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UNFAMILIAR GEMS.

Green Garnets, Beryl, Sun-Stones, Chrysolites and Other Precious Stones.

The list of precious stones with which we are familiar is after all a very small one, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle, embracing simply the diamond, emerald, sapphire, ruby, opal, topaz, carbuncle, amethyst and pearl. This, however, is a very small part of the actual list. Readers of the Bible will, of course, remember that two lists of precious stones are given in that book. The first is given in the description of the Jewish high priest's breastplate, and is as follows:

"And thou shalt set it (the breastplate) in setting of stones, four rows of stones; a row of sardius, topaz and carbuncle shall be the first row; and the second row an emerald, a sapphire and a diamond; and the third row a jacinth, an agate and an amethyst; and the fourth row a beryl and an onyx and a jasper."

The second list is given in the description of the foundations of the walls of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcodony, the fourth emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysochryse, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

In these two lists there are six stones, the sardius, chalcodony, chrysolite, beryl, chrysochryse and jacinth, that may be called unknown; and two, the jasper and sardonyx, which we are not accustomed to put in lists of gems.

Before going any further it will be interesting to find out something about the unused half dozen, and this, it will be found, can be comparatively done by first considering the chalcodony, which is the mother stone of a large family. Chalcodony is a semi-transparent kind of quartz, apparently produced by the infiltration of water holding silicious matters in solution. The name is that of the locality, Chalcedon, in Asia Minor, where it is said to have been originally found. Chalcodony, in some of its many varieties, is found in Tuscany, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Saxony, Hungary, India, Arabia, Surinam, Siberia, Cornwall, Scotland, the Giants Causeway and in California, near Vallejo. Beautiful chalcodonic pebbles may be picked upon some of the southern English beaches, at Pescadero, in California, and at Lake Tahoe. Chalcodony is usually milk white, but it assumes a number of colors and markings. When it is of a light red or yellow color it is called carnelian, because of its flesh color. Carnelian was formerly much used for beads and seal-stones, but now it is seldom seen as an ornament except in the shape of cheap rings sold at country fairs. When it is of a deep brown it is called sardius, or sard; when it shows alternating parallel bands of different colors without any pronounced contrast it is called onyx; and when these layers are of very dark sard and nearly opaque white chalcodony it is called sardonyx, a stone that was and is still held in great esteem for engraving into cameos.

Lastly, flint, horn-stone and plasma are all baser forms of this same chalcodony.

Though so closely alike in name the beryl and chrysoberyl have little else in common. The beryl is a variety of the emerald, and is found in six-sided prisms of variable dimensions. The colors are generally blue or yellow, but some are colorless. When of clear tints or sea-green or sky-blue they are called by the jewelers aqua-marines. Beryl crystals are found in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, China, Brazil, Siberia, Cornwall, Ireland and Scotland, the Irish specimens being of a fine blue color and sometimes quite transparent.

The chrysoberyl is found in small rounded masses about the size of a pea, which on being cut show various tints of greenish yellow, with clear, translucent and very hard body. Sometimes they show a bluish opalescence internally. The finer chrysoberyls are equal in appearance to the yellow diamond. They are found in Ireland, Brazil and Ceylon.

The chrysolite, like the chalcodony, is a silicate. It is rarely found in crystals, but generally in angular pieces of greenish or golden-yellow color, embedded in basalt or lava. The principal localities are Vesuvius and the Isle of Bourbon, in lava; Real del Monte in Mexico, Upper Egypt, Constantinople, and in pale green transparent crystals among the sand of a stream in Auvergne. Inferior varieties of the chrysolite are called olivines, and are found in the basalt of the Giant's Causeway, the lavas of Unkel, on the Rhine, and those of the Sandwich Islands. It is sometimes found, too, in meteoric stones.

Jacinth is only another name for hyacinth, and the hyacinth is a variety of another silicate called zircon, found in Ceylon, Norway, some of the islands of Scotland and certain Irish streams. Zircon occurs in crystals, generally square, four-sided prisms terminated by four-sided pyramids, and also in grains, sometimes white, but more frequently red, yellow, green or gray. The colorless or slightly smoky kinds are called jargoon; the bright red hyacinth and the grayish or brownish zirconite.

Another precious silicate is the more perfect form of schorl called tourmaline. The red tourmaline or rubellite, which is brought from Brazil, Ceylon, Avar and Siberia, possesses considerable beauty. The transparent colored varieties are sometimes still cut into ring stones, etc., and when reduced to thin slices are much valued for making experiments in the polarization of light.

The list of precious silicates is not yet exhausted. There is, for instance, that known as jasper. It is found in various colors—spotted, banded or variegated. It takes a fine polish, and the variety and richness of its colors render it still useful in the ornamental arts. Allied to this is the blood-stone, a jasper variety of quartz, of a dark-green color, variegated with red spots, and was once quite a fashionable material for seals and ring stones. When the spots are yellow, instead of red, this stone is called the heliotrope. Still another silicate that takes rank among the precious stones is the lapis lazuli or lazulite. It is of a beautiful color, often speckled with yellow grains, and is still made use of in mosaic and inlaid work, as well as for making vases and other costly ornaments.

Quartz, except where it contains rich gold deposits, is not generally considered a precious stone, but there is a variety called the rose quartz, which certainly comes under that head. It is of a beautiful rose red or pink color, and nearly transparent. It is found in Ceylon and Bavaria, and is often sold for much more precious stones. Adularia, or felspar, likewise is not of much value, but that resplendent variety found in Siberia and Norway of a pale yellowish

color and called the sunstone is certainly a jewel among stones. The play of color on a gold sunstone is simply beautiful.

There are scores of other precious stones that are not found in the every-day list, but this article must be brought to a close with the statement that the red garnets so commonly seen are but one of very many varieties, which include the cinnamon stone of an orange-yellow, the water garnet, which is colorless; the grossula, which is olive, and the black.

THE FAT AND THE LEAN.

Characteristics of Men with an Excess or a Lack of Flesh.

It may be observed, without intentional offense to any young lady who may be enamored of some skeleton-like young man that, as a rule, fat men, besides being the most jolly and convivial of the male species, are also apt to be the most considerate of and charitable to others. Most fat men, says the New York Epoch, are ever ready to smile, nay, to laugh heartily. They usually possess happy natures—perhaps because as a class they have good appetites and enjoy what they eat. They are more sociable than their lean brethren—a fact which properly explains why no one ever heard of a lean man's clam-bake. After all it is said that can be said against them the fact still remains that seven out of ten fat men make excellent husbands.

Most unmarried ladies cherish as their ideals men who are tall and can not boast of any unusual amount of adipose tissue. They spurn the idea of a fat man for a life-long companion, and yet many marriages with fat men and also with men who grow rapidly or gradually stout after marriage have turned out very well.

A lady who has her home on Fifth avenue, a widow, whose two husbands repose side by side in Greenwood, remarked the other day to the writer: "My first husband was of the brunet order, tall, angular, sallow-faced, saturnine, nervous—even to irritability at times, and more or less of an invalid during the latter part of his life. No couple could have furnished a wider contrast in temperament than ourselves. I am social by nature, fond of attending theaters and of sight-seeing, while he was a morbid recluse, taking no interest whatever in the world's gayeties. I really believe if he had had a little more flesh on his bones he would have been a different, not to say a happier, man. Mind you I am casting no stones at his cherished memory. My second husband belonged to another genus. He was six feet two inches in height and weighed 250 pounds. He was a pronounced blonde and a perfect picture of health. He took an interest in every thing, though not to the detriment of his business. I never had to ask him twice to go any where with me. He was always eager to participate in any thing where mirth and a good time were promised. But the poor man drank too much champagne and ate too many late suppers and apoplexy carried him off."

A lady in Brooklyn on being asked what physical style of a man she preferred replied: "The one I have suits me very well. He is neither fat nor lean. According to my ideas of masculine physique he is just right." Another lady who was present volunteered the information that her husband was too fat for his own comfort and that when he moved he suggested to her the picture of a big piece of animated jelly. Going up one flight of stairs made him puff like a fire-engine, and he was always complaining of some pain. She feared that he had fatty degeneration of the heart.

A popular clergyman who weighs over two hundred and fifty, on being asked his views respecting fat men thus replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "There are different kinds of fat men. There is the little, round, oily, fat man. There is the digastric fat man who owes his extreme avoirdupois to beer and high living. Of course I can not approve of him as a fat man. Then there is the man who gets abnormally fat because he is lazy and indolent. To me such a man is an object for compassion. But for the man who is born and stays fat, or the man who gets fat naturally as he matures, I have the highest respect, providing the man in other ways is worthy."

MRS. BAKER'S ARREST.

How a Landlady Got Rid of a Burglar Attired in Feminine Apparel.

I had just been reading in an evening paper the account of a bold daylight burglary that had occurred that day only a block or so from my boarding-place, writes C. M. Rockwell in the Woman's Journal. The thief was a notorious one, and his ingenious manner of operation and the details of his capture occupied a prominent place in the evening papers.

As I finished, my landlady entered the parlor, and I said: "This affair was unpleasantly near us, wasn't it, Mrs. Emory?" "Yes," she replied; "it reminds me of an adventure I had with a burglar, though I got rid of mine more easily."

I suppose she saw by my face that I wanted to hear about it, for after giving the fire a few cheering pokes, she took out her knitting and sat down, while I, who prefer my *dolce far niente* without fancy work, settled myself to listen, feeling that I merited entertainment after my day's work.

"About five years ago," she said, beginning on story and brilliant hosiery at the same time, "one Saturday evening, my son and I were alone in the house, my one boarder having left that day, and my husband being out of the city for a week. Joe was only twelve, but I wasn't timid at all, and about half-past seven we were sitting in here, reading, when the door-bell rang. Joe went to the door, and in a moment showed a lady in. She was very nice looking, medium size, dressed quite elegantly in black, and with a pleasant face, and dark brown hair, which she wore in curls. She was apparently about thirty. She asked if I was Mrs. Emory, and I said I was. She said she had come in that afternoon from Reading to attend the Temperance convention then going on in—Hall, and as she was not acquainted in the city, she had asked one of the ladies to tell her of a good boarding-place near the hall where she could stay over Sunday, and she had been directed here. She also mentioned that a lady connected with the K—Mission Sunday-school had asked her to deliver an address there in the morning. This sounded all right, and I told Mrs. Baker, as she called herself, my terms for the room, which she said were satisfactory; and then she said she would first go to the evening session of the convention, and come back and take it.

"So she started out, but came back in about ten minutes, saying that she found herself too tired to walk to the hall, and that she would go right to bed. I took her up to the room—the same one you have now, Miss Leslie—and then I came down and thought it over. It was queer, I thought, and I felt a little uneasy, but a bright idea struck me.

"One of the ladies connected with the K—Mission lived right in the next block, and I was slightly acquainted with her. I knew nothing concerning the school happened without her knowledge; so, telling Joe to be on the watch a little, I went around and inquired about Mrs. Baker. Miss Greene knew nothing about any such person, and was sure the school had had nothing to do with her—in fact, they had engaged a gentleman from Germantown to address the school. This didn't make me feel any more comfortable. I next thought I would interview Mrs. Baker again, and get a little more definite information about her. So I went up and knocked, but got no answer, tried the door and found it locked.

"You know my room is just behind that one, and communicates with it by a door in the end of the closet, papered over, and hooked on my side. I next opened that door and entered her room, as her closet door was wide open.

"The gas was turned low, and Mrs. Baker in bed, evidently asleep. I walked toward the bed, and as I passed the bureau, noticed a big bunch of brown curls on it, and her black dress near by on a chair. As I went on, rather amused at the quantity of false hair, I stumbled against something, which on investigation proved to be a bona fide pair of masculine trousers, suspenders and all. I was rather startled, and looked at the bed. Only Mrs. Baker's head and one arm were visible, but the hair on that head was a light auburn and cut very short, and the sleeve on that arm was of dark gray flannel, and buttoned at the wrist. This was remarkable, to say the least, and I went down-stairs again without waking her, and after holding a little council of war with Joe—a sensible little chap, if I do say it—I sent him for a policeman. The station isn't far, so Joe was back in a few minutes. After hearing his story, they sent a skillful detective, and I took him up to the room.

"We both went in, and I walked over and turned up the gas, and said 'Mrs. Baker!' pretty loud. The person in bed waked up, looked confused a moment, then said: 'Oh, is that you, Mrs. Emory?' in what sounded like an assumed falsetto to my suspicious ears. But just then the officer came in sight, and Mrs. Baker's voice dropped suddenly to an excited bass and made some remarks that were un lady-like, to say the least, while the owner made a quick motion toward the little valise on a chair by the bed. But the detective was quicker, and snatched it first. I retired then, and as I went out heard the officer say: 'Now, Mr. Jim Warren, I shall have to trouble you to dress yourself and come with me.'

"I went down and told Joe, who was on the stairs, wild with excitement, how the thing had turned out, and in about five minutes the officer and his prisoner went out at the front door.

"After landing him securely in the station, the detective came back after the valise which he had forgotten. He said that he had recognized the man as soon as he saw him, and that he was well known to the police, who had been looking for him for several months.

"The valise contained a revolver, a small, dark lantern, some skeleton keys, and a few other small articles, which I don't remember.

"I don't know how the fellow happened to be caught napping, so nicely, but he probably felt so safe that he was off his guard. Perhaps he didn't mean any mischief, and only wanted a little needed rest; but I'm very glad I got rid of him as I did."

GUM-CHEWING GIRLS.

The Amount of Power Wasted Every Day by Each One of Them.

The gum-chewing mania having become a question of National importance, like that of the utilization of the water-power of Niagara Falls, one of the Chicago public-school principals has, according to a Chicago journal, recently taken the necessary time from his arduous duties to compute statistics on the loss of power daily expended—wasted, I may say—in the gum-chewing practice. In arriving at correct mathematical conclusions as to the energy required to keep the gum-mills grinding, our learned friend estimates the gum-raising capacity of the fair gum-chewer at the rate of eight ounces per "chaw." This is on the supposition that the mouth is opened half an inch each time in the act of chewing, and that the gum is of the elastic or non-sticky variety, thereby giving the minimum of power required in the operation. With this basis as a starting-point, the professor easily deducts a startling series of tables of rates, weights and measures, which can be epitomized. In the first place, if the jaw be raised one-half an inch with each effort in the act of gum-chewing with the process kept up on an average of ten hours a day—some chewers chew till late at night, and others, even, when asleep—each individual motion of the jaw consuming a second of time, the aggregated opening of a gum-chewer's jaws in one day alone would represent a mouth fifteen hundred feet across, measuring the abras in its widest diameter. But, since the jaw travels back with every motion, retracing each successive stretch, the space traveled in a day on the ten-hour plan is double the foregoing figures, or three thousand feet—something like three-fifths of a mile. Again, if the force expended per "chaw" represents a lifting capacity of eight ounces, in the average day, as Mr. Principal figures it, enough muscular energy is expended—wasted—to enable each individual gum-chewer to have hoisted from a cellar seven and a half feet deep thirty buckets of coal each weighing thirty pounds. In some future article I may—and I may not—pursue the interesting subject, and quote from the professor's work the amazing possibilities in store for home and society when the gum-chewing craze shall have been brought into subjugation and made to serve humanity in channels of usefulness and progress.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

How Honest Matthew Riley Protected His Mistress' Premises.

Mrs. Hollowell was a very pretty and amiable widow, but, says the Detroit Commercial Advertiser, she had a sorrow. She had arrived at a critical period when age shows its marks upon the face, and especially in the frost it sprinkles upon the hair. She resolved to dye the latter, and for that purpose made arrangements with a certain tonsorial artist, Mr. Donegan, who, at her request, was to meet her at ten o'clock at night, to avoid observation, and in the privacy of her own boudoir, restore her hair to a jet-black hue.

She had agreed to attend a party that night, and, of course, was anxious to have her hair-dyer prompt. At ten o'clock she was awaiting him, eager for his appearance. The bell rang, but the hair-dresser did not present himself before her. She sent down her maid to make inquiries of Matthew Riley, the Irish footman, who also officiated as attendant at the door.

"A blackguard," replied Matthew Riley. "Who?" said Charlton.

"An impudent blackguard," said the footman. "Bedad, if it wasn't for fear of the police, I'd tache him better."

"What did he want?" continued the maid. "Want, is it? Want! Sure, I'll be after telling ye, as ye'er so curious, for it's meself asked him the question," replied Riley.

"Well," said Charlton, "go on."

"Well," says I, "what do you want at this time of night, my fine fellow?" "I'll tell you, missus," said he. "Divil a bit," says I, "till ye've told me first." "My business is with the lady," says he. "It will keep warm till to-morrow, then," says I, "for divil an inch you'll get in till I know what you want." "Can you keep a secret?" says he. "Can a duck swim?" says I. "Upon that he came close to me, and says he—'But, arrah, you won't believe me.'"

"Indeed I will," said the maid.

"Well, then," says he, "I come to die here." "Die here!" says I. "Yes," says he. "And where would you wish to die?" says I. "In your missus' room," says he. So with that I kicked him down-stairs."

"Indeed, then you have done wrong!" said Charlton, ready to die with laughing.

"But, bedad, he came back again just now," resumed Riley, "and says again, as part as may be: 'Tell your missus I'm come to die here.'"

"Well, and what did you say?" asked Charlton.

"What did I say?" exclaimed Matthew. "Sure I said what every honest man would."

"And what was that?" she asked.

"Be jabers," said I, "ye're nothin' but an idiot, and ye'll not die here. Go somewhere else and die, you scamp of the world! Die here, indeed! So, for the second time, I knocked him down the stoop, and, bedad, I'm thinking he'll never come here again to die."

The mistake was so ludicrous that even Mrs. Hollowell laughed at it, although to her it was a serious disappointment.

BARN-STORMING DAYS.

A Story of Edwin Booth That Is Good Enough to Be True.

Once during the days of his early struggles, says the Baltimore American, Booth was "barn-storming" down in Virginia at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters from miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when they heard a whistle and the manager came running in to say the steamer had arrived and would leave again in ten minutes. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away, they were in a terrible quandary. The narrative proceeds:

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of a natural-like impromptu ending of the piece, and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here," and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard. Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles, who was doing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him and solemnly said: "You are bound to have your pound of flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles.

"Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth. "In addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of nigger-head terback, a shot-gun and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blarmed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginny reel."

When they got on board of the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked:

"I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blarmed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

A Woman's Pen Picture of the Wealthiest Millionaire of American Millionaires.

Here is a woman's idea of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt: "He is," she declared to a New York reporter, "by far the best-looking and best-dressed of our millionaires. This young man is decidedly attractive to the eye. He is of excellent height and figure, and his clothes, while never foppish, are immaculate, and exhibit plainly the work of as good a tailor as can be found in New York. At the theater Mr. Vanderbilt is invariably in perfect evening dress, and the effect of cleanness that he always produces is truly noticeable. I don't suppose there is a better groomed man in the city. His firm, solid chin and mouth always have the newly shaved look of a gentleman of leisure, his tiny whiskers just in front of his ears are trimmed with exquisite exactness, his linen is like snow, and his patent leather shoes look as though they had never been worn before. Mr. Vanderbilt has the face of a thoroughly trustworthy and shrewd man of business. The forehead is broad and smooth, the eyes kindle with pronounced intelligence of expression. The mouth is set with the gentle strength of a man accustomed to rule and to succeed. He inherits all that shrewd and courageous brightness of visage that you can find in a portrait of the old Commodore. I never see Cornelius Vanderbilt but what I appreciate his capacity for being very rich. It does not bewilder him or dazzle him. Any man with his personal appearance must perform to be at least sensible and decent. I have seen such faces in serious and industrious physicians, lawyers and ministers. I never saw a man with such a face who was not to a great degree successful in a worldly way. Serious, courtly, well-dressed, clean and solidly handsome, this is Cornelius Vanderbilt, still young, but with a well-grown family and millions of dollars."

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MRS. JOHN HAND.
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