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NYE TO WANAMAKER.

He Orders a New Suit of Clothes and Incidentally Refers to the Post-Office,

Hoping That the P. M. G. Will Appeal to the President—Local New York News—One Self-Made Man Writes Frankly to the Other—Hoping That the Letter Will Not Get Into the Papers, Etc., Etc.
[Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.]

St. Patrick's Day in the Gray of Early Morning. General John Wanamaker, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I called at your general store in Philadelphia while in your city, in order to speak to you as between man and man, with regard to a new suit of ready-made clothing which I contemplated going into this spring at an early date. I was shocked and chagrined to learn that you were not at home, but in Washington, D. C. Hence I write to you in regard to the matter instead of dealing with one of your clerks down at the store.

I ordered a suit, if you will remember, some years ago when I was postmaster at Laramie City, Wyoming. I was in the department there for some time and gave good satisfaction. People write me yet that they have never experienced such an era of prosperity since the town was laid out as they did when I was at the helm of the post-office there.

The suit was a plain business suit, dowered with a wild and wealthy profusion of pockets, many of which I did not at that time really need. It was a cutaway coat with horn buttons, and long princess trousers of the same, held in place by means of elastic suspenders in pigeon-breast shades with heliotrope buttons on them.

I wore this suit through my entire administration, also through the places where it came most in contact with foreign substances. I now apply to you once more for a suit that shall be durable and plain, and yet fix the eye of a stranger at once and compel him to say: "There is a thorough gentleman. There is a man worthy of any office within the gift of the Federal Government."

So if you will be good enough to send me some samples of your goods, with rules for self-measurement, also stating at the same time what, if any thing, has been done about the post-office at New York, you will do me a favor and at the same time will not do yourself any harm.

That is one thing I like about me. Nobody ever did me a favor that he didn't do well out of it before he got through. Have you had any talk yet with the President about the N. Y. P. O.?

My home now is not far from the post-office in New York and I pay taxes there. I also have writing to do for the World newspaper, which is directly across the street. Writing these pieces does not take all my time and so I had thought that I might help each other perhaps, if you feel that way about it. I could help you to introduce your goods among our best people in New York, with whom I am very thick. I could also say pleasant things about you in the press, and while I would hate to have you think that I would prostitute my wonderful talent by swapping kind words for a post-office, it would surely do you no harm to add my large influence among the more refined people of New York, to your own wide acquaintance, and I am sure that I can help you to build up a nice trade with our best people in New York, many of whom are already dissatisfied with prices here.

I would want a plain business suit that would also look well for Sundays. I generally fix up for Sundays and spend the day in self-communion and silent admiration of my past life. I was a poor boy, Mr. Wanamaker, with large, olive-green speckles on the back of my neck. I have fought my way up through a wilderness of stumbling blocks, set backs and draw-backs, Mr. Wanamaker, until, to-day, you see me beloved and admired by one and all, yet modest and unassuming as a little dew-drop on the petal of a pumpkin blossom.

Both of us know what it is, General, to thump along through an adverse and sin-cursed world. I admit that I have made



THE PROSPECTIVE NEW YORK POSTMASTER.

mistakes, but not as a postmaster. I have stepped aside several times from what is called the correct thing in Philadelphia, and may, possibly, do so again, but not officially. I have done things that I am now sorry for, but my whole nature seemed to demand excitement, and I would frequently sit up till nearly eleven o'clock, frolicking and having fun with people who enjoyed having fun and who reveled in my sunny smile. But that was after office hours, Mr. Wanamaker. After I had hung the canceling stamp on a nail, after I had checked up the M. O. B., and put mucilage on the second-hand stamps, I would issue forth and give the evening up to the keenest enjoyment, sometimes at the beanbag tournament, or anon at the free reading-room, where I would sometimes meet other people. But all that is passed now.

A dark shade of goods, with an invisible check in the pocket of the vest, would suit me very well. I wear a tail coat, and a very long, lithe pant. In post-office work I dress plainly but neatly. Remember me to the administration and say that, while unusually busy this season, I have not allowed prosperity to crowd the administration out of my memory.

I was quite sorry not to have seen you when last I was in Philadelphia, for I know that we would have pleased each other. I am a frank, open-faced, self-made man who forgot to order sufficient hair while putting up the job. I am easy to get acquainted with and hard to shake off. You can always have fun with me if you go at it right, John, and yet there are few men who can knock the tar out of a general delivery window equal to me. I do not allow business cares to weigh on me too heavily. My grocer is generally a more thoughtful and chastened-looking man than I am, and yet I can distribute more lower case mail in an hour than anybody you ever saw.

I would also want two pairs of seal-brown socks with eight day clocks of some contrasting color.

Doubtless the President may have some one in his mind for the New York post-office, some one who will shine more in society perhaps, some one who will please the eye more for the moment, but what we want for that position is a pure, good man, who loves the old flag and who wants to see a good post-office in New York, where a man can go and present a money order without being indicted by the grand jury before he can get away. I believe, General, that a man who leads a good Christian life ought not to be jumped on and hooted and trod into the earth just because he has presented a money order at the New York office for payment. We are all liable to make mistakes. I presented a money order once at the New York office, thinking that the office would be as eager to pay an order as it was to sell me one, but I was young then and had seen very little of the world. Anybody could fool me with a kind word then. Now I have remittances sent to me by freight, inside a joint of gas pipe, and I don't have to wait so long.

My hired man, who mows the lawn and salts the hens at my chalet-by-the-sea, will also want a suit of clothes as the weather gets warmer. I wish you would figure on a suit for him, a suit that will look better than it really is, and cost very little, will do. The cost may be a mere bagatelle. Could you arrange it so that the cost would be a mere bagatelle?

I have been elected also to an office at one time by the people themselves. I say this to show you that I am well thought of by my neighbors. My election was rather a surprise to some. It showed that even then, young and poor as I was, I was a shrewd politician and well calculated to succeed. We combined three elements in such a way as to bring out not only the full



LAFAYETTE MUSSER ON HIS SPECIAL TRAIN.

strength of the party, but also to draw some from the other party. These three elements consisted of:

First: Enemies of the other man.
Second: Rivals who wanted to see him put under the sod.

Third: Creditors who saw no way of getting their pay unless I was elected.

With these elements we succeeded without the aid of money in purifying the ballot and electing a good man. Do you publish a catalogue and price list of your general store in Philadelphia? We trade now with New York houses almost exclusively, but I am told that your prices are reasonable and goods all right, also that we can get any thing in your place, from a tooth-brush to a straw ride. Mr. MacVeagh told me that you were a general dealer in glass, putty, lingerie, road scrapers, perfumery, hard and soft coal, cut flowers, live stock, neck wear, real estate, gum drops, guano, teething rings, hides and pelts, moccie, seamless burial caskets, marshmallows, curled hair mattresses, health food, fence nails, golden sirup, saddles, soda-water and tar roofing. Also that at your mammoth store undertaking, embalming and ice cream in all their branches could be participated in.

I wish you could send me a catalogue and price list and also keep it as quiet as possible, for I would not wish to be discovered by heavy New York dealers in the act of buying my groceries in Philadelphia. More especially would this be the case should I accept the portfolio of the New York post-office, a position to which I have given no thought whatever, hoping the President would settle on some more available, but perhaps less worthy man.

Anyway, will you do me the favor to keep this letter out of the hands of the press, for should it get into the public prints I would never hear the last of it.

Mr. Cleveland has kindly offered to give me any thing within the gift of the Government, but I fear he is chaffing me. What do you think?

We are all quite well at home, barring slight restlessness among our hens at night, caused by the presence of an unknown person in the barn who is liable some day to go home with his pancreas wrapped up in an old fashion magazine.

Seeding has already been here and farmers are feeling jubilant. The streams are released from their icy fetters and go laughing and frolicking adown the grassy meads. Spring lambs are beginning to dot the hillsides, and horseradish, made from Swedish turnips and capsicum tinc., is to be had.

Lafayette Musser was on our streets Friday, looking hearty. Lafa rode down from Forty-second street to City Hall on the elevated train, accompanied by a new hive of bees which he desired to turn in on subscription at Newspaper Row. He had a special car all the way down. Call again, Lafa.

However, General, I have allowed myself to wander a little. Excuse this long letter and excuse my delay in writing, too, for I just could not do it before and do it as I wanted to. Can I do any thing for you in an advertising way? I travel a great deal and meet the best people everywhere. Next year I shall use a stereopticon on the stage, I think, and could work in a little friendly notice on one of these slides, if you thought best. Could also speak of my clothes in public and say I got them at your place. So good-bye. (Dictated Letter.) BILL NYE.

P. S.—Would Jay Gould be accepted by the Government as one of my bondsmen in case I should take the N. Y. P. O. portfolio?

He is a great friend and constant reader of mine. B. N.

Nother P. S. In speaking to General Harrison about this matter, you might say that I was the first man to suggest his name for the Presidency. This is not so, but any thing I can do for you in a similar way I will cheerfully do.

Bill Nye

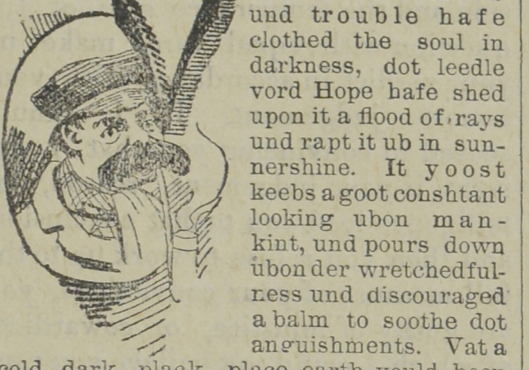
Gave Him a Pointer.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins at the photographer's. Mr. S. (taking the photographer aside and whispering)—Say, my wife wants her picture taken, but I want to give you a pointer on her.

"What is it?"
"Don't tell her to 'look pleasant.' It won't do in her case. I've tried it and it always makes her madder'n ever."—Chicago Herald.

HOPE, THE COMFORTER.

An Essay for Ambitious Politicians, Written by One of Them.



HEN sorrowfulness and trouble have clothed the soul in darkness, dot leadle vord Hope hafe shed upon it a flood of rays and rapt it ub in sunnerness. It yoost keeba a goot constant looking ubon man-kind, and pours down ubonder wretchedfulness and discouraged a balm to soothe dot anruishments. Vat a cold, dark, plack, place earth would be without der existence of Hope's pright and penetrating gleams! People would trok like der flowers dot situd der bosom of mudder earth, when they could get no more der sun's chenial warmth; and penetrating the cold, dark sea of pain, when der body vas wracked mit bitterness und woes, ub shumps Hope dot poety gwick soon der great alleviator vood been comed.

"Ubou der souls of men, frozen out mit der icicle touch of despair, und got tarkened mit der dark ecilbes, vould play der beautiful infloenzas of nature. Der moonick of der birds, der shweed smellun rose, der shtar-bowed night times, und der pright-eyed day times, vould hafe no charms or bleasures mit dem. Discouragements and deshpair vould shroud all tings in der gloom of blackness."

How beautiful dhen vas dot thinking of hopes, und it vas a consoling ting dot der anchor of Hope vas always ub, to been weighed as it passes der natures of men.

Der young peobles get it an dheir mind, und been glad of its bromises. "It glitters in its choys and bleasures, und burns by its air castles, und vas lookin' pright droo its thoughts." Beaming hope could change der gloom of der grafe indo dwilght, und mouldin der ashes of der dead indo forms of eferlasting beauty. It is a soul-chem to been brized, a rock sthone of safety to been shduck on.—Carl Pretzel, in National Weekly.

HE WANTED BLOOD.

An Insulted Bridegroom's Opinion of Illustrated Journalism.

"Is this the editor?"
"Yes, sir. What can I—"
"My name, sir, is Grumpy. I was married last week."

"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Grumpy. I am glad to see you. By the way, we published in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding."

"Yes, sir. I saw it."
"You have come, perhaps, to order some extra cop—"

"I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction. Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Grumpy and myself to use in writing up the wedding, sir."

"Yes. Didn't he—"
"He said he would have engravings made from them and run them in with the article he wrote about the affair."

"Yes. Was there any—"
"And some lop-eared, wopper-jawed-bow-legged gourd-head of a printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir. You published me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a Tennessee barber who had suffered for fifteen years with a lame back and a sore throat, and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Bill-jaw's Compound Extract of Hankus Pankus; and you run the portrait of that infernal Tennessee barber in your account of my wedding, sir. You can stop my paper, sir. And now, will you show me the type-setting department of this office? I am on the warpath this morning, sir, bigger than a grizzly bear, and I am going to find the man that mixed those cuts and reorganize him from the ground up!"
In the excitement and confusion that followed some one hastily turned in a fire alarm, and it took the entire department and a squad of police to quench the fiery young man.—Chicago Tribune.

HOW BABY ASSISTS.

Papa, Mama and Little Tot Talk Over Some Family Matters.

Reader, gentle or otherwise, have you ever noticed how the young father and mother of a first baby carry on a conversation?

If you have, you must have wondered how in the world they managed to talk to each other before the baby became a member of the family.

The following is a sample talk in a family of three, one of which trio is a baby a year old:

Mamma (with infant on her lap)—Baby, ask popper if he will div mommer ze paper. [The paper is given.]

Papa—Baby, ask 'oor mommer if s'e knows where popper's slippers are.
"Tell papa his slippers are in the hall closet, girлие baby." [The slippers are found and put on.]

"Baby, has oo been a good 'ittle totkins to-day?"
"Girлие baby, tell 'oor popper dat oo's been de bestest, doodest, sweetest 'ittle popsy wopsy wopsy in the town, so oo has."
"P's diad to hear dat, baby. Popper's own daughter girлие must always be dood as doid."

"Baby, now tell popper baby totkins is goin' s'leepies, and can't talk any more. Bye, bye, popper!"
"Bye, bye, totkins!"—William H. Siviter, in Time.

The pen is indeed mightier than the sword, if the sword may be judged by the part it plays in the average editorial duel.

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

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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. Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish," for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

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