Hall's Book Store,

Prang's Shorter Course in

FORM, STUDY AND DRAWING

It compries a series of Drawing Books for pupils, and Manuals for teachers.

The instructions is based on Models and Objects.

Constructive Drawing! Representatvie Drawing!

Decorative Drawing! Drawing Books, Nos. 1 to 5, 20 cts

Teachers Manual Models.—Each pupil should have set No. 20, 1st year, price 20 cents.

The set comprises the following solids: Sphere, Hemisphere, Cube, Cylinder, Square, Prism, Right-Angled, Triangular Prism, and six each of the following plane figures: Circle, Semi-Circle, Square Oblong, Right-Angled Triangle, and two dozen sticks, different colors, assorted lengths.

Set No. 21, 2nd year, price 20 cents with different contents.

Teachers should have, set No. 25 40 cents.

In addition the subscriber has a large lot of

for modelling. Each school requires about 20 pounds. Also drawing and pencils.

M, S, HALL,

Fisher's Building, Opp. Normal School.

FREDERICTON.

NEW RAISINS

VALENCIAS VALENCIA LAYERS.

LONDON LAYERS.

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.

Parafine Wax Candles.

77 Hlf Chests Tea, Just Stored.

For sale low by

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

'89 APRIL. '89,

New Goods!

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

Ladies' Dress Goods

In Cashmeres, Delains, and other stuff goods, in all desirable shades and colours, at bottom prices. New Prints, Ginghams, Peguas, Seersuckers, Hamburgs, Laces, Corsets, Hose, Gloves, and Parasols.

large stock of Mens,' Youths' and Boys' Clothing, equal to custom made, and much cheaper. Mens suits from \$5 to \$15; Youths, \$4.25 up, F and Boys' equally cheap. Also, Hats, Japs, Shirts, Drawers, Braces, and

UNDERCLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY. Diagonial and Corkscrew Coatings, Canadian and Scotch Tweeds, a large stock and choice patterns. Prices lower than ever. Striped goods in Shirtings, Grey and White Cottons, Driees Cottonades, Table Linens, Tickings, Towelling, Swansdowns, etc. Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Wool and Hemp Carpets, Trunks, Valises and Satchels.

TRUNKS from 75 cents to \$8.00

Room Paper and Remnants of all kinds always on hand.

OWEN SHARKEY,

(Sharkey's Block.)

ADVICE ABOUT NAGGING.

A Disagreeable Habit Which Is Fraught with Censiderable Danger.

Many estimable wives and mothers become so committed to this disagreeable habit that not unfrequently 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 slip-shod, happy-go-lucky people that are annoyed by the faults of others—the shirking, the want of considerateness, the total disregard of every plain duty. No, they are painstaking, conscientious souls who are sorely tried by the negligence of others, and waste of time and opportunity and substance it may be; who find their strength unable to bear more than two or three times their share of the heat and burden of the day; who have again taken up the task of others less conscientious; who have again and again stood between those others and the consequences of their own indolence, folly, stupidity and injustice-these are the ones who give vent to their overwrought feeling in bitter complaining and reproach.

Just here lies the danger. A careful housewife, fully alive to the importance of thoroughness in the little things in the household, as well as in large things in the conduct of life, sees constantly so much undone or worse than undone on the part of the husband, children and servants, that in the constant endeavor to set them all right, to restrain this one, or to bring that one up to the requisite point, or to ward off the consequences of the thoughtlessness of this one, and want of considerateness of that one, the habit of nagging grows stronger and stronger upon her from day to day. But let her possess her soul in patience; let her be assiduous in cultivating that "sweetness" which is the main element of Matthew Arnold's culture, and which is frequently spoken of by Jonathan Edwards, stern and uncompromising Cal-

vinist though he was. Better that the pecadilloes 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

It is not meant that all reproof or faultfinding is reprehensible; children and servants must be shown how to do better, but with judicious words of commendation thrown in to temper the blame. In this, as in other things, let a golden mean be ob-

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 com-mercial affairs. They have a truly leftanded manner of proposing marriage.

When one of them desires a wife from his own land he sends a soiled left-hand glove to some male friend. This constitutes power of attorney, and the friend selects a suitable wife, marries her in the name of the absent lover and sends her on her wedding journey alone to join her husband.

In some portions of Western Africa a native who wants a wife is obliged to seek the "Palaver House," where he talks the matter over with the elders and "fetich men." Then he is granted admission to the presence of the parents of the lady in question, to whom he displays presents and money-and if they are satisfied, after much more "palaver," he is allowed to take his bride away, evidently without asking her consent.

The Indian, in learning his fate from his mistress, carries a lighted torch to her cabin. Should the maiden blow out the torch she accepts the proffered vows, but if she vails herself without extinguishing it she refuses his love.

Chateaubriand tells of the lover of Atala, who gave her a necklace of nine beads. Three red ones for his love, three violet, ones for his fears, three blue ones for his

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

A cute lover he—and the sweetheart, not one whit less cunning, regains her color and answers brightly: "Why, how odd; I too am to be married." A delicious proosal and engagement that.

Personally I do not think a man should ever propose, he should dispose, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He should never say: "Will you be my wife?" He should be so sure and positive of success that he could say: "You will be my wife," even etting the date and certain that she would gladly acquiesce to his commands. But a man must be a born lover and ruler to be able to do this.

A wife, like a kiss, should be asked for with the eyes alone-and then when consent is evident, should be taken without unnecessary questions or delay.

TOOL-CHESTS FOR GIRLS.

Let Them Have an Opportunity to De-

velop Mechanical Gen us. 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.

But the time is not far off when there will be a room in the house set apart for their work-bench, and that bench and its tools will be as free to the daughters as the sons. In their fashionable brass-hammering and wood-carving the girls have "got a taste" of it. We may expect to yet see the carpenter come to give lessons as regularly as the music teacher. Why not? That eight children out of ten would like it better there is

A dozen years hence certain branches of many trades will be largely occupied by women. We shall see young women at study and work in architects' offices, in the wall-paper designing rooms, mixing paints and stains and finishes and fresco washes.

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 one hand and a "bill of lumber" in the oth as "applied mathematics." At present the training, in geometry, say, is so unapplied that the "sweet girl graduate" lays the teatable with the cloth awry and the plates at all angles and distances, and is serenely unaware that she has hung her water-color arawing crooked until some distressed oc-cupant of the room points it out.

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."

For myself, I have saved many a dollar first and last by being "handy with tools." When I was a little girl an held a mortal objection to allowing my older brother any accomplishments which I had not, I conceived the brilliant idea, one summer's rainy day, of making myself a churn, which was to be an exact reproduction in miniature of an old-fashioned instrument that my grandmother used and called an "up-anddown' churn.

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. After that I never met him, even after I had grown to the dignity of young lady hood and trained gowns, but what he in quired with a most aggravating interest if my churn was done.

It never was, I am bound to say; but I learned my lesson just the same, and whenever I want a nail driven in, a shelf put up or a window-shade adjusted, I do not wait for a carpenter. Instead, I thank my stars that I ever practiced on churns and wooden sewing-machines; and if it were necessary I think I could-with all the confidence l once began my churn-build a house after a

AN HEROIC PRIVATE.

Although Seriously Wounded, a Georgia Soldier Declines to Surrender. A correspondent of the Covington (Ga.)

nterprise relates the following story of Joe Roquemore, a Newton County private in the late war: The day of which I write loe Roquemore had escaped from a camp nospital. 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 lying comrades. Earnestly—as composed as Nev-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. 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 Heintzelman's cavalry. In a mo-ment "surrender" rang out from a dozen hroats, while the gleaming barrels of wellsimed 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 fust."
A moment more and the brave spirit of Joe Roquemore would have been hurried from the field of glory to its 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 wellarmed foes, refusing to surrender, while his own strong brother with a struggle dis-

LUCK IN COPPER BOLTS.

A Chance Discovery Lays the Foundation

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 re-

move 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 sti about it. He managed, by the aid of lon saws, long-handled axes and hooks, to de tach 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 in vestigation 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 differ ent and valuable woods, the bulk of it being teak, a specie of oak, but there were large quantities of mahogany, some resewood 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 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

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, deadand-alive appearance. No money would pay him for what has happened to him morHot-Air Furnaces &c. ally, physically or socially.

But the queerest thing about the whole ubject 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 \$10,000 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

Who Was the Scoundrel?

Banker Rosenthal directed his bookkeeper 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 whither 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 animalculæ on staple articles of food should be treated as an enemy of mankind. Where knowledge nauseates 'tis folly to be

F. J.SEERY, M.D., C.M.

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHY CIANS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF GEONS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIAN AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW. SPI TIAT CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.

—OFFICE FISHER'S BUILDING

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLRY FANCY GOODS, &c.,

Prices to suit the Times

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

And done with Despatch,

CLOTCH ES CLEANED & REPAIRED

F. J. McCAUSLAND

Cor. Queen & Carleton Sts.

PLUMBING

-AND-

FITTING

I am in a position to give estimates on a lasses of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to orm the work satisfactory and promptly

make a specialty of fitting ap Bath Rooms

A. N. LaFOREST

Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,

INFERNATIONAL



SUMMER

Arrangem ent Four Trips a Week

FOR BOSTON, Via Eastport & Portland

GREAT THROUGH ROUTE

-T H E-

Fredericton and St. John

BOSTON And all points South and West.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 29th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.30 p. m, for Eastport and St. John.

In addition to the above, a Steamer will leave St. John every SATURDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, for Boston direct.

Connectious at Eastport with steamer "Rose

Connectious at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish," for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Freight received laily up to 5 p. m.

HOUSE.

H. W. CHISHULM,

YT. JOHN, N. B

This hotel is situated in a most central position an has all the modern improvements

Telephone Connection. Electric Bells A. N. PETERS PROPRIETOR.