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#### WOMAN IN FRANCE.

Substance of an Interview with a French Lady in New York.

A Glance at a Parisian Family and Family Matters, Together with a Comparison with American Usages-Man and Wife in Business.

"The woman in France she carry the purse. This make her economical. The nusband he give his whole time to manage the business, and he not have to worry about the little things. The wife, she know that all the success depend on saving the little things, so she keep close watch on every thing in the store, the work room, the kitchen. She do not work with her own hands, she hire, but she see that the work is done without waste. She not get tired with work. so she able to think all the time. Her see the competition of business, so she know how hard it is to make money, and she

very careful how she spend it. "The American woman she know nothing of the trouble of business; the man he carry all the load. She ask for money, she not like it if she not have it, and he give it her, and he go up. Then they all come down together—father, mother, children. He not ask them to help, he go to work again. Yes, the American woman not knowing trouble of making money, she shovel it out." The gesture here was in-imitable, says the New York World reporter who conducted the interview. Forming a scoop or shovel with her hands. she went through the motion of shoveling with a graceful swaying of the body from

"No, the French way best way for all-

man, wife and children. "The French children expect to help the father. They sent to best school, what give solid learning, that the father can pay for. At fifteen they must graduate. The French child not graduate at fifteen, no good for school any more; must do something else. The father, the mother sorry, but they can not help it. School cost money and can not be wasted. The child go work for the father, boy or girl, no matter. There they treated like stranger. Have wages just the same, and must do the work as well. No favors. Keep same hours. If they not do work as well as stranger, then they must do work lower down, they must learn of stranger how to do that work. They feel ashamed not able to do better for own father and mother as a stranger do. They soon learn, or another place found for them. No wasted time; they must earn money and be ready to care for themselves.

"When they learn business they given charge of some part, so the father and mother have more time to enlarge their business, and the child have a place to build for himself or the girl just the same. It is all for the family, and they grow together. What is it in this land? The father work outside, and grow old young; the mother work and worry for more money to spend for show and she grow old inside; the children all this time sit and clean their nails." The scorn, the contempt, expressed at this point as the woman, with blazing cheeks and flashing eyes, used in imagination a nail-cleaner, would have made a triumph on

the stage.
"I is wrong, all wrong," she went on presently. "The French man and woman, by bringing their children into their business are able to save money for them. No girl marry in France without a dot. She have something which is her own. She not dependent on her husband, and he know it. The money all go for his business, but she go into the business and have ner share, she know where money come from, she know where it go to, and she great help to her husband, 'less she foolish woman; they are in every country.'

"But there are many kinds of business in which a wife or daughters can bear no part," was said timidly in the presence of this earnestness.

"It is a strange kind when the wife or daughters could not keep books or be cashiers, or look out for the cierks. She can find her place if she want to do it. She have foolish pride in this country, and when the husband or father die the mothers and daughters like babies, and strangers come in and take the business out of their hands; sometimes the business have good foundation, and another man make fortune, while wife and children work for

wages.
"In France a woman know the business and she carry it on. You been in Paris? You know — —," mentioning a confectioner of world-wide reputation. "His wife is his head clerk. She my most intimate friend. I know her. We go together to big dinner in Paris. She carry in her hand a box of bon-bons to the carriage. I say what for? We promised to have it at -," mentioning a hotel connected with an American name famous for great possessions. "At seven o'clock I find it forgotten and too late unless I deliver it, and she in her carriage go to the hotel and her man take it in. Would a clerk be so care-

"The American man and his family be happier when they work together. And the women worth more as she have something to do. Only one thing I like better here; the woman she able, no matter how pretty, to go about without anybody to care for her. The American man respect the women and care for them like his own.'

### BIG PORK-PICKLE BASIN.

The Salted Sea and the Regular Tides a Puzzler for Missourians.

Morris H. Frost, who was collector of customs at Port Townsend in 1859, used to tell this anecdote about himself: He was raised in the northern part of New York State, and came to Oregon across the plains. He knew what table salt was and coarse salt for pickling beef and pork. He also knew about epsom salts and glauber salts, such as are given to sailors on long voyages, but had never seen the deep bosom of the briny deep; he had never seen the ocean. After residing awhile in Oregon, he came over to the sound and was riding on horseback from the Cowlitz landing to Fort Steilacoon. The weather was warm, the road dusty and his horse very thirsty. At last through the dense forest he discovered the glimmer of water, and, thinking it a lake, he drove his horse in to drink. The animal, in his raging thirst, plunged his head in up to his eyes, then drew it up suddenly, snorting and blowing. The Colonel got off and, taking some of the water in his hand, tasted it, and exclaimed: "Pork pickle, by thunder!" A man coming along the trail at the time explained that it was the salt water of Puget Sound, and showed the Colonel a brook near by where the horse quenched his thirst.

The Colonel, when relating this to a reporter of the Port Townsend Argus, said that he was not as green as a friend of his from Pike County, Mo., who went to Olympia for a few days. He noticed the tides, but he didn't know what to make of them. He told Colonel Frost that this was the strangest country he ever saw, for there were two freshets every twenty-four hours, and nery a drop of rain. "The fact was," said the Colonel, "he and I had our hair full of hay-seed, but I have got the hayseed out of my hair by wrapping some kelp leaves round my head, and now I am as salt as any one."

#### TRUTH IN DEATH.

But He Regretted It, and Added a Falsehood at Last.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious lier Nevada will ever shelter, writes a New York Sun correspondent. His fame as a liar spread for a hundred miles around, and men used to stop at our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters and every body else, and for every hour in the day he had a new falsehood. He had a claim of his own and was fairly industrious, and so we had no excuse to drive him out, although his lies were continually kicking up ill feeling among the men. One day a lot of earth and rock caved in on him and inflicted fatal injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of death would have brought a change of sentiment, but it did not. Lying there with only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from Ohio and had never seen any ocean; but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty

to say:
"Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly replied. "Yes, but you are an awful liar, you know." "Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million of them, haven't I?'

"No doubt of it." "And every one has been laid up agin me?"

"Very likely." "And my chance is rather slim?"

"Rather."

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cavein came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean \$15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife I'll die feeling better.

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of the boys dug into it one day for the pickaxe buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced \$13,280 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to the widow, as directed. It got there to find there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but, alas! he repented of it and lied about having a wife.

#### IN A WHALE'S JAWS.

Remarkable Experience of an American Sailor in the North Pacific.

George Leonard, an acting master in the United States navy during the civil war, and stationed on the gun-boat Katahdin, West Gulf blockading squadron, in 1863, told a story of heroism and exhibited marks says a letter in the Philadelphia Press. The year 1850 found Leonard as one of the crew of the ship Enterprise, a whaler, in the North Pacific. One day he was stationed in the bow of a whale-boat, a long distance from the ship with a brave crew, who had sighted a whale and made for the monster with all possible dispatch. When within proper distance Leonard threw his harpoon, striking the fish hard and deep. In some manner the line, as it was running out,

caught the body of one of the men in such way as to throw him overboard. The man suddenly sank, whereupon Leonard transferred his line to a boatmate and sprang into the ocean in aid of the drowning sailor.

The whale, now maddened by his fastflowing blood, made a rush for the boat. Remarkable and horrible to relate, Leonard's friend had managed to regain the boat, while he himself was caught by the whale between its jaws, his position being inside the monster's mouth, with nothing protruding but one of his arms. In this manner the man was in reality within the jaws of death itself. The whale instantly plunged down into the deep, and, in the words of Leonard himself, "the fish seemed to be going down, down into eternity

The imprisoned man, after all of this, had not lost his presence of mind. He mustered his entire bodily strength—and he was a powerful man-actually bracing himself in such a position as to compel the fish to spread its jaws; at the same time, with his arm that was free, he grabbed the sheathknife out of its socket, cutting right and left. No sooner was there a sufficient opening made than Leonard forced his body outside.

Up to the surface he swam, when, most strange to say, he found himself within an arm's length of his boat. He was saved. The marks of the whale's violence and the dents of its teeth were very plainly visible on Leonard's arms, and he was always pointed out by his brother naval officers as "The Second Jonah."

### FORGOT THE SPONGE.

A Blundering Operation Performed by a Chicago Female Physician.

"I see," remarked a young man about town to a New York Star reporter, "that a Chicago Women's Medical College has weaned a couple of dozen young lady M.D.'s. I wouldn't allow one of those lance-jugglers to carve any part of my anatomy," he continued, with a shudder. "Not that they are unskilled in the profession, but they are liable to overlook small bets, as it were. The worst blunder in this line that ever came under my notice occurred during an operation performed in a Chicago hospital by a woman, and which to my knowledge

has never been equaled in the history of surgery.
"The patient was a girl under treatment for a tumor in the stomach. After several months of fruitless medical treatment the female physician in charge decided to resort to the knife. Accordingly the victim was placed under the influence of anæsthetics, laid out on a slab in the presence of numerous doctors and nurses of the female persuasion, and the carving began. The girl was operated upon in a scientific style and the tumor successfully removed, as were also several large antiseptic sponges which had been placed in the cavity to absorb the blood during the operation.

"Then the incision was neatly stitched with silver wire, the boss surgeon had rolled down her sleeves and was receiving congratulations, when a young doctress, who had taken the precaution to count the sponces before and after using, suddenly exclaimed: 'Oh, doctor, you have left a sponge inside of the patient!'

"At first the doctor scouted the idea that she could possibly make such a blunder, but as one of the sponges was missing, and which a careful search of the room failed to discover, she thought perhaps it might have got lost in the shuffle. The stitches were removed, and sure enough there lay a sponge as big as a half-grown mud turtle snugly reposing among the Latin arrangements of the young woman. The sponge was rescued, and, as the surgeon was sewing the girl together again, she calmly remarked: 'I'm glad my attention was called to the matter, as that sponge is worth sixtyfive cents.' "

#### How to Kill Time.

Here is a novel method. A number of men take perfectly similar cigars and see who can keep his lighted the longest. Each one puts a certain sum into a pot and all the cigars are of course lit at the same time. The new game has had great success in various clubs. One young man kept his cigar lighted two hours and forty-eight minutes. Of course these cigars must not be allowed to go out; when they do the smoker must drop out of the contest.

#### PERSONATED A KING.

A Funny Incident in the Career of the Late Congresssman Burnes.

"The late Congressman Burnes," said a well-known politician to a Kansas City (Mo.) Journal reporter, "was a whole-souled gentleman, and no one enjoyed a joke better than he. One instance of this was impressed upon my memory. Some years ago, you will remember, King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands made a tour of this country. He come down from Omaha to Kansas City, and at St. Joseph the party was joined by Congressman Burnes, for whom the foreign monarch at once conceived a strong admiration, both on account of his size and jovial qualities. At Kansas City King Kalakaua was booked for a speech, and a very brief but excellent one had been prepared. An unforeseen obstacle to compliance with this programme arose, however. As every one knows, the darkskinned potentate is addicted to the variety of cup that cheers and also inebriates, and the result on this occasion was that when the time arrived to prepare for the Kansas City speech his highness was oblivious to all mundane affairs, and lay in his berth as drunk as the proverbial specimen of no-

"What was to be done? It wouldn't do not to make the speech, and the royal party were at their wits' end. But at this juncture Congressman Burnes came to the rescue. "'Leave it to me,' said he, 'and I'll fix it; only do just as I tell you.'

"There was no time to be lost, so by Colonel Burnes' instructions Kalakaua was quickly divested of his royal costume, which was promptly donned by the big Missouri representative. Colonel Burnes was of dark complexion-quite so-and he didn't make a half-bad Sandwich islander when he stood arrayed in all the regal paraphernalia. Just as the toilet was completed the train rolled into the Union depot at Kansas City. It was quite dark, but there was an immense crowd of people who had assembled to see the island monarch. When on the rear platform of the Pullman the crowd outside cheered lustily. The Colonel cast a fierce look at the multitude and then commenced to utter the most remarkable string of jargon I ever heard. Laugh? We all laughed until we were almost dead, but Colonel Burnes remained as solemn as an owl. The speech took immensely, and when with a dignified wave of the hand the Colonel ceased, his audience cheered him to the echo and gazed with admiration at the manly proportions of the supposed King.

"In majestic silence Colonel Burnes stood until a moment or two later the train pulled out, and I suppose there are people here to this day who believe they heard King Kalakaua talk in his own language. I'll never forget," continued the gentleman, "Colonel Burnes' appearance on that occasion, and I can see him now, when, after re-entering the car and sitting in solemn silence for a moment, he turned to his laughing friends and said: 'Boys, don't you think after that I'm entitled to a

### CRAWFISH THOMPSON.

A Coloradoan Who Practices a Peculiar Style of Locomotion.

At the Inter Ocean last evening W. C. Hart, the well-known geologist and extensive gardener, whose home is near Fort Collins, Col., was engaged in general conversation with half a dozen guests of the hotel and a Cheyenne (Wy. T.) Leader owl, when he incidentally mentioned the name of Crawfish Thompson.

"Who in the world is Crawfish Thompson?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Didn't you ever hear of Crawfish Thompson?" was the interrogative reply of both Mr. Hart and another Coloradoan. The remaining member of the party replied in the negative, and Mr. Hart, who is a talker of the order denominated "smooth," was pressed to tell the story. He said: "R. S. Thompson, or Crawfish, as he is

called in the Poudre valley, is a prosperous granger who owns and manages a splendid farm and orchard located a few miles from Fort Collins. A sight of the man established his title to the sobriquet of Crawfish. This applies to his method of locomotion, for, strange as it may appear, he always walks backward after the manner of the crustacea whose name has been thrust upon the old gentleman. The peculiar affliction is the result of natural causes, and is not a whim or erazy notion. When Thompson was a boy he gave great promise of becoming a noted athlete and employed experienced trainers to prepare him for physical contests. He was partial to pedestrianism, and for a long time seemed invincible in endurance events. It was after a walk of forty-eight hours that his ankles failed. The members were operated upon by eminent specialists, but the lost strength could not be restored. Thompson accidentally discovered that he could walk backward without pain and industriously practiced that style of traveling. He has become quite proficient and easily keeps pace with the ordinary walker. The misfortune is more troublesome on the farm than in town, but the farmer's healthy sons save him many steps. In walking Thompson's head is always inclined sideways, and he rarely collides with an obstruction. Museum managers have importuned the man to exhibit himself, but he prefers to remain at home."

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