

A GREAT SERIAL THIS WEEK BANK OF CALIFORNIA BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

The Saturday Gazette.

THE BLUE VASE THIS WEEK. An interesting story complete this week.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

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A LIFE VOCATION.

A LADY'S VIEWS Concerning the Preparations that are Requisite to a Useful Life.

Human nature is about the same throughout all generations; and observations tend to prove that the world of today, with all its privileges, is no more brimming over with genius, than it was in the days of our forefathers; that now as then, very many of us have about the same amount of ability, yet differ materially in vocation.

Each man or woman excels in some one branch of industry, and seldom in more than one, still, there is wisely and undoubtedly a vocation or calling provided for each one, where he will stand in the sure line for promotion, if he will but earnestly seek to discover it, and afterwards to labor in it with diligence and fidelity.

It was my opportunity, some few days ago, to meet with a well-known clergyman who argued that we should not attend church in order to hear the minister preach, but wholly and expressly for the purpose of "Divine Worship," and he also contended that if we listened only for sermons, it would be just as well for us to remain at home and devote our time to reading those of the wonderfully gifted, Dr. Talmage. However, while people of all denominations read Talmage's sermons, all must remark how repetitive they are with interesting and instructive anecdotes connected with historical events from the Creation up to the present time, plainly showing that though this talented preacher has found his calling, yet he has not trusted entirely to his special aptitude and genius, but has depended to a great extent upon work, for knowledge such as his cannot be acquired without that labor which Carlyle says "is as wide as the earth and has its summit in Heaven."

As a remarkable instance of selecting a vocation, however, and afterward working in it diligently, I might mention "that of the son of a poor shoemaker, born in the most abject poverty, who became so renowned as a poet, and whose household word in every European country, and almost every American home—Hans Christian Andersen—the Danish poet and fairy-story-teller who in "The Story of his Life," says in his own pure and peculiar way, "I have not told it only because a sketch of my life was required for the collected edition of my works, but because my life is the best commentary upon my writings."

It is said that "who is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know, that there is a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful in to experience."

Still, however, the world does not require that we should all become poets, painters and authors, any more than that we should all become lawyers, doctors and preachers; in fact, it makes little difference what we do, provided it is decent and honest, if by so doing we contribute to swell the sum of human good and human happiness, and at the same time take into consideration that our occupation, whatever it may be, demands careful preparation. The individual who builds our ships, sells our goods, cuts our clothes, manufactures our watches, superintends our machinery, clips our hair, takes charge of our cattle, our farms and our gardens must know how and must have been especially prepared for his calling.

A few years ago, it was considered that the whole life was to be spent in manual labor was all the better for not being too highly educated and intelligent, but this theory is being well broken down, and it is now pretty fully taken into account that the whole character of our industries require a general advance in mechanical skill as well as in art-culture; and that the man whether he be manufacturer or merchant, mechanic or farmer, who can quickly or accurately see what is placed before him possesses a decided advantage over the one who does not possess this qualification; and furthermore Ruskin, who is himself both practical and theoretical tells us that "nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than this; always in life or in art knowing the way things are going."

And now in conclusion cannot refrain from saying to many of our younger people who have a feverish unrest to wander away from home, probably, perhaps because they do not realize that "Happiness is always at our elbow, all one has to do, is to stop seeking it afar, or stop seeking for it at all, and keep so busy that thoughts of self are forced out of sight," and besides our own native province pours out continually for us, her children, very many good things to be gathered and shaped by the hand of steady industry, where in the words of Goethe "one need not go away from home to know that the sky is blue," when the air blows just as fresh and cool over our own magnificent scene as our Bay of Fundy and our noble River St. John as it does in the far West. Here too a competency may be earned, fame won, and happiness enjoyed if we only practice what Emerson has taught us that, "The first secret of success is self-trust—the belief that we are here, and that the authority of nature has put us here for some cause, and so long as we work at that we are successful."

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 whim of our young girls says a New York paper is to drink milk. Doubtless they have borrowed this habit from their masculine friends, who have taken to the lactical beverage even in bar rooms. Several dukes of potent influence among their kind, proud of being used up by a winter of alcoholic dissipation, swore off only of liquor put into a glass of pure milk. The girls have caught on to the notion, and when they stand in front of the elaborate soda water counters, where they formerly ordered distinctly alcoholic mixtures, they now demand the unadulterated yield of the cow. This effort to be dissipated by a long season of social gaiety, not unmixing with champagne, and they are bringing themselves round, if not making themselves plump, by drinking milk.

The marriage of Prince de Oyatira with Mile. de Trivise was recently celebrated with much pomp at the Church of St. Philippe de Bonis, and Mgr. Richard, Bishop of Paris, officiated, the Duke of Chartres being one of the witnesses. On her arrival at the church the bride was received by sixty young girls from Soaux, where the Trivise family own a chateau. These young girls were all dressed in blue, with long white veils, for they belong to a sisterhood. The bride wore a white satin dress, Renaissance shapo, with very long train, the skirt trimmed with a large spray of orange blossoms; the veil, which was old lace, was placed very far back and fastened with a bunch of orange blossoms and a large diamond crescent. The Marquis de Trivise wore a silver-gray dress, with cream silk front, trimmed with Mechlin lace and antique buttons; Italian straw bonnet, with bows and strings of moss-colored velvet. The Princess de Lucigne wore iron-gray silk trimmed with jet and vienes. Colette de Trivise, a Louis XV. dress, style Pompadour; the Marquis Pallavicini, dark heliotrope satin; Marquis de Beaumont, a light gray shot silk; Mile. de Beaumont, one of the bridesmaids, was all in white; the other, Mile. Nancy de Trivise, wore pink bonnet, a wide ribbon sash the same color and hat to match.

All the summer dresses sent out by one of our extra manufacturers, manufacturers are scouted by some new sort of process. The hint has already been taken by rival dressmakers, and each endeavors to produce some specialty in sweet odor to characterize her wares. As a result, some very delightful new scents have been evolved from the laboratories of the chemists. Experts may soon be able to trace the source of a toilet by its odor, and so we may have inquisitive old women sniffing at the gowns of their rivals' daughters, and endeavoring to fix their social status by the standing of their dressmakers. This season's fashions are truthfully said to be distinguished by no special characteristic, women who make a study and an art of dressing having come to the conclusion this year that to be well dressed one must have a distinct individuality. This tendency reaches a peculiar development in the lepididness of many customers. One-half of a dress need not match the other in its shape, colors, or even altogether in its kind of fabric. There used to be a female vocalist on the stage who had a high soprano voice and a low alto voice, each about as distinct from the other as though they belonged to separate persons. Her method of utilizing this phenomenal quality was to wear a dark, rich Spanish dress on one side of herself, and a light, airy German dress on the other. She also halved her hair in the same manner by wearing a wig blond on one side and black on the other. She would come out on the stage in profile, presenting the German side to the audience and sing a German yodel song. Then she would turn half about, surprising the people

FAIR PLAY.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Theories That Appear Fallacious May Merit Investigation.

One of the GAZETTE'S most notable idiosyncrasies is a profound veneration for fair play. It never whitewashed a villainy because its author "stood well in the world," or which means the same thing, was backed by money. The GAZETTE smiles, but its contempt for fraud and wrong borders on the unrighteous. In every community a thousand petty wrongs are perpetrated every day; petty, but nauseating because of their meanness—exasperating because of their littleness. If a man is bound to commit a crime the GAZETTE honors him, in a degree, if he commits it above board and by daylight. But for the assassin who sneaks about in the dark and uses a poisoned knife, its detestation is unbounded. All men are frail, and for frailty the measure of sympathy is always overflowing, but for meanness there is nothing but abhorrence and contempt. It is strange how natural it is for us to boost the man that is well up the ladder and kick the man that is struggling at its foot. It seems as if men had more of the brute in their composition than the lower animals. Seneca once said, in effect, God pity the lower animals if they are lower than their masters. But it is folly to fall into misanthropy. There has been "trouble in the family" ever since there arose an unpleasantness in Eden, and as long as men and women are made of flesh and blood, the trouble will continue. This is prefatory to a few words the GAZETTE has to say about Christian Science. What Christian Science is the GAZETTE does not pretend to say, but one thing is certain: many of its advocates are honest, quite sincere in their faith, and have unbounded confidence in the grounds on which their faith is based. In Christian Science, as in everything else, there is a certain amount of fraud—no profession and no creed is free from pretensions, and the more firmly based a creed or profession is the more numerous are its backsliders, for no one finds it profitable to counterfeit a thing that is without merit. In America, with its population of about 50,000,000 people, the annual death rate is not far from 2,250,000, nine-tenths of whom most likely are attended in their last hours by reputable and educated physicians. Death is the fate of man, since sin came into the world, and according to the gospel, it is the fruit of sin. It is very rare when death comes among us that any question is raised as to the skill of the attending physician, especially if he belongs to the recognized school, but for the ghostly evidence of the science of healing no notable step forward has been made during the past thousand years. Such being the case it seems somewhat peculiar that when a person under the care of a Christian Scientist succumbs, the circumstance is given great publicity through the newspapers, and in more than one instance the Scientist finds himself or herself in limbo. As said before, the GAZETTE neither advocates nor condemns the doctrines of the Christian Scientist. It has not studied the subject, but it believes that its honest advocates are entitled to respect and that their work should be judged by its results. Miss Balkom, a Christian Scientist who has practiced her profession in St. John for a period of about eight months was interviewed by a GAZETTE representative a day or two since. She said, "Of our failures the public are always sure to be apprized through the newspapers, but our successes appear to be studiously kept in the background. I have treated about one hundred and fifty patients since I came here, most of whom had been given up by their physicians as incurable, and I know of very few instances, where our treatment was persisted in that good results were not obtained. The trouble is that very few take the trouble to ascertain what Christian Science really is. The Bible is our only guide; we practice what is preached in every Christian pulpit, and yet but one clergyman in St. John has ever honored me with a visit. If men lived true, honest lives, they would live longer and happier. Sin is the cause of death. The work of Christian Science is to lead people to have faith in God and believe in the strength and unchangeable nature of His love. Christian Science is doing this; there are about twenty practitioners in the Maritime Provinces, and more than 3,000 in the United States—their number is constantly increasing and I firmly believe that in a few years the use of drugs will be entirely abandoned in the treatment of disease."

There is an imported gold galloon, said to be unobtainable, which is used for trimming coat basques and skirts made of white bengaline or faulle française.

These capillary relics he carefully collects and sells to the General's admirers, many of whom it is of course covered by the lively Gaul had from a England.

When the dawn broke the sky was still clear. "We shall have a warm day," the writer's companion whispered as we rose in the gray light, "let's give back the poor devil his blanket."

The sergeant's body lay in the same place, two yards away. But not in the same attitude. It was upon its right side. The knees were drawn up nearly to the breast, both hands thrust to the collar, the buttons of the jacket, the collar of which was turned up, concealing the ears. The shoulders were elevated, the head was retracted, the chin rested on the collar-bone. The posture was that of one suffering from intense cold.

But for what had been previously observed—but for the ghostly evidence of the bullet-hole—one would have sworn the man had frozen to death.

General Boulanger becomes a Source of Profit to His Barber.

General Boulanger's barber has been discovered by an energetic and enterprising person with a taste for finishing illustrative bulletins on the private lives of remarkable people. The great man's coiffeur lives near the Louvre and the Theatre Francaise, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, and he naturally prides himself on being allowed to trim and anoint the "sacred beard" which makes such a fine effect in the multitudinous and highly-colored portraits of the "brav" General which abound in this capital.

Unlike Louis XI., however, General Boulanger does not make a confidant of his Olivier le Dain. The Elect of the Forth, we are told, walks quietly into the shop like an ordinary statesman, clerk or shop boy of the locality, takes his seat in a comfortable arm-chair which has been reserved for his use, and awaits operations. The coiffeur then proceeds to work in person, for the General is too important a person to be handed over to a perhaps perfidious or an unskillful debutant in the histrionic art of hair-cutting.

There is no such thing as a master M. Boulanger waiting while M. le Coiffeur "blows up" his assistants or tries to press a bottle of bay rum or a pot of new pomade on a reluctant customer preparing to depart. The Cæsarian hair and beard are quickly and skillfully cut with a pair of scissors of the best Sheffield steel.

During the operation the General does not speak a word, and on its conclusion he pays ten francs to the coiffeur and five to the lucky assistants who have perhaps turned the brushing machine or assisted in the shampooing.

All this takes place at a regular hour weekly. The same authority who is responsible for all this interesting information assures us that the coiffeur has a fertile source of profit and perquisite in the hairs which have been cut from the skull, jaws and chin of the possible "Dictator."

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CAN A DEAD MAN FEEL COLD?

The Remarkable Story Told by a Soldier at the Stone Creek Battle.

The night of December 31, 1863, was an exceedingly cold one in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The first day's battle at Stone River had been fought, resulting in disaster to the Federal army, which had been driven from its original ground at every point except its extreme left.

The weary troops at this point lay behind a railway embankment, which had served them during the last hours of the fight as a breastwork to repel repeated charges of the enemy.

Behind the line the ground was open and rocky, says the San Francisco Examiner. Great bowlers lay about everywhere, and among them lay many of the Federal dead, where they had been carried out of the way.

Before the embankment the dead of both armies lay greatly thicker, but they were not molested. It was not a very dark night, being clear.

Among the dead in the bowlers lay one whom nobody knew—a Federal sergeant, shot directly in the centre of the forehead. One of our surgeons, from idle curiosity, or possibly with a view to the amusement of a group of officers during a lull in the engagement (we needed something to divert our minds), had dropped his probe clean through the head.

The body lay on its back, its chin in the air, and with straightened limbs, as rigid as steel; frost on its white face and its beard and hair. Some Christian soul had covered it with a blanket, but when the night became pretty sharp a companion of the writer removed this, and we lay beneath it ourselves.

With the exception of our pickets, which had been posted well in front of the embankment, every man lay silent. Conversation was forbidden; to have made a fire or even struck a match to light a pipe would have been a grave offence. Stamping horses, moaning wounded—everything that made a noise had been sent to the rear; the silence was absolute.

Those whom the chill prevented from sleeping nevertheless reclined as they shivered, or sat with their heads on their arms, suffering but making no sign. Every one had lost friends and all expected death on the morrow. These matters are mentioned to show the improbability of any one going about during these solemn hours to commit a ghastly practical joke.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

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(CONTINUED.)

By noon he had left off the drudging ascents and descents of the mountain to the river to wash his prospects. He was occupied entirely with the "float quartz," here thickly scattered about as it had rolled from the vein, knocking the fragments to pieces. He had found gold. Uttering a joyous "Whoop!" he put a chunk of the quartz in his bag, and then another and another. His feelings and mine at that time were certainly in strong contrast to each other.

He crawled up gradually toward the shelf on which lay the "bank." It inclined somewhat toward the river and then jumped off abruptly, making a perpendicular face four or five feet high. Pratt could now see that the quartz had rolled from this shelf, and that the vein must be somewhere at or near its top.

"Yes, I'm here," I replied. "Well, well!" he was evidently at a loss what to say or do. "It's a hot, hot, hot!" "Pretty hot," I remarked. I thought it was worth a laugh came over me as I thought of "talking weather" at such a juncture.

Mr. Pratt sat himself also down upon a rock, drew a rusty red bandana, mopped with it his face and partly bald head, and said "Where?" Then he looked the ground before him with the end of his hammer, and I poked Mother Earth before me with a stick. It was clear to me that Mr. Pratt intended to stay here and wait for my going. It was clear to me that I should remain—though I did not like so to do. The situation was somewhat akin to that which had occurred to Mr. Pratt from the vicinity of the golden mistress he knew was near.

So we sat one full hour, and the longest hour of my life. Pratt made the first move. He commenced examining the rock near the solid mountain formation. Nearly he advanced toward the place where Brooner had screened the worked portion of the vein with his face and partly bald head, and said "Where?" Then he looked the ground before him with the end of his hammer, and I poked Mother Earth before me with a stick.

"That's my claim," I said. "Let it alone." "Momentary wonder showed itself in Pratt's eyes that any one else should know of gold in this form." "Your claim?" he said. "Up here? What sort of digging do you call this anyway?" "Perhaps you know as well as I. But that's my claim by right discovery." "Where's your notice?"

"The written notice on the ground was then responsible to hold a claim. To hold none Brooner had put nose up, knowing it would attract attention." "Where's your tool?" he continued. "Tools left on a claim were regarded as most important proofs of possession. Brooner had hidden away those he used—where I knew not."

"No notice, no tools and no work done, and you call this a claim?" said Pratt derisively. "Clearly as to the mining rights of the period Pratt had the best of me. I felt the moral weakness of the situation. Pratt seemed also to know his own strength and my weakness in this respect. Meantime he had taken out his six-shooter and cocked it. He stood facing me, and had the "drop" on me. I was powerless. "Now, young man," said he, "if you give white I count ten to get off this ground, and if you don't I'll put a ball through you. D'ye hear? Get! Vamon! One—two—three—As he spoke he made a step backward. It was all a jumble of rocks

CHAPTER XI

LIFE.

I had now a dead man on my hands and didn't know what to do with him. Pratt bore on me mentally with as great a weight, dead, as he had while living. He would be soon missed and sought for by his partner. Hillyear would find his prospect holes. This would bring the search in the neighborhood of the claim. If I told my story of the manner in which he met his death, I should be hardly credited. Then it would lead indirectly to the discovery of the "bank." In whatever way I looked I saw perplexity.

Nearing it, I saw Hillyear standing at his cabin door, cooking supper. They built their fire out on the bank of the river. He was propped up so as to receive the heat from a bed of glowing coals, and in it was their evening's baking of bread. He was looking from time to time up the river with that air of expectancy which accompanies the act of waiting for some one who has stayed the usual time. As I drew near he halted me.

"What was I to say? I had seen the last of him. I felt as if I had been struck, because, circumstantially, I was in the position of one. People talk as if a "clear conscience" was equal to any situation. I did not feel that as I saw him about three hours ago going up the river," was my reply.

"Great heavens! I thought, how much of this game evasion and I to stay from this morning, and went into the chapparral. He burst through the chapparral, and I was disclosed to him, seated on a rock, about ten feet from the vein.

"Hollo!" was his involuntary exclamation: "Who are you?" "Yes, I'm here," I replied. "Well, well!" he was evidently at a loss what to say or do. "It's a hot, hot, hot!" "Pretty hot," I remarked. I thought it was worth a laugh came over me as I thought of "talking weather" at such a juncture.

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some nature, torn to follow—Pratt had picked him up as he would a stray dog looking for a master, and that with the instinct of the animal he had become attached to Pratt and was grieving for him.

I tried in vain that night to sleep. So soon as my body was at rest, and my brain became more active than ever, its pictures vivifying from Pratt's body to the stars, and from the scenes of that day to the possible ones of to-morrow.

Something must be done with that body. Where it was I must not remain. You know how in my mind came floating memories—events or rumors, important or trivial, and of no apparent relation to the main subject of thought. So in my mental vision that night came the black buzzard I had seen in the sky the day before the scene of the tragedy, and his lit of black shadow floating on the ground by me.

That buzzard! That buzzard and his companions would to-morrow show to the searchers surely where the body lay! No animal in that country may die on highway or byway, on plain, gulch or mountain, and though it be ever so thickly screened by bushes, though not one of these scavengers be visible, yet within a few hours, trooping they come, led by some wondrous faculty of scent or vision to the corpse, their feet on the mountain side and throw it in the river.

That body, I must remove, and this very night. I jumped up, dressed myself in the darkness, and a few minutes was stumbling up the mountain side. An "old moon" gave me the falling yellowish light. Much of the trail, look up and down, lay in almost total darkness. Where the pines grew thickly sometimes I lost my way entirely. I groped and stumbled over bush and rock. In two hours I was again on the spot.

It was my intent to drag the body down the mountain side and throw it in the river. Whether it was found or not, it would, I thought, lessen and break the web of circumstantial evidence I saw weaving about me. It would put Pratt off the ground I must require.

The fragment of moon remaining was just above the dark outline of the hills on the other side of the river. In ten minutes I should be left in total darkness. I commenced removing the brush from Pratt's body. I took it first from the legs and trunk. The face I worked to see if possible. I did not, however, raise a dense fog of strength from ordinary food. I hold alcohol as a food—an artificial one, and an unhealthy one for steady use.

After supper I trudged down to the store, for I wanted to rest on my own thoughts that evening for company. The Bull Bar nucleus for goods and gossip was full as usual. Pratt might be present. The making of strength from ordinary food. I hold alcohol as a food—an artificial one, and an unhealthy one for steady use.

After supper I trudged down to the store, for I wanted to rest on my own thoughts that evening for company. The Bull Bar nucleus for goods and gossip was full as usual. Pratt might be present. The making of strength from ordinary food. I hold alcohol as a food—an artificial one, and an unhealthy one for steady use.

"Hillyear, get up! Don't be a fool," said Sefter. Hillyear finally replied: "All—right! If I had had no doubts as to the genuineness of the news, and had but momentarily heard of it. Our party reached Pratt, where I had left him. With great difficulty we managed to carry him down the mountain. His utterances on the way down all bore vaguely on quartz hunting and the last scene of which he had been conscious while in his right mind. To Sefter, they were a puzzle. To Hillyear, I know not how much or how little meaning they conveyed. To myself they were a source of great uneasiness. They bore first on the secret of our claim. Next, they might confirm a suspicion, which, if not already developed, I knew was likely to be, through the singular circumstances attending my finding Pratt so far up Scrub mountain in the dead of night. It needed but a word of his delicious utterance to make known that we had quarreled.

We left Pratt in his cabin. Sefter, whose curiosity was evidently much aroused, said to me, just what I expected he would: "How did you come to find Pratt away up there?" I told Sefter that I heard Pratt's voice in the night up the mountain, which was true, but not in the sense I left Sefter to infer. I held that story as justifiable under the circumstances. It's not so much what we tell that may damage us as the construction placed on it by those it may be told to. The only way I know of when certain questions are asked that many people will ask, to avoid evasion or untruthfulness, is to say every word of your business. That, as society is now constituted and complicated, would be quite impudic.

"I wonder who shot him?" continued Sefter. "Shot himself, maybe," I replied. "Queer business, anyway," was Sefter's final remark, as he trudged off home. I saw by his manner that he was full of curiosity, and being full of curiosity would be soon full of theories as to the cause of Pratt's hurt, and that as curiosity and theories are contagious, he would in a short time incite all Bull Bar with them. Next day I visited Pratt. His head had been hurt both by the ball and the fall. The bullet had passed through—no very deeply. The concussion from the fall seemed to have most affected him. That one or other of these wounds had affected his brain was very evident without the pompous declaration of the physician, who had been summoned, to that effect.

Sefter was present when I entered. Pratt was lying on his bed silent, but the night of me seemed to excite his brain to action, and set in motion the thoughts, scenes and emotions connected with the occurrence at the claim. He was dangerously near, but did not actually reveal me as a participant. "No hold no notice!" he cried. "Pretty way to hold a claim."

"What claim, Pratt?" said Sefter. "The sick man's eyes fell on Sefter with a gleam of cunning. "No claim," he said. "We're after rattlesnake oil. Hunting snakes in the chapparral. There's some now on the head. If you not off while I count ten, I'll put a ball through you. One—two—three—four" and he shrilled as if with pain. Hillyear spoke: "He—must—be—kept—quiet. It's—the doctor's—order. The doctor—says—his—order—brillium—is—something—or—other."

"Queer business—queer business," was Sefter's remark, as we left the house with somebody. Brooner returned. I felt that I could now shift a part of the business to other shoulders. He heard my story. As its conclusion he settled back and laughed. "Regular dime novel, isn't it?" said he. "Write it, print it, sell it. Well, young man, you're improving rapidly. I congratulate you. I couldn't have wished you anything better than the experience you've gone through. You needed it. You're the kind that must be put in very hot water to draw anything out of you."

"But won't this put all Bull Bar on the scent of the 'bank'?" I asked. "First, let's compound some whiskey with sugar, lemon and nutmeg. Before we talk business let's fix things so as to make business a pleasure, not by pouring the stuff down raw as the fools do at the store, and then dress up the stuff decently and tastefully before we put it down. There would be far less drunkards if every man was compelled by law to dress up and trim up his drinks in this way before he swallowed them. It's continued as he sipped his punch: "Make yourself easy, Holder, about the claim. You have fixed that all right, or the States have for you. Pratt won't go up there for a while, now that his wits are knocked out of his head, which for our purpose is better far than knocking them put in his body. Because I'm fool enough to believe that if his wits were out of his body they'd be in much better shape to come back and reveal our secret than as they now are, chained to a cracked skull, and therefore in bed with order. Hillyear, after you say so, I judge, only an appendage of Pratt's and not able to do anything without him. At all events, I'll find out soon. As for the 'bank,' I think I've got the cream out of it already. It's only a feeder to some bigger vein in the mountain. That can lay for awhile. I've got four or five caches of quartz up there that I haven't shown you. We'll get it all down this week and haul up things for the present. There's, I think, your fair share of divvy, so far as we've gone, and he put in my hands a mint certificate of deposit for \$14,000. "If the rock that's mined out goes down as I think it will, you'll have as much more coming to you. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied! Less than a year from home and the possessor of what in Eastport was deemed a 'small fortune.' In the well-worn phrase, I wanted to 'pour forth my thanks.' I said: 'I wish I could fully express my feeling and gratitude to you.' 'I'm glad you can't,' said Brooner, interrupting me. 'It's a good thing for you that you can't. I hate effusiveness and undemonstrativeness for what you call your luck. I don't want any gushers about me. Besides, you've earned what you got—every cent of it. Put your own and me together, and with that put it in your way. There's no thanks nor gratitude in the matter. I hate people always overwhelmed with gratitude. They're the sort who, if ever they do you a favor, never forget it, and, in effect, want to be paid for it forever afterward. Let's change the subject. There's a traveling theatre company at Chinese Camp to-night. Let's go and see the show. You need a change from the ghostly buzzard spying and body hunting business. Get Rankin's horse. I'll take mine, and we'll gallop over there.' On applying, Mr. Rankin said he would gladly hire me his horse. The animal, he added, was vicious, shied at his own shadow, 'bucked' frequently and had been the death of two men. As we were leaving he called out to Brooner: 'The coroner lives at one end of the camp and is lightnin' on an inquest when sober. The undertaker lives at the other. You'd better take the cloth for the young man's horse along with you. They know that horse up there and always

CHAPTER XII. Bending over Pratt I put to him the usual idiotic question under such circumstances: "Pratt! are you alive?" "Pratt, are you alive?" The words came from him in a feeble, whispering tone. "No, not that way. The lead's heavier, and it's right heavy. I managed to get him off the shot. Further I could not. The only accessible route through the brush was a narrow path of bread clean through. Run a straw through enough sticks if you'd done, don't put your till beans be rolled so you can squash 'em—also, hard as rocks."

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

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

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will be paid for their articles as far as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

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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.

Advertisements 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.

MRS. ALBAN recently sang "Home, Sweet Home" at the inauguration of the exhibition for the benefit of the London Home for Incubables in such a way that a lady present at once wrote her check for \$5000 for the charity.

This year is the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope's birth. He was born on May 22, 1688. Mr. Labouchere, of London, Truth, occupies Pope's villa at Twickenham and has thrown the house open to the public in honor of the author of the "Essay on Man."

It is possible that ere long Jay Gould the king of Wall street, will be referred to as the late Jay Gould. From all accounts the great stock gambler is very sick and not likely to recover. There are thousands who would rejoice to learn that Gould had been gathered to his fathers.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY says that a poet has no right to inflict the public with verses which do not suit himself. This is all very well in its way, but the fact is that poets are apt to be too easily satisfied with their own productions. Mr. Riley is an exception in this particular.

The legislature of New York has abolished death by hanging, and in future criminals sentenced to death will be executed by electricity. New York is the first state to adopt this method of carrying out the extreme penalty of the law, which, sooner or later will be adopted by all civilized powers.

Now is the time when "the sweet girl graduate" puts on her Commencement dress and, manuscript in hand, proceeds to give an audience composed of adults points on the great problems of human existence. The community at large is always morally and intellectually invigorated after the annual application of graduating essays to the sore spots of society.

The work of a reader to a publishing house is no bagatelle. One of these toilers has just waded through a manuscript of two hundred thousand words, written by a Tribune editor. Another house has just sent back to the author a novel of one hundred and seventy-five thousand words, asking him to cut out seventy-five thousand before they can consider it.

The Common Council were perfectly right in protecting the interests of the city, by requiring the contractor for street paving to make a deposit to secure the city before entering upon the work. There has been altogether too much laxity in such matters in the past, and the time had come to make the change. The rule, however, should be applied to contracts of every nature, but particularly in all street work.

Sometime should be done by the legislature in the direction of preserving the forests. The great forests of New Brunswick have been a source of untold wealth in the past, and now that they are becoming depleted, laws should be passed to prevent the reckless waste that has been going on for the past few years. We can no longer afford to have this waste go on.

The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, Pa., adopted a resolution reaffirming their conviction that the constitution of the United States is a virtual agreement or compact to administer the Government without reference to Christ or the Christian religion, and that incorporation with the Government on the basis of this Constitution is therefore an act of disloyalty to Christ.

At a library sale in Paris a short time since was sold for several hundred dollars a copy of a copy of "Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloe," which formerly belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, having her arms and monogram engraved on the cover. Another copy of the same work which was formerly in the library of the Chateau Giran brought one thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars.

This is how prohibition strikes an American exchange. The suppression of saloons in Dakota has had the customary deteriorating effect on the drug stores in that territory, and where once the harmless soda-water fished in innocent practices the alcoholic stimulant practices their pernicious activity. When the great reckoning comes prohibition will have to answer for the downfall of many an erstwhile childlike soda-water fountain.

THOMAS DE SAINT-BES, of New York, is about to publish an elaborate work on the origin of the name of America, which he proves did not originate with Vesputri, but rather that he took the name from the country. Amaraea was the name of the divinity adored by the aborigines with whom Columbus first came in contact, and the earlier voyages set the land down on their maps as "the country of the Amaraea."

At the morning session of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of the United States at Pittsburg, Pa., June 1st, a resolution was adopted deprecating the publication of Sunday newspapers, and instructing the Presbyteries to prosecute by proper discipline all members who advertise in the same. The committee appointed at the last Synod to secure legislation against Sunday postal service reported that a bill was pending in Congress providing for the proper observance of the Sabbath in the Post Office Department.

Hitherto an officer of the French army has not been allowed to marry unless the woman of his choice had a private income of at least 1,200 francs a year. This law was adopted in 1840 and was placed in the way of his free exercise of will in making a matrimonial choice could never be fully understood by the unfortunate French officer who happened to love a penniless maiden. Every man and woman in the world who has a soul above buttons will rejoice to know that this mercenary regulation has been rescinded by the French Government. Hereafter a French officer may marry a girl no matter how poor she is.

New York and Chicago can both be held up as marvels in their growth of population. According to the thirtieth annual report of the Chicago Board of Trade, Chicago contains now about 800,000 souls as against 3,853 in 1840. In 1840 the population of New York City was 312,710; at present it is in the neighborhood of 1,000,000. Both New York and Chicago are admirably situated for a steady increase of population—the former harbor being one of the finest in the whole world, and as to Chicago, Lippincott's Gazetteer puts it correctly in stating that "one of the principal causes of the prosperity and growth of the city (Chicago) is its position at the head of the great chain of lakes, which form the grandest medium of internal navigation in the world."

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The railway development of the last quarter of a century has opened up to competition the commercial pastures of the Maritime Provinces, that were at one time held exclusively by the merchants of St. John, the consequences of which are that competition has reduced the average profits on merchandise to a very fine point. While this, of itself, has been somewhat against the interests of the Saint John merchants, it has been of general benefit to the provinces at large. They now recognize that the old system of large profits and long credits has passed away. The struggle with outside competition has been a severe one, and some worthy men have fallen in the fight, but we are proud to say that Saint John holds her own and can maintain her past position as the commercial metropolis of the Maritime Provinces. No better evidence can be adduced showing the receptive powers of Saint John than by noticing the enormous amount of business that is done by the different railway and steamship lines having their terminus in this city. When we consider the deplorable loss inflicted upon our city by the fire of 1877, the even more wide spread financial losses due to a decline in the value and carrying power of our ships, which in a majority of cases have been changed from profitable assets to harassing liabilities, and, in addition to these take the miserable and disastrous Maritime Bank failure, resulting from wretched mismanagement, quite foreign to the trade of Saint John, yet casting an odium on the general financial reputation of our city, we reiterate, that when we see the enormous business that is being done in St. John, it becomes evident that our resources are so varied and lasting that the most miserable pessimist, if he honestly opens his eyes and looks at the facts as they exist, will cast off his pall of despondency and have faith in the future prosperity of our city.

We might say one word about the financial resources of Saint John. In-

pressions exist that there is a lack of capital in the city. This is entirely erroneous. Taking the bank statements for the month ending April 30, the Bank of New Brunswick had \$579,000 on deposit, payable after notice and \$545,451 payable on call and not bearing interest—a total of considerable over a million of money. Those who are in a position to form an opinion say there is probably not less than \$4,000,000 on deposit in the different banks of the city independent of the Savings Bank. If any considerable portion of this immense capital were put in manufacturing and other industrial enterprises of a local character, it would give a great impetus to the trade of the place, and without casting any reflections on our present bank managements, would lessen the danger of its falling into the hands of unscrupulous adventurers from abroad, capable of casting a glass over our weak minded bank managers. We want faith in our own people—faith among ourselves. Let it not be said in the case of St. John that a prophet is without honor in his own country.

One week more. A resolution was moved at the last meeting of the St. John Board of Trade toward holding an exhibition in the summer of 1889. This is a move in the right direction. It is a grand thing for the people to have a common object before them. This is an object in which everyone amongst us will be interested. Go at it, gentlemen, with your old time vigor. With a determination to win. Energy and activity mean life; stagnation means death and decay.

THE HARBOR COMMISSION.

The harbor commission question has arisen again. This time it is brought up by the Board of Trade. The Gazette has done its share to enlighten the ratepayers and citizens of St. John on this important subject. We have demonstrated that it is in the interest of the city of St. John that the harbor should be put into commission. We have proved beyond question that the adoption of the harbor commission scheme would cause a saving of at least \$12,000 annually to the ratepayers of the city. No one has attempted to dispute our figures. They cannot be disproved. All that the opponents of the scheme have ever offered in support of their views is mere sentimental rubbish. St. John has had altogether too much of sentiment in the past. What we want now is money. Our streets must be paved but we cannot pave streets without money. The sale of the harbor would give us the cash to do this important work.

There are other phases of the harbor question that the opponents of a commission refuse to look at. To make St. John harbor what it should be—what it must be, requires the expenditure of thousands of dollars to do the trade of the Short Line Railway. We must have dry docks, wet docks, grain elevators and steam derricks. These are all necessary at the terminus of a trans-continental railway. The freight the railway will bring cannot be handled without them. But these conveniences cannot be had without money. And if St. John borrows the money the citizens will be responsible for the debt. Then if the business is slow in making St. John its headquarters the citizens will have to make good the deficit out of their own pockets.

The future of the city depends largely on the attitude the citizens take at the present time. If they refuse to be guided by common sense but follow their prejudices and vain sentiment the trade will be lost for a merchant might as well attempt to do business without stock as for the city to expect to handle its share of the trade of Canada without the necessary appliances. Should our people continue to be guided by prejudice and sentiment then the trade will be lost, and if lost will be difficult to regain. The Board of Trade's Committee have an important work to perform—a work upon which, in a large measure, depends the future of St. John.

UNION LINE. Daily Trips Between St. John and Fredericton (each way). FARE, ONE DOLLAR.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commencement about June 15th, and until further notice, presumably until October 1st. THE Splendid Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA" alternately leave St. John (departures) for FREDERICTON, and FREDERICTON for St. John.

EVERY MORNING, Sunday Excepted, AT NINE O'CLOCK, Local Time. Calling at intermediate stops.

Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc., with Northern & Western Railway for DOAKLEY, CARLETON, and MILBURN, Woodstock, etc., through Fredericton, and return, direct to Woodstock and Grand Falls, good to return by N. B. Railway via McAdam, issued at special reduced rates.

THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to Brown's, King's, Lake Umbagog, and PALMER'S Wharves, and return on day of issue, for 40 CENTS to HALIFAX and return, via St. John.

For accommodation of business men and others, Steamer "ACADIA" will leave ISLANDERS every Saturday evening, at 6 O'CLOCK, for ISLANDERS, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave ISLANDERS at 10 O'CLOCK, Monday morning, to arrive at ISLANDERS at 9, the following opportunity to spend a day of rest and pleasure in the country without encroaching on business hours.

FARE—Islanders to Summerset, etc., and return, 50 CENTS. This service begins on June 9th, and is sufficiently extensive, will continue up to 1st October.

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TOURISTS' GUIDE TO ST. JOHN AND THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Contains: Maps, Illustrations, Railroad and Steamboat Lines, Places of Interest in the City and Province, &c., and all other information useful to Tourists, &c. Compiled by JAS. M. McILLAN.

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MEN'S all Wool Tweed Suits, COXSURE and DLAGO-SAL Suits, ODD COATS, ODD VESTS.

YOUTH'S all Wool Tweed Suits, BOYS' all Wool Tweed Suits, SHORT AND LONG PANTS. Now is your chance to get a bargain never before offered in St. John.

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Scotch and English Tweed Suitings, Corkscrews and Diagonal Suitings, Serges and Yacht Cloth Suitings, English Hairline and Fancy Trousering. Always in Stock.

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IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

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

While strolling about the streets of St. John on Saturday evening I noticed among the crowd Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley. There is no man in the Province to day whose life and thought have had such an influence on the city of St. John as that of Sir Leonard Tilley. Born in comparatively humble circumstances he has raised himself step by step to the highest position, socially and politically, in his native province. Still as he passed through the crowded streets on Saturday night there were but few to recognize him, and fewer still to give him a friendly nod of recognition. Still for the past half century he has been the leader of the dominant political party in this province and dominion. In his day no man has been more sincerely loved or more genuinely hated than the present governor. His friends have always been true to him and have stood by his side through innumerable elections, while on the other hand his opponents have been equally true to their opposing leader. Sir Leonard was not allowed a walk over very frequently when he sought the suffrages of the people, but he generally defeated his opponents. He has also been a singularly successful politician, having held office continuously since the confederation of the provinces. Now that it is generally understood that he has permanently retired from active politics, some of his oldest enemies are softening towards him, and should he live in his retirement for ten years longer, and all hope that he will, it will be possible to get an independent opinion of his services to his country during the long period he has taken so important a part in directing its affairs. It is a matter of congratulation that Sir Leonard Tilley will, when he retires from the position of governor, become a permanent resident of St. John.

I had a few words to say a week or so ago about the excellent work that is being done by the Methodist educational institutions at Sackville. Westmorland County, is singularly fortunate in the possession, not only of the Mount Allison institutions, but also in having within its borders the Catholic College of St. Joseph, at Memramouc, which is to celebrate its 23rd annual commencement on the evening of June 21st. I know something of the excellent work done by St. Joseph's and feel in duty bound to congratulate the Catholics of the province on so well conducted and through an institution of learning. The system pursued in the college may seem to some as severe but there is no question as to the results. I am informed that for the first time in the history of St. Joseph's the faculty will confer degrees. This is gratifying indeed, not only because it marks an era of advance in the college, but because it will give to the world the names of those who with the assistance of the instruction received at Memramouc have made names for themselves. George Y. McInerney, LL. B. and Hon. F. P. Fovier will be the Alumni orators at the commencement.

I hope to see the law in reference to the licensing of dogs enforced this year again. Mayor Thorne made a vigorous attempt to enforce the law last year, but he was only partly successful, inasmuch as the unlicensed dogs were not impounded and destroyed. This year the new liquor law has taken up so much of his time that he has not had the opportunity to give the matter that consideration it deserves. There is a class of people in St. John who seem to think that there is something wrong with the dog law because it has not been enforced in the past. In this they are wrong. The law is all right and can be enforced as well as any other law as some blatant persons who set it at defiance found to their cost.

I desire to say a word in commendation of the excellent work that Street Superintendent Martin is doing in different parts of the city. Besides extensive repairs to Dock street including the laying of new gutters and a crossing at Union street, and a general digging up of the roadway, the superintendent is re-making Water street. This work alone involves a large amount of labor, inasmuch as the street has to be raised about two feet between the International pier and the foot of Duke street. This work is going forward with as much speed as possible consistent with economy, and economy is necessary in the administration of the affairs of the street department. It may also be worth mentioning that in this connection Mr. Martin is doing all the work of the department without employing extra men.

In passing through the old Burial Ground the other day I noticed that Mr. Cruikshank is making the old place look very handsome. I am quite satisfied if the caretaker of the grounds were given half a chance he would greatly add to the beauty of the grounds, but it is not very encouraging to put out a lot of valuable plants and a few days afterwards find them torn up by the roots. Until the fences are put in proper repair the grounds cannot be made to look well or be kept well. Besides the remuneration is insufficient for the work done.

In passing down Germain Street the other day I was gratified to notice the

improvement that has taken place within the past few years. In old times Germain Street was the most fashionable street in the city. I remember hearing it told of a fashionable lady abroad who, though never having visited St. John, had many acquaintances living here, asking a friend from this city who was visiting her if there was only one street in St. John. The St. John man looked surprised and replied that there were several streets in St. John. "Well," the lady replied, "apologetically, I would scarcely have thought so as everybody I know seems to reside on Germain Street, and I had almost come to think Germain Street was the only street in St. John." Germain Street is certain to become the Fifth Avenue of St. John—so far as residences go.

Looking back 11 years one finds great changes in St. John. Most of these had their origin in the fire. Prior to 1877 Prince William Street was the principal business thoroughfare of the city, King Street excepted. Charlotte Street was gradually forcing itself into notice, and Union Street was also coming into prominence. Half of Prince William Street is still vacant lots, and the fact that business has gone up-town makes Charlotte Street the chief thoroughfare between what is popularly known as Lower Cove and Kipp's Square. It is unlikely that lower Prince William Street will ever regain its lost prestige. As far south as Duke Street will in all probability be built up with office buildings, while below that the present vacant lots will be covered with warehouses. To my mind business will most likely follow Charlotte Street to Union, going down that street to Brussels Street and down Brussels Street to the Marsh Bridge, and then gradually extend out the Marsh Road. Union Street, west of Charlotte, will probably assume more or less importance as a business street owing to the location of the railway passenger depot.

I feel it my duty to congratulate the contractor for street cleaning for the excellent manner in which he has done his work this year. Commencing on April 1st the contractor had a difficult task before him getting the streets properly cleaned owing to the unfavorable weather. In May he had also difficulties to meet, but he has almost wholly overcome these drawbacks. Any citizen of St. John can now point to the clean streets of the town as an evidence of the advance the city is making. Time was when the streets of St. John were the filthiest to be found anywhere on the continent. Now I think that taking into consideration the character of the material of which the streets are made the city is as clean as anyone can make it. These days when judges and justices are so much taken up in prosecuting the dignity it would seem that Mrs. Wallace ought to have been committed at least for life for the severe shock she must have given the nerves of the sitting magistrate. It is gratifying therefore to know that there is at least one merciful, forgiving man who presides in a court.

I observe that Madame La Touche, nee Warren, nee Grass, and known in different parts of the United States as various aliases has at last settled down on a farm in her native county of Sunbury. There are still many in St. John who remember the handsome adventures, Marion Warren, who was tried here for swindling Messrs. Simcox Jones & Co, and secured a committal. There are also many in Boston who remember the fair lady while, in more recent years, she has left numerous friends in New York where she was known by the name of La Touche, the name she still bears. New Brunswick has given birth to many sons and daughters who have become famous, but none it is safe to say have obtained so much newspaper notoriety as Madame La Touche.

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the other day. His Grace declares that it is an insult to say that annexation is our ultimate destiny. His Grace is right to admit that annexation is our destiny is to own our inability to build a nation—to admit that those rare qualities of nation building so marked in the Anglo-Saxon are dormant in the Canadian. There is a greater, broader destiny for Canadians than annexation. The time is not far distant when Canada will become a part of a great nation upon which the sun never sets. It is to such leaders of men as Archbishop O'Brien that we must look for help to bring about the grand results.

I have on several occasions called attention to the number of illegitimate births in this city. The report of the registrar of births, deaths and marriages shows that in the last month there were no less than seven illegitimate births in this city. This seems a large number for our small population and does not speak well for the morality of some classes of citizens. This large number of illegitimate births has some thing to do with the large number of child murders annually reported in St. John. Scarcely a week passes which fails to record a child murder. Unfortunately women anxious to hide their shame resort to murder to accomplish their end. Few arrests have ever been made for this crime and no effort is made by the police to trace down unnatural mothers who destroy their offspring. It is a difficult question to deal with as in the majority of cases not the slightest clue is left of the perpetrator of the crime.

I am informed that there are several schemes on foot for the development of the natural resources of the province. At present I am not at liberty to enter into details concerning one or two very important schemes. I have private information about more than to say that they are in the hands of men who will push them forward. The great fault to be found with our people is the slowness with which they go to work to develop anything. They have good resources in them and very often when they are considering the expenditure of a few dollars some one comes along and gets ahead of them. There are hundreds of opportunities for the investment of capital in New Brunswick which good investors can be had from a small amount of money and my advice to the people of St. John is to keep their eyes open to these chances.

The street railway is to go ahead at once I am informed. This is pleasing information to those who desire the city to go ahead. There is no one thing that does more to develop a city than properly laid street railways. The St. John company have shown good judgment in the selection of their routes and great activity in building the Indiantown road. This has given the people confidence in their ability to push the work forward to completion.

The chief inspector of licenses has been notifying the retail liquor dealers that they must put lights over the doors of the saloons. It would have been a good idea on the part of the legislature to have enacted that instead of ordinary lamps an electric light should be put up. This would give thirty citizens a clear idea of where each saloon was and also have saved the city a trifling sum for street lighting.

The importance of a good memory is shown in the discovery of "peat moss" at Musquash. Some years ago Mr. Wallace one of the discoverers of the moss, while fishing in the locality found that fish packed in moss from the big barren kept fresh longer than if packed in other kinds of moss. Years afterwards when in his business of farming he used "peat moss" from Germany, he found that it resembled the moss he used to find at Musquash. Mr. G. Clowes Carman visited his farm in New Jersey and when shown the "peat moss" commended Mr. Wallace's opinion as to the nature of the moss at the big barren. The purchase of the land was at once decided upon, and the assistance of a wealthy gentleman of the west, Mr. T. C. Bennett, of Jackson, Mich., enlisted to promote the scheme and develop the property. The company is composed of men who will push the enterprise forward as rapidly as possible. A large sum of money has already been expended, and a much larger sum will be put out during the summer. Immediately on completing the title to the property, a corps of men under the direction of Mr. Carman started to survey and make a road through the property. This road will be completed next week, when the building of a factory will be decided on. It will take a month to complete the buildings and set up the machinery. The work of building finished, two crews of men, one working by day and the other by night will be put to work, and as much moss as possible will be dug and prepared for shipment before the ground freezes up. The find is a very valuable one, and the employment that will be furnished will be of great benefit to the inhabitants of the western end of the county.

THE LOUNGER.

Perfect Health can only be obtained by carefully attending to the laws of nature as expressed in the wants of the system. To do this requires the use of Burdock Blood Bitters occasionally, to secure the regulating and strengthening effect of this splendid medicine.

Politics and religion are somewhat out of my line but I met a friend the other day who is quite an enthusiast on politics and he insisted on discussing some of the more important questions of the day. Said he, "The Liberal party in Canada is as dead as Julius Caesar. I call myself a liberal but I will never vote for a Liberal candidate until the party comes to the point of view that the principal business of the thieves, cranks, traitors, and imbeciles who have been running it for the past five or six years. Until this is done you will never see a Liberal Government in Canada." These are strong words and while not over-political may be very near the truth. I may say also that the gentleman who uttered them was once one of the strongest and most influential of the Liberal electors of St. John.

Mrs. William Wallace of Moncton is a daisy. She is also a relative of Spenndary Magistrate Wortman of Moncton. Mrs. Wallace is further the proprietor of the Royal Hotel Moncton. The other day Mrs. Wallace was summoned to appear at the bar of the Moncton police court on a charge of violating the Scott Act. She drove up to the court house, and entering the crowded court room, sat down beside the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Grant. She wore besides her jewelry and handsome dress a heavy veil. When she was called to the witness box she took her whip along with her. She does not love Mr. Grant and refused to answer some of his questions. Whereupon the sitting magistrate committed her for contempt. This caused the peculiar Mrs. Wallace to draw her weapon and to commence a vigorous attack on Mr. Grant. She beat him with the whip until he got it from her and then she pummelled the table with his head until Marshal Theobald interfered and restored quiet. Having vented her spleen on Mr. Grant the lady consented to answer the questions if the commitment for contempt were removed. The magistrate hungry for information or fearful of meeting a similar fate to that of Mr. Grant, consented and the trial went on, notwithstanding the severe blow the dignity of the court had sustained. In these days when judges and justices are so much taken up in prosecuting the dignity it would seem that Mrs. Wallace ought to have been committed at least for life for the severe shock she must have given the nerves of the sitting magistrate. It is gratifying therefore to know that there is at least one merciful, forgiving man who presides in a court.

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New Canfield Langtry LADIES Please Call and Examine LANGTRY BUSTLE. Folds up When Sitting Down. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO., Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest Styles: SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felts In Light, Medium and Dark Colors. Also children's Straw Hats in Gipsy, Sailor and other Fashionable Shapes. MANKS & Co., 57 King Street.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match; Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match; Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match; A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz., Madras, India Grape, Chenille, Burmah, Turcoman, etc. Spring Stock Complete in every Department. As my Stock is direct from the Manufacturers I can guarantee quality. Prices as low as last year notwithstanding the advance in England. A. O. SKINNER, 58 King Street.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street. BUILDERS' HARDWARE: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOPS, 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.

S. & M. UNGAR, 32 WATERLOO STREET. Lace Curtains Cleansed Equal to New at 50c. per pair. We guarantee not to injure the finest of Curtains, and on any one showing us that we have done so we are prepared to replace them with new. FAMILY WASHING: 60c. per dozen. 2 Handkerchiefs or 2 Towels will be counted as one Piece. ESTABLISHED 1861.

LEE & LOGAN DIRECT IMPORTERS OF Groceries, Wines & Liquors. We have in Stock the following Choice Wines, &c. FINE OLD PORT WINE, EXTRA TABLE SHERRY WINE, SCOTCH WHISKY, GUINNESS DUBLIN PORTER, etc. PURE ENCORE WHISKY, OLD HUNTER BRANDY, OLD VINE GROWERS BRANDY, OLD SMALTY WHISKY, OLD IRISH WHISKY, RYAN'S OLD AMATEUR RUM, RINNAHAN'S I. C. WHISKY, BUNNY'S HIGHLAND GIN, BARRA'S PURE MALT PURE, BARRA'S JUSTICE WHISKY, OLD RYE WHISKY, OLD GLENLIVET WHISKY. DOCK STREET.

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.

Miss Ethel—But, surely, Clara, you wouldn't marry a man for his money? Miss Clara—Certainly not, or—that is, unless he was a very old man.—New York.

Policeman (to tired citizen)—"Do you think you can get home alone, Mr. Smith?" Tired citizen—"Yes, I can (hic) get 'em front door lone, but after that I (hic) guess I'll have company."—N. Y. Sun.

Wife—"What time did you get in last night, John?" Husband—"Two o'clock, my dear." Wife—"Where were you, John?" Husband—"At work at the office, my dear."

Wife—"That's right, John, never tell a lie. (To the servant, Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantle-piece and get his night-key out of the clock and put it in his pocket."—Washington Critic.

Young author (appealingly)—Mr. Soak, I love your daughter. Can I, oh, can I call her mine? Old Soak (promptly)—Yes sir. Y. S.—Oh, thanks, sir, thanks. He is about to rush off, and gets to the door.

O. S.—I say, son-in-law, ain't you going to get up a bottle on that?—[Town Topics.

What an exemplary couple Adam and Eve must have been? He never talked about his mother's cooking, and she could never be induced to speak of her own home she left in order to marry a man on a limited salary.

Wakeful Wife (at 1.30 o'clock a. m.)—Oh, dear! I wish I were in the arms of Josephus! Busy Husband (just returned from the office)—You mean Morpheus, I guess? Wakeful Wife (who does not receive much attention from her lawful spouse)—Well, anybody I'm not particular.

"Do you believe that man is continually growing smaller in stature?" "Certainly I do." "What are your reasons for it?" "I have no reasons, but I know that I was six feet high before marriage, and now I feel as though I ought to walk on stilts."

"I fear it can never be, George," said the maiden, sadly; "there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way." "I am sure I can remove it, Laura," said George earnestly. "If you will only let me try."

Laura pointed silently to a portrait of her father—a large, cross-eyed man, with red hair, a square jaw and a foot like a carved and squared ham, and George took it and groped his way out through the hall towards the front door. He wasn't large enough to remove such an obstruction, and he knew it.

The egg-and-a-half puzzle has reached the wild west. One of the impetuous editors makes it do duty as a gentle dun, in this wise: If a delinquent and a half should come up and pay a dollar and a half in a year and a half, an editor and a half would then stand a chance of getting a meal and a half occasionally.

Higgins is troubled with an overweening curiosity about other people's affairs, says the Detroit Free Press. He met Smithers in a street car; doesn't know Smithers very well, but "me, boys" him as if he did.

"Buy, eh?" he inquired off-hand. "Yes," said Smithers deliberately. "Been buying a horse for my wife." "Have, eh? Well let me give you some points." "Oh, I've concluded a bargain." "Not without trying him? Was he sound in wind and limb?" "He appeared to be."

"Doesn't talk?" "No, I guess not." "Stand without hitching?" "Y—e—s, I think so." "Good girl!" But here Smithers reached his crossing. When he reached the door he called back to Higgins.

"I neglected to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clothes horse." She—Ralph, why did you send me a little red flag today? Ralph (a rejected and dejected suitor)—I beg you will wear it as a signal of danger; you know I would not like to see the other fellows suffer as I do now.—[Life.

"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "say to that young man that a storm is coming up." "All right, sir, thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."—[New York Sun.

"One of my hired men has got a notion he wants a fiddle," said an agriculturist to the dealer. "What might that second-hand one in the window be worth?" "That's a Stradivarius; it's worth \$3000."

"I'll speak to the hired man about it," shouted the agriculturist, as he backed out of the place; "he may not like that make."—[New York Sun.

"John," said his wife (they were in a sleeping car berth), "for goodness sake, wake up." "What's the matter?" "You are snoring so, people will think we're off the track."

"And so the ice cream season is again upon us, George," she said slyly. "Yes," he responded, "I never pick up a paper now that I do not expect to find some awful case of poisoning."—[Epoch.

Mr. Mould (the undertaker)—I heard some bad news today. A man whom I've known for years has just died. Mrs. Mould (inclined to be playful)—That ought not to be very bad news for us, Urial. Mr. Mould—He was blown up by dynamite, my dear.—[Harper's Bazar.

MARITIME HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From All Sources.

The lobster factory at Cow Bay Head was completely destroyed by fire last week. Nothing was saved. The factory was owned by Pickett & Co., of Boston.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet in Halifax on June 13th and continue the session until about June 21. Every province in the Dominion will be represented.

Charles H. Foyle showed us some timothy cut in his meadow last Friday measuring 23 1/2 inches. He says that last season the hay on that part of his farm was over the horses' backs in mowing time.—Baldock Reporter.

A fellow of Prince Edward Island species had an interesting time in Milford last week, according to the Old Town Herald. He got a big head and in an entirely different manner from the average rummy.

Having become full of the excitement, he went out into the woods to sleep the effect off, but he took for a pillow an ant's mound. They resented the intrusion by devoting, while he lay in a drunken stupor, all their attention to his face and head.

Somebody reaps a fair profit on sewing machines. The customs department seized a lot of several thousand American machines, entered at \$12 each, on account of alleged undervaluation; but the American company offers to sell the entire lot at the entry price. These machines probably retail at from \$30 to \$50 each.

About 100 sail of western Nova Scotia barks obtained their supply of bait at Malagawash, Bas d'Or Lake, last month and distributed over \$4000 cash among the fishermen and farmers of that neighborhood. Several St. Pierre (French) fishing vessels obtained their supply of bait there.—Hx. Herald.

Says the Halifax Herald: Mrs. John Palmer, of Long Island, is over a hundred years old, having celebrated her centennial a few months since. She is quite active and is able to read and do ordinary work without the aid of spectacles.

On Tuesday editorial in the last issue of the Chatham Advance shows an acquaintance with Vulcan street and other places of ill repute in Moncton that is positively painful. The editor evidently finds congenial company when he comes to Moncton. There is no danger that he will swallow anything fishy while drinking Moncton water—he takes it too sparingly.—Moncton Times.

About half-past one on Sunday morning last, some burglar entered the house of Mr. George Horton, and stole from the cellar a large quantity of twist cakes.—Springhill News.

What a broad grin must pass over the faces of the liquor sellers, as they read the effusions of a certain paper on temperance, when they remember that the writer spent a good part of the previous night in card playing and drunkenness, in one of their own saloons.—Springhill News.

When the pompous porter of the palace car appeared on the scene, the little girl exclaimed: "Oh! ma, I didn't know Mr. Pullman was a colored man!"

The man who keeps his eyes open can see a great many amusing things in this world—especially when his wife sets out to water her flower garden with the hose.

Workmen are engaged sinking mile posts all along the New Brunswick railway from St. John to Vancouver.

After exhibiting in this city July 23, Forepaugh's circus will leave for a tour of the Provinces. The numerous fakirs who accompany this show will get a warm reception in Bangor. We suggest that they would do better to keep right through to the Provinces and act as advance agents for the show.—Bangor Commercial.

"I've got the cutest little dog you ever saw," says Squire Tom Williston of Bay du Vin. "He can do anything but talk. I'll tell you what he did the other day. It's God's truth now I'm telling you, and if you don't believe me, ask Capt. Joe of the White Wing. We were aground off Black River the other day, and the little fellow swam out to us. Joe says: 'Let's go out on the bowsprit and try if that'll help her.' Then that cute little creature just as true as I'm telling you—ran out there ahead of us and every time we'd jump he'd jump. And he doesn't weigh over seven pounds.—New you may not believe me, but it's true. It was cute to see him jump on the bowsprit—only seven pounds—to help the schooner off."—[Dead albatross reared at the ship chandler's, and the owner of the dog looked more grieved than angry at the incredulous air of the audience.—Chat World.

The monster timber ship at the Finger-beard, N. S., is about two-thirds built. Mr. Robertson states that there are 21,000 pieces already in the ship, and he expects 7000 pieces will be required to finish it.

Mr. L. R. Miller, of this town, who is making extensive alterations and improvements upon his dwelling and premises, made a discovery last week of a most singular character. While making an excavation some of the men found a woman's left hand, but no other remains.

The nails were still upon the hand, and a number of the cords and ligaments were also visible. It had evidently been in the ground for some time.—Bridgetown Monitor.

The man Best, who "accidentally" shot his wife in the shoulder a few days ago, at Amherst, while handling a revolver, is also said to have sent a bullet through his hand in the same careless manner, not long since. Mrs. Best is in a precarious condition. There ought to be a punishment for such carelessness.

Says the Newcastle Advocate: Hon. A. A. Davidson met with a severe fall on Monday last. He was proceeding along the street when he was suddenly and unexpectedly run against by a large dog, and he was thrown down. No bones were broken but Mr. D. was severely shaken and is still suffering from the effects of the fall.

Something new and pretty in rustic hats is made of fine corn-husks delicately braided and neither bleached nor colored. Brilliantine, the new summer stuff so popular for house gowns, is merely the old-time alpaca in new colors and printed patterns.

Some of the new spring costumes are made of scarlet India silk with black figures and trimmed with a profusion of black lace.

A novelty of the season is the white muslin gown embroidered in silk. Each gown is embroidered in one color—green, blue, red, rose and lilac.

Among the prettiest are the pale greens. The wide flounces are sufficient to furnish skirt drapery and the narrow is disposed according to the taste or fancy of the wearer. One embroidered in pale green is trimmed with pale green ribbons. The hat worn with it is of pale green straw, trimmed with a wreath of pink roses with thick foliage.

White cloth gowns will find favor, and contrasting colors are rarely seen, except when velvet is used for cuffs and belt. Heavy white braid will trim the skirt, while the drapery will show a simple green lining. In purchasing white cloth it is best to get that which has already been shrunk, else the first of its wear it will be in the wash.

The best modistes are making them with the silk foundation concealed by a dark skirt, made smooth and plain in front and hanging in full folds in the back. This skirt is trimmed just above the hem with a floral design wrought in coarse, white braid. The front drapery forms pinnacled, while the back is arranged in a series of tabs. The braid is pointed at the back, arching at the hips, and has a full vest of white crepe, lined with a dark velvet or cloth, the collar and coat-sleeves are braided, and a belt of white ribbon is arranged across the waist like the waist line.

Cotton batiste is the name given a very fine quality of goods that will make wonderfully nice house dresses or for all-around wear in the country. Indeed, they can be made up to look charming for warm days in the streets. The grounds are white, cream and light tan shades, the designs floral and geometrical, large and small, all of which are extremely pretty.

They are selling for 8 cents a yard and therefore cost almost nothing, especially if made up in the house. One of the prettiest is of dark blue, with a hair stripe of white. The plain skirt has a story-bite waist and a full bustle, and the shoulders with a V-shaped vest of blue velvet and collar and cuffs of the same.

Gray and white as a combination retains all of its popularity. For the warmer weather these combination frocks are usually of gray and white brilliantine, the prettiest being white, as also the vest and collar and cuffs. Very frequently the white portions of the frock are braided with gray or combined gray and white or else silver or steel pinnacled. For wear at Bay Harbor and the more northern watering places, where costumes of wool are never too warm, these combinations are white silk and gray cashmere and heavily braided with silver.

Sun umbrellas have become parasols again, and in restoring their old name another old-time feature has been revived—that of cloaking them with a passementerie ring. They are made of all materials—of printed cottons for the country, Madras plaid cottons for travelling, plain silks and silks with a satin border like the new ribbons, and lace lined with light silks, or else, the newest of all, those of Canton crepe. The style of the handle conforms to the material of the umbrella; those for the country, travelling and general use have carved, twisted and polished wooden handles; the lace and crepe ones have sticks of silver, enamel or exquisitely carved ivory.

MOLLY'S STORY, being a family history, as related by a faithful servant, edited by Frank Merrifield, is a charming description of English life, as it was lived a hundred years since. Molly tells her story in a manner hardly less quaint and pleasing than that of Judith Shakespeare is told by William Black, and it will be admired for the faithful portraiture it presents of domestic life in England a century ago. Published by William Bryce, Toronto.

A very handsomely printed copy of Mr. POTTER OF TEXAS, by A. C. Gantier, is sent us by Mr. Bryce of Toronto. The story is one of the most sensational of the period, and will be greedily devoured by every admirer of Mr. Barnes of New York, from the pen of the same gifted author.

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