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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside, "Tender for tanks" will be received until Saturday, August 10th, for the construction and erection of 50,000 gallon water tanks at the following places:—Hawlow, St. Pierre, St. Charles, Ste. Helene, Riviere du Loup, Capuscap, Mill Stream, Balthurst, Moncton and Folleigli.

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Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender.

This deposit may consist of cash, or of an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the Hon. Minister of Railways and Canals, and marked "accepted" by the bank upon which it is drawn; and it will be forfeited if the party tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if, after entering into the contract, he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plans and specification. If the tender is not accepted, the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent,

Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 25th July, 1883,

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

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No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

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PREFERENCES AND TREASURES.

Id rather drink cold water from the brook. Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice; Id rather sleep on straw in shepherd's hut, Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

Id rather earn dry bread in lusty health. And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure. Than feed without the zest of appetite Off gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

Id rather have one true, unflinching friend. Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty; And one poor lass who loved me for myself. Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure. And strews rich blessings everywhere around us; While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit, Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love— These are endowments if we learn to prize them;

The wise man's treasures better worth than gold. And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

—Charles Mackay, in Chamber's Journal.

JOB'S DAUGHTERS.

The Wonders They Performed in a Business Way.

Some men have so much land that the taxes, etc., keep them poor; others possess so much money that they imagine they are poor; while others, having nothing, are called really poor.

Job Jonson belonged to none of these classes. Job was blessed, or (as he pleased to see it) cursed with a superabundant wealth of daughters. In fact, every year or so added new daughter recruits to his fast accumulating army of bibbed and aproned misses.

Job was a fairly successful merchant in the city of Winona, State of Minnesota. He might have been much more successful if he had remained at home and minded the baby, and allowed his bustling little wife to run the down-town business.

Fact was, his wife had the energy that Job's constitution lacked, and which was necessary to enable a firm to compete with the other wide-awake men of his lively town.

When the Lord saw fit to send another addition to the Jonson family, in the shape of a tenth daughter—which same was Miss Louisa Melissa Ann Jonson—poor Job sat him down in profound despair, vowing that he never could supply all those mouths and backs with their respective wants.

When baby Lou was making her chubby debut into short baby-dresses, Sadie Jane Letitia—the oldest daughter—had just said her little piece at the high school, graduating with highest honors from that institution; which means that she had waded through mathematics, geography, etc., and had taken so much Latin and Greek into her system that she would be nearly a whole year forgetting them.

"O, dear!" said Job one evening, as he surveyed his female troupe. "O, dear! these girls keep growing larger and more numerous. Every month adds to our grocery and dry-goods bills. Whatever are we going to do, ma? Our income is already stretched as far as it will stand; and prospects are growing worse all the time. We'll see starvation days yet!"

"Oh, pshaw, Job!" said Mrs. Jonson. "Do, please, quit croaking. People do not starve, nor want, as long as there are willing hands to work."

"Yes, but so many girls, all wanting dresses, and ribbons, and what not; and never earning a cent themselves." "Why, of course not," said the wife. "You can't expect baby girls to work and support themselves, any more than you could baby boys. But wait, and you will see the day that our girls will be our greatest blessings, as indeed they now are."

Job went growing off to bed at his usual hour of eight o'clock, in order to be able to get up at four o'clock in the morning—to chew tobacco, and worry the rest of the folks out of their nice morning naps, two hours too soon—which allows us to philosophize a little upon that fallacy about "early to bed and early to rise, etc." If a man goes to bed at sundown and rises at four next morning—out of temper—chews half a pound of fifty cent tobacco, smokes two cigars and burns a dollar's worth of fuel before breakfast—how much healthier, wealthier and wiser do you suppose he is than the lazy (?) man who gets up two or three hours later, eats a hearty breakfast and goes to his work with a good zest and clear brain?

If "the early bird catches the worm," the worm is certainly a fool for getting caught. Let's see—where were we? O, yes; Job went to bed, and most of the brood of small, night-gowned Jonsons' were "Now I lay me'd," and tucked in soon afterward.

When all was serene again, Mrs. Jonson and Sadie sat down to their talk and their mending—for I assure you that mending was a necessary art in the Jonson household.

"Mamma," said Sadie, "I must and will do something, now that school is out. I won't sit around and hear pa run us girls down any longer. I mean to show him that I can work as well as any boy or man." "What do you propose to do, my dear?" "Oh, any thing! I'll clerk, or run errands, or keep books, or sell papers—any thing but sitting still at home."

"If you are bound to do something, I think you might keep pa's books; that would save the hire of one man."

After a little debate this was decided upon as the best thing for the present for her to do.

The next morning at the breakfast table the subject was broached to Job.

"O, pooh! pooh! the idea! A woman tinker with my books; get 'em all mixed up so I'd have to hire an expert to undo her work. She don't know enough." These, and similar expressions of doubt, were his replies.

"But let me try, papa, let me try it," insisted Sadie.

"Oh, what can women do?" asked Job, scornfully. "Their place is at home; sewing, cooking, and such work is all that they're fit for."

Ah, ha! Mr. Job, and so you display your ignorance! That's an old-fashioned idea about women. The question to-day is not "What can women do?" But rather, it is: "What is there that women can not do?" The eminent Mr. Thackeray says, that "Any woman who has not a positive hump, can marry whom she pleases." To-day we may go further and lay down the fact that "Any woman of ordinary ability (hump or no hump) can do or be whatever she pleases."

She is the kindest of doctors and nurses, the straightest of accountants, the best of writers, and in fact, she has pushed to the

front rank in every business or profession that she has yet attempted.

The result of Sadie's coaxing was, that Pa Jonson allowed her to take part of his books home for a week's trial. At the end of that time he was forced to acknowledge that women could keep books; and in two weeks he had discharged the hired book-keeper, and Sadie was duly installed in his place. Sadie and her mamma saw by the appearance of the store's books that the business was in a bad state; rather run down at the heel. Every body owed them, and they owed every body. But while their debts must be paid to keep up the credit, their debtors would not, or could not pay them.

Here was Mr. Jones, charged with five dollars for tobacco, fifty cents for sugar, etc. There was Smith, debtor to twenty-five dollars for sundries, etc. Smith and Jones being notorious dead-beats, of course their accounts were utterly worthless. In deed, it was time there should be new management, for a few months more of the old, and the firm would certainly have been swamped.

The cash system was at once instituted; one clerk was dismissed, and Viola—the second daughter—beggod so hard to be allowed to quit school and take his place, that her wish was granted. And would you believe it? Jane, the third daughter, made such a to-do about Viola's promotion, that she, too, got clear—vowing that she would take the place of the delivery boy, and deliver the lighter packages.

Mr. Jonson staid around the store most of the time; but for all that he might as well have been home trotting the baby. Still, he kept up the appearance of managing the concern, while his young working Amazons were the real power behind the counter.

The new management had been working about a year. The debts were fast dissolving before the clear-headed and economical management and cash system, when a cloud began to threaten the financial horizon.

The young men of Winona began to whisper together at their clubs.

"By Jove," said Charley Brown (who was sweet on Sadie), "ain't those Jonson girls trumps?"

"Trumps!" exclaimed Ed Lightner (also sweet on one of the sisters). "Well, I should remark they are! They're a regular gold mine to old Jonson."

The girls suddenly found themselves way above par in the town matrimonial market. They were invited to every thing, and had beaux by the dozen, until affairs began to look dangerous to business interests, and they called a meeting of the three eldest daughters of the family to consider what should be done.

Viola was chairman of the meeting, which she called to order, and stated the sense of the meeting.

"Sisters and fellow-girls; the enemy are after us. We must prepare to repulse them. Our work is not yet done; we can not afford to break ranks and go over to the enemy—to surrender—however much we should like to. Therefore, I move that we form a consolidated union to resist the charms of certain (and uncertain) young persons in the enemy's ranks until our debts are all paid, and the mortgage on papa's house is removed."

"That great booby of a Jim Shanks almost proposed to me last night!" broke in Nell, aged fifteen.

"Don't revile the enemy," said Viola; "we may have use for them some day in the future. As for me, I've been parrying with a couple of them for some time past."

Some of the others had also been attacked; so the result of the conference was, that they all agreed not to engage themselves until after the debts were all cleared.

Affairs glided along smoothly for several years under these arrangements. Papa Jonson was good-natured and happy, as all indolent people are when they have but little to do. One day Sarah came into dinner flushed with excitement and joy. She held in her hand the notes and mortgage on their home. She had just paid the last of it, and they were finally free of debt.

Mr. Jonson patted her on the shoulder, called her his little business manager, and bestowed other high compliments upon her. Of late he has not been heard to say: "Oh, what can women do?" But instead, he was one day overheard saying to neighbor Jackson (who, by the way, is nearly eaten out of house and home by a big family of lazy boys): "I say, Jackson, I've got a good rule for getting on in the world."

"What is it?" asked Jackson, who is not much of a success, financially.

"Raise daughters," was the laconic but expressive answer.

In fact, Papa Jonson was as proud of his daughters now as he had once been angry with them for being born.

A few days after the mortgage was paid Charlie Brown, who was still faithful to Sadie, besought that young lady to give him a decided answer, once for all. She blushed exceedingly red, and demurely said: "Ask papa."

You may easily believe that Charlie was not many weeks in seeking "pa," of whom he begged his daughter's hand.

But pa said: "What! Give her to you? No, indeed. You'd better ask me for my pocket-book, or my house, than for my business manager. You'll have to ask her mother, if you want any such favors."

So poor Charlie had to say his piece all over again to Mamma Jonson, who answered his pleadings with: "Sadie is the one to please in this matter, and she can do as she desires."

Sadie pleased to change her name to that of "Brown."

After Charley's success "among the Amazons," two other young men went and did likewise, and the result was a grand triple wedding in the Jonson family and a change of management in the Jonson store.—Royal, in Woman's Magazine.

The Husband's Home Duty.

According to our ideas on such subjects it is just as much the husband's business "to make home the brightest and most alluring haven of rest and peace upon all the earth" as it is the wife's. The idea that a mother, who has been "worked and worried to death" all day by the cares and annoyances of a household, perhaps with a sick child to nurse, and in feeble health at that, should have to go beyond her powers of endurance in order to "make home attractive" to some great lubber of a husband, with the muscles of an ox, the health of a whale, and the digestion of an ostrich, is utterly absurd and inhuman. Let him go to work and make "home attractive" to her. Or, not to run to extremes on either side, let the husband join with the wife in mutual efforts to make their home pleasant for the whole family.

WONDERFUL REPTILES.

An Unlettered Man's Observations on Joint and Hoop Snakes.

I hev red the jint snake countryversy and notice the writers preface ther tail with referens as to there voracity. This looks like prima farce evidence of the on-reasonableness of ther follerin accounts. I writes truthful J. L. Flubb, of Hickory Forks, Ill., to the St. Louis Republic, try to tell the straight cold chilled truth, tharfore dont need to back it up with nabor vouchers. Howsumever I could give nabors who could tell you all about me but I dont want to—digress frum my tail. I hev seed the jint snake make jint apintment with its fractional parts after it hed been broken all up. I hev made half the jints unite wrong end first, then you ort to a-seed it try to crawl. Hit would heave and set, its front half goin forreds and latter half a crawl in tother way—finally it pulled itself square into with a loud snap, each end turning a summerset which broke its neck. He tried to back up, but a snake cant back, and couple on but the more he tried the furdur apart he got from Mason and Dixon's line.

I seed the snake (referred to by F. S. L.) suck a Jersey cow, fill the bottle first (used as a reservoir) with milk and the motion of the waves while swimmin the Massippy churned the milk into such a big mass of butter that the bottle wouldn't hold it and bust the bottle and the snake foundered fore an aft in mid Massippy. Many uv the ole citizens will back me on this.

The horn snake (had a horn on latter end uv its tale) wuz ont indigenus here, takin its horn in its mouth and role like a hoop after its prey and when in reach, let go its horn and thrust it into its prey which found itself on the horn of a die lemme.

When mad its horn was pizen.

One day I wuz carryin' my mattock and a tarnal horn snake tuck after me. I dropped my mattock, which stuck in the ground handle end up. I saved my life by flite, but when the snake come onto that mattock stannin' up in defiance, hit stuck its horn right through the hickory handle and pizened it so it swelled and bust the eye of the mattock.

Another snake (relative of the horn snake) attacks men who fule with it, but in a different way—the horn gits in the man's mouth and the snake eend gits in his boots and there is no remedy fur the man. He's a goner, but he'll never acknowledge thet that is what's the matter. This last is a "still snake" and "hands off" must be yure motto or yure in danger. This last species is said to be indigenus where man is indigenus.

A Needle's Protracted Journey.

Nineteen years ago this month a woman residing at Kingston, N. Y., accidentally pushed a needle into her breast. She had been sewing on fine muslin, and she pushed the point of the needle through the lapel of her basque, while she inquired into the cause of a quarrel between two children who were playing near by. In a paroxysm of tears the younger child threw herself into the arms of the lady, and, as she did so, the needle was pushed so far out of sight that only the eye was visible. A quick movement to rescue it resulted in an entire disappearance of the fine bit of steel. No inconvenience was experienced, and the incident was entirely forgotten. A few evenings ago the woman, who had carried the needle about her for so many years, was awakened out of a sound sleep by a peculiar pricking sensation in the throat. Rising up in bed, she began to cough. The pricking became more severe, but the sharp substance appeared to be rising in her throat. Trusting her fingers down as far as possible, she caught hold of an object and drew it out. It was the needle that had been journeying about under the surface for nineteen years.

A Cob-Pipe Factory.

There is a cob-pipe factory located at Sedan, Mo., which is doing a rushing business. The factory pays at the rate of 1½ cents for 1½-inch cobs and 1¼ cents for 1½-inch cobs. A man hauled a load the other day of 1½-inch cobs which brought him \$64. The time may yet come when the people will raise wheat for the chaff.

How the Kangaroo Was Named.

The kangaroo is said to have got its name in this way: Captain Cook first discovered the animal in Australia. When he inquired its name of a native the latter replied: "Kan-ga-roo," which, in the Australian language, is "I don't know."

Gander and Rooster.

There's a gander in Coweta County, Ga., that has recently been bereft of its mate. He has since taken up with a rooster, and is trying to learn to crow, but so far without success. When the rooster flaps his wings to crow the gander does likewise, and stretches his neck in a vain effort to imitate the music of the chanticleer. He tries hard to fly up on the roost and is very affectionate in his attentions to the rooster.

Mourning in Former Days.

Mourning was formerly far more rigorously observed than in our time. "Not only did the widow wear mourning garments, but she was also obliged to remain in a bed draped with black, in a chamber hung with black, to receive her visitors. Mourning was carried so far that Kings changed their table service, using knives with ebony instead of ivory handles." A fifteenth-century writer says, in an old volume entitled "Honneurs de la Cour": "I have heard it said that the Queen of France must remain an entire year without leaving her chamber after the death of the King, her husband." In the eighteenth century gray cloth obtained considerable acceptance as a mark of mourning.

No End of Experience.

Dry-Goods Merchant—"You have called in response to our advertisement for a floor-walker? Well, sir, what are your qualifications for the position?" Applicant—"I am the father of three pairs of twins."

A Hint to Smokers.

It is remarkable that people smoke so much tobacco in its various forms that is impregnated with deadly nicotine when by a simple method which would not detract one whit from its good quality, but would remove all that is objectionable, the tobacco could be made free of this poison. Merely soak the tobacco a day in a shallow trough and then lay it in the sun, if feasible; if not, dry by the most convenient means, and the weed is robbed of all odoriferous properties and of nicotine. It is then so sweet the fumes would not offend the most sensitive lady, because it has no fumes. Besides, the vessel in which it is burned does not become "strong"—a valuable thing for a man who prefers a meer-schaum pipe to cigars.

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