## THE ANSWER.

You ask me why I love thee, little one. Go ask the leaves that beckon to the rain. Go ask the flowers that worship in the sun, Why thus they love, then ask me once again. Go ask the clouds that through the silent night Lie still and gray beneath the stars' cold kiss, Why with the coming of the morning light They blush to rosy life-then ask me this.

Go ask the wild bird why his sweetest song Rings through the wood aisles with the dawning

Ask the mad brook that tears its path along Why to the restless sea it sings its way; Go ask the violet why its incense sweet Should recompense the one that crushed it low-Then question why I kneel at thy dear feet-Why I should love-why I should worship so.

The sea holds many an isle to its great heart, But each isle knows and loves a single sea; I know no life from thy dear life apart, I lay down all the world can give but thee. Perchance for this when some soft breeze is blown Across thy lips, thou'lt breathe a loving word-A secret for my loyal heart alone, Brought by the odorous summer wind unheard.

Perchance for this thou'lt whisper to the rose That nestles timidly upon thy breast. That somewhere in the world thy lover goes-Far from thy love, but by that love confessed. And bid it breathe thy meaning on the air. Touched lightly by thy lips ere last dismissed, And I will kiss the roses everywhere. And by its sweetness know which thou hast

## SCRATCHED OUT.

During the earlier years of the present century the Russian nobles ruled their households with a high hand. Accordingly, when the Dowager Countess Cheraski found that her only son Ivan, a young man of about twenty years, was engaged to marry a beautiful serf on his estates, she forthwith banished him to France, and ordered the girl, to whom he was engaged, to marry another serf immediately. As her commands had to be obeyed, poor Sophia Uschakoff, for that was the girl's name, went with her father, some six days after a well-to-do Englishman, who wished to and further, that somebody else was the the Count's departure, to the chapel where make himself acquainted with the language the marriage service was to be performed. and institutions of the country, and who der these circumstances the evidence of There were present, beside her father and herself, Michael Tokhtamish (the bride- freely. He was a good shot, fond of riding, other witnesses who were present at the groom), his father and the priest, an old and, apart altogether from the necessity of marriage ceremony, together with the eviman who was upward of seventy years of acting a part which was involved by the dence of a number of French witnesses, age. The service had scarcely commenced business he had on hand, he was a really that the late Count had lived with her for when the door of the little chapel opened jovial and pleasant companion. The con- years as man and wife, was held to estaband Ivan Cheraski, the young Count, en- sequence was that he soon became a favor- lish fully the claims of the Countess and her rability. tered with a revolver in his hand.

all about the infamous attempt to marry my was a good-looking foreigner, who was albetrothed to this clown, and I have come to ways paying them such compliments as cirprevent it. Everything is ready—the priest, cumstances permitted, and who was very the altar and the bride. So, my good fa- fond of children. Among others with ther, you will please marry me to Sophia whom he shortly became intimately ac-Uschakoff at once, or you and Michael quainted was the new priest, a young man Tokhtamish shall die before five minutes named Nicholas Kohl. Kohl acted, as

to be, and very likely still are, rather highhanded, especially in dealing with their debound, moreover, by his religion to dis-countenance bloodshed. So the serf stood sort of cupboard. Already he had, on the aside, the nobleman took his place, the pretense of comparing the Russian system priest performed the service, and in a few with the English, examined several regiskoff were man and wife. The service over, that he was familiar with the forms, and on the company entered the vestry room, looking at a book of such registers could where the priest proceeded to enter the particulars relating to the marriage in the re-

reader that in Russia it was the custom for of the Countess. Now, what he had been the priest, and not the persons who were scheming for during the past five months married, to sign the names of the bride and the bridegroom in the marriage register. Alexander Troubetskoi was placed, as the he had formed a number of plans for get-saying is, between two fires. If he had not ting half an hour alone in the vestry-room, obeyed the Count's orders he would have been shot. On the other hand, if the Countess Dowager found out what he had done, something else as bad. or worse, would probably happen. To escape from the di-lemma he entered in the register Michael Tokhtamish instead of Ivan Cheraski as bridegroom. The parties who were inter-bridegroom. The parties who were interested did not observe the substitution. The register was restored to its place, and the little girl who had seen them go into the Count and Countess Cheraski left secretly chapel. She had been to the priest's house

for Paris that evening.

For five years they lived very happily in France, and then the Count died, leaving the Countess a widow with two children. His mother had died about a year before, and Troubetskoi expired shortly after they left the village of Narovel, where the marriage took place. On the death of her husband the Countess went to the province of Minsk, in Russia, to claim his estate on behalf of herself and his children. The claim was opposed by his family, who produced the register which bore evidence of her marriage, not with Ivan Cheraski, but with Michael Tokhtamish. There seemed, then, to be no use in resorting to legal proceedings, as the evidence of the witnesses to the marriage, who were all serfs, would be worthless against the evidence of the marriage register. Accordingly the Countess Sophia Uschakoff with Michael Tokhtamish. as she was de jour, if not de face, returned as she was de jour, if not de face, returned to France. Partly by the sale of her jewelry and partly owing to her husband having invested some money in their joint names in French 5 per cent. rentes she had a little more than £2,000, and with this capital she opened a sort of boarding house in Paris. Here she had been living for about two years when a young Englishmen named years when a young Englishman named tamish was written with the greatest care Edwin Marston came to stop at her establishment for a few days. Up to the present, of his pocket a penknife, a bottle of ink I have not said anything about the character and a pen, which he had always carried or appearance of the Countess Cheraski, about with him in anticipation of an opporbecause, so far, I have merely been reciting tunity like the present. With the penknife a number of facts which are necessary to enable the reader to understand the curious tale that we are approaching. That she was either pretty or handsome or beautiful, in some sense or other, the reader will probably anticipate from the fact of the Count having fallen in love with her. If I mention that she was tall, with dark hair and aquiline features, all who are interested in the matter can fill up the rest of her pormention that she was tall, with dark hair and aquiline features, all who are interested in the matter can fill up the rest of her portrait to suit their own tastes. In character she must have been of a rather trustful disposition, as will, I think, appear from her conduct to Mr. Marston. He was the senior by about two years, and had been practicing as a surgeon and physician for some time in a very poor district in the east end in inspocket again, and having carefully examined the pen to see that the nib was in order he proceeded to write over the erasure the name of—

Let me first ask if the reader has guessed whose name it was that Mr. Marston wrote over the name he had been at such pains to erase? Some people of whom I have asked the question have guessed that he wrote his own name. But why so? On a subsequent occasion he did write his own the first again, and having carefully examined the pen to see that the nib was in order he proceeded to write over the name of—

Let me first ask if the reader has guessed whose name it was that Mr. Marston wrote over the name he had been at such pains to erase? Some people of whom I have asked the question have guessed that he wrote his own name. But why so? On a subsequent occasion he did write his own the first again, and having carefully examined the pen to stop reading, Mr. Bachelor, and listen to the music. The orchestra is playing the "Wedding March" from Lohengrin.

Isn't it lovely? By the way, what are you reading?

Mr. Bachelor—Dickens.

"Indeed! Which of his characters do you like best?"

"Weller. He says so many sensible in the music of the music. The orchestra is playing the to write over the name of—

Wedding March" from Lohengrin.

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"Indeed! Which of his characters do you like best?"

for one reason or another over a space of about three weeks, during which time he and the Countess had contracted a very sincere friendship for each other. Finally, on the night before he left, she told him her story, and asked him if he could see any way in which she could establish the rights

No. Having nost carefully erased the name of Michael Tokhtamish, he proceeded with the very greatest care to write the name of Michael Tokhtamish as nearly as of herself and children.

"Not at present," said Mr. Marston, when he had listened attentively to her this to his satisfaction, he let the ink dry, story; "but I shall think the matter over." and then restored the book to its place.

don, having bade the Countess a cordial for their long walk. farewell, and promised to write to her at regard to the recovery of her title and

More than a month passed away, during which she did not hear from him, and, consequently, was beginning to think that he would have written, when one evening the the whole time he was living at Narovel. servant came up stairs to say that Mr.

time you must be content not to ask me any questions and to remain in perfect ignorance of what I am doing. My word is the only guarantee you can have that I shall be honestly doing my best in your be-

"It is sufficient," said the Countess. "You shall have the money. When can you start ?"

"Tomorrow," was the answer Accordingly, next day Mr. Marston started for Narovel, which is a village in the province of Minsk, in Western Russia. Here he took up his abode in the guise of ite with everybody in the district. The children to be the lawful wite and issue of priests very often do in Russia, the part of I do not know what would have happened priest and physician to the district. And order. As I have said, Russian nobles used deal of valuable advice and assistance they soon became fast friends.

One day, about five months after he pendents. At all events, Ivan Cheraski was came to Narovel, he went with Kohl into a nobleman armed with a revolver; Michael | the vestry-room of the chapel where the Tokhtamish was only a serf who might have | Countess was married. He had been in been shot for the fun of the thing, while the this room frequently before, and knew expriest was a very infirm old man, and actly where the book in which her marriage minutes Ivan Cheraski and Sophia Uscha- ters of births, deaths and marriages, so easily find any particular one that he might be in quest of. As yet, however, he had had no opportunity of examining the book Now I must pause here to inform the which contained the record of the marriage was to get this book secretly into his possession for about half an hour. Already but these he discarded one by one as being unsuitable. At last, as often happens in such cases, an accident gave him the opportunity he sought. On the occasion in question they were going for a long walk, sented with one of those rare smiles which the room when they were followed by a little girl who had seen them go into the voiced statement of his theological views, to look for him, as her mother, who was very ill, wished to see him for a few min-

> "I shall wait here for you," said Marston, speaking to Kohl in French, when he understood what the little girl's errand was. "I can read until you come back." There were some French and Latin books in the was evidently well pleased with himself and were some French and Latin books in the

"Very well," said Kohl; "it's only a few minutes' walk from here. I shall not

be more than half an hour.' When the girl and priest had left the chapel, Marston took out of the cupboard the volume that contained the record of the Countess' marriage, and turned over Mr. Marston looked at the register intent-

of London. When he first came to her name in a marriage register after Sophia house he did not intend to remain many Cheraski had written hers. But on the days in Paris, but his stay was prolonged present occasion he could not have gained

possible in the same place and characters that it stood in before. When he had done The next day Mr. Marston left for Lon- Kohl came back presently, and they went

About three weeks afterwards Mr. Marsonce if any idea should occur to him with ton found that he had business which necessitated his leaving for England, and very much to the regret of the inhabitants of Narovel, he departed. From Russia he went straight to Paris, where he called upon Countess Cheraski, with whom he had probably forgotten all about her, or he held no communication whatever during

"You have placed implicit confidence in Marston was in the parlor on the ground me," he said, "and you will find that it has floor, and would like to see her. not been abused. I have told you before "I have been thinking ever since I left that you must not ask any questions, and I in less volumes than last year. you," he said, when they had greeted each tell you so again. You must do exactly as other, "of the extraordinary history you I direct you without asking why. Comtold me. And I think now that I see my mence proceedings at once for the restoraway to overcome your difficulties. But tion of your title and estates; and, mark you will have to exercise great patience me, when the register is produced, insist on It will take me probably a year, perhaps having every word that relates to your marmore, to carry out my plans. I shall have riage most carefully examined. Do exactly to go to Russia and live in the village of as I tell you, and you will find that the re-Narovel, and I shall want at least £400 at | sult will be most satisfactory. And now once, and probably another £400 in the good-by. I must get back to London to course of about six months. In the mean-see if I cannot get my patients again."

see if I cannot get my patients again."

The Countess did as he told her to do. She commenced an action on behalf of herself and children for the restoration of the titles and estates. The register of her marriage was produced, but when it was examined it was found that the name of Michael Tokhtamish was written over an erasure. This destroyed the value of the register as evidence of a marriage between Sophia Uschakoff and Michael Tokhtamish. The natural presumption-in fact, the moral certainty-was that the somebody else's name had been erased from the place where the name of Michael Tokhtamish was written. man that married Sophia Uschakoff. Unhad no objection to spend his money pretty Michael Tokhtamish himself and the two would never marry anybody else while she was supposed to be his wife.

On the morality of the transaction I pro-nounce no opinion and abandon that problem to such casuists as may be still extant. The Countess left Russia shortly after she had gained her lawsuit, and was married about a year afterward to Edward Marston, who, partly through his own abilities and if the priest had refused to obey the Count's since Marston was able to give him a great partly with the assistance of her fortune, became one of the leading physicians in Lon-

THE DRUMMER BLUSHED.

He Talked Agnosticism for an Hour to Young Priest and Then Heard His Name.

Coming from Philadelphia on the Chieago limited I noticed in an opposite section two men who, from their garb, I judged to be Catholic priests. They wore silk travelling caps, which made them appear like mediæval monks. One was aged gray hair curling from beneath his head covering. His companion, who appeared much younger, was spare of form and wore gold-rimmed spectacles. His face was one which commanded instant attention by its benignity, and when he smiled, which he did frequently, it became lovable. I never saw a more inviting smile upon a man's

Travelling was tedious, and a Brooklyn drummer, returning from the west, having talked all the other passengers to sleep, sauntered along the car isle, and seating himself beside the younger ecclesiastic, said, in an easily familiar way: "Clergyproudly proclaiming himself an agnostic. He talked for an hour. The man beside him never gave a sign of impatience, that lovable smile never deserted him, and once in a while he interare you with?"

Before the young ecclesiastic could reply, his elder companion, who all this time had uttered not a word, broke in brusquely,

saying:
"This is the Archbishop."

"Who?" exclaimed the drummer. "Archbishop Corrigan of New York," said the elder cleric, who then abruptly jumped up and walked to the other end of smile he began talking to the man to whom he had listened with so much patience. He talked not as the proselyter, but as a brother; not as a lecturer, but as a friend. And the drummer listened, and not another | Boston, the proprietor of which was Gerword did he say about agnosticism. And man. "How much do you ask for your when he reached Jersey City he took off sausages?" he inquired. his hat to the popular minister of God, and pressed his outstretched hand with rever-

I rather like the drummer for blushing. -Philadelphia Times.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Young Widow (at the seaside)-Do

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

An American Authority Tells What Will Be Worn in Gotham. Velvet collars will be used very freely

Grouped waled diagonals will be used to great extent. Gobelin blue is a favorite shade in the

new trouserings. For suitings, rough, unfinished Scotch cloths will take the lead.

Montagnacs, Elysians, Venetians and all fur effects have been in demand.

"Fur Shetlands," a new importation, shaggy and well adapted for ulsters, will probably be largely used.

Very rough, wide wale worsteds will be made up into winter overcoats more than any other material.

Blues, browns, olives, drabs, blacks, seals and Oxford mixtures are the leading shades in these rough goods. Neat stripes and pin-checks prevail in

the imported cassimeres. Plaids are used Wide wale diagonal worsteds for morning

coats and vests will be exceedingly popular during the season. Corkscrews are not so popular as form-

erly, and with the exception of blacks and blues will be employed but little. Rough heavy-weight undercoatings are more in demand in the West and Northwest

than elsewhere this season. Plaids, although not so popular, have been bought freely by the best class trade
—particularly in rough Scotch goods.

Striped cassimere trouserings are most popular. Medium to wide stripes and dark

effects have been generally used. All Scotch suitings have been in great demand for fall wear; so, too, have been the bright effects which distinguish them this season.

Unfinished worsteds, in which granite, herringbone, powder-chain and basket patterns are introduced will make up very handsomely into suits.

Cassimere vestings, in which bright silk patterns, such as polka dots, checks, squares, stripes, leaves and sprigs show on a dark ground, are likely to be very much

Domestic suitings and overcoatings show yearly a marked improvement, in some respects, far surpassing the imported of a similar grade, both in appearance and du-

Cheviots having an indistinct, or "over" "You thought I was out of the country," men liked him because he was a capital he said, "but not so; I have been biding my time not far away from here. I know the best of them; the women, because he was a capital mention, gave his evidence very willingly, as it was perfectly certain that the Countess ground," will be employed for the suits for the best-dressed people in the country.

The south and southwest adapt taste in dress to climate requirements. Smoothfaced goods are there preferred, such as fine worsted and cassimere suitings and miltons, kerseys and other light weight overcoatings are mostly demanded.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Well-Informed Judge.

Jim Webster and Sam Johnsing were up before an Austin justice of the peace for theft. Jim Webster's case was disposed of several days ago, while Sam Johnsing's came up soon after. Sam is a simpleminded darkey. On Sam being arraigned, the judge said:

"Your partner has already confessed to another theft, in which you are implicated."
"I reckon yer must be hinting at dem clothes what was missed from Col. Jones' yard night before las'," said Sam. "I never heard of that robbery. That

was not the one your partner confessed to."
"Lemme see! O, yes, jedge, I remembers now. You is alludin' to dem chickens Jedge Smith raised sich a row about last By EDW. BELLAMY. CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Saturday. I believe I does remember sumfin about dat ar." The judge shook his head.

"I am mighty afeerd I'se losing my memory. Was it some firewood in Ward No. 5, jedge?" "Try again."

"Hit must have been de gemman what missed his pants in de boardin' house, but dats barred by de statures of limits, jedge. Dat happened last mumph ago." "You haven't hit it yet."

"Jedge, you knows more about what's stolen in dis town den I does. I don't ask yer to takes me inter yer confidence, but ef yer will jes' say what hit is yer is hintin' at I'll plead guilty. I ain't gwinter take no risks wid a man who am as well posted as you is."-Texas Siftings.

A Bather's Device.

The latest fad among bathers on the Pacific coast is to wear costumes lined with oiled silk. This was told as a secret by a young lady to whom was propounded with his agreeable companion. Finally he said—I could not help hearing him—"I the interrogatory why she was able to stay in the water so long. You see the oiled would like to come across you again. silk prevents the water from penetrating, where do you have your church? Who and enables the bather to stay in the water a long time without becoming cold. This new innovation was gotten up through a wager between two ladies as to which could stay in the longest, and one of them, through natural ingenuity, bethought her-self of oiled silk and won the wager. While her rival emerged from the briny with chattering teeth, the other bobbed up in the water serenely and warmly. One woman was seen in with shoes on, because the car as though very tired of something.
The drummer blushed; yes, he actually blushed. The archbishop put one hand on his shoulder, and still with that winning minded me of a sign in front of a shoe store. -Troy Times.

Prices Vary.

A man went into a provision store in

"Dwenty cents." "I can buy them for a shilling from Mr.--."

"Vy you didn't, den?" "He was all out of them." "Oh! vell, I sells mine sausages for a shilling, doo, ven I was out."-Sunday

She Recognized It.

Miss Holsoule (who is not a thorough | ) It. musician)-"What a beautiful piece the or-

man melodies are perfectly entrancing!"-New York Sun.

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