

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The other afternoon an expressman delivered at the house several strange packages, and when Mr. Bowser came up in the evening he explained that they were fire-escapes.

What for? For the house, of course. But we don't need any fire-escapes on our house, Mr. Bowser.

Don't we? Well, we shall have them just the same. If you want to be burned I have no objection, but I propose to die some other way.

You never said there was any danger.

Because I didn't want to make you nervous. As a matter of fact I haven't felt safe any night for a year.

And now the danger will be obviated?

It will be reduced to the minimum certainly. Even if we wake up and find our bedroom on fire we shall be able to escape with only a scorch.

After supper he carried the parcels up stairs. There were several bottles and a couple of wire racks, a hand fire extinguisher, and a rope and pulley and other stuff.

Where would a fire be likely to start in the house? I asked Mr. Bowser as he was fixing a hook in the casing of our bedroom window.

Down stairs probably.

Well, we have a front and back stairs, and here are 3 chamber windows opening out on the veranda roofs. Couldn't we escape by some of these ways?

If we could would I be fool enough to go and throw away \$30 on this apparatus? he angrily demanded.

I—I suppose you know best.

Mrs. Bowser, when I don't know best I will resign. While you have never given the subject of fire-escapes one single thought, I have devoted years of study to it. Take our wall-eyed darling and go down stairs, and when I want you I will call.

In about an hour he called. He was in great good nature. He had the hook firmly in place, and hanging to it was a rope and some sort of harness.

It isn't much of an ornament to our bedroom, I ventured to observe.

What has ornament got to do with fire-escape? Isn't your life worth more to you than the daily presence of a tea-store chromo? The escape is now ready.

For what?

To escape by, of course. Here is the situation: It is midnight. The cook while rummaging about in search of her lost quid of gum, has dropped lighted matches under the front and back stairs. The flames have been smouldering for hours. They now break forth with sudden fury, cutting off our escape from either stairs.

And we crawl out on the veranda roofs.

Do we? Not much! We start to do so, but we find that all the veranda supports have fallen to the ground, the supports having been heated out by the frost.

Well?

Well, we awake with the crackle of flames in our ears. While you wring your hands and declare that we are lost, I calmly secure all the money, jewelry and valuable papers and coolly make preparations to escape.

I calmly pull down the rope and harness, seat you and the baby therein, and the next moment you are landed on the ground. I follow just as the engines arrive, and the papers of the next morning chronicle my wonderful self-possession in the face of awful danger.

And don't they say anything about me?

Not a word, or if they do, it is to remark that you were in a dead faint and your feet never looked so large.

And can you go down by that rope and harness?

Can I? Can you chop wood with an ax? What is it for except to go down on?

I would almost as soon be burned up as to try it. I don't believe you would dare go down on it.

Mrs. Bowser, what a wife believes and what a husband knows are two different things. Is it likely I would purchase this apparatus and put it up here if I didn't dare use it? Show up that window!

But I wouldn't try it. You are rather clumsy, you know?

Another insult! Show up that window!

I put up the sash and he seated himself in the harness, sat down on the sill and grasped the rope over his head, and with a look of disdain

in his eyes he swung himself off. A wild howl rent the air, followed by the thud of something striking the earth and I looked out to see Mr. Bowser lying in a heap below the window. I ran down and out as soon as possible, and after 7 or 8 minutes he was able to limp into the house with me.

Mr. Bowser, are you much hurt? I asked.

He glared at me but did not reply. I'm sorry you tried it. Some more glare.

I told you I thought it dangerous.

Mrs. Bowser! he huskily began as he lumped down on the sofa, this is the beginning of the end!

What do you mean?

I mean you have made the last attempt on my life you'll ever have a chance to! You hounded me for a week to get this fire-escape, and you meant my death by a fall!

What! Mr. Bowser!

Say no more! I saw it in your eye as you pushed me off the sill! To-morrow we separate!

But when the morrow came he sneaked up and removed the apparatus and pitched it into the alley, and the fire-escapes haven't been referred to since.—Detroit Free Press.

A clever pottery-worker in Providence, R. I., undertook the feat of making an entire tea set of forty-four pieces in the short space of seven and a half minutes. He began his task in the presence of a large audience.

The pliable clay was manifested with deft and skilful fingers, and twelve-cups and saucers adorned the board in short order. Then twelve plates were piled upon each other, and then four large plates, a teapot, sugar bowl and two other vessels sprang up all shapely and almost perfectly formed.

When the last piece was finished the hands on the majority of the watches indicated the lapse of eight minutes from the time of starting, and the remarkably-quick workman rested, beaten by a half-minute.

THE CONTAGION OF YAWNING.

There has been an amusing discussion lately in Paris on the subject of hissing at theatres. It is interesting to note that an attempt made in the last century to put a stop to the practice proved a disastrous failure.

The edict had hardly gone forth, under auspices of the Chief of the Police, when a first performance came off. A gentleman who was addicted notoriously to hostile demonstrations was sandwiched, by way of the precaution, between two agents of the law, and soon the curtain rose.

Every eye was directed toward the inveterate delinquent; but, to the general surprise, he sat still without making a sign. Ere long however he began to yawn, and soon the two policemen took to yawning in sympathy.

Their neighbors unconsciously followed suit, the contagion spread, and in a short time pit boxes, and galleries were yawning as they had never yawned before. Even the actors with their gaze fixed on the public, could not resist the example set them; and the unlucky author had the misfortune of hearing his most telling hits launched forth amid a perfect chorus of yawns.

The embargo against hissing was promptly removed, it having been found by experience that a return to the old system was infinitely preferable to the new one inaugurated by the irrepressible Chevalier de la Morliere.

THOUGHT AND LABOR.

Ruskin says: It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.

As it is, we make both ungentle, one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

A STERN REBUKE.

Twigley—Haw, Wigley, a word with you (whispering). Don't you know you're making a dreadful exhibition of yourself? you're only half dressed!

Wigley (amazed)—But I don't see anything the matter, dear boy.

Twigley—Why, you must be crazy! You've left your walking-stick at home.

Wigley faints.

HE RESULT OF GROPING IN THE DARK.

Smith—Hello, Jones! you don't look well this morning.

Jones—And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar-buttons before I found out my mistake.

HOW MANY CHILDREN SHE HAD

A respectable but unfortunate young woman was recommended to the attention of a fashionable would-be charitable lady, and at a benevolent meeting of which the grand lady was president the subject of her assistance was introduced.

The lady threw a hurried glance the applicant and asked abstractedly: How many children have you? Three, madam.

The president returned to her discussion with some fellow members and forgot the waiting applicant. About a quarter of an hour afterwards on turning around she observed the poor woman and suddenly asked:

Have you any children, madam?

Twenty minutes ago, answered the woman. I had the honor of telling you that I had three, and since that time no more have been born to my knowledge!

And with a respectable but indignant bow the high-minded woman quitted the room, leaving the lady patroness perfectly horror-stricken at her boldness.

WHY HE DIDN'T STOP HIM.

Mother (to Bobby)—I'm shocked to hear that Willie Waffles whipped the poor cat. My little boy wouldn't do such a thing.

Bobby (with conscious moral superiority)—No, indeed ma.

Mother—Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?

Bobby—I couldn't ma; I was holding the cat.

What's the matter, Bromley?

Well, I'll tell you, Darringer. I don't like my Christmas present. An old aunt of mine said she'd send me a book I had never read.

And did she?

Yes. What was it? Shakespeare? Donnelly, Haggard's She? No, Darringer. She sent me a Bible. Well, that's a book you never read isn't it?

Yes, that's so. Still, no fellow likes to have reflections cast on his piety.—Phil. Call

A NEW EDITION OF DON'T.

Don't keep the sun out of the rooms in which you live and sleep. Sunlight is absolutely necessary to a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe and for our bodily well being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless.

Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare.

If colds were a penal offence, we would soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't forget personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged; but it is a great tax on the vitality of persons not in the best of health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead.

In these things each man should judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have too much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Dr. Good-Habits, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.—Youth's Companion.

Husband (coming home late from the lodge)—going to keep me standing out here in the cold all night, M'ria? Lemme in!

Wife (with cold, metallic voice)—If you can distinctly articulate the words 'Six, long, slim, slick, saplings,' Mr. Ferguson, I will unlock the door, and not otherwise.

Husband (slowly and with labored enunciation)—I have brought you a beautiful set of (hic) furs, M'ria.

Door opens immediately.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CURIOSITIES OF LAW.

Judge—Stand up.

Prisoner—I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y'r honor.

How so?

The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, an' if I stand up I'll criminate myself.

That point is well taken, and of may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of breeches of this man but I can find no evidence against you None at all y'r honor.

ALMOST TOO PARTICULAR.

Young man (to waiter)—Waiter, I want some roast turkey. Give me the outside slice of the breast, a nice large piece of the liver, and, as I am hungry, you might bring me both second joints.

Waiter—Yes, sir, anything else?

Young Man (contemplatively)—Yes, there is something more I intended to order. Let—me—see—

Waiter—I guess it must be the earth. How'll you have it cooked?—New York Sun.

Mr. Porcine (of Chicago)—That's a fine picture, mister.

Picture dealer—Yes sir, it's a Raphael.

Mr. Porcine—How much might it be worth?

Picture dealer—It is already sold, sir.

Mr. Porcine—Sold? Well, you see this man Raphael, and if he wants to get one like it up for me he can name his price.—Epoch.

An astonishing experiment may be performed with no apparatus but a piece of string five or six feet long. A person's hand being held over his ears, this string is passed around his head by another person, who holds both ends in one hand, and by drawing the fingers or nails of the other hand over this cord produces upon tympanum of the subject impressions of almost startling intensity.

Sharp peals of thunder, changing into a distant and prolonged rumbling, are effects that may be given.

HE DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

She (blushing deeply)—And you wish to pay your addresses to me?

He (enthusiastically)—That has been the dream of my existence since I first met you.

She—I scarcely know what to say. I think I must consult mother.

He—Certainly. I should expect you, as a dutiful daughter, to consult on a matter of so much importance.

She—You have never met mother?

He—I never had that pleasure.

She—You will be delighted to know her. She is a noted woman's rights woman and president of the society of female emancipation.

He (somewhat frigidly)—H'm! I that so?

She (proudly)—Well, you would think so if you heard her talk. Why, she is just boiling over with fervor on the subject of woman's wrongs.

He (consulting his watch)—Well—er—I—er—ought to have told you that I—er—couldn't stay but a minute this evening. My—er—uncle is in town, and—er—well, I will call again, when we can renew the subject of this evening's conversation.—Boston Courier.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. The differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a rifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown; St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.

Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.

Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Patterson.

Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.

Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99 Monday; J. Bett Donalstown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.

Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.

Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134 Saturday; James E. Coy.

Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T. Campbell.

St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164, Tuesday; Samuel Osborn.

Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves Douglas, York Co.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers 190; Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.

Salisbury, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191 Monday; C. A. Beck.

South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 Monday; Wm. Roxborough.

Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; Geo. H. Waring.

McIntosh; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss Vena Fawcett.

Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.

Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244 Friday; E. E. Peck.

Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson.

Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wathen.

Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler. Butterworth Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251 Friday; E. Keith.

Petitcodiac, West Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jones.

Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253 Saturday; Issa N. Alward.

Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.

Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday; C. W. Weyman.

Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. P. Matheson.

Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.

River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.

Teves' Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.

Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.

Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263 Thursday; W. Moulton.

Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; D. M. Sinclair.

Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry E. Grimmer.

Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.

Graves' Settlement, West Co.; Rockland, 267 Friday; G. Johnston.

2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269 Saturday; A. Sherwood.

St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; Chas. Johnson.

February 1st

NEW GOODS

—AT—

John J. Weddall's

PRINTS

In endless variety.

WHITE COTTONS,

WHITE SHEETINGS,

PILLOW COTTONS

GREY COTTONS,

GREY SHEETINGS]

FEATHER TICKINGS

MORSE & KALEY M'FG CO'S

KNITTING COTTON.

16 oz. to the lb.

One Case Crompton's Corsets.

Embroideries

In Edges, Insertions, Flouncings]

Allovers, etc., etc.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

204 QUEEN STREET.

C. & E. EVERETT,

MANUFACTURERS OF,

FINE FURS

Ladies' Seal Sacques,

Ladies' Astrican Sacques,

Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,

Gents' Fur-lined Coats

A full line constantly on hand, or made to order when desired.

11 King Street

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new 'Surprise' way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made pleasant by the use of Surprise Soap and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. Surprise Soap is sold by all leading grocers. It is not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample box.

The St. Croix Soap M'fg Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

GIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts. ST. JOHN, N. B.

This hotel is situated in a most central position and has all the modern improvements Telephone Connection. Electric Bells. A. N. PETERS, - PROPRIETOR. Office on Germain Street