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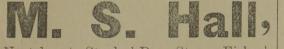
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TWO GOOD STORIES.

A Bet on Betting and What Came of Swapping Stock.

A bit of a bet which took place in a broker's office here recently may be of interest, says Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal. A man who has investigated pretty carefully certain lines of Western stock was laying down his theories to a couple of friends, who laughed at his ideas and told him good-naturedly that he did not know what he was talking about. "I'll show you whether I know what I am

talking about or not. I will bet you \$50 that I can clear \$250 on these stock before the board closes.'

"Done," cried the other. It lacked only twenty-five minutes of the time for the closing of the board, but Mr. X hastily scribbled an order, which he sent off at once. Then he calculated a moment and dispatched a second. What he bought and what he sold I do not know, but in any case the result of his twenty-five minutes' transactions was that he gained, over and above commissions, \$260. One of the men who was present told me the story, and I said to him in comment:

"I am profoundly ignorant of speculative transactions, but can you tell me why in the world, if Mr. X knew how to make the money, he didn't do it without the stimulus of a wager?"

"Oh, of course he ran his risks," was the reply, which, I suppose, must have been satisfactory, although it did not sound so, and he probably was not sure enough of the way things would turn to go in in cold

All of which illustrates the game side of stock speculations. Another stock story which is mildly diverting relates how Mr. A, a young lawyer, purchased some mining stock three or four years since, and it soon after became worth nothing whatever. At his club a few weeks since he mentioned the circumstances to Mr. B, a doctor of his own class at Harvard.

"Well," was the answer, "I am in the same fix of some manfacturing stock, and I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll change you for

The exchange thus jokingly proposed was effected, and a few days later A told Mr. C, a third classmate, of the transaction. "I was caught the same way on some railroad bonds," C observed, "and if you like I'll trade them for your manufacturing stock." It struck A that there was something amusing in this exchange of paper which purported to represent so much and was really worthless. He made a second exchange in the same spirit as that in which he made the first. The odd sequel of the tale is that since this took place, early in the winter, both the manufacturing stock and the mining stock have appeared above the surface, and, although they are not at any very lofty figure, they are yet far better than nothing, while the railroad bonds which A got on his second exchange are still of no appreciable value whatever. A declares that he is particularly marked out by fate for misfortune, and of course there has been a good deal of fun over the matter.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.

A Remarkable Legal Curiosity Left by a Western Judge.

In 1861 John Howard, a Colorado judge, introduced a quaint novelty in a divorce case in which he was the defendent. Mary, his wife, having filed a petition for separation in the chancery court, her unfaithful husband presented his answer in the form of a quit-claim deed of his better half. Ac-

'put on style," but who have no property, no money in the bank, and who have to scrimp and worry along "by their wits" to get together the means to live and to pay their rents. I have discovered in this way that many who think they are less fortunate than others have to struggle for the necessities of life very much less than many of those of whom they are jealous. Why, I have myself more than once envied dashing and apparently prosperous men, who have failed within a fortnight with heavy liabilities and no assets.

AN IMPERIAL RECEPTION.

Description of a Court Ball at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg.

The Vicomte Eugene Melchoir de Vogue, describing Russian high life in Harper's Magazine, writes among other things: In the morning, the sergeants of the imperial household have gone through the town with their lists to the houses of the elect, who have been convoked for that evening. An invitation to the court is an order given on the very day of the fete. According to received etiquette, it liberates from all anterior engagements with private persons; it liberates even from duties toward the dead, for mourning does not dispense one from the obligation to appear at a court ceremony, and it must be laid aside when one enters the palace. A woman is not allowed to present herself in black before the sovereign, unless she is wearing mourning for one of the sovereign's relatives. Dinner has been taken hastily, for the ball opens at nine o'clock, and you must be there well before the hour in the salons, where you wait for the arrival of the Emperor. Hundreds of carriages fall in line and deposit at the different entrances of the Winter Palace shapeless bundles of furs, and then return to take their position on the square. The coachmen, who pass a part of the night standing in the snow, gather around large fires lighted in grates, which are placed there for these occasions. It is a picturesque bivouac. They look like elfs assembled in the darkness on this field of ice to guard the enchanted palace where a magician is calling up the sweetest visions in a mirage of spring.

The doors close behind the bundles of fur and immediately after they have entered the vestibule they are metamorphosed by a touch of the magician's wand. The fairy spectacle begins. The heavy cloaks fall from bare shoulders, and beautiful butterflies issue from these chrysalides in the midst of the rare flowers that cover the marble steps, and in the mild June atmosphere. A cortege reminding one of the Arabian Nights mounts the stair-cases; trains of lace sweep over the porphyry steps; diamonds and gems shine in the glow of the lusters; there is a brilliant array of many-colored uniforms; sabers and spurs clank over the floors. The guests defile between pickets of Chevalier Guards, chosen from amongst the handsomest men in the regiment-giants in armor, who stand as motionless as statues. The company assembles in the White Room, in the Salle de Trone.

Here in the front rank are considerable personages, the old "portrait ladies," so called because they wear in their corsage in a frame of brilliants a miniature of the Empress; severe guardians of ancient etiquette, living chronicles of the court, they teach the traditions to the swarm of young women over whom they keep watch, namely, the maids of honor, who may be recogam in alamonas of the reigning Empress, which they wear buckled with a knot of blue ribbon on the left shoulder. The celebrated beauties of Petersburg are all there. They cross the room with a picturesque indolency and pliancy in their walk and bearing. There is something languid in their manner, as though their looks and words were absently following a long dream that leads them to the extreme limits of their interminable fatherland. Amongst the men who press around them we remark first of all some aged people and high dignitaries, old servitors who have grown white in the service of the court ever since the reign of Nicholas; aids-de-camp of his Majesty, Ministers, Ambassadors and Chamberlains with the golden key on their backs; and all these worthy bosoms are bedecked with grand cordons and constellated with decorations which do not leave a square inch of surface free on their breasts. Then come the young officers, most of them belong to the two crack regiments of the Chevalier Guards and the Horse Guards. They carry in their hands a heavy helmet surmounted with a silver eagle with open wings. Here beside them are lancers in red jackets, Grodno Hussars in green, Cossacks draped in their long tunics belted with cartridge cases in nielle silver. The Hussars of the Guard look peculiarly elegant in their short white dolmans embroidered with gold and bordered with sable fur, which hang loosely over their shoulders. In this crowd the pages of the Empress moved about discreetly, and finally the servitors of the palace, the runners, with their hats with long plumes of the time of Catharine, and negroes dressed in rich Oriental costume. The gloomy note of the black dress-coat is banished from this brilliant symphony of color. One single swallowtail may be seen-that of the honorable Minister of the United States. Nine o'clock. The doors of the private apartments of the Winter Palace open. Immediately there is a deadly silence. A voice announces: "The Emperor." The Tsar advances, followed by all the members of his family, each one in the rank assigned to him by his degree of relationship. If you wish to comprehend at a glance the social secret of this empire, turn your back to the door through which the sovereign enters and look at this entrance by reflection-if I may so express myself-on the faces of those present. At the same moment all these physiognomies put on, as it were, the same uniform, the same solemn expression, at once grave and smiling. The whole vital force of these men and women is concentrated in their eyes, which seek those of the master. We have never contemplated this spectacle without having been re-minded of the first appearance of the rays of the sun on the crests of mountains at the instant when it rises. You have no need to look behind you to know that the sun has risen; you are informed of it by this quivering light on the opposite summits. In the same way, when you are a little accustomed to the court, you have only to look at the faces of the courtiers to be able to see, without possibility of mistake, that the Emperor is about to come, that the Emperor is coming, or that the Emperor has come. And his coming is in reality a rising of the sun which brings favor and dispenses life to all these persons. The first bars of the polonaise immediately re-echo through the rooms. It is not a dance, but a cadenced march, the traditional promenade which opens the ball.

The Grand Marsnai and the Grand Mistress take the head of the procession. Generally this venerable couple represent between them pretty nearly two complete centuries. The Emperor gives his hand to one of the Grand Duchesses, the Empress to one of the foreign ambassadors, and other couples form in their suite and proceed around the room. After this obligatory ceremony the sovereign goes to chat with the diplomatic corps or with his grand dignitaries, and the quadrilles and waltzes begin; but the ball does not become really animated until the mazurka, that dashing military and par excellence national dance. The cavalier marks the rhythm of the music by striking the floor with the heel of his spurred boot; he raises his partner in his arms like a trembling bird, dashes across the room in three bounds, deposits his prey at the other end, and falls on his knee before her.

Why Some People Marry.

The reason why a great many people marry is because the wife wants a home and the husband wants a servant. A HEADLESS GHOST.

An English Farmer's Cruel Revenge on His False Lady Love.

About thirty miles south of London, in one of the prettiest parts of England, is a village called Shalford. Adjoining it is a large common, or public pasture. There are a few houses fronting on it, prominent among which there was, about twenty years ago, a rather singular-looking edifice, known to the village folk as the "Black House." The name was apparently illchosen, for the bricks were white and the tiles a bright red. But there was a good reason for the name, as any local gossiper was pleased to explain. The house had been built by a farmer named Somers for the reception of a young lady of good position who was shortly to become his bride. The wedding day had been fixed. But a few days before the one fixed for the wedding day the bride disappeared, and few hours after her departure a farm hand in the employ of Somers was also sought for and found not.

Rumor coupled the two names, and the disappointed bridegroom started off in hot haste in pursuit. For several months the house remained untenanted, but one night lights were observed in the windows. The next day there was much speculation as to whether Somers had returned or whether he had rented. But there were no signs of life during the next nor the succeeding day. and finally it was thought advisable to force an entry. Accordingly the local blacksmith and Somers' farm bailiff broke open the front door. The house was found ex-actly as left by Somers when he started out on his tour of revenge, nor was there any explanation to be detected of the lights seen at night.

That evening the windows were again bright, and for several successive nights the phenomenon was repeated. Finally a committee of three was appointed to investigate. The members of the committee were the blacksmith, the parish clerk, and an old skeptic who believed in no one but himself. After eating a hearty supper at the village inn the trio set out on their task. The clerk was very nervous, the blacksmith defiant and the skeptic sarcastic. The door was forced open and the men proceeded to investigate. They made a tour of all the rooms, but discovered nothing. The clerk became reassured, the blacksmith sighed for someone or something to fight, and the skeptic threw in an "I told you there was

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

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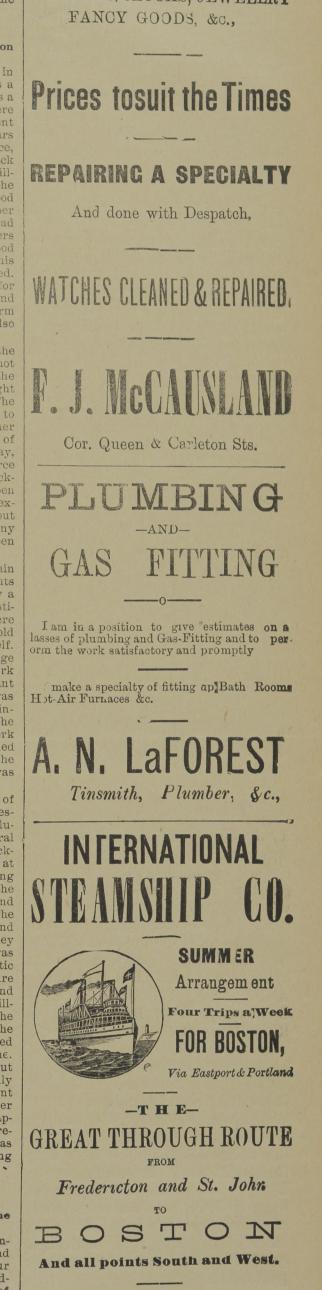
SPI JIAT CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.

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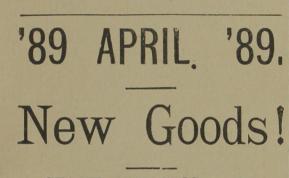


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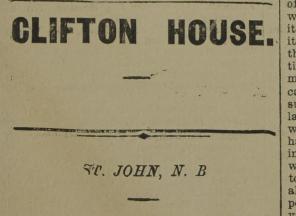
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cording to Charles P. Bryan, a writer for America, the remarkable curiosity appears on the records, as follows

MARY E. HOWARD, Plaintiff, In Court of Chancery, Denver City, Jeffer-

JOHN HOWARD, son Territory. Defendant.

PETITION FOR DIVORCE. To the Plaintiff in the above-entitled action: WHEREAS, Having been cited through press of Denver to encour before one Ju press at Denver to appear before one Judge Browning, of the above-entitled court, to show cause why your prayer to be divorced from me should not be granted;

I, the defendant, hereby state (waiving my own oath in the premises) that I don't know any such cause whatever, and therefore con-fess the corn! And said defendant, as judge of the Canyon City district court, enter a decree in your favor accordingly; and in order to relieve you of any embarrassment in the matter, I have executed and send you herewith, as part of this answer, a quit-claim deed of all my right, title and interest whatever in you, leaving a blank to be filled up by the name of the party ---- grantee, by whom you may in future be claimed under squatter title. Hoping you will fully appreciate my feelings in the premises. I hereby attach the said deed, as follows, to-wit:

KNOW ALL MEN (AND WOMEN) BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, John Howard, of Canyon City, of the first part, do hereby give, grant, bargain, convey and quit-claim all my right, title and interest in and to the following (un) real estate, to-wit: The undivided ancient estate known as Mary Howard, the title to which I acquired by discovery, occupation, possession and use; situate at present in the town of Denver, Jefferson Territory, together with all the improvements made and erected by me thereon, with all the rents, profits, easements, enjoyment, long suffering and appurtenances thereto in any wise appertaining, unto —, of the second part; to have and to hold, unto the said —, so long as he can keep her, without recourse upon the grantee, as indorser.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 24th day of June, 1861. [Signed] JOHN HOWARD. [Seal.]

Signed in presence of A. Budd, clerk of district court, Per WILBUR F. STONE, Deputy.

SOCIETY VIN CITIES.

A Huge Collection of Rich Poor Folks and Poor Rich Folks.

A student of society in a city like this, if he circulates among all classes and wan-ders up and down all the thoroughfares, will be impressed with two special features of its life, writes the Chicago Journal sidewalk stroller, namely, the great number of its rich poor folks and the great number of its poor rich folks. Now, I mean to explain this declaration. I know it needs explanation, and I can best do so by dividing the masses of society into two general classescapitalists and laborers. Then I will as-sume to call the former "the rich" and the latter "the poor." Having done this, I will call the student's attention to the many hard-working people who own their homes in the city-homes seemingly humble, but worth all along from two or three thousand to six or seven thousand dollars apiece; and also to many other laborers who have deposits of sums of money in savings banks, varying from a few hundred to several thousand dollars each. We will now turn away from these poor folks (?) and their homes in the unaristocratic streets of the metropolis and visit the fashionable avenues, and here we shall find-what? Thousands who pass as "capitalists"-people who

nothing" every two or three minutes.

But shortly before midnight the light of the lanterns carried by the intrepid investigators was supplemented by a bright illumination which seemed to have no natural source. The clerk looked at the blacksmith, and even the skeptic felt himself at fault. Suddenly the first named sprang to his feet and rushed headlong out into the passage, along it to the front door, and through it on to the open pasture. The blacksmith and the skeptic turned and decided to follow his lead as best they could. For, standing in the far corner was a figure so weird that not even the skeptic could control his fears. It was the figure of a young woman, absolutely headless, and enveloped in a shroud of surpassing brilliancy. From this unnatural clothing the mysterious light seemed to emerge. The two men got away safely and corroborated the parish clerk's description of the scene. The story was not generally credited, but again and again was the house rented, only to be vacated by each succeeding tenant after one day's occupation. Neither Somers nor his false lady love ever reappeared at Shalford, and when your correspondent last saw it the black house was still unoccupied and was gradually falling into ruins.

IT WAS A MOUSE.

But for a Moment He Thought It Was the Long-Expected Burglar.

Of course you have been aroused suddenly in the night by some mysterious sound in your chamber, jumped hastily from your warm and comfortable couch and then suddenly awoke with a bewildering sense of not knowing where you were. This same thing happened to a West side young man the other night, says the Chicago Herald. When fully awakened he sat quietly on the edge of the bed and listened acutely for the sound that at first had alarmed him. Soon \$2 came again. It was as though some one was tiptoeing softly across the carpet. The young man remembered that in the further corner of the room stood a loaded shotgun. It had not been discharged since the war, but he realized that the charges in war times were much higher than they are now, and he argued that there must be enough left to kill a burglar. So he cautiously felt his way across the room until he had secured the gun. Carefully cocking it he suddenly lit the gas and turned to meet the burglar. But there was no one in sight. Laying the illusion to his imagination he replaced the loaded gun and crawled back between the warm sheets. Just as he was dozing off he again heard the sounds of footfalls, and again he seized the gun and turned up the gas. There was no one else in the room. Thoroughly mystified, he resolved to investigate. He sat on the edge of the bed, allowing the gas to burn at full head, and listened. Soon he heard the sound again. It came from beneath the carpet. Seeing a wriggling lump in the middle of a big pattern he brought his gun down on it heavily. There was a wild squeak and all was still. The mystery was solved. Beneath the carpet was a padding of straw, and a venturesome mouse had been pulling out single straws for his nest in his hole near by. Each jerk he gave a straw produced the sound of a light footfall on the carpet, and as he jerked regularly the illusion of a cautious burglar was produced.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 29th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRI-DAY 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

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The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd

term on the 2nd of January, 1890. For further particulars address the President

for a Calendar Sackville, Au. 3. 10, 1889.