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# John Haslin.

### TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.

Oh, could there in this world be found  
 Some little spot of happy ground  
 Where village pleasure might grow round  
 Without the village tattling;  
 How doubly blest that spot would be,  
 Where all might dwell in liberty,  
 Free from the bitter misery  
 Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,  
 Fair Peace might claim it as her own,  
 And in it she might fix her throne  
 Forever and forever!  
 There like a queen to reign and live,  
 While every one would soon forgive  
 The little slights they might receive,  
 And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove  
 Far from our hearts the warmth of love,  
 And lead us all to disapprove  
 What gives another pleasure.  
 They seem to take one's part, but when  
 They've heard our cares, unkindly then  
 They soon retail them all again,  
 Mixed with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
 Of telling ill-meant tales: they say:  
 "Don't mention what I've said, I pray;  
 I would not tell another!"  
 Straight to your neighbor's house they go  
 Narrating every thing they know,  
 And break the peace of high and low,  
 Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh, that the mischief-making crew  
 Were all reduced to one or two,  
 And they were painted red or blue,  
 That every one might know them!  
 Then would our villagers forget  
 To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
 Or fall into an angry pet  
 With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part,  
 To make another's bosom smart,  
 And plant a dagger in some heart  
 We ought to love and cherish.  
 Then let us evermore be found  
 In harmony with all around,  
 While friendship, joy and peace abound,  
 And angry feelings perish. —N. Y. Sun.

### JOSIE'S MARRIAGE.

#### A Chicago Heiress Weds an English Aristocrat

Supposing Him to Be a "Lord"—She Gets a Divorce—Suddenly Becoming Viscount She Desires a Rehitch, But He Cawn't, You Know.

From Hon. Frederick Galloway to his elder Brother, Hon. Francis Galloway.  
 GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO, April 12, 1888.—Dear Frank: It is ages since I heard from you, but I suppose every thing goes on as usual, and that you can find nothing to write about. When I wrote last I told you about my engagement to Miss Josie Fairfield, only daughter and heiress of Jeremiah Fairfield; and I think I gave you a fair description of your future sister-in-law. Old Jeremiah is behaving very handsomely, and is going to plank down a fair share of his dollars in hard cash. I am in excellent condition, and, to use a favorite expression of my fiancée's, "am just having a lovely time."

Every body here makes an awful fuss over me, and will insist on calling me "Lord Galloway." Titles here are held in the highest veneration; but the majority of the people I have met don't seem to know the difference between an honorable and a marquis. My future father-in-law took me over his pig-sticking establishment yesterday, and each time he came to a group of butchers at work he would stop them for an instant and say: "This is Lord Galloway, my future son-in-law."

There is one curious mistake that every one has made here, and that is that they have all taken it for granted that I am the elder son and heir to the title, although I have never done or said any thing to cause them to believe so. As old Fairfield has already told all his friends that I shall be Viscount Decatur, and consequently his daughter a Viscountess, I hardly dare now to undeceive him in case he should want to break off the match. My fair fiancée also has told all her girl friends that on the death of my father she will be Viscountess Decatur, so that I really see nothing for it but to leave them in ignorance of the true state of the case until after the wedding, which has been fixed for this day week. Consequently when you receive this my proverbial ill-luck will have deserted me and I shall be the happy possessor of a millionaire bride.

I am sincerely attached to Miss Fairfield; but, as I told you in my last letter, my father-in-law-elect, as they say over here, is the worst specimen of a low-bred Yankee that I have ever set eyes on. Your affectionate brother,  
 FRED.

From Hon. Frederick Galloway to Hon. Francis Galloway.  
 NEW YORK, May 12, 1888.—Dear Frank: The affair went off splendidly and without a hitch. All the Chicago papers teemed with accounts of the brilliant ceremony and the magnificent presents made to the bride. Unfortunately, they all accepted it as a fact that I am the future Lord Decatur, and I have not yet had the courage to undeceive my bride. As we sail for England next week I shall not say any thing about the mistake, but will leave it until she meets you and finds out that you are the heir and not myself. One paper in Chicago asserted that I should soon be a Duke, as my father, the Duke of Decatur, was in a very precarious state of health. That was a good stretch of imagination for a Chicago journalist. Good-bye, old fellow. Your affective brother,  
 FRED.

From Mrs. Frederick Galloway to her Father, Jeremiah Fairfield.  
 GRAND HOTEL, LONDON, June 10, 1888.—Dear Pa: I am writing you with a broken heart. I have been the victim of a most shameful imposture, and I am the miserable, unhappy wife of the vilest of scoundrels. My husband is not Lord Galloway! He will never be a Viscount! He will never own Decatur castle! He will never sit in the House of Lords! But he will always be a miserable, sneaking pauper younger son! How could you let me marry him without finding out all about him? Your carelessness—ignorance I may in charity call it—has ruined your daughter's life and wrecked her prospects forever. I am coming home immediately, for I will never live with the wretched impostor, who gained my affection under false pretenses. I dare not face the girls in Chicago; so meet me in New York and advise me what to do. I sail on the Umbria next Saturday. Your broken-hearted daughter,  
 JOSIE.

Cablegram from Jeremiah Fairfield to Mrs. Frederick Galloway.  
 "Right. Come home. Will meet Umbria at dock."  
 FAIRFIELD.

From Messrs. Rudge, Fudge, Sludge, Twenty-post & Kudge, Solicitors to Hon. Frederick Galloway.  
 390 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, July 30, 1888.—Dear Sir: We have received the copy of the Chicago paper forwarded to us by you and have made inquiries as to whether the advertisement to which you directed our attention is in America a legal service of notice of suit for divorce. We find as follows:  
 That in the State of Illinois, in which State Chicago is situated, in cases of non-residence, uncertainty of respondent's whereabouts, or living out of the jurisdiction of the United States, publication of notice of suit in a county newspaper for a period of four weeks is sufficient and good legal service. We have also ascertained that in the event of no notice of defense being put in judgment would go by default.

In regard to your other questions we are not sufficiently acquainted with the divorce laws of America to advise, but we have always heard that divorces could be obtained in Chicago on almost any plea. We would recommend you to write at once to a resident lawyer in the town where the suit has been instituted or go there yourself at once. Yours faithfully,  
 RUDGE, FUDGE & CO.

From Hon. Frederick Galloway to his Brother, Hon. Francis Galloway.  
 GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO, Sept. 20, 1888.—Dear Frank: The agony is over. Yesterday the court, in response to the demand of my late bride, annulled the marriage which had taken place between us. The annulment was granted on the ground that the petitioner's consent to the marriage had been obtained by fraud and false representation on my part. Numerous witnesses swore that I called myself "Lord" Galloway and had stated that I was heir to Viscount Decatur. Of course my word was no good against all this. Old Fairfield, who gave evidence, described me as "damaged goods," and the judge paid no attention to me.

Indeed, I was told beforehand that the judge was sure to grant the plaintiff's petition. The fact is, this worthy is a candidate for a vacant judgeship in the Court of Appeal, and did not dare to run the risk of losing old Fairfield's influence. Judges over here are elected by popular vote, and old Fairfield, besides having the influence which is always attendant on great wealth, employs thousands of men in his pig-sticking establishments, and of course controls their votes. Thus it is that no judge who aspires to a higher office, or even to re-election, ever dares to say him nay. Moreover, I am told that this old hog-butcher's political influence is so great that he controls half the State Legislature and can get any bill he likes passed by it; and that if the judge had refused to annul my marriage with his daughter he would have had a special act declaring it null and void put through the Legislature.

Although unquestionably it was very wrong to allow these toadies and title-worshipers to continue in their self-created delusion that I was the eldest son, yet I certainly had nothing to do with originating that belief. That was simply the offspring of a combination of ignorance and sycophancy.

I am going to remain here for a few weeks, as I have gone into a little wheat speculation which I hope may prove remunerative. If it fails I shall be, as they say here, "dead broke." Your affectionate brother,  
 FRED.

Cablegram from Rudge, Fudge & Co., to Hon. Frederick Galloway.  
 LONDON, Oct. 12, 1888.—Your father and elder brother were both drowned yesterday off Cowes while out yachting. Yacht capsized. We await instructions from you.  
 RUDGE, FUDGE & CO.

From Jeremiah Fairfield to Lord Decatur.  
 CHICAGO, Oct. 12, 1888.—My Lord: I red with the deepest regret of the terrible calamity which has overtaken you, and I hurry to offer you my condolences. My daughter is real sick with grief, and says as she just longs to be by your side in your trouble. Now, my lord, I am willing to say, "let bigones be bigones," and let us patch up this little matter. No one is to blame but I, for it was I who forced Josie to throw you up. I separated two loving hearts, and I am real sorry. Shall Josie come to you? there is nothing like sympathy in trouble. If you and Josie will make it up, I will come down handsome. The ceremony could be performed quiet in my house or at your hotel; although so far as ceremony is concerned, I think marriages are made in Heaven, and no earthly judge has a right to unmake them. My daughter sends her love, and says as she and I will come round to see you this evening. I trust your Lordship will receive us with the same forgiving spirit with which we come. I remain, my lord, yours for ever,  
 JEREMIAH FAIRFIELD.

Letter from the Viscount Decatur to Jeremiah Fairfield.  
 GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO, Oct. 12, 1888.—Sir: I have just waded through your imbecile epistle, and am now thanking God that your daughter's ignorance and narrow-minded ambition has saved me from being cursed with a father-in-law who is capable of producing such a document. I regret that it is not convenient for me to agree with you in your newly-formed opinion that marriages are made in Heaven. I would also advise you that, as your daughter will henceforth be branded in the English matrimonial market as—using an expression which you once applied to me as well as to the pork with which you feed the public—"damaged goods," you will be wise to try to dispose of her elsewhere.

In conclusion, I notify you that I am wearing a pair of heavy shooting-boots, and that I think it would be as well for you not to come to see me. I leave for England to-night. Yours, etc.,  
 —St. James' Gazette.

passed the meridian, and his pathway, in consequence of years of toil, is necessarily downward. Here he begins at the end, as it were, and secures the benefits of years of saving before he has made any accumulation; and in liquidating his engagements with the association only returns thereto what he would have had to pay a landlord for a rental, while feeling that only for a short time is this necessary, and then his obligations are ended, renders it a comparatively easy task, for he is working to the end he wishes to attain, and there is positive moral certainty that he will and can reach it. How much better, then, for every man who is within reach of these great and good institutions to connect himself therewith and secure his own independence, and thus feel conscious that his energies have not been expended in producing an income for the support of another, to the exclusion of his own person and family."

### WHERE TOYS COME FROM

Most of Them the Product of Cheap German Labor.

Why the United States Can Not Make the Cheaper Kinds of Playthings—All About Dolls, Toy Locomotives, Ten-Cent Watches and Other Trifles.

"Of the dolls sold in America," said a prominent wholesale dealer in toys to a New York Times man, "nine-tenths come from Germany. Of these a large proportion are made in one little place, Sonneberg, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants in Thuringen. Almost the entire industry of this place is confined to the manufacture of dolls. The inhabitants are very poor people and are brought up to doll-making."

"Before it is completed a doll passes through many hands. The heads, hands and feet are made by one person, the body by another, the hair is fixed on by another, and the face is painted by two other different people, one doing the rough work and the second the finishing touches. The clothing is made by another person and the dresses are put on by still another. All this labor is done at such starvation prices that Americans can not compete in the manufacture, although the duty for importation is thirty-five per cent.

"To this town of Sonneberg there come every year a large number of buyers from all over the world. I go there myself and never fail to meet at least a score of Americans engaged in the same business. There are at least 500 different kinds of dolls, and the variety is remarkable. The French invent many of the most attractive, but the Germans copy them so cheaply that the world's buyers go to the latter for their stock. For the manufacture of fine dress dolls the French still hold the lead by long odds. It is only in the cheaper goods that the Germans outstep them. England furnishes very few dolls, and I can now recall only one kind that is distinctly English—the English rag doll, which is made wholly of rags, even to the face, the eyes being sewed on. There are French walking dolls, smoking men and other automatic figures, but these do not really belong to the family of dolls. They are mechanical figures, too intricate in their mechanism to be classed as mere dolls. Of the rubber dolls fully one-half are made in America, where any thing that is machine made prospers to the exclusion of imported stuffs."

"The price of dolls ranges from 1 cent to \$50, but the most popular are those that sell for 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1, although there has been a great run recently on 5-cent and 10-cent dolls.

"As with dolls, so it is with other toys. The most of them come from Germany, where they are made very cheaply. This same town of Sonneberg furnishes many of them, but more come from Nuremberg and small towns in its vicinity. It is in this district that magnetic toys, swords, guns, trumpets, horns, woolly sheep, jumping-jacks, monkeys on sticks, jacks in the box and ingenious mechanical toys are made. The carved wooden toys come principally from the Bavarian highlands, but they are brought to Nuremberg to be sold. The cheaper grades of wooden toys are made in poorer Saxony and comprise cheaparks and sets of furniture.

"How cheaply they make these things you can judge from this instance. Here is a toy of furniture consisting of three chairs, a bureau, a table, a sofa and a mirror, carefully done up in a substantial pasteboard box. Now, after having paid 35 per cent. duty and having allowed 20 per cent. for freight and other expenses, we sell such furniture sets at 75 cents per dozen and make a reasonable profit. You can figure out the original cost if you choose.

"Porcelain toys—tea sets and things of that sort—are also made very cheaply, the waste places in the potteries being filled up with their molds without much additional cost. Toy horses, cows, elephants, cats, dogs, lions, tigers and all kinds of animals are made largely in the German prisons. Many of these are ingenious novelties, being so constructed as to be able to move heads and emit a noise resembling more or less the natural cries of each animal. The retail price of these toys runs from 50 cents to \$50, according to size and perfection. We sold a toy horse the other day for \$50 about the same time a real racer was disposed of at auction up-town for a much less sum.

"Of the wooden toys fully one-half are made in America. They include A B C blocks, building blocks and games, and are easily turned out by machinery. Iron toys are also made largely here, and so are tin toys. The tin for the latter is imported from Europe, and when the toys are finished they are exported to the European market. The majority of the rubber toys come from France, chiefly from Paris, although the manufacture of this line of playthings is constantly increasing in America, and the American rubber toys are really the best to be had. The reason that America has not taken the lead in the manufacture of rubber toys is found in the fact that the demand for other rubber goods is so great as to shut out toys. Toy watches are largely made in France and are remarkably cheap. We sell watches with chains, charms and movable hands for 35 cents per dozen, after having allowed for duty and freight.

"Of the standard games the best chessmen come from England; backgammon and checkers are made almost altogether in America; bone dominos, dice and the cheaper grades of chess come from France; toy printing presses, locomotives and all that line of goods are domestic. Toy printing presses were furnished formerly almost wholly by the Germans, but latterly the Americans have superseded their Teutonic brethren in this industry. In educational toys America leads the world, and exports large quantities. So it does also in the manufacture of out-door games, lawn tennis, croquet, base-ball, etc."

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