

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

ROOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, BED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SYRINGES, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIBS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS, RUBBER, LINEN AND COTTON HOSE, MACHINE OILS of all kinds; FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

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ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SALE!

TURNER & FINLAY TURNER & FINLAY Black Silks. COLORED DRESS GOODS. FOR MONDAY. 4 Grand Values IN BLACK SILKS. Commencing Monday, Nov. 28, 5 LOTS Miscellaneous Dress Goods AND VELOURS.

CHEAP. Now is the opportunity to make a sensible Christmas gift for a small amount of money.

Real Furs—No Imitations! Fur Lined CIRCULARS SILK AND CASHMERE COVERS. Prices, \$37.50, \$45.00, \$50.00. Fur Lined DOLMANS, Newest Cut as Shown in New York and London. PRICES, \$17.50, \$37, \$40, \$50. FUR SHOULDER CAPES, \$1.25 TO \$7.00.

Black Astracan Jackets \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, and \$45.00. Five per cent. for Cash on Fur Goods.

Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs. Three Wonderful Bargains! IN STOCK THIS DAY.

LADIES' FRENCH KID GLOVES, 4 Buttons, ASK FOR "FOR AMANDINE" at 85c.

Gents' and Boys' Scarfs, Come and see the Value—25c, 30c, 35c, and 50, all laid out on our Centre Counter. Also.

Ladies' Gents' and Boys' Silk Handkerchiefs, WHITE CHINA, SHORT BROCADE AND EVERY NOVELTY OF THE SEASON, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1.00 and up. HUNDREDS OF DOZENS TO SELECT FROM.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. CITIZEN GEO. BIDDINGTON.

ANOTHER TALK WITH THE STORMY PETREL OF COSMOS. Some incidents of His Provincial Experiences—Wonderful Wisdom.

Our special found Citizen Train in rainbow humor! He is delighted with everything he sees in the Province! (Saint John, Sussex, Moncton) included. Received with acclamation everywhere! The Psycho-Citizen has no idea of returning to the States!

George Francis come back, and all will be forgiven! It is a long time since you have inspired us with that old and uncanny circulation of yours, "Thank God, I am an American!"

Thanksgiving day being now at hand it is a good time for you to return and give thanks. Let the Anarchists go to Halifax if they will, but you ought to do better.—Boston paper.

Citizen Train is no Anarchist! and to use his own words Quiddance will soon understand that he saw further than those who call him names! Wait awhile! The Sussex Record has a page supplement of his speech on Commercial Union that leaves the Telegraph without feathers or skin.

The telegrams the great Citizen has received cover bed, desk, table and floor. His room looks like an editor's office. Among them were telegrams from Dennis (Halifax Herald) and H. B. Clark, Academy of Music, (bidding against each other) George P. Thomas (Moncton), J. Gillespie (Chatham), Letters from Truro, Amherst, and Newcastle.

Post card received. Town Hall at your disposal, every evening next week. Advertisable to wire two days previously and send posters for sufficient notice and corresponding increase of ducats!

Then said our special: "The place where the public Saturday night banquet has been held for a quarter of a century is a 'whitened sepulchre.'" "Yes, but a splendid old all the same. But dead men cadavering old associations!"

Distinguished members of old bar (five way to men) (where is Frank Means?) In private bar-door stands ajar To raise the wind on "groans and beans," It seems to me a marble tomb White squibbles old baron ground!

Look out for the Christmas number of the GAZETTE.

en "The Coming Downfall of the American Republic." If not what do you think of this idea of mine—G. F. American Co-operative Publishing Co. Would not such a thing be practical and to figure the enterprise upon solid financial basis would in my mind be a sufficient for Mr. Train to postpone return to bench in Madison Square. 100 lectures properly arranged and properly advertised would place the enterprise upon a firm financial footing and then Mr. Train could retire from the platform and use his pen to good advantage.

"Train's Psycho Truth" or "Train's Naked Psycho Truth" suggests itself to me as most appropriate name for a paper of the nature I speak of. I earnestly believe Mr. Train at head of enterprise of this kind and permit just enough policy to be used to make it run, and a good benighted in every town to look after enterprise, the thing would be a success from start.

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Uncooked beefsteak, mutton chops and an Erie Canal mule are "raw materials."—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

It doesn't seem too bad that the only way to save the Queen Prince's life is to cut his throat.—Philadelphia Inquirer. If his month could only be induced to take a quieting dose, the worst part of Most would be ended.—Rochester Post-Express.

The descendants of the New York and Chicago bootlers will not be fond of referring to their ancestral haunts.—Hillsburgh Chronicle. It is a good thing for a man to belong to the church, but a poor thing for a man to think that the church belongs to him.—Oil City Bulletin.

"I thought you took an unusual interest in my well-being," remarked an unsuccessful lover. "No, indeed," she replied, "only in your farewell."—Modern Society.

A stranger cannot judge of the hospitality of a city by the eagerness with which hack and all sorts of carriage drivers ask him to take a ride.—New Orleans Picayune. One can now get a shave on the Pennsylvania "limited" train of Pullman cars, but if while rounding a curve the barber cuts your throat the company will not be responsible for it.—Epoch.

The tiny little wren lives three years, the thrush ten, the lark thirteen, the common hen of commerce ten, the boarding-house bragged seventy-five, the crow 100 and the English sparrow is immortal.—Burdette.

An article in an exchange, headed "What the Typewriter is Doing," closes with the fact that it is exposing the poor spelling of many operators, as well as their ignorance of punctuation and the use of capital letters.—Norristown Herald.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

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D. CONNELL, Livery Stable, SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CUTLERY, PURSES, LUNCH and MARKET BASKETS, POCKET BOOKS.

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

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

MOXIE NERVE FOOD,

—ALSO—

GINGER ALE

—AND—

Bottled Soda,

No. 15 NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. A. WALLIS & SON.

A. E. POTE, Manager.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 15 Coburg Street,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

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SPINAL SUPPORTING

CORSETS!

WE have in stock a full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets,

For Ladies and Misses.

They are highly recommended by the leading modistes, the fashionable dress makers, and the most eminent physicians in the United States and Europe.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.

96 KING STREET.

SPECIAL THE Christmas Gazette

WILL BE ISSUED

ON OR ABOUT

December, 20th.

In Announcing the Christmas Number of

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

the management have great pleasure in assuring the

READING PUBLIC that

their favorite paper does not

go backward, and that its

Christmas issue will lead all

others in the variety and

extent of its contents. We

are now making arrange-

ment for several new and

entirely original features, of

which announcement will

be made at an early date.

A limited number

of advertisements will be

inserted. Make your ap-

plications early.

Waiting.

(From Drake's Traveller's Magazine.)

Scene I hold my hand and wait.

Nor care for bluff, nor full, nor pat;

I have no gainst luck nor fate.

For, lo! the stakes will be set.

I stay my hands, I feign delay—

I inward quake yet show no sign.

A diamond sequence smiles my way.

And tells me that the pot is mine.

Since yesterday till early day,

This little game I've buckled in vain—

And watched the dollars go astray.

What matter if the cash has flown?

I wait with joy the coming bet:

My hand shall reap what has been sown.

And make me even with my bet.

So let them draw! I little care

For giddy flush or tempting straight:

And though I cannot show a pair,

All bluffs will I accommodate.

With each new bet my spirit soars.

The ending play I've buckled in vain—

And watched the dollars go astray.

Not flush, nor full, nor even "four,"

Can take the pot away from me.

Dame Fortune long has proved unkind.

But now at last she deigns to smile.

And in my bosom fits combined.

For, lo! I gather in the pile.

Sak. T. Clowes.

A Southern Loner's Ode to Sunday.

Thank God for Sunday! I can "rest" all day

With a clear conscience, fearing no rebuke

For wasted time, or talents unapplied

But lie up in the shade and smoke away

The day in quiet dreams by riverside.

It is a glorious deed with Southern rose

Magnolia, jasmine, and passion-flowers

One upon the wall, and one upon the bower.

Forget the curse, and recall Eden's bowers.

ROBERT G. FRANKS.

"Your silence is the condemnation of your husband."

"My husband's whole life pleads for him and vouches his probity."

Henriette was led out and Suzanne took her place in the witness chair. Both mother and child were in deep mourning. An intense inward fever burned in the child's veins and shone in her cheeks and her great blue eyes, which fairly blazed with light. She looked at the judge with a terrified air, and he took her by the hand gently and kissed the pure white forehead.

"And you, my little one, will you be more reasonable to-day than you were yesterday? Has some one told you that you would cause your father great trouble if you told what you saw your birthday night when you were on the balcony with your mother?"

"I saw nothing, sir. I don't know anything and I wish they would let me alone. I am sick, and I did not want to come. I don't know what they want me to do, nor why my mother cries all the time, and I can't tell you what I did see. My mother says it is wrong to tell lies."

She began to shiver, and her little white teeth chattered together in her chill, and from red her cheeks turned blue.

"I see," said the judge, "that you will say nothing. You are very courageous, and I will not persuade near thirteen years old to try to show you that the worst thing that could happen to your father is for you to remain silent. No, my child; another trial I shall undertake to charge."

At a sign from the judge Henriette was brought back. One glance showed these two that they had kept their compact.

"Bring Laroque in," said the judge in a whisper, and an officer went for him and brought him. The court room was badly lighted and Roger stood on the threshold, at first seeing nothing. Then his eyes fell upon his wife and child and he clasped his hands, and his face brightened as he gave a low cry of joy and sprang toward them with open arms.

"Susanne! Henriette! My daughter! My beloved wife!"

But Suzanne and Henriette, surprised by his sudden appearance, drew back with a horror so visible that the judge shuddered. Instinct was stronger than will, and they saw in Laroque not the adored husband and father, but the assassin who had with great powerful shoulders and hands, whom they had seen strange that poor old man. And Roger understood this terror and was troubled by it.

"What," he stammered, "do you fly from me in what have I changed? It is because an insupportable accusation hangs over me, as ridiculous as it is unmerited, that I am neither your father, Suzanne, nor your husband, Henriette!"

"Not having seen anything I can certainly tell you nothing."

"O, Henriette, you accuse me! I am your husband, and in spite of my innocence, you condemn me!"

What supernatural force kept this poor woman silent? These horrible moments none can tell. To speak was to prove him guilty; to keep silent to accuse him. Again Roger begged with every enduring form to tell him what she saw; he pleaded with his eyes, and his lips remained closed, but her eyes said "Lies, lies!"

He rose to his feet discouraged and walked back and forth a moment, and then stopping before her said:

"Henriette, you are condemning me. You have no longer, perhaps, never did, but remember, whatever comes, that I love you, and I shall love you as long as I live. That shall be your punishment and my revenge. I have done all I could, M. De Lignerolles."

The judge pointed with his finger to Suzanne, who was seated on her mother's lap. Roger, understood. One last hope remained.

"I pray you, have my wife removed," said Roger, and he turned to the child in his arms and lifted her above his head, smiling.

"You don't love me any more, then?" he said to her as she looked at him with wild hunted expression. Of her pretty dimples and cunning little childlike ways there remained nothing. She looked like a woman whom pain had long possessed. She was rosy and white once, now her color was a leaden gray, and her forehead wrinkled.

"Why do you give me such pain, my little bird?" said Roger, kissing her between nearly every word. Did I ever make you cry? He said to her as she looked at him with wild hunted expression. Of her pretty dimples and cunning little childlike ways there remained nothing. She looked like a woman whom pain had long possessed. She was rosy and white once, now her color was a leaden gray, and her forehead wrinkled.

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tion, and trying to comprehend. Then he rose with haggard eyes and stretched out his hand, saying:

"Take care of me! I feel I am going mad!"

After a long silence he seemed to understand, little by little. Now he knew. Henriette and Suzanne had seen, but what? They had refused to speak. Why? He must know. Roger threw himself on his knees before his wife, took her hands and caressed them, and then, as though he would have spoken to a child, he said:

"Tell the truth. Is it true that you saw me on my knees, did you not? Up to the last minute you say that you did not see that murder committed, and Suzanne said the same. They questioned you in vain. But now, my dear wife, and you, my little daughter, must tell all. Do not be afraid, since I am not guilty, to tell all you know. They accuse me, but perhaps your testimony will prove my innocence."

He held his wife's and child's hands all gathered in his and he kissed them all together. Mother and child, with pale faces, kept silence.

The magistrate intervened.

"Henriette, you are condemning me. You have no longer, perhaps, never did, but remember, whatever comes, that I love you, and I shall love you as long as I live. That shall be your punishment and my revenge. I have done all I could, M. De Lignerolles."

The judge pointed with his finger to Suzanne, who was seated on her mother's lap. Roger, understood. One last hope remained.

"I pray you, have my wife removed," said Roger, and he turned to the child in his arms and lifted her above his head, smiling.

"You don

LOOK! PRICE REDUCED.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Can now be purchased from all Newsdealers in the City, Portland and the other Cities and Towns in the Province at TWO CENTS A SINGLE COPY.

The Annual Subscription has been REDUCED TO ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Special Terms to Clubs. Send for Particulars.

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1887.

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

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 50 cents for six months.

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

Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

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.

Rate given and locations assigned on application.

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

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

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

GENERAL NOTES.

JO. HOWARD says P. T. Barnum is worth anywhere between \$7,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

GOVERNOR GORDON of Georgia is said to have kissed 500 girls in one day recently while making his tour through the state.

The Boston oil dealers have come to the conclusion that reciprocity with Canada would be a good thing.

ROBERT BONNER has in his stable in New York and on his farm near there no less than sixty trotting horses.

THE Chief of Police has a nice little statement in his desk which several down town business and professional men would like to see.

HANLOS has been defeated in Australia, but it is said that he will at least clear \$10,000 out of the trip.

THERE are perhaps one or two persons in Canada who would like to sell out the Maritime Provinces to the United States.

IN Clarendon County, South Carolina, the other day there occurred a most remarkable birth.

NOW that our friends across the border have got over their Thanksgiving turkey they are returning to the fish question.

latterly to have got the idea that he owns "the hull airth."

Excellent Liberal ranks are being rapidly thinned of prominent men. Within a few days Lord Wolverton whose purse was always at the disposal of his party and Lord Dalhousie have died.

GLADSTONE is coming to America to spend two months. It is just possible that when he has looked into American politics for himself he will not have so great an apparent affection for them as would appear from some of his recent speeches.

The commission to the Argentine Republic is a good thing. The people and government of that country are progressive, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Canadian Commissioner will be able to arrange for the establishment of a regular line of steamers between the great South American Republic and Canada.

DUBLIN has 60 representatives in its common council, but only five of this number are opposed to the land league. In Ulster things are different as is shown by the following cable from Belfast dated Nov. 26.

The TELEGRAPH has often made itself ridiculous in the wild desire of some one on its staff to get in the word Telegraph as often as possible.

WAR is being waged between the friends of the Salvation Army in Quebec and the supporters of the Catholic church. This holy war is being fought with brick bats and fists.

IN Judge McCarthy's court in New York the other day Hannah Feldman appeared against Samuel Lefkowitz who had employed her on trousers at 14 cents a pair.

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000 a year for the privilege of selling liquor will likely see that the shebeens are closed up.

OUR FISHERIES. In an editorial on the fishery question, the Globe says: "Perhaps it would be better for our own interests and those of England too, had we long ago taken up the burden of independent nationality and settled this fishery question for ourselves with the United States."

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATRE. The church and the theatre have never got along well together. Why, is no way clear to the average citizen who goes to the theatre on week nights.

THE late Edward Eddy, the Bowery tragedian, in playing a criminal character one night, had to die of a gunshot wound just as he had fled away the bars of his prison, and was hanging by a sheet from the stone walls outside the window.

SUNDAY SERVICES. TRINITY CHURCH—Service on Sunday, December 4.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST MISSION CHURCH—Sunday December 4, 1887. Holy Eucharist 8 a. m.

ESTLEY, Allwood & Co., importers, manufacturers and jobbers of rubber goods, mill, steamboiler, railroad and mining supplies, saws etc.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.

St. John Academy of Art. SCHOOL OF DESIGN. NOW open for instruction in Free-Hand Drawing and Water Colors by competent teachers.

JOHN C. MILES, A. B. C. A. Principal. FRED. H. C. MILES, Assistant.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. RE-APPEARANCE OF THE NELLIE BROWN-MITCHELL CONCERT.

Another Grand Concert, (with an entire change of programme).

Christmas Goods. A.Y. PATERSON'S JEWELRY STORE.

CHRISTMAS GOODS. A.Y. PATERSON'S JEWELRY STORE.

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC BOX. Playing 8 popular airs, to be given away to some lucky customer.

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & Co., (McLaughlin Building), 83 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Fitted Ladies' Work Baskets. UPHOLSTERED & LINED WITH SILK.

Now Opened. Boys' Own, Girls' Own, ST. NICHOLAS, Chatterbox, &c., &c.

J. & A. McMILLAN. Ladies Gentlemen REQUIRING Overshoes Rubbers.

AMERICAN Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street.

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

10 CASES OF NOVELTIES. WATSON & CO.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & Co., druggists and apothecaries. Special attention given to the compounding of physicians' prescriptions.

ESTABLISHED 1849. GEO. ROBERTSON & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS.

West India Merchants. Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store, 50 KING STREET.

Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

Annapolis Valley Cider, SWEET AND PURE.

Fresh Eggs & Choice Butter, Always in Stock.

R. D. LOGAN, 91 Charlotte Street.

COME AND EXAMINE OUR FINE LOT OF Toys, Splendid Dolls, Very Cheap.

LOTS OF Novelties and Xmas Cards, Cheaper than Ever.

A SPLENDID LOT OF PICTURE FRAMES, In all the very latest Patterns of Mouldings.

F. & S. L. GORBELL, 207 Union St. and 61 Charlotte St.

Picture Framing done at Low Rates.

A Special Line of BRONZE and PORCELAIN and TORCHON novelties for PAINTING.

Fall & Winter Dry Goods.

179 Union Street 179

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

HENRY J. PITTS, NOW OPEN.

87 CHARLOTTE ST., MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT.

Confectionery Store, All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand.

JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, 7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

MARITIME WAREHOUSE, DOCK COMPANY, Victoria Wharf, Smythe Street (Foot of Union Street), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

DIRECTORS: SIMMON JONES, Esq., President, GEORGE ROBERTSON, Vice-President, THE HON. JOHN BOYD, C. H. FAIRWEATHER, Esq., W. H. THORNE, Esq.

THOS. STEAD, Secretary and Manager.

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

THOS. STEAD, Sec'y.

Insurance at minimum rates.

Homeopathic Medicines

We keep in Stock a large assortment of OTIS CLAPP & SON'S Homeopathic Medicines

HUMPHREY'S Specifics.

A. C. Smith & Co., CHARLOTTE ST.

New Cloths.

New Autumn

Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS.

A Full Stock Now on Hand from which to select.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 46 KING STREET, Over Colonial Book Store.

1,200 PAIRS BOYS' Laced Boots!

One Dollar & Upwards

900 PAIRS Youths' Laced Boots.

Also Solid Leather, Inner Soles and Counters.

Waterbury & Co. Rising,

34 King St. 1212 Union St. KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BLISTER, CONDITION POWER, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co's BUTTER COLORING.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER, BLISTER.

SHERIDAN'S CON. POWER, CLARK'S

SIMPSON'S C. SPIGE, DURHAM

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

St. John Business College

EVENING CLASSES will re-open MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10.

Hours 7.30 to 9.30.

Ten per cent. discount will be allowed all who enter at once for full winter term

SPECIAL BOOKS: Book keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, etc.

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

Send for our new circular. S. KERR, Principal.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Per each Welcome Home: 10 Cases ANGOSTURA. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 13 Water Street.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

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

We have had a cold wave. It came to hand as announced though no one was particularly anxious to have it.

I see that my amiable friend Chief Engineer Kerr has been having a bout with Mr. Russel Jack.

I have to congratulate Mr. Fred Sandall, Chamberlain of the city, on the highly successful way in which he manipulated the sinking funds in order that the city debt might be reduced in the large sum of \$31,000.

I observe that the members from the Western side of the harbor, are endeavoring to secure authority from the Legislature to negotiate a loan of \$80,000 to be secured on the Western Common Lands.

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Type writing Girls

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Literary Notes

H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She."

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SPECIAL LINES FOR CHRISTMAS.

BLACK MARTIN Muffs, Capes, Collars and Cuffs. BEAVER Muffs, Capes, Collars and Cuffs. SEAL Muffs, Capes and Collars. NUTRIA Muffs, Capes and Collars.

Astrachan Jackets, FUR COATS, COAT LININGS, CAPS, COLLARS, GLOVES, SLEIGH ROBES.

MANKS & CO., 50 KING STRET.

DOWLING BROS.

Have Opened the following NEW GOODS!

For which there is now a SPECIAL DEMAND.

SILK PLUSHES, in Black, Grey, Navy, Cavendish, Grenat, Seal, Golden Brown; Pink, and Light Blue; NEW BLACK MANTLE CLOTHS; NEW ULSTERINGS; BLACK FUR CAPES; NEW BLACK CASEMEREES; CHECKED WINGEYS; STRIPED WINGEYS; DRESS MELTONS, from 9c upward; LADIES' MERINO VESTS—a special line of soft Grey at 65c; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS in great variety; SATIN FOOT EDGE RIBBONS; OTTOMAN FAULX RIBBONS; GENTLEMEN'S SCARFS; LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS; LADIES' JERSEYS in Black, Seal and Navy

At 49 Charlotte St., City Market Building.

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, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE: Best SPOONS, FORKS, &c., 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, &c.

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

FURNITURE

ALL CLASSES! ALL PRICES!

PARLOR SUITS: HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, RAW SILK, BROCADELLE MOHAIR and SILK PLUSH.

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

CALL, EXAMINE AND COMPARE.

JOHN WHITE, 93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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A BEAUTIFUL LOT OF SILVER PLATED—Casters, Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Sugar and Cream Sets, Forks, Knives, Spoons, &c., &c.

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Theatrical Notes

Miss Mather can not be accused of lack of originality in her conception of Rosalind says the Franciscan Argonaut.

It is as free and untrammelled by the ordinary canons of art as the winds that blow across her native city.

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Poetic Weather

This Boston Courier commenting on some recent somewhat peculiar effusions received from the U. S. Signal Service Corps remarks: The Weather Bureau needs a poet, nay poets, four poets—a spring poet, a summer poet, an autumn poet and a winter poet for this department of its labor.

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Branch of Tea Plant.



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City Market Clothing Hall, 31 Charlotte Street.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

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

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

A writer in the Epoch discussing catinism says: "No disrespect to womanhood is intended when it is stated that the testimony of many car-conductors is that women occasion much more trouble as passengers than men do. The dictum that the vast majority of passengers misbehave may safely be put forth as a fundamental fact. Men are more gross in their conduct, women more finical and fussy. There can be no greater satire upon the chivalry of the American gentleman than the spectacle of a crowded car, in which most of those seated are men, while a number of weak, nervous and gasping women stand, clinging to straps. The average woman's mode of behavior in a car is an interesting study in rudeness and inanity. Nothing is more common than to find several of the fair sex bunched together at the entrance door, putting forth scarcely an effort to make room for those who wish to pass in and out, and working the conductor up to a frenzy which the poor wretch dare not show for fear of being reported and losing his position. I have ridden abundantly in street cars, and rarely have I seen a conductor behave as badly as the passengers who so frequently make him the subject of their complaints. The women who have their fare ready for the conductor, who do not have to go through a great deal of fumbling in their port-monnaies, or who hesitate about offering a two-dollar bill, which it may be inconvenient or impossible to change, do not abound. Nothing is more common than for a conductor, whose hands, eyes and ears must always be on the alert, to be compelled to wait an unnecessary long time while some fussy woman fishes from her pocketbook five separate cents, because she has set her heart on parting with them rather than with a five-cent piece. Men and women are about equally bad in regard to making room for each other. As comparatively few men rise to give their seats to women, so comparatively few women voluntarily budge an inch to accommodate members of either sex. A woman, calmly seated with her bundles around her, will complacently see another woman almost drop rather than offer her a seat, until the conductor comes along and orders the offender to remove her traps. The gruff tone of command which so many conductors have, is the direct result of the obduracy of the material with which they have to deal. Bean-bag parties are all the rage in Washington, and society belles are becoming very expert at the new game. At one end of the parlor or hall is placed an inclined board with a square hole in it. Standing at the other end—and the further away from the board the more fun there is in the game—the players pitch ten bean bags towards the hole. A regular score is kept, and if the ten bags fall in the hole it counts 100, or ten for each bag. Another bag, double the usual size, is also provided, and if this also is thrown into the square opening it adds twenty, making 120 the highest possible score. Should any of the bags remain on the board they count five points apiece, but for every bag that is thrown upon or falls to the floor five points are subtracted. The big bag, or jumbo, counts double, or ten in each case. Many young society ladies have become quite expert at pitching the little bags, and show excellent judgment and skill in accurately gauging the distance and the strength necessary to be exerted. In most cases the bags are made of gayly colored ticking, jumbo being individualized by material of a different pattern, but a few young ladies have taken pains to have handsomely embroidered receptacles for the beans. The board is generally of plain wood, polished, about two feet wide and three feet long and nine or ten inches high at its greatest distance from the ground. The hole is about five inches square and the smaller bags a little larger. "Jumbo" contains a pint of beans and the other bags half that quantity. In many houses where the game is played handsome prizes are awarded to those making the highest scores. The sport is full of interest and bean-bag boards are now found in every household which expects to be considered up to the times. Annie Wakeman writing to the Boston Herald from the Island of Jersey says: Walking down one day on the main business street of St. Helier's, I passed before a large general draper shop. Now there was a special reason for my interest in this huge draper and haberdasher's shop. Here works a young lady who figured most extensively a year and a half ago in cables to America, and in long newspaper articles published here, also on the other side of the deep blue Atlantic herring pond. This young lady is Miss Louisa Journeaux, whose perilous drifting out to sea in an open boat for two nights and a day constituted one of those strange trials so much stranger than fiction. To those who, in the rush of other business and interests, have forgotten this thrilling circumstance, let me briefly recapitulate the same. One Sunday morning, about the middle of April,

1886, Miss Louisa Journeaux was invited to take a sail in one of those shallow little rowboats so much in favor with middleclass young men, "we take their sweethearts out for a sail when the moonlight shines on the water," as the old music hall ditty has it. In this instance, it was the pale gleams of luna which lit up the sea round about in a silver glare of glory. The day had been mild with the mildness of May rather than that of April. The fair Louisa had been to afternoon church, it being Palm Sunday. The young man who invited her to go boating was a spruce looking Frenchman named Jules Farné. He was only a recent acquaintance, although had it not been for subsequent events which proved the young man to be a poltroon, the gossips of Jersey say he might ere long have become the young lady's accepted lover. Well, after a little time out from shore, Farné, finding the boat beyond his managing, concluded to swim ashore. He had ascertained that Louisa could not swim. So he boldly jumped overboard, and heartlessly advised his fair companion "to do the best she could for herself, as it was not worth while for both to drown." This "best" was clearly to drift out to sea on the cold bosom of the outgoing tide. Of course Farné got to shore, although he made some humbugging feint of clinging to a dock chain. After 26 days, when the conviction of the loss at sea of this Jersey girl had been accepted as a fact, the cable flashed over the world the news of her rescue and safe landing at St. John's, N. F., after her long voyage in a French sailing vessel, a modest fishing smack. Directly this news reached Jersey, editors after edition of pamphlets were published, detailing Miss Journeaux's adventures. And today Louisa Journeaux and her pearl are only a shadowy memory. Louisa was afterwards seen by the correspondent, and is thus described: In a few minutes, a slender, delicate young girl, looking about 18, stood before me. Not until she had assumed her name could I think she was the celebrated heroine of the sea. She was dressed in a plain black cashmere gown, with a little white mull ruffle at the neck and wrists, and a simple old-fashioned brooch at the throat. A tiny pair of scissors hung in a sheath at her side, and her tiny silver thimble still rested on her slender finger. Her hands are very pretty and tapering. Her figure is exquisitely proportioned. She is very graceful, and has a most musical, low voice. Her eyes are blue, her hair is chestnut brown, her face rather pale and dainty. Her hair is arranged in a simple knot at the base of the neck, with soft curls lying shadingly over her fair forehead. It is a face that no portrait can do justice to. Yet a face that Greuze could have commuted to canvas as typical of Sevres like beauty.

The Chicago Herald is responsible for the following: Mrs. Leslie Carter was unquestionably the handsomest married woman in society here up to the time, about two years ago, when the difference between herself and husband became so public that she was virtually out of the charmed circle. She has a large, magnificently proportioned figure, with a fine face and a Titianesque head of hair that is a glory to look upon. She was Kittie Dudley before her marriage, of a good Dayton, Ohio, family. This puts her in the list of women seeking divorces from their husbands. Both cases are said to be almost precisely similar. Both women were brilliant, beautiful, and spirited; both were married to men of serious mood but of great wealth and fine abilities; both women suddenly brought divorce suits to head of applications which the husbands were themselves thinking to bring. If the Hopkins suit is ever pressed there will be, it is known, some startling revelations made concerning a fast set of rich New York bachelors, members of the Union Club there, who pay their addresses to young married women. If the Carter suits are brought to trial it is certain that there will be some queer disclosures concerning a set belonging to the Chicago Club, which has also gotten to be dubbed the young-married-women's set. The head of this coterie is a bachelor, almost old enough to be a grandfather, who is not now anywhere near as rich as he was five years ago.

It is in the way of eccentricities and accessories of the toilet that rich belles manage to keep ahead. Take pocket-books for example. The have been growing slimmer and taller for the last year. They resemble clubs at a little distance, and the last fashion is to have handles to them; they are twelve and fourteen inches long, and about four wide. They contain one long pocket, in which one of the tiny, fashionable embroidered handkerchiefs is stretched out, a pocket partitioned off into three sections for change, another long one in which bills are folded, and a corner in which repairs a two-inch square pad of perforated buckskin, in which velveteen is packed in rose-leaf. There is a new cosmetic for unattractive us when the bloom is not on a fair woman's lips, or has been worried off her cheek. A simple leaf, the petal of a flower, will renew its freshness, for you can buy now little celluloid boxes packed with two

dozen carmine-stained muslin rose-leaves. By the application of one, or, the faintest blush of health is produced; a slight moisture deepens it in intensity and the rose-leaf held between the wet lips a moment makes them as beautifully red "as if a bee had newly stung them." All this you find in the fashionable pocketbook of a lady just now, and when this wallet is made of fragrant leather, or the saurian's map-like hide, or the scaly serpent's skin, nicely bound with edges and corners of scrollwork silver it is an interesting article.

There has been considerable discussion in the clubs here of late as to whether New York girls were growing prettier with every generation, or—some have maintained—whether beauty is dying out. One thing is certain, the present generation is taller and measures more inches around the chest and waist than their mothers did, probably because they lace less, wear warmer clothes, and take more exercise than women did thirty years ago. Tennis should get a good deal of the credit. But as to the question of beauty, one elderly club man says that it used to be a common thing to see people—men and women both—turning around to look at girls on the streets, but that such a thing rarely happens nowadays. In France that used to be held as a test of real beauty. A great Parisian belle said sadly as she returned home from a walk one morning: "I am getting old, the gamins on the street no longer stop to admire me; I am going home to improve my mind." Another man attributes this partly to tailor-made gowns. He says that severe style robs women of their feminine charms. It began in the plain habits for hunting in England, and on horseback it is appropriate and pretty; once in a while it is very pleasant to see a woman in a masculine sort of dress, but now they have allowed plainness to creep into even their ball toilets, and on the street a well-dressed New York woman is as severe in her style of raiment as her brother. Hair must be as smooth as silk, with only a stiff, rigid little bang, a rim of stiff white linen about the throat and wrists, and every garment as neat and simple as it is possible to make it. It makes the New York girl a good deal of fresh cleanliness, but she doesn't look as pretty as she used when more flowing and gracious lines were allowed, and she made no attempt to look anything but strictly feminine. A society woman said at the opera the other night that Adele Grant's charm of pre-eminence beauty was femininity. "She always accents the fact that she is a woman and that she is proud of it, and it's a very effective pose which more women would do well to imitate. She first learned the power of it when she was staying in Italy. New York girls try to approach the masculine standard, and it's a great mistake. Rigidity of style is the correct thing for men, but a little fluffiness is much better in women."

Domestic Hints. TEA CAKE. One even cup white sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs. Beat these until they are creamy, then add a good half-cup cold water and two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking power, one teaspoonful lemon; beat thoroughly. Bake in a long tin, and cut while warm in squares. CUCUMBER RICE. Two cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of cold chicken chopped fine, one cup of chicken broth, salt and pepper; boil five minutes, stirring all the while. POTTED SHANK. Boil a shank of beef till tender, chop the meat up, and season it with salt, pepper and (if liked) half a nutmeg. Reduce the liquor to three pints, add the meat, cool in a mould. It should turn out well when cold. PRESERVED OYSTERS. For one pie take one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, mix well, then add one-half teaspoon of water. If a flaky top crust is desired, take enough dough for one crust, roll thin, spread butter over it, and roll up and let it stand while filling in the fruit, when it will be ready for use. SCALLOPED OYSTERS. Butter a pudding dish, roll crackers very fine, put a layer of crackers, then a layer of oysters, season with salt and pepper, and put small bits of butter over the oysters, fill the dish nearly full, having oysters on top; pour in sweet milk enough to soak the crackers, bake nearly an hour. If too dry when baking add a little more milk and butter. PRESERVED GINGER. Select young and tender roots; scrape off the outer skin, and boil in syrup. The best ginger is hot and biting to the taste, and of aromatic odor. VEAL SALAD. Boil a knuckle of veal in six quarts of water; when tender remove the bones, chop the meat and add the juice, which should be mostly absorbed, and two cups of cracker crumbs, cinnamon, pepper and salt put in a mould. Serve cold. GINGER SNAPS. One pint molasses and one cup lard heated together and poured hot in one quart flour, two teaspoonfuls soda and two ginger. Let this dough cool, then add flour enough to roll. Roll thin and bake quick. BUTTER CRACKERS. One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, mixed into a stiff paste with sweet milk; beat well, roll thin, prick and bake in a quick oven.

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

In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

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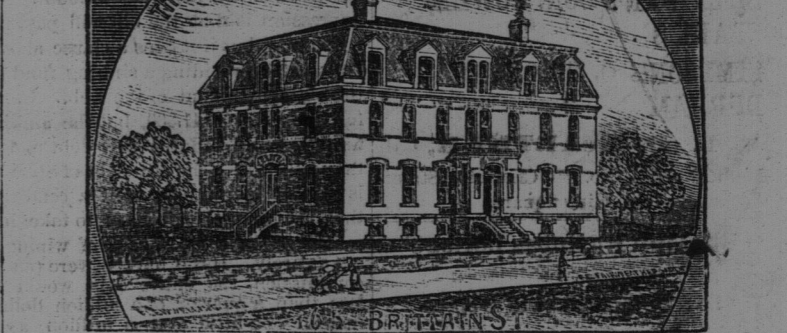
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