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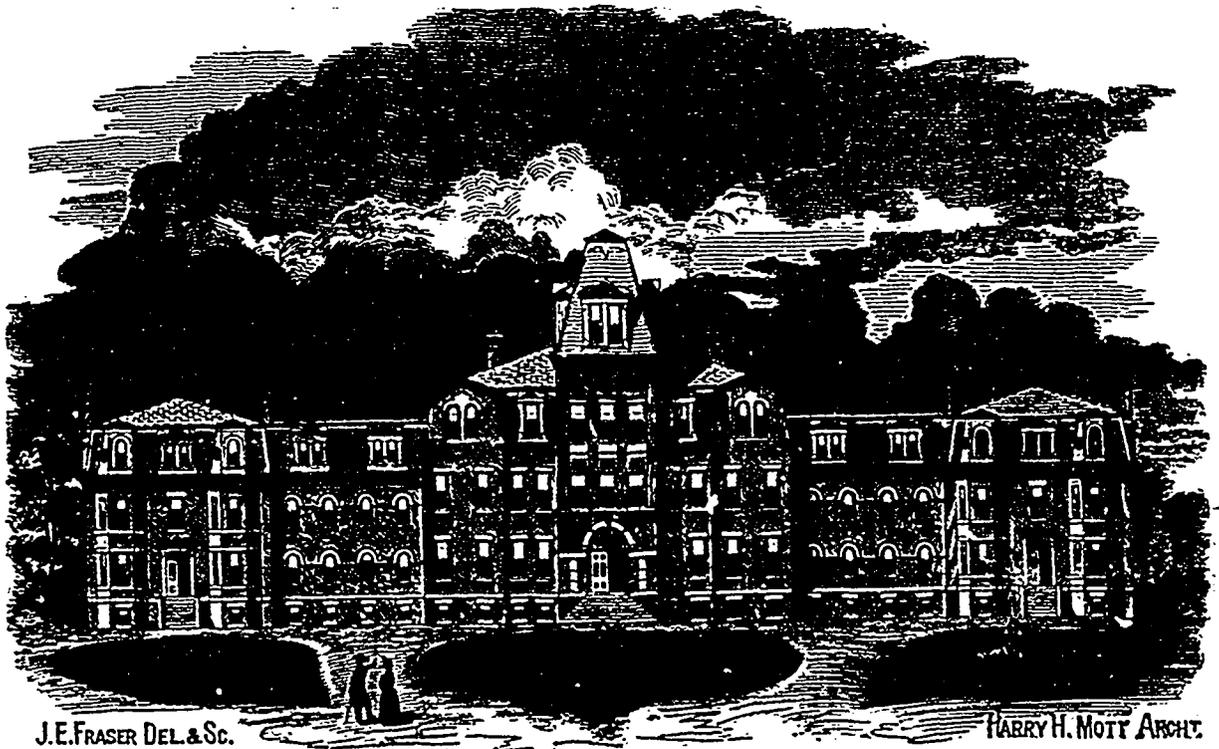
# THE SEMINARY BEMA.

№ NIKOUEV

Vol 1.

ST. MARTINS, N. B., APRIL, 1890.

No. 5.



J. E. FRASER DEL. & SC.

HARRY H. MOTT ARCHT.

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# THE SEMINARY BEMA

Vol. I.

SAINT MARTINS, N. B., APRIL, 1890.

No. 5.

## The Seminary Bema

— EDITED BY —

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY,  
And Published Monthly during the School Year.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

Single copies 10 cents.

### EDITORS:

G. C. TREFRY, '90,	ALICE PRICE, '90
F. N. ATKINSON, '91,	BLRTHA ROBERTSON, '91,
HARRY HOPPER, '91.	MAMIE KEITH, '92,

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent to F. N. ATKINSON, Sec. Treas.

THE Winter Term is now gone, and the long dreaded examinations are over at last. To many it has been a period to which they may look back with satisfaction and delight, satisfaction because of the earnest and diligent manner in which they have applied themselves to their work, and delight because of the creditable degree of success which they have attained. As a general rule, the results of the examinations have been most gratifying to those concerned, bringing credit alike to the students, to the teachers, and to the school. The marks have been good, and the well answered papers show how comprehensive has been the work of the term, and how thoroughly that work has been done. But though the last two terms have been both pleasant and profitable, affording, as they have, ample opportunities for improvement morally, physically and intellectually, still their work has been but preparatory (more or less advanced) for that which is now before us, as laid down in the course of study for the present term, that is to say, that though the work of the previous terms has been of a most agreeable character and conducive of a substantial progress, still it may be considered as a ground-work on which to build, rather than a complete and finished structure. Though there has been great advancement made, still it is the Spring Term, upon which we are now entered, to which we must look for the grandest results. This term will be occupied in pushing forward with greater zeal and activity the work upon which we are now fairly started, and will, we trust, serve to promote a depth and power of

thought that shall lead us on to new and greater conquests of knowledge, besides retaining and consolidating that which has already been acquired.

To those who have not made as good a use of their opportunities as they should, we would say to begin now. "It is never too late to mend," "better late than never," and so we advise all to go in strong while yet the privilege is given, for now the time is ripe, this is the tide in their affairs which if taken at its flood may lead them to their fortune. Let them seize now the golden fruit and it is theirs forever. The line of study for the present term is in many respects different from that of previous ones, the work of the course has in some branches been completed, while in others it has just begun. Many of the old text books have, therefore, been laid aside, whilst new ones come to take their place, but practically the work may be regarded as but a continuation of what has gone before. In most cases the time tables are fairly full, and one must give attention in order to carry on the allotted work. But if all will strive with earnest desire and application, they may feel assured of success, for the work is not so hard that all may not succeed if they do but try. The term is opening most promisingly, general satisfaction prevails throughout the school, the work is pleasing and interesting, the teachers are kind and obliging, and the students are anxious and willing. At the close of the term we are to have a public examination, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of visitors from various places; it is, therefore, to the interests of all, for this, if for no other reason, to make as good a showing as they possibly can. Another thing which is likely to arouse interest is the fact that there have been several prizes offered, and these will be bestowed at the close of the school year. We are pleased to learn that such is the case, for we believe this prize system to be a very beneficial one, as it helps to encourage the student and stimulate him when visited with fits of gloom, of course we expect to hear many say that the student ought to take enough interest in his work without needing the inducement of a reward to urge him on. This may be true in many cases, but not in all, and we doubt if it be always true in any. At least we know that, even though the student should not need such help, it is a help nevertheless, and, therefore, as it tends to good alone, being in purpose and effect entirely free from wrong, it is a custom that should be more generally encouraged. Now, of course, more than one cannot

gain the same prize; but as there are several offered, and these on different branches, all stand an equal chance, and therefore we say to all—go in and win.

WITH this issue of the BEMA we have to announce the resignation of Mr. S. B. Starratt from the position of editor-in-chief. Owing to pressure of study he felt that he would be unable to longer devote so much of his time to the work connected with the getting up of this paper, and, in view of this fact, tendered his resignation to the Literary Society. The Society listened to his request for a release, and, finding it a most reasonable one, could not but grant an acceptance.

Mr. Starratt has held this position on the staff since the BEMA was first started, and has always discharged his duties in a very satisfactory manner. He has ever been an earnest and faithful worker in her interests, and to him she owes much of her success. We deeply regret his withdrawal, but cannot blame him for desiring to give the greater attention to that which more nearly concerns his own welfare,—namely, his studies. He has done his duty by the paper so far, and it is only right that others should be called upon to do theirs. It is a matter of common interest to the students to keep up the standard of the BEMA, and her concerns should be equally dear to all.

As Mr. Starratt's withdrawal created a vacancy on the staff, it was necessary that a new appointment be made; accordingly an election was held, and Mr. Harry M. Hopper was chosen to make up the complement.

WE are pleased to observe that several colleges have lately become the recipients of large sums of money by bequest. We rejoice with them at their good fortune, and would add that we wish some one would kindly bear the U. B. Seminary in mind and leave to us a few of their thousands. We do not wish anyone to understand that they must wait until they die, but we would rather have them bestow it now, that they may live the remainder of their lives conscious of being held in grateful appreciation.

WE are pleased to note new books and papers coming into our Reading Room. It already contains quite a number of newspapers, but comparatively few magazines and books. A few weeks ago there was received from Mr. W. E. Skillen a valuable contribution, consisting of several volumes of

the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and also some three or four volumes of *Grip*. We speak for all when we say that Mr. Skillen has the sincere thanks of the students for his kindly donation, and any further contributions he may be pleased to make, will be most thankfully received. We would like to see others following his example, and we can give the assurance that all efforts in this line will be fully appreciated.

THE railway is now being put in order, and soon the "Iron Horse" will be making daily trips into the little town of St. Martins. She has already made her appearance two or three times, coming as a messenger from the outside world, and bearing upon her the impress of toil, suggestive of business activity and power. We gladly welcome the shrill shriek of her whistle and the laborious throbbing of her engine as she goes rushing along, breaking the monotony of the scene with her display of energy and briskness. It is to be hoped that we may soon be enabled to take a short trip over the rails in order to catch a glimpse of the life that is to be found outside, after our long winter here at St. Martins.

WITH the new term comes an increase of students, or rather in the names on the register, for while some new ones have come, a few of the old ones have gone, and so the actual attendance remains almost the same.

The outlook for the future is bright and encouraging. During the Summer vacation the upper story of the Seminary, which is as yet unfinished, will be put in readiness for occupation, and with this new increase in accommodation, the school will be in every way fitted for working to the best advantage. It is expected that next year will see a larger number of students in attendance than ever before; the present one, despite all the difficulties, has been attended with marked success, there being now a hundred names enrolled.

A Choir, under the leadership of J. A. McIntyre, one of Prof. March's pupils, has lately been organized at the Baptist Church. The majority of the singers are the pupils of the Professor here at the Seminary.

WE are pleased to announce that Miss Lilly Rourke has done a great deal to help along the BEMA, by obtaining subscriptions, &c. We desire to thank her, as well as others who have thus assisted us, and hope that more will follow this example.

OUR SPORTS.

OUR Winter Sports have passed, and we now have visions of base-ball, lawn tennis, croquet and fool-ball. We expect to have two base-ball clubs this summer, and hope that we shall have a number of interesting games. In forming our clubs this year we miss one of our pitchers, Frank Sherwood, who had to leave during the Fall Term on account of ill health, but we hope to see him with us at the commencement of the new school year in September. Some of the boys can be seen daily practising catching and pitching during recreation hours. We had several games in March, but owing to the ground being soft we had to discontinue playing. We think we might safely say that our season opened April 7th, on this day a match game was played, in the rear of Seminary, between the Tutti-Frutti's and the Razzle Dazzle's, which resulted in a score of eight to nine in favor of the Tutti Frutti's. There was some talk of getting a uniform for the clubs as follows: Blue knee pants, white flannel shirts, peak hats, and blue stockings. This would be a great improvement on some of the costumes that appeared on the ball grounds last year.

We will not be able to play lawn tennis till the season is more advanced, as the grounds are a little soft. We would suggest that the Tennis Club buy a marker, as it is rather dirty work to mark a court out with such implements as we had last year. We hope that more of the students will learn to play this game, as it is productive of much pleasure.

Our Croquet Lawn is still a little soft to play, so we are waiting patiently for warm weather. This game was a great favourite with the young ladies last year, and also with the young men that did not play base ball. Our croquet set, a new one last year, is now nearly used up. This was done by some of the boys using the mallets and balls to play hurly with; but we hope they will take better care of the set this summer.

Football—this game did not seem to be a favourite last summer; but we hope that the boys will take hold of it this year, as it is a fine game when well played.

We expect to have some sports in connection with our closing exercises, in June, such as running, jumping, throwing the hammer, etc., and we would be very grateful if some of our friends would offer some prizes for competition in the sports.

ICE CREAM SOCIAL.—On the evening of April 5th there was held, at the Seminary, an Ice Cream Social in connection with the Literary Society. Those who were present spent a most enjoyable evening, and, taken all together, the affair was a decided success.

EXCHANGES.

*The Acadia Athenaeum* is one of our most valued exchanges. It comes to us as a friend with whom we would become more intimately acquainted. Everything concerning the College and its interests is specially agreeable to our students, because of the relations which exist between the two institutions,—relations which will yearly become the more closely drawn through the channel of common association. The article on "Criticism," though condensed, is all to the point, and very nearly meets our own views. The writer of "Reading" has discussed the subject in a most comprehensive manner. We believe with him that the reader should first make himself acquainted with the author before he can thoroughly appreciate the work, and we also think that mere acquaintance is not enough; we must go further than this. To properly understand and appreciate the productions of a good author, we must place ourselves in his position; we must see as he sees, feel as he feels, think as he thinks, join in sympathy with him, and for the time being lose our individuality in his. Then, when we have done this, and not till then, can we enjoy to the full measure the greatest thoughts of a master mind. After we have thoroughly digested all there is in a work, we may be allowed to once more assume our own character, and then judge impartially concerning merits and defects.

*The King's College Record* seems to be booming, The March number is uncommonly well gotten up, being filled from cover to cover with matter of a most substantial character. We wish them success with their "Centennial Number" and will look forward with interest for its appearance.

The March number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* is at hand. In this issue its columns are almost entirely devoted to the discussion of law questions and reforms; but in all the agitations there is exhibited a marked degree of earnestness and reasonableness that even to those not versed in such matters, the perusal of its pages is indeed quite refreshing.

*The University Monthly* is before us. It contains much that is good, and some of its articles are well worthy of consideration. The article on "Mind Culture" is one of especial merit; it is clearly and sensibly written, and is to the point.

*The Argosy* is one of the most interesting amongst our exchanges. Its editorials are always well written, and display the energetic character of the "staff." It takes in a great variety of topics, all of which are alike of importance and value. The general reader will find its columns full of interest, and all may derive pleasure and profit from its perusal. Thanks for good wishes.

## PERSONALS.

Mr. W. H. Ellis, formerly of St. Martins, but now a resident of Maple View, Victoria Co., has been spending a few days here. His many old friends welcome him back, and are pleased to see him looking so well.

Messrs. Geo. Crabbe, J. W. Kierstead and James F. Carpenter left us at the close of the Winter Term.

Messrs. David Milton and Milton Addison, two of our old students, who have been away during the Winter Term, are now returned to take up their school work once more.

Misses Hanson and Peters and Messrs. Hanson and Steeves are with us this term as new students.

Profs. Wilkinson, Patten and March, Mrs. Scribner, Miss Burnham, and Messrs. J. H. King and Frank Baird, went to St. John to spend Easter.

Messrs. Frank Tingley and Harry Reid left here on the morning of Good Friday, to be gone a week on a visit to their homes near Moncton.

Mr. Jonathan Titus spent a few days during Easter at his home at Upham; he has since returned.

Miss Effie Reid has returned to her home in Nova Scotia.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Lulu Harris, a former student of the Seminary, has lately entered the bonds of matrimony.

## FIRE BRIGADE.

We came near having a fire a short time ago, which clearly showed us the necessity of organizing a fire brigade, and the zeal which the young gentlemen displayed was surprising. Sunday found us defenceless, but Monday night we retired with a feeling of deepest security, for we had a fully organized fire brigade. There has been no real necessity for a display of their skill and courage, but twice we have had sham fires, and we doubt if any city has a brigade which obeys the call with more alacrity than ours. Professor March acts as Captain of the Fire Brigade, and Prof. Trefry as Captain of the Salvage Corps.

Those rather premature individuals who barricaded our gates, and otherwise distinguished themselves by stamping and spitting tobacco spit upon the floor, on the evening of the Recital, must have enjoyed themselves immensely, for it requires but little to amuse persons of such limited ideas, and certainly what they did was rather small.

## OUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Our Literary Society commenced the new term under the most favorable circumstances. With J. Harry King for president and H. M. Hopper as secretary, we are all perfectly satisfied that the Society will do good work. Two meetings have been held this term; the first was pronounced instructive, and the other enjoyable. Every week a committee is appointed to provide for the evening's entertainment, and while much of the success is due, no doubt, to the ability of the committee, the prosperity and happiness rests with the students. It is their society, and every one should strive to build it up, and help in some way, if only by being present.

On Sunday, the 6th April, a large crowd gathered at the foot of Beach street to witness the baptismal service at which Miss Emma Hopper, of the Seminary, and three others from the village, were baptised. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Dr. Hopper and Rev. Mr. Parker; Dr. Hopper baptising his daughter, Miss Emma, and Rev. Mr. Parker the others.

## "THE LATEST"

On Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., a "Vocal Recital" was given in the Academic Hall, by our musical teachers and their pupils. Quite a large number of the villagers were present. The following is the programme:

## PART I.

1. Solo and Chorus,—“Old Brigade,”.....  
Prof. March and Male Glee Club.
2. Solo,—“Surely,”.....*A. H. Behrend*  
Miss Kate Hopper
3. Duett,—“Pilot Brave,”.....*Millard*  
Mr. Titus and Prof. March
4. Solo,—“Thy Sentinel am I,”.....*Watson*  
Frank Watson.
5. Reading,—“The Clown's Romance,”.....*Arthur Stevens*  
Miss Alice Price.
6. Solo,—“The Heart Bowed Down,”.....*Balfe*  
J. A. McIntyre.
7. Cradle Song,.....*W. Tubert*  
Misses Hopper, Robertson, and Bridges.
8. Piano Solo,—“Momento Capriccioso,”.....*Waber-Liszt*  
Miss Annie Vaughan.

## PART II.

1. Quartette,—“Sweet and Low,”.....*J. Darney*  
Misses Robertson and Bridges, Mr. Titus and Prof. March.
2. Solo,—“The Bugler,”.....*Pinsuti*  
Fred Slipp.
3. Reading,—“Spartacus to the Roman Envoys,”.....*Kellog*  
Prof. March.
4. Solo,—“I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls,”.....*Balfe*  
Miss Robertson.
5. Piano Duett—“Tancrede,”.....*Rossini*  
Misses Gross and Steeves.
6. Solo,—“Three Sailor Boys,”.....*Marziati*  
E. A. Titus.
7. Duett,—“When I Know That Thou Art Near Me,”.....*f. Abt*  
Miss Robertson and Prof. March.
8. Chorus,—“Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing,”.....*J. E. March*  
Seminary Glee Club.

It has been the constant aim of Professors March and Vaughan to elevate the musical standard of the institution, and, judging from appearances, they have succeeded.

The instrumental performances were alike creditable to the pupils and their patient and painstaking teacher. Those under the tutorship of Prof. March gave evidence of careful training and thorough practice, and a few cases gave testimony to the fact that he has succeeded in making much out of raw material.

During the rendering of "The Clown's Romance" one could have heard a pin fall, and hearty applause followed the encore,—*"Difficult Love-Making."* But *the* reading of the occasion was, perhaps, that given by the representative of our vocal culture department.

The ladies, especially of the "Seminary Glee Club," as a company, presented a fine appearance on the platform during the singing of the closing chorus.

This concert, as a whole, is considered to be of a higher order than any previously given by the teachers and students of the Seminary. The audience was attentive, and all seemed pleased with the evening's performance.

—

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J. & J. S. TRUS.

The gentlemen have the largest and best fitted general store in St. Martins, conveniently situated near the centre of the town. They carry full lines of boots and shoes, dry goods, fancy goods, groceries, hardware, glassware, and many other articles too numerous to mention. They employ several clerks; these clerks, together with the members of the firm, are kept constantly busy supplying the many wants of their numerous customers. They are also agents for the American Steam Laundry of St. John, and through them you can get your linen as well and as promptly done as you could in the city.

FRANK L. MOSHER.

This gentleman keeps a general store, but makes a specialty of stationery, toys, fruit and confectionery, especially of confectionery, of which he has the largest and most varied stock in the town. He also takes subscriptions for papers and periodicals. Here you will find all the latest songs and books. He is also our postmaster, and the post office is in connection with his store. Mr. Mosher, or as he is more commonly called by the boys "Frank," is assisted in the store by his brother, Mr. H. Mosher.

W. E. SKILLEN,

is our notary public, conveyancer, etc. He is also agent

for fire, life and marine insurance companies. And, if you desire to get married, Mr. Skillen can both issue the license and marry you, in his capacity of issuer of marriage licenses and Justice of the Peace. He also makes collections and prepares all kinds of legal documents.

G. T. MALLERY,

our enterprising druggist, keeps a full line of drugs, medicines, toilet articles, cigars and stationery always on hand. He is also agent for F. Lazarus' improved spectacles and eye-glasses, and Ungars' Steam Laundry of St. John. He also carries a stock of school books and cheap reading matter. Mr. Mallery has just set up a machine for the production of that famous drink "Milk Shake," and will have his syrups ready in a few days. He has already twenty tons of ice in his ice house, and he promises a splendid drink to all who call. Mr. Mallery has another store at St. John, of which the St. Martins store is a branch. As the city store occupies nearly all of Mr. Mallery's time, the St. Martins store is in charge of Mr. Ernest Hatfield, whose name appears in the student list of the U. B. Seminary.

J. B. HODSMYTH

is our tailor, and if you want to get a suit of clothes made to suit you, this is the place to leave your measure. He has a large assortment of goods suitable for the custom trade. His prices are reasonable and he guarantees a good fit.

—

St. MARTIN'S, N. B., April 8, 1890.

*The Officers and Members of the Eclectic Literary Society.*

TO MR. S. B. STARRATT:

Dear Sir,—We present you with this short address as a slight testimony of our appreciation of your valuable services rendered as editor-in-chief of the BEMA. In retiring from that position which you have so long and ably filled, we tender you a hearty vote of thanks. Please accept this as a slight token of our regard.

(Signed) Fraternally yours,

H. M. HOPPER, Sec'y.

—

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Eliza Rourke, Annie Phair, Harry Bridges, John Bridges, Wm. Allwood, Ernest Rourke, Mary Leonard, Ivah J. Bray, James Lamont, John S. Leighton, W. H. Bell, J. F. Titus, S. L. T. Burnham, Milton Addison, G. T. Mallery, Mrs. W. H. Ellis, Maud Cowan, Philip McIntyre, 50 cents each. Hon. G. E. Foster, Maud Wilkinson, \$1.00 each.

## IN MEMORIAM.

S. E. H.

While others eulogise a great man's name,  
 And swell with trumpet's sound the roll of fame,—  
 Around his hier their floral offerings spread,  
 And him they censured living, praise when dead—  
 In strains not less sincere, although more rude,  
 While others praise the great, I'll praise the good—  
 Join with her friends who mourn her, and repeat  
 A gentle, loving heart has ceased to beat !  
 For, though her name might not be known afar,  
 She shone at home a bright domestic star ;  
 Her living image on each heart impressed,  
 Beloved the most by those who knew her best.  
 A husband mourns a gentle loving wife,  
 The dear companion of a busy life ;  
 The wonted place views with abstracted air,  
 And sees with tearful eye her vacant chair ;  
 And all the blessings Fortune can confer  
 Seem rest of half their worth, unshared by her ;  
 And friends, retained in love's endearing band,  
 Would gladly clasp again that loving hand ;  
 For, though her presence was more felt than heard,  
 There was a quiet wisdom in her word,  
 That had a power desponding souls to cheer,  
 To cherish hopes, to banish grief and fear.  
 Her sympathy to broken hearts was balm,  
 And troubled spirits felt the infectious calm ;  
 Dispensing happiness with little noise,  
 She lost her sorrows in another's joys.  
 O Time ! O Death ! Why bear ye day by day,  
 The light of eyes, the love of hearts away ?  
 Unchilled by selfishness, unstained by crime,  
 Like pearls they glitter on the shores of Time !  
 Though beautiful they seem in love's own light,  
 Some wave of sorrow sweeps them from our sight !  
 In vain we wish our loved ones to recall,  
 The Past, the unrelenting Past, hath all ;  
 And thou, the subject of this simple song,  
 The loved, the esteemed dost to the past belong.  
 Our griefs are vain, and vain as they are vast ;  
 We seek no hope from the relentless Past !  
 Thou giv'st us not our loved ones, though we weep ;  
 Thine office only is—unchanged to keep !  
 Custodian of the loves of other years !  
 Thou givest not back for mortal's prayers or tears ;  
 Keep them, O Past ! for they are very dear ;  
 Keep them from change, for all are changing here.  
 And, when we tire of Life's unfinished schemes,  
 Restore them often to our waking dreams ;  
 When weary, wandering in Life's crooked ways,  
 When Hope hath ceased to promise better days,  
 Then may we look from earth to worlds on high,  
 And hope to meet them in the distant sky.

Conduct is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells us what he is.

## SPELLING REFORM.

THIS is an age of research and reform. Since Bacon the world has travelled a practical orbit, and great advances have been made in all science and art. The University and Seminary are not now regarded as instruments to elevate and polish a part of humanity, so that they may be more clearly distinguished from their less favored brothers, whose limbs are stiffened by day-long labor ; but rather as the means whereby culture and refinement can be more widely and generally diffused.

Since such schools can only train a limited class, this class should consider themselves the trustees for the whole people which this superior education confers upon them.

A ministry of public usefulness is a public good ; the establishment of an intellectual cast is a social wrong ; and we hold our minds are not clouded by a misty socialism when we claim that there is no society worthy the name until the toiling many in some way have a fair share of the benefits provided.

The man of labor looks with admiration and does easy homage to that cultured intellect which, actuated by a sense of duty and sympathy for fellow-man, smoothes the pathway of common life and makes even science a democracy. Such are the men life wants and will only have. There is, however, another picture and a dark side to the scene, which, alas, represents the college student as an undergraduate dude, with gown on, but with an ass's head surmounted by a fool's cap, being well slipped across the knee of dame Science, while Labor, whose limbs are stiffened with toil, looks on approvingly. Such men among an unlettered multitude are fossils, and their sentiments, however entertaining to themselves, belong to an earth that is dead.

A matter that calls for immediate reform, and one that can be dealt with more directly and thoroughly by the intellectual and accomplished man, and one which would effect an universal boon, is *the amendment of our present system of spelling.*

We know little about the origin of English spelling. As it exists to-day, the only thing that can be said in its favor is that it sometimes gives to the cultured student a key to the history of the language ; and this introspection, in so far as it goes, serves as a convenient mode of distinguishing the cultured from the uncultured classes. However edifying and useful this might be to the student of comparative philology, such knowledge would be of little interest or value to that vast majority who are engrossed in the toils of practical life. In this age of steam and electricity, where time means money and money blood, it would be as little

profit as pleasure to the toiling many to know whether the words they familiarly use were born on the plains of ancient Iran, were shaped and sung by Grecian harp, or arose from the swamps of mediæval Germany. Is there sufficient reason, then, that children and children's children must lose and waste precious years in early youth learning to wield the unruly instrument of the English language? The enormous amount of time and energy the American and English child has to waste in trying to master the mere garment of thought of others, leaves little time and energy for the consideration of the substance of thought. Why these methods of spelling are retained, no one would pretend to give a reasonable answer. We can only say of it as we do of some other monstrosities,—it is so because it is.

Repeatedly have thoughtful educators called attention to the stultifying and blighting influence which common spelling has upon pupils. It is full of pitfalls and obstacles. So natural is it for a child to infer a certain result from a given set of antecedent circumstances when this result has once been demonstrated to him, that he probably needs but one acquaintance with fire to conclude that it will burn every time he comes in contact with it. With just as much certainty when he is taught that *though* stands for *tho*, will he conclude that *through* stands for *tho* until the pedagogue undecives him, or deceives him, and tells him that it is *thru*. Thus psychology is abandoned, the laws of unfolding intelligence are outraged, reason and experience are set at naught, and the pupil is at once thrown back on dogmatic authority.

If some one listening to the gibbering lunatics about Babel, when their speech was confounded, had collected the various sounds and then at random cut them up into sections of various lengths, declaring that each was an English word, we would have as a result a language just as sensible and in every respect as phonetic in spelling, and as susceptible to the adaptation of rules, as is our own loved Anglo-Saxon. Plough—plow, tough—tuf, and so on through the whole brood of "oughs." Whole—hole, been—bin, one—wun, won—wun, and so on from A to Izzard, through ten thousand labyrinths that defies the following of reason and outrages the senses of hearing and seeing.

From the time a boy first begins to learn the alphabet to the time when he completes his last book, diphthongs, variously and unexpected accent of vowels, silent letters, and letters that are worse than silent, lie in wait to entrap, to annoy, to discourage and distract him at every turn. He may learn every rule that ever anybody ever gave, and may master the most intricate and hidden sounds that were ever supposed to be hidden in words, yet each rule is so undermined by count-

less exceptions, and letters are so prostituted to indicate some shade of meaning and to impossible and absurd uses, that his efforts will be of no avail. The only way to master our orthography is by spelling each and every word until, as a pol-parrot by repetition, he has mastered them, and then from boyhood to old age he must be constantly on the alert for some new phase, and if he chances upon a new word, he must hurry to his dictionary to see if some orthographical sphinx has not invented some new and peculiarly outrageous way of spelling,—a way which is entirely different as possible from that in which other words of a similar sound are spelled, and conveying a new wrath of silent letters, prostituted diphthongs, and a new richness of letter combinations, jorked out in a way so that when all are crowded into the mouth and perched on the vocal organs, they would make some kind of a sound distinct from any known to man's monition.

So it happens, that while in other directions the English race is, for the most part, progressive enough, they still decline to put into proper shape that chaos which prejudice and tradition has rolled into their lap. Instead of making spelling plain, simple, true, easy and pleasant, it is made as complicated, rude and distracting as possible, and the success reached in this direction by the English, as well as sprightly American, beats all other attainments.

The only sensible, short and easy way of spelling a word is by using those letters, and those only, whose taken together produce it.

Possibly such a radical change as we suggest might seem, as Rev. David Swing, the well-known Chicago preacher, says,—“to be at first glance like a cruel destruction of shade trees and pet birds and the family dog; but if one will look at the matter calmly, he will see that it is no destruction at all, but is really an improvement of the old house, trimming of the hedge, a mending of all the old fences, a making of a turnpike where there has been too long a mud road, and the hanging of a neat gate where our fathers were wont to let down the heavy bars.” In olden times, when men lived on the reputation of their ancestors, and when but a few pretended to letters, there might have been some excuse for continuing such a system as showing that blue blood pulsed in their veins; but now, when everybody spells, or rather tries to spell, it is a needless waste of time, money and brain power to preserve this antiquated, but vicious surplusage.

We ought to make a difference between mere feelings and reasonable feelings, because, if for a plow we have become so attached to a crooked stick that we would prefer it to the best modern steel one, we are not rational men, but are either vastly stupid or still

slumber in the narrow sphere of babyhood. He who would tenaciously persist in spelling *program*—*programme*, and *tisis*—*plithisis*, when he has been shown the absurdity and clearly recognizes the defect, discards the Pullman car and the illumined floating palaces of the Cunard, and has gone back to the time of canal-boats, canoes, and coach horses. He prefers the sickle to the reaping machine, he prefers the bow and quiver arrows to modern ordinance; he would perish with massacre scaling the icy Alps instead of piercing it with commerce. He is the embodiment of wild guesses and the etymologies of a pre-scientific age, and should be compelled to go back "to pack horses, dipt candles, and sermons two hours long."

It is condemned by the unanimous voice of philologists. It is the bug-bear of the teacher; it is justly censured by the economist; in it the statesman sees the total illiteracy that wraps half the people, and is condemned by the Christian-philanthropist, who finds in it worse than Pagan resistance to the growth of a Christian civilization. In all things progress is an universal movement, and, as we intimated at the outset, it should be initiated and can only be safely projected from classic halls. Science has in the days gone by made many stoops, and they have ever resulted, not in tarnishing her lustre, nor lessening her dignity and importance, but, on the other hand, in developing her maxims to the perfecting of good, has brought into her ranks many and faithful disciples, whose life-long reverence is the homage paid to her benediction. *May Science deign* to stoop again, and heartily grasping the hard hand of Labor, leave in his tired palm the golden coin of an improved orthography. Then will Education not merely mean and remain a theory, but be the subtle brain whose Reasor is the equivalent of Labor.

CHARLES LE BRUN.

### NOVEL READING.

BY MAUD WILKINSON.

THE novel is, or should be, a work of art. A beautiful picture and a good novel possess in common the characteristics of any truly æsthetic production. In both the details are natural and simple; the grouping is adapted to bring out with effect noble and permanent facts, and to suggest deeper meaning. Everything beautiful has one use—this is to embody the ideal, and thus to elevate character. A picture, no matter with how much skill it has been executed, lacks an essential charm if it has no significance beyond the color and form presented to the eye. So the novel should reveal to us the imperishable realities—the meaning of life.

No one can afford to forego the pleasure and profit to be derived from judicious novel reading. Just as a familiarity with the creations of the painter's brain educates one to more thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the beauties of nature, so an acquaintance with novels prepares one to discern in homely life the humor, the pathos, the romance.

The question, what novels to read, is sometimes a perplexing one. In general, one should read those authors whose works have been approved by critics. But while it is always well to consider, it is not well blindly to accept the verdict of mankind. One should notice the effect produced upon his own mind and character by the novels that he reads, and by learning to trace these effects to their true source he will become able to judge for himself what novels are beneficial.

From my own experience in novel reading, I have found that the interest of the novel depends either upon the plot, upon the development of character, or upon a variety of events, incidents, and situations not woven into a continuous plot. Novels, therefore, may be divided into three classes, according as the first, second, or third of these attractions is the most prominent. In attempting to arrive at some general conclusion in regard to the qualities which a good novel possesses, we cannot do better than to consider each of these classes in succession.

In the first we have the well-laid, thoroughly worked-out, intricate plot. Each actor in the story has his part to perform, every incident is important, and leads to new developments. In fact, there is nothing which does not bear upon the plot. Ingenious complications and entanglements are brought to a climax, and are afterwards neatly and satisfactorily solved. Now this is not like real life. There is something fictitious about it all. It is too apparently made up to be artistic. It resembles a difficult geometrical construction rather than a picture. Novelists of inferior rank often make use of elaborated plots. The vast mechanisms which we find in many of the detective stories of the day constitute their chief and often their only charm. Wilkie Collins shows great constructive power in fabricating his plots. The earlier novelists, too, seemed to consider it necessary to introduce somewhat involved plots into their stories. Bulwer, in many of his works, illustrates this tendency.

In the second class, we find the novel with a very simple plot, or with no plot at all. The whole interest centres about the development of character, and the relation of the actors in the story to one another. There is enough incident to show off the character, enough plot to bring the actors into relation with one another, but not enough to absorb attention. The

purpose, the thought of the author stands in the foreground. In "The Scarlet Letter," we might almost say there is no plot at all. The character of Arthur Dimmesdale and that of Hester are both portrayed, the relation between them is shown, and their remorse and repentance are minutely depicted. There is nothing to distract the mind of the reader from the author's moral aim. In some of George Eliot's novels we find extremely simple plots. The crises are crises of character. Novels of this description possess the universal quality that belongs to all true works of art. They are not conventional. In all climes, in all ages, such novels can be appreciated.

Of the third class, Count Tolstoi has given us several examples. We find in his novels a great deal of incident, no end of action, plenty of unique situations. But there is no elaborated plot. Striking episodes lead to nothing—what we suppose to be a crisis turns out to be no crisis at all. In fact, although there are fragments of plots here and there, no pains is taken to fit them together. Tolstoi, however, selects his material, as all true artists must do. He relates nothing that is dull or meaningless, and what he does relate has an air of real life about it. There is true art here. In all of his novels, although there is so much that is unnecessary to the plot, yet a simple plot may be discovered, which gives a certain unity to the story, and brings it to a suitable close.

We are ready now to arrive at some general principles. The plot of the novel should grow out of the character. This gives it an air of reality. Each event in the story should seem to be the legitimate result of the intellectual or moral qualities attributed to the actors. The heroine should not be represented as a helpless being, upon whom calamities and successes are piled at the will of the omnipotent writer—her sorrows and joys should be determined by her own character, and by the conduct of others. It is this principle that excludes from the range of true art novels based upon complicated plots. For such plots cannot be the natural outgrowth of character.

Our second principle is that in the end justice should be done to each character. Someone may object that this is not natural—for are there not villains in this world who go unpunished, and are there not heroes who go unrewarded? No, we believe this is not so. No matter how fortunate to the outside world a false man may appear, nevertheless he loses the true good of life—all that is most high and beautiful is denied him. But the life of an unappreciated hero is not the failure it may appear to be—it is a glorious life, well worth the living. The novelist must look below the surface—he must interpret and idealize.

Our third and last principle is, that in every plot, however simple, there should be a crisis, and an end. True art demands symmetry and completion. But is this natural? In real life romances begin, that are never finished. True, but in many actual experiences of deep interest we find a beginning, a middle, and an end. A selection must of course be made. Who thinks of starting to relate a story at a dinner-table, when he knows there is no denouement? The fact that a story is unusual does not make it unnatural.

We have, then, two classes of artistic novels—the novel of character, as illustrated by George Eliot, and the novel of action, as illustrated by Walter Scott, by Dickens, but best illustrated by Count Tolstoi. Yet in spite of all that we have said derogatory to the novel of plot, by skilful grouping of characters, more or less complication may be introduced into a novel of sufficient length, without making it seem artificial. In "Les Miserables," for instance, there is an elaborate plot which fascinates us; there are also incidents and situations not necessary to the plot, whose inherent interest is a sufficient excuse for their introduction, and there is powerful delineation of character. But the whole is in perfect proportion. The plot, although involved, seems natural, because it grows out of the character, and it is subordinate to the rest of the work. This is perfect art.

Fortunately, most young people have a natural and healthy taste for novel-reading. To carefully train and moderately satisfy this taste, should be a part of every one's education. No one whose education has been neglected in this respect is as well prepared for life as he might have been. The good novel reader is transported for the time being into the imaginary scene of action. He acquires a knowledge of people with whom he cannot mix in reality, of modes of life different from his own, of places which he could never visit. He thus gains insight into character, the ability to readily understand and place anyone whom he may chance to meet, the power to form a true conception of inward facts, from the outward appearance. In fact, he is better prepared to meet the emergencies of life.

### A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP.

ON a beautiful day in the latter part of March, 1887, some of my friends proposed a visit to a sugar camp about ten miles from my home. Everything seemed favorable to our plans, and we started, six of the happiest young people, we thought, in New Brunswick.

Over the first four miles the sleigh slid along as pleasantly as possible, and we were congratulating our selves on a pleasant day, good sleighing, etc. But,

alas! ere long we reached *mud*, and were compelled to walk for almost two miles. The hard walking gave us good exercise, but not unwelcome was the sound "All aboard!" and we drove pleasantly along until we reached "the camp."

Those of our number who had never seen a sugar place before were agreeably disappointed. For, indeed, the picture which burst upon them was one of rare beauty. On coming around a turn in the road we saw before us a grove of large, tall maple trees, a few feet apart, and in the midst was "the cutest little bark cabin imaginable"; in front was a large fire, and over this hung two large caldrons, into which the men were pouring the sap.

The maple tree is "tapped." a spile put into it, and a birch-bark dish placed to receive the sap, which drops slowly out.

We tramped around for some time, tasting the sap, and watching the men carry it to the cabin. For this work they were provided with sleds, and on these were placed large wooden troughs to hold the sap.

One of our number enquired how long it would be before the candy commenced to thicken, and the answer he received was something after this fashion: "Well! I guess we will hile off in about five hours, and then it'll be ready for to take to town in the mornin'." Five hours! I fear we cast looks of dismay from one to the other. But we proved equal to this new difficulty; for, very fortunately for us, some of us were acquainted with a farmer who lived not far away, and as it was nearly dinner time, we needed no second invitation to pay him a visit. We drove along about two miles further, and were soon enjoying ham and eggs, kraut, mince pies, good apples, and indeed all the luxuries of a comfortable farm house.

About four we again started for the sugar place, and then the fun began! We were all supplied with "lickin' sticks," as they called them; but in reality they were smooth, clean sticks which we dipped into the boiling mass and held until the candy was cooled, and partly so, and then ate for all we were worth. But it is surprising how little a person can eat at a time like this, and in a short time we were ready to start for home.

The poor horses had a heavier load to carry home, for, of course, everyone had a *sugar heart*, a few pounds of candy, and a "lickin' stick," as souvenirs of one of the happiest days in our experience.

We took a longer road home, escaped the mud, and proved the truth of the maxim, "The longest way round is the safest way home," and reached home tired, but well satisfied with our holiday.

### AS THE TIME PASSES AWAY.

Chilly winds of December,  
We all well remember,  
For dreary and dark were the days;  
When younger and older,  
And stouter and bolder,  
Sought in vain for the soft sunny rays.

But the sun's running higher,  
The spring bringing nigher,  
And heating the heath and the hill.  
The snow now is going,  
And waters are flowing,  
From river and ripplet and rill.

So sooner or later,  
Both smaller and greater,  
The campus again may enjoy,  
And roaming or rowing,  
Vessels coming and going,  
We'll all surely shout ship ahoy!

When grass soft and tender,  
For kine sleek and slender,  
The brown bearing hills shall adorn;  
Then consider the lilies,  
Your good Master's will is,  
While shy sheep are led to be shorn.

While bushes are budding,  
And bright clouds are scudding,  
Our youthful minds let's employ  
In laying up treasure,  
While life gives us leisure,  
A gold that is free from alloy.

Spring merges to summer,  
Then hurries the hummer,  
And sweets the bees do enjoy,  
From flower to flower,  
In sunshine and shower,  
Take lessons, O indolent boy.

### TID-BITS.

Frank's cranky.

I would like to sit there.

How about sweet sixteen, Sam?

Young lady to gentleman Professor—Will you play?  
Professor—Yes, thank you.

Professor—What name is given to insanity when the person afflicted eats grass like a beast! Young lady—Scarecrow.

Bertha, dear, come to (Decorative) Art.

Young lady in drug store wishing to purchase phosphates, and, slightly confused, asks for jehosophate; then, blushing, makes her exit.

Some of our lady students are anxious to go May-flowering, but one who has lately arrived at home is, we understand, quite busily engaged collecting *Hether* (ing) by the (ton). We do not *Advocate* such principles.

Scene in a front parlor through a glass darkly, yet not so dark but what two figures could be plainly seen. Hark! Whence comes that *soft* music? Can we recall the words? No! Ah, yes, we have them now. "What soft hands you have."

"Butter-knife."

"Napkin ring."

"White mustache wax."

"Nearer, my love, to thee."

Two teachers, two students, four forks and a tin plate.

What does our Ex—— like better than Sunday-school? Limits, but then he can soon drown his grief in a good *chaw* or *smoke*.

"Generation of vipers."

Ill—Lou—Min—8.

"Lizzie! Come here, I want you."

Our retiring editor has been presented with a purse. In regard to its contents we will say *nothing*.

Mouth open, soda biscuit in hand. (Voice from next table)—"Good by, Tommy Rankin." A plunge and a crash and all was o'er, and he said "Chow-Chow" as he did before.

I guess we had better drop a line to Sharp,

"Would his wife constitute his family? Yes, Johnnie.

If you wish to, you make take a back seat.

"Say! You!"

"Pudin, Pete, Bobby."

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,  
By pleasure I am beckoned,  
And think 't would be a splendid trick  
To go as Charles II

Tom, who for a repartee felt a thirst,  
Thus unto Richard said,  
You'd better go as Charles I.,  
For that requires no head.

How about the pile of stones in Cape Breton at Resurrection day?

The two doctors:

Old M. D. swaggers,  
And D. D. rolls,  
M. D. has the cure of bodies,  
And D. D. the *cure* of souls.

Where's my bananas?

Editorial song: "We won't go home till morning."

Boy's size.

Making a cook-room of the ladies' parlor is not exactly the proper thing.

Why did Jonah swallow the whale?

A Hopper smaller than Lou—a flea.

Was the egg a natural one?

Walking sticks have appeared for the season. Was March 8th too early to walk on the street, even at night, *with a stick*?

The last night of the Term something dropped. Did the Professor realize this?

Don't make fun of them, because they have to go home to see their ma's; there is nothing wrong in this.

It don't seem hardly right for the gentleman to keep the chair and make the lady sit upon the floor.

Quite a dudine! and handy with the cane.

In what year did the Mayflower land at St. John? Or was it Virginia where the "Pilgrim Fathers" first set foot on shore?

It is nothing but a courting scrape.

Ditto, brother.

Tinkle, tiinkle, little bell,  
Gentle waiter will you tell,  
What about that little dog at the station?

The combination is broken, and one of the members is gone.

Why couldn't one of the seniors attend to business?

The man with a million thoughts and an oceanic mind is still sometimes limited.

I'm in no hurry.

Not inquisitive, only wants to find out.

How is your heart?

Froze out and froze up.

Did Mr. and Mrs. Tucker get a divorce?

Try this just for a jiff—Rats.

Oh, those girls, those giddy young girls! Bystander—Why don't you try to be boys?

Sympathetic observer—Are you tired? Won't you have a chair? No, thank you, and the party broke up.

Prof.—"You had better hold your tongue. Leck, you are a dangerous boy—to dare to question the proper way of spelling words, which I have, by dint of careful labor for years, become almost perfect in, in which I have attained more excellence than in any other subject. You conceited, radical scamp!—keep innum, and spell phthisic."

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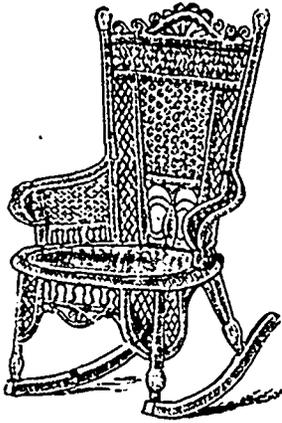
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