us so, How must those higher chords from heavenly choirs.

The Ontario Band of Singers who appear almost nightly at Centenary church are worth listening to. The singing is accompanied by a banjo and guitar, and Miss Hea readers add the attraction by her sweet singing. It is worth while spending an evening with them, as the singing is very fine.

The Arion Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Farnon who played the piano, Miss Hea, and others, drove to Hampton on Friday evening, where they gave a concert to the delight of a large and appreciative audience. There was a very fine programme, which was well carried out.

Now that the engagement with the Boston Cemetery Co. has ended, Harrison's orchestra will settle down to practice for its annual concert, which is to take place next month. As usual, the concert will be of a high order, and the selection will be prepared by the orchestra, will be the best and latest published.

On Thursday evening last the Willow Grove Singers gave one of their unique entertainments in the schoolroom of the Brussels street Baptist church. The concert given by these people are always looked forward to with pleasure, and this was no exception to the general rule.

On account of the inability of Mr. R. F. Quigley to deliver his lecture in the Portland W. C. T. U. course, on Tuesday evening a concert was given in the Portland Hall in his stead. A good programme was prepared, and the several numbers were well rendered.

On Monday evening the Father Mathew Association of the city paid a fraternal visit to the St. Rose Society of Fairville. During the evening, besides readings, speeches, etc., the following musical programme was carried out: John Lee, song; Frank Monahan, violin solo; E. O'Connell, song; Jas. McFarlane, song; John Gallivan, song; James Maloney, violin solo. After an address by the President of the visiting society songs were given by Ald. McCarthy and J. T. Kelly, and Wm. Carleton rendered a harmonica solo. Altogether the evening was very pleasantly spent, and the party returned home about 10:30 well pleased with their visit.

The Young People's Association of St. David's church gave another of their fine concerts in the schoolroom of the church on Thursday evening. The following programme was well carried out and the audience went away well pleased:

- 1. Oboe "The Iron Foundry".....Pearson
2. Reading, "Walmersley".....Mr. Henson
3. Song, "The Olden Days".....Terry
4. Ladies' quartet, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
5. Song, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
6. Song, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
7. Glee, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
8. Song, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
9. Reading, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
10. Dist. "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
11. Song, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock
12. Glee, "The Olden Days".....Mrs. Hascock

A concert was given in the Portland Methodist church on Tuesday evening, which was well attended and passed off very pleasantly. One interesting part of the programme was the presentation by the pastor on behalf of the congregation, of a handsome gold watch to Miss Bertha Holder, who was taking leave of her friends here to make her home in Boston.

"Are we going to hear Patti?" asked young Sypher's young lady somewhat anxiously, as he was saying "good night." "I don't think we better," young Sypher candidly replied. "They say, you know, that when she came over from Europe the cholera was raging there, and she never has been vaccinated; and, what's more, neither have you and I. I'd like to hear Patti; but I'm afraid she's got microbes, and I don't think I ought to expose you to them. Do you?" And the little girl looked down into the wells of truth that lied—that lay, we mean—in his eyes, and declared that she'd rather not hear Patti a dozen times than have the cholera once. "P'jove!" chuckled young Sypher, as he tripped gaily homeward, "that's what I call a mighty smart opera-shun."

The City Cornet Band has undergone another affliction in the death of one more of their number. Only a short time ago they performed the sad rite of burial to one of their players, John Quirk; and now another tenor has been taken away

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—Mr. L. Hourihan who died on Thursday last. The deceased was a young man and a printer by trade. His funeral will take place from his late residence North street, to-morrow at 2.30.

The Rev. Mr. Howe, who lectured on music recently in this country, appeared lately in the police court on a charge of keeping a crowing cock which annoyed his neighbors. The rooster had to be sacrificed.

Julius Sachs, one of the most celebrated pianoforte teachers in Germany, has just died in Frankfurt.

The Evil Effects of Pessimism.

"A few days ago," says the New York World, Mr. Berk, a young New Yorker, committed suicide in a hotel at St. Paul, Minn. The explanation given for his rash act is that constant study of pessimistic literature had affected his mind. Among his books was found a melancholy tale by Edgar Saltus in which Berk had marked many depressing passages. About eighty years ago fashionable society in London affected great admiration for Addison's tragedy of "Cato." After one of the stage renditions of the play a man named Budgell, impressed by the closing scene of the play, in which the hero commits suicide, left the theatre and, plunging into the Thames, was drowned. On his body was found this couplet:

What Cato did and Addison approves Must needs be right.

No doubt such tragic results as these two suicides, which may be said to be directly due to the pessimism which is so unfortunately prevalent in modern literature, especially since Schopenhauer first started the world with his "doctrines of despair," are rare; it is not every man who has the questionable courage to "chase a bullet through a weary brain," simply because he finds the times out of joint, or life not altogether what his youthful dreams had portrayed it. Still it is undoubtedly true that much evil has been wrought by the pessimism and cynicism of modern fiction and poetry. Edmund Yates, in one of his novels makes a languid, blasé man of fashion put a bullet in his brain (if such creatures have brains) simply because, having dressed himself, eaten his breakfast, and got through the day somehow, day after day for thirty years, he "had got so tired of it all!" and we are all familiar with the Parisian suicide club so graphically described by Charles Dickens.

Surely in this "best of all possible worlds," the life of the nineteenth century—with its boundless possibilities, its glorious opportunities—with the developments of modern science holding out such enchanting promises of the realization of more undreamed-of conditions of life—surely such a life is worth preserving. Look backward at the "fairly tales of science," that have become accomplished facts within the last century, and then look forward and try to realize what day-dreams of the scientific of today may be accomplished facts by the time the present century comes to a close!

Instead of the "gospel of despair," let us have more of the gospel of hope—in- stead of dying of despair and ennui, let every man set vigorously to work, and do his utmost towards the realization of every plan that has for its aim the benefit or the improvement of mankind. Hard work is the infallible cure for despair. A busy man has no time for pessimism. This life is worth living and this world is worth living in, and staying in, as long as possible, if a man will only that fully and honestly perform the duty which his time comes to die, he may leave the world, in some way or other, better than he found it.

There are however a few pessimists in St. John whose funerals no one would particularly object to attending.

Matches.

A reporter while passing down Smyth street a day or two since, was asked to estimate the number of matches in a load that was being discharged in front of the office of Messrs. G. & G. Flawelling. The load consisted of 460 cases, each containing 144 half gross bundles; 103,680 matches. The contents of the 60 cases were 6,220,800 matches. The car which brought the matches from the factory at Hampton, contained 450 cases, 46,800 matches. Supposing a man to use five matches a day it would take him about 3,400 years to consume the load, or 25,600 years to consume the car load.

Beautiful Flowers.

Show me a man who does not love flowers and children and I will show you a man without a conscience, and all that his absence implies.

Mr. Cruikshank's greenhouse in the old burial ground was never so beautiful or so fragrant at this season as it is at present. Roses, Carnations, Hyacinths, Tulips, Chinese Primroses, Camellias, and many other flowers are at the height of their beauty, and his stock of later blooming flowers and foliage plants is in superb condition.

In the new periodical, Baby, Mme. Vaquelin says that French children keep very bad hours, feed irregularly, eat everything, and are washed but once a week.

MANKS & CO., Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, GENTLEMEN'S COATS, IN—ASTRACHAN, COON, DOG, WOLF AND LAMB. Coat Linings, Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and Mitts. Beaver Capes, Muffs, Collars and Stoles. BLACK MARTIN, CAPES, MUFFS, and COLLARS. Seal Muffs, Capes and Collars. Also a large line of Cheap Capes, and Muffs, Gray Wolf and Buffalo Robes. 50 KING STREET.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works. JAS. ROBERTSON, IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT AND Manufacturer, OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD. The opinion all who have tried it, is, that it is the Universal Remedy for Kidney Diseases, and "only" sure cure. Not a "Patent Medicine" but a Healing Power on the natural principle of Absorption. Honest, Efficacious and Harmless. Treatment by Absorption has for some time been resorted to by Medical Men to the most simple and effectual means of conveying to Diseased Organs, "Curatives," but in cases of Kidney Disease and "Complete" atrophy thereof, successful treatment was practically impossible until the introduction of the Starr Kidney Pad. It costs less than a single prescription and is immediately soon secure and effective than any quantity of crystals, Minerals, soups. Were immediately over the seat of Disease, its curative properties become absorbed by the diseased and enfeebled Organs, consequently and directly, as required to insure in return their healthy action and original vigor. It is comfortable to the patient and pleasant in its effects, and cures when nothing else can. The Starr Kidney Pad accomplishes positive, decisive results. A more valuable discovery as a true remedy for Kidney Disease was never made.—Medical Gazette.

A Sure Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary and Sexual Organs. No Poisons used, contains Absorbent, Vegetable Ingredients. The Starr Kidney Pad not only relieves but "positively cures" it.

Lame Back, Bed Wetting, Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, Non-retention and Suppression of Urine, etc., etc. NERVOUS DEBILITY, MENTAL DEPRESSION, etc.

BARKER & CO., Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HARDWARE: In TINWARE, AGATEWARE, KITCHENWARE, FIRE IRONS, COAL VASES, DISH COVERS, etc., etc.

PLATED WARE: Best SPOONS, FORKS, etc., in many designs; CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER COOLERS, ICE PITCHERS, and a variety of other articles, a large stock always on hand: FINE CUTLERY, Table and Pocket SILVER GOODS, FANCY GOODS, etc.

Call and Examine our Stock, Prices as Low as any in the Trade. SPORTING GOODS, suitable for the Season. Wholesale and Retail.

RUBBERS, Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Best Quality, American Manufacture. Call and inspect. Satisfaction guaranteed. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street, Only Exclusive Rubber Store in Canada.

SIMEON JONES, BREWER. ALE & PORTER IN WOOD & BOTTLE, Hogsheads, Barrels, Half-Barrels and Kegs. QUART AND PINT BOTTLES.

THE RIVERS' BOTTOM.

WHAT A DIVER SAW UNDER THE WAVES OF THE HUDSON.

The floor of the River a Great Mass of Silence—Some of the Right-Beck-Wires, Pipes, Sewage, Etc.—A Dead Man.

In New York city, near the Brooklyn bridge, and visible from the promenade of this part of the Atlantic coast. The place is well furnished, cozy and supplied with all the latest ideas in submarine work.

Every day it is visited by the divers, who come for newspapers for work, to obtain assistance upon some hard task, or to procure supplies for their peculiar calling.

One afternoon while a party of friends, chiefly newspaper men and divers, were chatting over the news of the day, one of the more popular subaqueous soldiers entered who had been absent some time from the city.

He joined in the conversation, and after nearly every member of the party had related some interesting episode in his career at the present moment, but only the briefest of my daily duties, I suppose, however, that it may interest outsiders and so I give the story of a day's work.

Last fall one of the ocean steamers, in approaching her pier, lost a valuable anchor and chain cable through the carelessness or drunkenness of some seaman on board.

The captain of the boat was an old friend and he sent for me to reconnoitre the property. It was not much of a job, but business was slack and I was glad to get it.

We got everything ready and set out for a day or two afterward, about 11 o'clock in the morning. We anchored our boat, got the pump ready, selected my armor and down I went. You have an idea that the water is clear like the air, but you are away off. It is dirty, very dirty. Ordinarily you can see about ten feet from you in any direction sideways. Over your head it is a glare. Underneath it is as dark as a cave.

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LOVE AND DEATH.

I cannot speak the word to her disturbed ear. Nor sit her marble breast, nor challenge one lost tear.

The sound would fall unheard, for my love would not hear.

I cannot speak the word, nor would she understand. Love thrills and thrills again as song note thrills the hand.

If she could know the light that dazzles my heart, could she—say, could she, then, one burning glance impart?

It cannot be—say, may, death is a loveless art. Love burns the glowing cheek, love speaks in fading word.

Love thrills and thrills again as song note thrills the hand. Love moans, though it shall know it never will be heart.

So calm and pale she lies, the moonlight overhead, so silent while I weep for one who leaves her dead!

My heart—my heart will break for my love's true dead! —Stephen Henry Thayer in Home Journal.

THE PANCAKE MAKER.

Mary was a pancake maker in a restaurant. It was her duty to stand in a show window on Broadway and pour batter upon the griddle.

Thousands of persons stopped before the window every day, and watched Mary as she deftly graced the griddle with a turn of her hand.

The pancakes over to be browned on the other side. Mary had been selected for the job because she was pretty.

Her selection proved to be a profitable investment for her employer. These persons who were insensible to the charms of her eyes, were insensible to the charms of her cakes.

One day when the bobbies were rising from the freshly poured batter, and Mary stood waiting with her spatula in her hand, she was looking into her window.

His dark eyes took in the smiling griddle, the rounded arm above it, and the white brow which was wrinkled in the effort to determine when the cakes were properly done.

What dark eyes he had! thought Mary. What a lovely girl! she was so pretty. He and all day long Mary looked up at the pancakes, half expecting to see a dark in a very special way.

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THE FANCY WOMAN'S CLUB.

Not everybody knows just what Sport and its purport are, although it has been more talked of and written about than any organization in New York, at least during its infancy.

What is Sport, anyway? What good does it accomplish? I never hear of its doing any wonderful act of benevolence or reforming anything.

These untaught beings assume that a club of ladies could have or should have but one purpose in organizing, and that must be either philanthropic or reformatory.

Sport is neither. Its purpose is to enable the intellectual ladies of the city to meet and become better acquainted, and at the same time advance themselves intellectually by the discussion of various topics which could be classed under the head of "culture."

Its founders were wise women. They forbade the discussion of religious beliefs and opinions, and the two or three other questions upon which people are prone to get fighting mad.

To that wise constitution provision is due the credit of holding the club together for twenty years, in the face of the widespread prejudice against the able disintegrator. It has had its divisions, to be sure, but they have never been violent enough to disrupt the society.—New York Press.

SEVERAL TRICKS IN PERSIA.

The crafts and wiles of the servants are endless and wonderfully original. One of their most common tricks for obtaining leave of absence is to put on a long face and say, "The death of a wife, a brother or a child."

One of my servants in this way lost his favorite wife, his father, and his darling little boy, a chubby, rosy cheeked child, who had appeared once or twice at the legation.

On the latter occasion, with eyes suffused with tears, the mourning female requested leave to tarry at the bedside of his sick boy; then some news of the death and permission could not be justly withheld for the funeral ceremonies lasting two days.

My sympathy in these distressing circumstances was about to take the form of a check, when I was informed by another servant who had a grudge against this one that neither wife nor child were dead, but very much alive and in a very healthy condition.

Furthermore that the father had, during his absence, been carrying a fine present while drawing wages from me, as assistant to the consul, somewhat of a high dignitary. Having fully ascertained the truth of this statement, I felt my sympathy could best find expression by giving the best summary dismissal.

This form of deception was so common as to become, somewhat of a ban, flat and unprofitable.—S. G. W. Benjamin.

SEMI-RETIREDNESS OF WALL STREET MEN.

A wealthy broker from New York to Jersey City. Some were whole and some were broken, probably by the auction of small vessels that have to over night just above.

A few of the broken wires still stuck out just as if they had been pulled so by main force. All of the wires showed the effect of their submergence. Some were black, rotten, others were beginning to decay or rot. Every one had something attached to it.

Lid-shaped, oyster shells, seaweed, eel, grass, rags and other water-logged matter from the land were a few of the things attached to the wires. Further on a case across the oil pipe through which the Standard Oil Company pumps petroleum direct from the oil wells of Pennsylvania to the great refineries in Brooklyn and Wilmington.

The pipe was stronger and more accurately made than the ordinary gas and water pipes we see in the city. Yet I thought that it somewhat got the fluke of its anchor under and it pulled quite hard then it would break about and cover the harbor with crude petroleum. There is a great deal of wood lying around that has been cut for public opinion, wood is not lighter than water. Full of air it is, of course, but when water is added or lodged it nearly always sinks. It weighs so close to water, though, that it doesn't sink very far.

For this reason it is very apt to deceive amateurs and novices. "There is another thing that divers get under the Hudson, and that is that the river is being filled up through the folly or ignorance of human beings. The great sewer never stop throwing their vile contents into the slip. Every diver, from the small to the great, has his address overboard. Every vessel does the same with its sweeping and refuse. Then the scum, which ought to carry the refuse and garbage of this city far away, save time and trouble by dumping it in the dark nights into the Hudson.

"There are not very many fishes in the North river. There may be, but we divers don't see much of them. Probably they see us first and give us a wide berth. There I meet most are eels and little shiners, or minnows. If, however, we carry one of those new-fashioned flashlight lamps it acts like a jack lantern in eel spawning, and brings shoals of fish around. They are horribly unattractive, and after straying a few five minutes and spinning off they will immediately return and begin eyeing him again, as if they had never seen him before. We never mind them, as they are harmless, and would be as easily by us even if we desired to get a good mess of them when at work.

"The most unpleasant thing a diver can meet is the dead body of a human being. It is a popular delusion that all drowned men come to the surface after several days. Probably they would if they were left alone and were not attached by wharf rats, eels and fishes. But in the Hudson they are always attacked in this way within an hour or two after they are submerged. Once attacked that ends it. The breaking of the skin diffuses something, it may be a recent wound, and everything travels for that body to get a square meal. Long before decomposition it is so out and riddled that what gases are formed have no chance to accumulate and inflate the walls of the abdomen. We divers never touch bodies in this state, because it brings the worst luck possible.

"There is very little romance or legend about a diver's life. The white sand beaches and coral floors, the brilliant colored fishes and the exquisite forests of the sea that the reading public never weary of in Jules Verne and other lying writers do not exist. It is cold, dark, filthy and dead. The first time you go down there it is a novel and exciting about it which are very pleasant. When these wear off you feel like the grave digger who every morning goes to work in the great cemetery. You must be quick, alert and sober. You must keep your eyes and ears open and be ready for anything. If you don't you'll probably feel the fishes.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

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PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parson's Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience.

Make New Rich Blood!

A. G. BOWES & Co., 21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



Call and examine it! At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

CARPETS

House-Furnishing Goods. Skinner's Carpet Warehouse.

MY FALL STOCK IS OPENED AND READY FOR INSPECTION.

As I buy from Manufacturers only, Customers can rely on getting First-Class Goods at the Lowest Prices.

A. O. SKINNER. FURNITURE

ALL CLASSES! ALL PRICES! PARLOR SUITS: HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, RAW SILK, BROCCATELLE MOHAIR and SILK PILE.

BEDROOM SETS: BIRCH, ASH, CHERRY, WALNUT and MAHOGANY. Cheffoniers, Wardrobes, Bookcases and Desks, Music Cabinets, Sideboards, Hall Racks, &c., &c. Mattans and Reed Chairs, Carpet Rockers. Also, a complete assortment of CHEAP GOODS.

CALL, EXAMINE AND COMPARE. JOHN WHITE, 93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS. FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET.

Are now Showing a Splendid Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, In all the Leading American Lines. ALSO THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF Boys', Youths', Misses' and Children's Boots To be found in the City.

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN, 19 KING STREET. Furs. Furs.

There is a popular notion, chiefly among unobservant people, that our winters are becoming colder and our summers hotter. As a matter of fact, the average winter temperature has not gone below its mean—49 degrees,—but eight times in forty-four years. The same general statement may be made in regard to summer temperature during the same time, the average mean of each year varying but a very narrow range during the long period above mentioned. It is the habit of mankind to regard everything as phenomenal that appears abruptly to the senses. "The coldest weather within the memory of the oldest inhabitant" is a saying of the oldest inhabitant. If it were a truthful saying, the gradual cooling of the terrestrial globe, which some alarmists believe will freeze humanity, in the course of ages, is going on at a great rate.—New York Advertiser.

D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 MARKET SQUA.

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.

HE WAS A NATIVE OF KENTUCKY. At the club the other night, when this incident was alluded to, John Oberly, the Civil Service Commissioner, told the story of a man—General Watkins, I believe, was the name—who used to live down in southern Illinois. When he was in court as a witness, one of the lawyers asked him his name.

THE SAD PATH OF THE O. I. Dakota Reporter—I called to interview Mr. Abellier, our oldest inhabitant, on the winter we used to have when he was young.

SOCIETY BELLE—Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted. Mother—What! Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you.

ONLY A BAR HARBOR YOW. A young lady whose engagement had been reported last summer was met recently by an old-time acquaintance at a Boston reception, whereupon the latter seized this first opportunity to congratulate her.

GRAMMAR HIS STRONG POINT. Justice of the Peace—Had you ever saw this man before? Witness—Yes.

WHERE SARDINES MATURE. Gentleman from Maine (to waiter)—Them sardines, mister, must have been picked afore they wears ripe. It takes a lot of 'em to make a mouthful.

MODERN AMITON. "Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterheat?" "No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator and fell down four stories in three-families of a second. That is fast enough for me! I'm getting too old for much excitement."—[Albany Journal.

HE'D BEEN THERE BEFORE. Lady of the House—Will you have the steak now, or wait till you've chopped the wood? Colored Tramp (who'd called at the same place twelve months before)—Is de steak de same kind as you give away las' year?

A LESSON IN FOKKEL. Uncle Rastus—Ye see, Sammy, three ob a kind will beat two pairs. Sammy—Yes, uncle, but what yo' do when five ob a kind turn up? Uncle Rastus—I think chile, dat would be a good time fo' yo' to hab your razor kinder handy.

MULLIGAN—An' what might thin' things be with fingers on 'em? Flagman Brophy—Shure, they do be missakes. Mulligan—An' how fur are they spart?

A SELFISH COLORED MAN. "Dat ar Sam Johnson an' de meaneest black cuss in Austin." "Has he been dead?" "He has done got married and he neber invited me to de weddin'."

A FEARFUL THERAP. Wife—Now this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook. Husband—Yes, I believe it is. Wife—Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her and do the cooking myself! That cured him.

GERSTER AND GARDINA.

The Little Doctor's Reward for Giving His Wife's Song—Life to the World.

So Gerster is to appear on the lyric stage again and test the sweetness and capacity of that voice that in its day has thrilled the hundreds of thousands. Well, the world would be the loser (says The New York Graphic) if the blonde Viennoise should find that the days of her life in front of the footlights had surely gone forever, and there is therefore a hearty hope that the songstress may have many brilliant successes yet in repertoire.

Beyond the public history of her career on the stage the American public knows very little about the early life and younger years of the now stout beauty, and yet if her story, as told on the other side of the ocean, be true, this ever-practical German woman has had a piece of romance through the years of her maidenhood and early married life. The tale is given somewhat in this way:

Some years ago—never mind how many—Herr Dr. Gardina was one of the well-to-do practitioners in Vienna. It would take two men of his size to make one ordinary built man, but he was a jolly, kindly fellow, who loved all that was beautiful in life and had fortune enough to enjoy it. He was a first-nighter at the opera, a gracious, gentle, and generous man of the world, whose bachelorhood had not made him crusty nor rugged hearted.

Of course he always loved her, and one summer morning, when he was on his way to town, they were married. It was not said, as it has been since, that Gerster's great selling reputation was his own making, but he had made her consent to be his wife. Nor has the after history of their lives given any evidence that the stress was very impressive in that respect. It was supposed to be a love match then, and without doubt it was on the part of the kindly doctor who had changed the peasant girl into the lyric queen.

The doctor is not with the once famous singer during her present trip to America. Indeed, it is said that he will be with her no more. The story of the married lives of so many of our actresses and society women has, it seems, been repeated in the case of the doctor and his peasant girl wife, for Gerster and he have let the world drift between them and have separated forever.

The children are with their mother. I don't know how many of them there are, but there must be a goodly number, for "Gerster and her baby" were kept pretty well before the public for several last years in America, and there seemed to be a baby continually. In the quiet, sleepy town of Trieste, with its Italian, Slovenian and Italian ways, the little doctor was passing the weary years of his life. He is not as rich as he used to be, and the old familiar haunts of his happy Vienna existence seem no more.

He gave Gerster's song life to the world, and the world repaid him by destroying his own home life.

Robert Louis Stephenson's New Arabian Knights has reached its twenty-fifth American edition! It is no wonder, as long as men are men and women are women, they will be interested in anything that comes from the pen of the author of "Kidnapped" and the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Sold by D. McArthur.

The story of Mr. Potter of Texas opens in Alexandria, during the terrible bombardment of 1862. Thence the scene is transferred to Venice, and then to London where Mr. Potter is first introduced to the reader. The story is full of love and intrigue and is one of the most exciting that has been issued from the press for many months. The first edition numbered 50,000 copies. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

"Marvel" is the last, and one of the most delightful of the Duchesse's romances, and is as fresh as if it came from a brain untaxed by previous efforts. It is a marvel, the imagination and felicity of language possessed by the Duchesse. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Miss Isabel F. Hargood, who enjoys a well-deserved reputation as an excellent translator from the Russian and from the French, is now in St. Petersburg, and is writing an interesting series of letters to the Independent. Her translations of Tolstoy's works have been approved by that author, and she will provide her with an early copy of the novel upon which he is now engaged at his home in Moscow.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCOVERS SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Talk About Pictures.

We were seated by our home fireside the other evening, and Mrs. Ivory was in excellent humor. She said, "Abraham, you remind me of the silhouette of your grandfather, that hung in your grandmother Ivory's spare room when we were children; do you remember it?"

Mrs. Ivory is perhaps a little vain, for she is younger than I am, and the young are wonderfully forgetful of the fact that day by day they are growing old. Oh, the glorious thoughtfulness, ignorance and frivolity of youth, the brilliance of its dreams, the splendor of its fancies, the gorgeousness of its illusions! "I remember,"—so I answered, "the silhouette of my grandfather that graced my grandmother Ivory's spare room, in Belgo, but I don't think that your resemblance to him, or any of my ancestors, would guarantee my recognition."

Mrs. Ivory coughed slightly and remarked that my resemblance to my grandfather's portrait could not be ignored. Ah, gray beard, bald head, uncertain eye, and faltering step! Even those that loved you ridicule you, as they themselves will be ridiculed a few years hence.

So has it been since the birds sang their matins in Paradise—so will it be till the turmoil and trouble of this world's existence are over. That silhouette of my grandfather was cut from a piece of satin, and I guess it looked like him just about as much as it did like the Shah of Persia.

But these silhouettes were prized in the old days by those who could not afford to pay an artist for painting their portraits, and as there were no free art schools in those times the knights of the brush and pencil were few and far between. What a simple thing is a silhouette! Every shadow is a silhouette, yet the Frenchman who brought it into use thereby made his name immortal. A silhouette of Mrs. Ivory, as she was many years ago, hangs in her sitting room, and on her dressing table lies the first daguerrotype ever made of her—Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Colds and all throat and lung troubles than Hagarty's Pectoral Balsam.

Neglected coughs and colds so frequently produce serious results as to constitute a definite warning. There is no better, safer or more pleasant remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Colds and all throat and lung troubles than Hagarty's Pectoral Balsam.

A plague which broke out at Naples in 1656 carried off 40,000 of the population in six months.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, softness and wholesomeness. It is not like the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight and inferior quality powders. Sold only in Royal Baking Powder Co., 108 Wall St., New York.

Now Opened All our Annals for 1887, including Boys' Own, Girls' Own, ST. NICHOLAS, Chatterbox, &c., &c.

Procure them early and avoid the Rush. FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN.

HUMPHREY'S Homeopathic Remedies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Golden Med'l Discovery. Burdett's Blood Bitters. Pills.

For sale low by R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

ABRAHAM IVORY.

WHAT THEY SAY.

How Girls of Various Climes Behave When They are Kissed.

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

The New York girl says: "The various emotions excited in young ladies in leading cities, along the line from Boston to St. Louis, as kisses are caught or stolen from their sweet lips, are expressed in something like the following manner:—

The Boston girl (with an assumption of indignation):—"Sir, I declare such a liberty as that is beyond all bounds of propriety and gentlemanly manners, I—" she is stopped by another, which isn't resisted very strenuously.

The Philadelphia girl says:—"So you think that's dreadful smart! You wouldn't have done it if I had been looking; no, indeed!" but she makes it a point not to look.

The Louisville girl says:—"You've done it sure, and well. If there are any more of the same sort, please help yourself. If you can stand it I can."

The St. Louis girl says:—"Oh, go along with your nonsense; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You can't do it again." She exposes herself and it is done several times.

Definite Warning. Neglected coughs and colds so frequently produce serious results as to constitute a definite warning. There is no better, safer or more pleasant remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Colds and all throat and lung troubles than Hagarty's Pectoral Balsam.

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We are now showing full lines of Bank Books, Envelopes, Writing Paper, Etc.

Also, a very large assortment of all the LATEST BOOKS.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DAILY PAPERS AND MAGAZINES always in Stock.

All goods at lowest prices. Inspection invited.

D. McARTHUR,

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HEALTH IS WEALTH!

SAVE MONEY

SAVE HEALTH



PERFORATED TOILET PAPER! IN ROLLS, NO WASTE! NO LITTER!

You save 50 per cent. over old Methods.

PAPEL AND FIXTURES FOR SALE BY R. D. McARTHUR & A. C. SMITH & Co.

Wholesale by LAR. ROBERTSON.

500 DOZEN!

OUR KID GLOVE.

"TANT MIEUX."

THIS GLOVE, is placed upon our counters DIRECT from the manufacturing tables of a GRENOBLE FRENCH KID GLOVE HOUSE, for which we have been appointed the SOLE RETAIL and JOBBING AGENTS, and owing to its EXTREME LOW PRICE, together with the REMARKABLE SOFTNESS and ELASTICITY of its character, it has gained an unparalleled hold both in EUROPE and AMERICA, and is now offered THROUGH US to the public of ST. JOHN, at almost ONE-THIRD THE PRICE of a "JOSEPHINE" GLOVE, whilst in reputation it is rated with, and (in point of actual wearing value) is allowed to be EQUAL to any "TRIFURSE" or other high class glove made.

We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

PRICE 64 CENTS. FAIRALL & SMITH, - King Street, St. John, N. B.

W. TREMAINE GARD,

NO. 51 KING STREET, under Victoria Hotel.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR FINE Gold & Silver Watches, Jewelry

The Great Holiday assortment now complete, and offered at lowest possible prices to ensure sales of Standard and Sterling marked Gold-filled and proof-plate goods of the very latest styles and novelties for LADIES, GENTS and JUVENILES, in Gold and Silver articles of all kinds SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS. Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Walking Canes, Bronzes, and A. I. Silverware in ABUNDANCE. Lots of Diamonds and other Gems on hand and set to order as required. Solid gold jewelry made and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed by Inspection Called for.

W. TREMAINE GARD, Goldsmith and Jeweler

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Beef, Pork, Lamb, Hams, Mutton, Bacon, Game. Lard, Poultry, Game. Fitted Ladies' Work Baskets, UPHOLSTERED & LINED WITH SILK, Which will make a handsome Christmas Present.—ALSO—Trunks, Satchels, Bags, Valises, &c. Society Boxes and Canvas Covers Made to order. Sample and Express Work a Specialty.

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