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OWEN SHARKEY,

#### A MORNING WALK.

Though we have said good-bye, Clasped hands and parted ways, my dream There still is beauty on the earth and glory in

the sky. The world has not grown old With foolish hopes, nor commonplace nor cold, Nor is there any tarnish on the happy harvest

gold. Spent was the night in sighing. In tears and vain regrets, heartache and cry-

Lo! breaks the windy azure morn with clouds tumultuous flying! Life is not all a cheat.

A sordid struggle trite and incomplete, When the sun and shadow flee across the billows of the wheat;

When upward pierces keen
The lark's shrill exultation o'er the sheen
Of the young barley's wavy fleece of silky, silvery green.

Did'st think, oh, narrow heart! That mighty Nature shared thy puny smart? Face her screne, heart whole, heart free, that is the better part.

Are the high heavens bent. A vault of snow and sapphire wonderment, Merely to arch, dull egotist, thy dismal dis-

content? Would'st pour into the ear Of the young morn the thoughts that make

V ew the land's joyous splendor through the folly of a tear?

The boon thou hast not had-'Tis a slight trivial thing to make thee sad When with the sunshine and the storm God's glorious world is glad. 'Tis guilt to weep for it!

When blithe the swallows by the poplars flit, Aslant they go, pied cloven gleams thro' leavage golden lit;

While breezy purples stain
The long low grassy reaches of the plain
Where ashen pale the alders quake before the hurricane. Ah! there are still delights

Hid in the multitude of common sights, The dear and wonted pageant of the summer days and nights. The word is not yet said

Of ultimate ending, we are quick, not dead, Though the dim years withhold from us one frail joy coveted.

Our life is all too brief.

The world too wide, too wonderful for griet,

Too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud and leaf.

So, though we said good bye With bitter futile tears, my dream and I-Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed -Cornhili Magazine.

#### A COMPETENT CLERK.

But He Had a Dangerous Weakness for Cipher Telegrams.

I had engaged a new clerk. He was, I confess, the best penman I had ever seen, and being thoroughly acquainted with the art of double-entry book-keeping, filled the position for which I had employed him with entire satisfaction to myself. Aside from his work, there was something about the young man I did not exactly like-a peculiar, reserved way with him that, during his stay with me, I never understood, and I suppose I might always have remained in ignorance concerning its meaning had not the circumstance I am about to relate thrown some light upon his true character.

One forenoon, about two weeks after the engagement of my new clerk, I had occasion, while he was absent, to go to his desk, and saw, lying on the floor just beneath it a half-sheet of foolscap paper, on which were inscribed, in my book-keeper's handwriting, the following characters, which appeared to constitute a key to some secret record or correspondence:

14 15 1 2 16 17 3 4 18 19 5 6 20 21 7 a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o 8 22 28 9 10 24 25 11 12 26 27 13

p q r s t u v w x y z & On what slight incidents are great events often based! I carelessly put the piece of paper into my pocket, where it lay for months forgotten by myself, to be brought forth at last as the instrument wherewith two great villains were brought to justice, and as the means by which I was saved the loss of a large sum of money.

One day after the banks were closed I was paid the sum of £3,000, which I placed within a drawer in my small office safe, intending it should remain there over night, and the next day I would put it on deposit.

Gamnett (my new clerk) was present, and appeared very observant of what I was doing-following my every motion with an eager, nervous, excited glance, which, although it attracted my attention at the time. did not impress me as a matter of much importance, and was soon out of my mind; though afterward I had cause to remember

it very distinctly.

"Gamnett," said I, as I swung to the safe-door, locked it carefully and put the key in my pocket (by the way, I may as well state here that I was the only one who had a key)—"Gamnett, you know, of course, about the money, and to insure its safety I wish you would do me a favor."

"I am ready to oblige at any momentthe present none the less," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "I would like to have you sleep in the office all night and guard against burglars. You can sleep on the couch and keep the fire burning, so you will be warm and comfortable. You may take my rug, and every thing will be all right. Of course I shall pay you extra for the trouble."

"It will be a happiness to do so," said Gamnett, somewhat eagerly, I afterward thought. "I care not for extra pay."

"I am sorry to have to cause you so much trouble and inconvenience," said I, gratified at the readiness with which he acquiesced, "and I hope it will not often occur. By the way, Gamnett," I added, putting on my overcoat, "I shall not be back at the office to-night, for I am going to town by the five o'clock train. You and Wilson can see to things while I am gone, though I shall probably return to-morrow. Good night." "Good night, Mr. Parker. You can depend upon my faithfully carrying out your

directions." The unusual cordiality with which he spoke, combined with the fact that he made use of my name for the first time in my remembrance, occasioned me some surprise; however, I soon left him at the desk, and, wrapping my overcoat closely around me, went out into the cold wintry air and wended my way homeward.

After partaking of a warm, hearty meal, I proceeded to the station and took the five o'clock train for town, where I arrived two hours later.

PERFORMING CATS.

in a telegraph office, and had become a com-

my position to engage in something more

genial to my taste. Among the many ac-

quaintances I had formed at that time was

that of a young fellow by the name of Tay-

lor, who was also an operator, and, at the

ime of which I write, was employed by the

elegraph company in their office, where,

for old acquaintance sake, I called without

delay, and round him seated by his instru-

ment engaged in the perusal of the even-

"Taylor,' said I, advancing toward him,

"Halloo, Parker, is that you?" he exclaimed, rising from his seat. "Give us

your fin, old fellow, and say, how goes it?"

"you still keep at the old occupation, I see."
"Yes, and probably always shall. Here

is the paper; sit down and be comfortable.

I've got to receive this message that's com-

ing. 'No peace for the wicked,' and certain-

I took the seat he offered, and, spreading

the paper out before me, began to read-my

friend in the meantime taking down the

dispatch, and otherwise busying himself

about the instrument, which had com-

menced clicking in a very lively and ani-

ly. "Is it?" said I, folding the paper to get at

"It's in cipher, too," he added soon after-

"From my place, and in cipher!" I repeated, throwing aside the paper. "Who is

I had become strangely interested, I

scarcely knew why, and waited impatiently

for the complete transmission of the mes-

great rate, and presently Taylor began to

spell aloud, as fast as it came over the

wires, the name appended to the telegram.

"G-a-m-n-e-t-t. Gamnett," said he.
"Gamnett!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"Why, he's my clerk! Taylor, let me see

Although the proceeding were some-

what irregular-it not being usual for tele-

graph officials to allow third parties to be-

come acquainted with the contents of

other people's messages-my friend, under

the present circumstances (which were

considered as partial justification for the

act), handed me the paper, on which he had

transcribed the message, and glancing over

"TO WILLIAM JACKSON, 119 Coppice Street:

``10-4-23-16-16-10-4-7-24-9-14-21-2-8-7-24-21-2-9-18-21-10-4-23-16-16-10-4-7-24-9-14-21-2-8-7-24-21-2-9-18-21-2-9-

4 16-10-7-7-6-9-18-20-20-16-2-18-14-10-16-6-26 13-14-10-7-21-16-15-16-14-10-10-4-16 - 7-17-17-18-1-16-13-18-11-18-

"Who is this Jackson-the man to whom

"He keeps a sort of blacksmith's shop,

I hardly know why it was, but the fact of

my clerk's having sent a telegraph dispatch

in cipher looked very suspicious to me, and

I instinctively thought of the paper I had

found under his desk, and which was still in

"Taylor," said I, "I wish you would al-

may affect my interests more than you

"Well, if you think it does, go ahead,"

said Taylor. "Only don't get me into hot

"I'll take care of that, Taylor," said I,

going to a desk and sitting down before it.

and I'll see if I can solve this mystery.'

Now leave me alone for a few minutes,

By the aid of the piece of paper I have

"TO WILLIAM JACKSON, 119 Coppice street: Three thousand pounds in the safe and Parker

before mentioned I soon obtained the fol-

gone until to-morrow. Come down with the

tools immediately, and at one be at the office

In a perfect thrill of excitement I bade

my friend a hasty good-bye, and telling him

that I would more fully explain at some

other time, ran back to the station and took

As we whirled onward in the darkness I

revolved the whole matter over in my mind,

and came to a decision as to what plan I

should pursue-which will be better illus-

trated by the actual facts as they occurred.

Going directly to the post-office I commu-

nicated my discovery to the chief, who set

a trap by means of which the burglars were

caught engaged in the accomplishment of

The station was watched, and a stranger

carrying in his hand a large bag was ob-

served to alight from the half-past eleven

o'clock train from town, who took his way

to my office, on the door of which he gave a

peculiar knock, and was at once admitted

The officers waited on the outside a suffi-

cient length of time for them togget fairly at

work, and then, breaking into the office,

found one man engaged in blowing powder

into the keyhole of the safe, and the other,

Both Gamnett and his bosom friend Jack-

son were generously provided by the benev-

olent authorities with an elegant stone man-

sion across the seas; and so highly delight-

ed were they with the many charms that

this magnificent retreat afforded, that they

were easily prevailed upon to occupy for the

period of ten years apartments of the cosy

dimensions of seven by nine feet-the-win-

dows of which were ornamented by iron

bars, placed lengthwise, in fulfillment of the

directions of an ingenious architect, who

had an eye to beauty, and wished every

thing belonging to the country to present as

Snores Like a Sea-Lion.

humiliating appeal to the medical profession

to tell him what he is to do with a lady

patient on whom he has been bestowing

fruitless care and attention for the last

twenty years. This lady is an inveterate

and incorrigible snorer. Her husband has

confided to the medical man that the snor-

ing is "much worse lately," and that,

whereas his helpmeet was wont to let him

off with only three or four hours of torture,

she now 'snores all night, and can be heard

all over the house." Moreover, she frequently wakes herself with the noise five

or six times in one night, and it is rare that

her husband can get to sleep till three or four o'clock. Whether she lies high or low

makes no difference-she can sleep and

aggravate the case she has lately taken to

yawning a great deal.

A correspondent of the Lancet makes a

snug and safe an appearance as possible.

my clerk, looking over the burglar's tools.

"GAMNETT."

and I will let you in. I sleep there.

the night train for home.

their nefarious schemes.

by Gamnett.

and makes tools," said Taylor. "I don't

like his looks—he's vinegar-visaged."

the dispatch is addressed? Or don't you

6-6-6-16-10-26-7-24-11-21-18-9-6-16-16-8-10-4-16-23-16.

it eagerly, I saw what follows:

The instrument went on clicking at a

"Haven't come to that yet."

"It's from your place," he said, present-

ly not for telegraph operators."

"First rate," I replied, shaking hands;

ing paper.

"how are you?"

mated manner.

that telegram.'

know?" I asked.

my pocket.

think for.

water-that's all.

lowing translation:

In my younger days I had been employed netent operator, though for various reasons Their Training Is a Difficult Task Requir-I did not like the business, and, after having worked at it for a few years, resigned

ing Lots of Patience. In a small street off the Waterloo road in London stands a house in which are forty cats, a score of rats, a similar number of mice, one hundred pigeons, a dozen canaries. a cockatoo, and a sea-gull. The presiding genius over this strange collection of animals is Leoni Clarke. As soon as you speak with him you see at once the secret of his power over his heterogeneous family, for quietness, patience and kindness are suggested by his voice and his manner, and these are just the characteristics needed to make the successful trainer. When the writer went over Mr. Clarke's establishment the other day he was taken first of all to the infirmary. Here were seven invalids suffering from influenza-a kind of distemper that they had caught from a strange cat. These invalids were comly nestled on a rug in front of a fine warm fire. Their food was warm milk and rabbit soup. In another room were upward of thirty sound cats-common English cats, Persian cats, Russian cats and Manx cats. A thick bedding of straw covered the floor. Every night, when the cats are away performing, their room is cleaned out and the windows thrown open. It does not pay Mr. Clarke to have any of these cats ill or indisposed; and if a fully trained one dies he considers it almost as bad as if he had lost £100. You see that Russian cat with his ear bitten?" said Mr. Clarke. "We call him Dynamite because he is so fierce. There is Fireworks," pointing to a beautiful tortoise-shell. "Fireworks, here!" and Fireworks leaped right upon his master's shoulder. Fireworks is the smartest cat in the whole collection. It scrambles up to the tight-rope—fixed at a height of thirty feet from the stage -by a bar at an angle of about seventy-five degrees, and steps onto the rope, which it traverses with as self-conscious an air as any other master performer. Quietly sitting on a chair was the Baldwin cat, peacefully licking itself, just as any old maid's fireside companion might do. This little creature, though it had been higher up in the world than any of its companions and caused greater sensations. seemed in no wise puffed up and to be quite willing to mingle with its tribe on terms of equality. All the rest of these cats could perform wonderful feats-jump from the top of one champagne bottle to another, play with mice, rats and canaries, and even suffer themselves to be hanged by a couple of rats. The most difficult thing to teach them is to jump through hoops surrounded with flames. They are afraid of the fire, but their fears are overcome when they learn that there is no danger, and this is accomplished simply by the exercise of more patience, more coaxing and kindness. Down-stairs was the training-room. Here Mr. Clarke crects a mimic stage, with scenery and all the other adjuncts, and puts recruits through their drill. When they have learned their more simple exercises they are taken out to the public performances for the purpose of becoming accustomed to the noise, the music and to strangers. Mr. Clarke never gives more than two performances in one eveningthis he considers quite enough for the wellbeing of his cats. He has a private omnibus for conveying them from one hall to another and home. The cats and other animals are packed in hampers, which are put on the top of the bus, while he himself, with his wife and an attendant, travels inside. Besides milk, which is warmed for them in cold weather, these cats are also plentifully fed on beef-sometimes raw sometimes roasted-which Mrs. Clarke told a London Star man costs her eight pence a pound just now; also on rabbits and fish. GENERAL JOE GEIGER

Two Stories About the Ugliest Man in the State of Ohio.

There is another story told as original on quaint old Joe Geiger, says the Washington Post. He has always been known as the ugliest man in Ohio, and prided himself on this distinctive and superlative title. It is not every man who can achieve a superlative. When he was campaigning for the Republicans down on the big Darby he was introduced as the ugliest man in Ohio. His fame, both in this respect and as a great joker, had preceded him, of course. A village joker, who was no prize beauty himself, arose when Joe was introduced, and, pointing a pistol at him, said: "I made a solemn vow many years ago that if I ever met a man uglier than myself I would kill

Joe looked at him a second and exclaimed: "Shoot, for God's sake, shoot! If I am uglier than you are I want to die!"

Another story about Joe relates to his habit when he was speechmaking of having something in the way of a "stimilent" on his desk to partake of during his efforts. He used to have a private engagement with his agent by which some gin was put in his pitcher, which he would pour out as pure, unadulterated water, so far as appearances

Once when he was about to open up to a large audience in Mansfield, which included John Sherman, one of those busybodies who make themselves prominent on crowded occasions bustled up and took the prepared pitcher.

"I'll get you some fresh water, General,"

he said, effusively. "No, no!" exclaimed the General in great alarm. "That water is all right. I don't like fresh water."

"But this has been standing here some time," said the flend, "and is stale. It won't take me but a moment, General." "Please leave that water," begged the General, in an agonized voice, "I love stale

water; I love it real stale and warm. That water isn't warm and stale enough. Fresh water makes my head ache. Please leave it. Don't trouble yourself, I beg of you." "Oh, no trouble at all," said the fiend, cheerfully, and away he went for fresh

water, followed by the General's eye, which had an expression embracing the glare of the eye of a tiger thirsting for blood and the look that is never seen in the human eye except when despair is in the heart. The General can never tell the story

without a shudder, and always concludes it by asserting his belief that it was a job put up on him by Sherman.

An Honest Gas Meter.

The Electrical World says that there used to be such a prejudice against gas meters that consumers of electricity did not like to have their electrical meters put anywhere near their gas meters, lest the new gauge might contract bad and lying habits from the old one. The electric meter has a reputation as good as that of the gas measurers is bad. Now an ingenious fellow has turned up with a patent for a combination gas and electrical meter as accurate in its snore at any time in a few minutes, and to workings as a pair of jeweler's scales.

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