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ADVICE ABOUT NAGGING. A Disagreeable Habit Which is Fraught with Considerable Danger.

Many estimable wives and mothers become so committed to this disagreeable habit that not infrequently the happiness of the family is wrecked by it, says the Philadelphia Press. It is so much the more to be regretted because it is from the very nature of their qualities that the habit is acquired. It is not the slipshod, happy-go-lucky people that are annoyed by the faults of others—the shirking, the want of consideration, the total disregard of every plain duty.

Better that the peccadilloes in the kitchen should be unobserved at times by the mistress than that the house should be shunned by all the willing servants in the neighborhood; better that the faults of the children should be lightly reproved than that they should learn to do without their mother's sympathy and love, which will most likely be the case if she pursues toward them a course of perpetual and persistent fault-finding; better that the husband's petty failings be passed over in silence than that he should learn to find his happiness away from home, perhaps in some other woman's home.

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Thinks That Man Should Succeed by Force of Arms. The young men of Holland go in great numbers to Dutch India to engage in commercial affairs. They have a truly left-handed manner of proposing marriage.

A gentleman who was in correspondence with a lady of my acquaintance sent her a piece of card-board enclosed in a letter and requested her to perforate it with her "engagement ring" and return to him. There is a pretty poem which represents the lover informing his sweetheart that he is to be married. She pales; chokes, tries to congratulate him—and in the midst of her tell-tale confusion he laughingly adds: "That is, hope I am, though the lady has not yet consented."

TOOL-CHESTS FOR GIRLS.

Let Them Have an Opportunity to Develop Mechanical Gen. Parents do not object to see saw and hammer, gimlet and screw-driver in their sons' hands at a very tender age. They look, says Wide Awake, upon tools as a boy's birth right. But a little girl is hurriedly told in a horrified tone to "put them down," "to not touch," that she will cut herself or pound her fingers and "get hurt" generally.

We shall see the student at the Harvard Annex emerge from her long companionship with the "higher mathematics" with the "plans and elevations" of a house in one hand and a "bill of lumber" in the other as "applied mathematics."

The modern female hand and eye are so far untrained that not one young woman in five can take shears and cut across a breadth of goods unless she fold and crease the cloth or "slowly cut by a thread."

A gentleman called at our house and found me under the shed diligently boring a hole into a round piece of wood. Wishing to make himself agreeable to me, I suppose, he inquired what I was making. I replied in the most matter-of-fact way, as if it were the most common matter in the world for seven-year-old girls to manufacture household tools, "a churn," and great was my indignation when he went away laughing as if he had heard the greatest joke in the world.

AN HEROIC PRIVATE.

Although Seriously Wounded, a Georgia Soldier Declines to Surrender. A correspondent of the Covington (Ga.) Enterprise relates the following story of Joe Roguemoire, a Newton County private in the late war: The day of which I write Joe Roguemoire had escaped from a camp hospital. He ought to have staid there. For what right had he in a raging battle, who was already shot through both arms? But he was there and fired his musket, too, with a deadly aim. He managed to get into ranks, then notified John he must load for him as he passed. This Joe could not well do because of his wounds. There might have been seen that day that litter-bearer stopping and loading that "old musket," then quickly passing to the rear with his dying comrades. Earnestly—as composed as Ney—that doubly-wounded patriot took aim and fired. Until John could pass again Joe could only stand and wait. Thus the day was spent. Hour after hour John loaded and Joe shot. The day went against us. It will be memorable in Southern history for two other very peculiar facts—on that day Joe Johnston's star began to set, Lee's to rise toward its zenith of glory. John, tired down, was sitting resting, Joe standing by (his arm pained less to stand), his gun at his side held near the muzzle with his right hand. Suddenly from the white oak thicket dashed a squad of "surrender" rang out from a dozen throats, while the gleaming barrels of well-aimed and cocked carbines added emphasis to the command—"surrender!" John smiled on his victorious foes, and surrendered in these words: "Gentlemen, if it will be any accommodation to you I will do so." But not a word from wounded Joe. Again came the stern demand: "Put down your gun, sir, or we'll shoot you! Down with your gun!" Looking the men squarely in the face, with a dozen bullets waiting to pierce his heart, his strong brother a prisoner, he drawled out: "Naw, I'll die fast." A moment more and the brave spirit of Joe Roguemoire would have been hurried from the field of glory to his honorable place among the "shades of Valhalla." John interposed: "Don't shoot him, gentlemen; he's my brother. I'll take his gun from him." Then came the struggle between expediency and heroism. What visions of eternity, of "wife and bairns," of widowhood, orphanage, want, must have flashed before his great soul in that moment! But all availed nothing with Joe when he must surrender a musket Georgia had placed in his hands. He accepted it with the pledge to be true to her honor. He was true. John's superior strength soon bore the gun from Joe's feeble grasp and laid it at the conqueror's feet. There's a picture for the painter—that wounded soldier unable to load his gun, surrounded by twelve well-armed foes, refusing to surrender, while his own strong brother with a struggle disarms him.

LUCK IN COPPER BOLTS.

A Chance Discovery Lays the Foundation of a Stevedore's Fortune. The fortunes of some men have their foundation in very queer incidents. Elmer A. Barton, of Duluth, Minn., says the Chicago Herald, is comparatively a wealthy man, while fifteen years ago he was a day laborer getting a job whenever he could unloading vessels, or any thing, in fact, he could find, but work around the docks was what he most looked after, and this fact was indirectly the cause of his streak of luck. Lying outside the harbor of Duluth was the nearly submerged hull of a vessel. No one appeared to know how long it had been there, but "the wreck," as it was called, was considered one of the features of the place. The boys used it as a swimming station, and it was a proud day for many a Duluth boy when he could say he had been able to reach "the wreck." This was another link in the chain of Barton's luck. He had a son who, with the other boys, made daily excursions through the summer out to the old hulk, and one day this son brought back with him one of the bolts and a piece of wood that had become loosened. By chance the father saw the bolt, and he asked the boy some questions, the result being that he himself made a trip out to the wreck in a small boat, taking an axe with him. After this excursion, Mr. Barton began making inquiries about the old boat, but could get no information as to when she arrived there, or when she was sunk, or where she came from. He also managed to get permission from the authorities to remove it, the permission being the more

readily given as it was in the way of some proposed harbor improvements. Mr. Barton began his work quietly—making no stir about it. He managed, by the aid of long saws, long-handled axes and hooks, to detach piece after piece and get it ashore, piling it up in the yard that surrounded his cabin. It took him nearly the entire year of 1874 to do this work, but it proved a profitable job. That bolt the boy had brought home was solid copper, and it opened the father's eyes to the possibilities. His investigation showed him that all the bolts in sight were of the same metal, and when he had completed his labor he had secured many hundreds of pounds in weight of valuable copper. Besides this, he had in the cords of wood piled up on his lot a value that proved a great surprise to him. The vessel had evidently been of foreign build, for she was composed of a number of different and valuable woods, the bulk of it being oak, a specie of oak, but there were large quantities of mahogany, some rosewood and a little ebony. Altogether it was a good year's work. He found ready market for his copper bolts, and the wood going off piece by piece brought him a nice little sum. It was this money that gave him his start in life, and he was shrewd enough to make each dollar multiply and increase.

CHAMPAGNE PUSHERS.

Their Work by No Means as Pleasant as Some Might Think. If there is any harder work than the champagne pushers have had to do in this city during the last fortnight, I can not comprehend what it can be, writes the New York correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal. It is a bestial work as well as difficult. As one great champagne importer put it in talking on the subject, the very charm and merit of champagne is supposed to lie in the fact that the fluid has not much "drunk" in it, the proportion of alcohol being only slightly greater than that in lager beer; yet these pushers advertise it by getting drunk on it every night. It is said for this wine that the worst effects are felt by men who drink spirits; that those who drink nothing but champagne are seldom intoxicated by it. The pushers have to drink spirits because their systems need bracing after each of their professional bouts in the bar-rooms. How long it takes for their work to kill them I never have heard.

The principal pusher in this city, a very fat, sleek Frenchman, tells me that he believes he can overcome all injurious effects by sleeping all the time that he is not at work. He bribes the hall boys and chambermaids not to make any noise at his door or near his room, and not on any account to knock at his door under the impression that he may be dead or that they must get him out and "make up" his room. But although he looks fresh and shows no signs of nervous wear and tear, the others in the business are rather sad-looking, bloated and coarse wretches. The young society gentleman who took up this boozy calling for pocket money is no longer an exemplar of manly beauty. No amount of fine clothes can overcome the effect of his deadened, fish-like eyes, his bloated cheeks, his vanished color and his general worn-out, dead and alive appearance. No money would pay him for what has happened to him morally, physically or socially.

But the queerest thing about the whole subject is that the pushing does not push. The wines that are advertised in this way do not have the vogue after all, and to-day the most popular and best paying importation is a brand that has never been pushed at all. It looks as though the good fame of a brand was hurt by making it notorious.

Wine pushing is not carried on in any other country, and seems likely to die out here. It was originated by a "good fellow" about town who had a tremendous acquaintance with the politicians of the city in Tweed's time. He ran the sale of one wine up to a figure higher than any one in the business had ever dreamed of its reaching, and he got \$30,000 a year for his work. It left two legacies to humanity, a taste for champagne in every politician's mouth and a general recourse to pushing, none of which has done any good to any brand since.

Who Was the Scoundrel? Banker Rosenthal directed his book-keeper to address a sharp letter to Baron Y., who had promised several times to pay what he owed and had as often neglected to do so. When the letter was written it did not please Banker Rosenthal, who is very excitable, and he angrily penned the following: "Dear Baron Y.—Who was it that promised to pay up on the first of January? You, my dear baron, you are the man. Who was it that promised then to settle on the first of March? You, my dear baron. Who was it that didn't settle on the first of March? You, my dear baron. Who is it, then, who has broken his word twice and is an unmitigated scoundrel? Your obedient servant, Moses Rosenthal."

How to Build Chimneys. To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick, and clay instead of lime up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops, use the very best brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams or rafters; there is where the crack in your chimney comes, and where the most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometimes gets red-hot. A chimney built from cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Don't get your stove-pipe hole closer to the ceiling than eighteen inches from it.

Heavy Fogs in London.

Dense fogs are a perpetual nightmare to London railway managers. The erratic character of the fogs is what makes the chief trouble. No one knows whether the fog comes or whence it goes, and it gives no notice of its appearance or departure. The sun may be shining at Hyde Park, and Cannon street may be wrapped in palpable gloom. On the first appearance of the fog men are stationed near every railway signal to place explosive wafers on the line, and so convey to the ears of the drivers the warning which they can not see with their eyes. A foggy winter entails a heavy expenditure on the companies.

Undesirable Knowledge.

The itinerant vender of microscopes for the purpose of disclosing a wriggling mass of animalcule on staple articles of food should be treated as an enemy of mankind. Where knowledge nauseates 'tis folly to be wise.

F. J. SEERY, M.D., C.M. LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH. LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH. LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW. SPIRIT CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY. OFFICE FISHER'S BUILDING

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