### MEADOW-LILIES.

Tall spikes of tawny bloom Filling the dusky room With whispers of a meadow cool and fair, Of grass embowering deep Your light that could not keep, And her, the gentle maid who found you there.

Found you and carried you In from the white and blue Of summer skies that softly bent above you; In a vase crystal-clear Prisoned and gave you here To one who well she knew would praise and love

Fair yellow lilies, tell To one who loves you well, Of all you saw in that broad meadow green; What birds swept overhead?

What sang they as they sped? What friends have paced those arching firs be-

Slim blue-beils, all the day That gently toss and sway, For what glad tidings are those wee bells rung? Where did the clover find A fourth leaf to its mind? And what small live things dart the ferns among?

Ah, Lilies! I can trace In each small freckled face More than your gold-dust tongues will ever speak : And so I sit and look As in a magic book,

And ever find the knowledge that I seek.

ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS. Fredericton, N. B.

### EPISCOPAL FIX.

A certain worthy prelate, who was the bishop of X., and gloried in the fami-liar patronymic of Smith, came up to London during Christmas week to meet his wife and daughter, who had been staying in the South of France. It was an act of devotion on his part, for he very rarely visited the metropolis, and had not quitted his diocese for years. He was a quiet, mild, inoffensive old gentleman, of studious habits and retiring disposition. The only fault which his enemies could find in him was a decided tendency to penuriousness, and this was probably the reason why, having to spend a night in town, he elected adopt the alternative of dressing himself effort. It was not the first time his apto seek a bed at the house of a clerical in the thief's clothes, and driving to his pearance had caused mistrust, and, humiliably in the palatial hotel annexed to the railway terminus at which he alighted.

He had only discoved at the last moment feeling grimy and fatigued after his journey, it occurred to him that he might do worse than invigorate himself in this fashion. He hesitated a moment as he glanced at the unpretentious exterior of the building, but it looked clean, and the price, as conspicuously exhibited, commended itself to his frugal mind. He reflected that his episcopal garb, being almost entirely concealed by a long greatcoat, would probably escape observation; beside which, he was tive of an overheated oven.

When the bishop returned to the outer room to assume his habiliments, he found that the individual who had occupied the opposite couch had disappeared, leaving him in sole possession of the small compartment. It may be explained that the apartment was partioned off into half-adozen open recesses like miniature horse boxes, with accommodation for two persons in each. There were three of these compartments on either side of the room, with a passage running down the centre. The light but eccentric costume of bathing towels, the bishop reposed for half an hour or so on a couch with half-closed eyes, in a benign frame of mind, and then, with a great effort, he bestirred himself to dress.

When he came to look for his clothes, however, he discovered that the garments which lay huddled in a heap close to his hand did not belong to him. In his dreamy state the revelation dawned upon him imstaken a ray of hope through his state the revelation dawned upon him imstaken.

Bear no malice," said the man facctiously. The bishop hastily put the paper in his pocket and walked on, swelling with indignation, but prudently smothering his wrath. It was clear he was honestly mistaken for the clothes he was wearing, and it would be useless to argue the point. Before he had proceeded many steps he came upon a cheap hatter's shop, the sight of which sent a ray of hope through his breast. He would buy a hat and likewise

"I suppose I made a mistake. Where are my things? Send for the proprietor instantly!" exclaimed the bishop, in a terrible fluster.

The lad retired with a grin, and the bishop feverishly adjusted his turban and X." the towels which enveloped him, with a wild attempt at looking dignified. The proprietor, a rough looking personage, bustled up presently, with an air of injured

nnocence. "What's up, sir?" he inquired shortly.
"It is perfectly scandalous. My clothes have disappeared," cried the bishop. "No," he added emphatically, as the proprietor indicated the heap before referred to. "Those are not mine. Cortainly, not. I am a—a

are not mine. Certainly not. I am a-a

claimed the bishop, as the truth flashed across him. "Some rascal has stolen

"There ain't no thieves in my establishment," said the proprietor, looking perturbed nevertheless

"What am I to do?" cried the bishop, his anger giving way to agonizing perplexity. "I can't wear those things."
"Why not? A fair exchange is no robbery," said the proprietor, who apparently had some suspicion on his mind as to the bona fides of the bishop's complaint.

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in that tone, sir; I am the bishop of X," exclaimed the prelate, with all the dignity he could muster.

ship's personal appearance was neither imposing nor aristocratic, and, divested of his shovel hat and apron, he looked exceeding-ly commonplace. He instinctively felt that it would be useless to stand upon his dignity, and regretted that he had revealed his identity to an unsympathetic audience. He became painfully conscious of the ab- to his knock stated that her master was surdity of the situation, and turned crimson away from home. with humiliation and confusion.

"I don't think that will quite do, sir," said the proprietor, noticing these signs. "You had better look at them clothes again, and I fancy you'll find they are yours after

With this ironical speech the proprietor turned on his heel and walked off, glancing significantly at the bystanders, as much as to say that he had discomfited an unscrupulous imposter. The bishop had not the heart to continue the discussion, but retired to his compartment and sat down sadly on the couch to reflect what he had better do. The obvious course appeared to be to send for the police, and to despatch a message to his friend to come and identify him. But this involved creating a disturbance and exposing himself, for a time at all events, to further indignity. Besides, he did not relish the idea of being discovered by his friend in a state of deshabille in a cheap Turkish bath under such ludicrous circumstances. On the whole, he preferred to friend, instead of locating himself comfort- friend's house in a cab. His attire would, no doubt, excite surprise, but he would be spared the humiliation of remaining an object of ridicule and suspicion.

that he must reach London the day before Nertheless, the bishop shuddered when his wife's arrival in order to be in time to he looked at the garments in which he promeet her the next morning, and, conse- posed to array himself. They consisted of quently, he had omitted to bespeak his a suit of clothes of a loud pattern, very friend's hospitality. He therefore took the much the worse for wear, a round hatprecaution to leave his portmanteau at the cloak-room of the station, in case his unmassive ulster great coat of a strangely cloak-room of the station, in case his unexpected visit might prove inopportune. He started off on foot, intending to avail himself of an economical bus, and as he walked along he passed the portals of a modest Turkish bath establishment. Now a Turkish bath was a luxury which the bishop occasionally permitted himself, and, feeling grimy and tatigued after his journey, it occurred to him that he might do worse then invigorate himself in this fashion. He manner the stranger's boots cost him a manner the stranger's boots cost him a bitter pang, for they were in an advanced state of decomposition, and looked really disreputable. But he could not help himself, and, though a glance at the mirror confirmed his worst apprehension with regard to his aspect, he set his teeth firmly

and resolved not to be daunted.

There was an audible titter as he passed hardly likely to meet an acquaintance in such an out of the way locality. He therefore yielded to his inclination, and was shortly afterward disporting himself with serene enjoyment in an atmosphere sugges- outside into the street he was instantly pounced upon by an individual who patted him playfully on the shoulder and thrust an ominous-looking document into his hand. "What is this?" inquired the bishop

"You've only got to read it, and you'll find out all about it. Here's the original,

"Oh, no, I haven't-not this time. I

"I seed you lyin' down by 'em this 'arf "Oh! indeed, sir," said the shopman, hour and more," said the lad, probably resenting the prelate's tone. looking him up and down, unpleasantly.

> "We don't take no pledges of that sort at this establishment," returned the man. "When I tell you I am the bishop of

"A bishop, ch?" interrupted the man, whisking the hat off the head of his would-be customer with remarkable celerity, and restoring it to its place in the window: "I know your sort. You look like a bishop, don't yer? You'd better take yourself off, young feller, or I shall have to send for the police."

For a moment the good bishop became apoplectic, but he mastered his indignation. It was not surprising, considering his appearance, that the man should mistrust him, "I noticed a clergyman pass out, sir, when you were in the bath," interposed a by-stander.

The bishop's cab happened to come to a carded headgear and stepped silently into the street.

The bishop's cab happened to come to a standstill just by the curb, in consequence of a block in the traffic, and simultaneously

"Then my things have been stolen!" ex- It was obvious that he must present him- the volatile clergyman bestowed a most un-

self at his friend's house as he was. He hesitated a moment whether to return to the station, and claim the portmanteau he had left there. But it contained nothing had left there. But it contained nothing that would materially improve his outward attire, as he had only come to town for one night; and, besides, having learned wisdom from bitter experience, he doubted whether it would be given up to him. The ticket was in the pocket of his clothes, and possibly by this time the thief had made use of it. He therefore hailed a cab, and directed the way to take him to his friend's address

the man to take him to his friend's address. He naturally felt very awkward and embarrassed when he reached his destination. He was a sensitive old gentleman, and, knowing too well that he cut an extremely But, almost before the words were out of his mouth, he wished he had not spoken facing his friend. At the same time it was them. They not only failed to produce a a relief to him that he had arrived at the desirable effect, but elicited grins of incredulity from the bystanders. The fact is that a bishop in a Turkish bath may easily be mistaken for a meaner mortal. His lordtell the cabman to wait as he had to borrow money to pay him, and, as he stood on the doorstep of his friend's house he was pain-

To his great disappointment, the neat maid servant who came to the door in answer

"Will he be back soon?" inquired the bishop, eagerly, with his heart in his mouth. "Not for a day or two," returned the girl, eyeing the visitor with a puzzled glance.
"Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed the bishop in consternation. "That is extremely un-

lucky. Is your mistress at home?" he added. "Well, yes, she is. What name shall I say?" inquired the girl, showing no inclination to open the door very wide.

"Will you give my compliments to your mistress and say the bishop of X. would be glad to speak with her?" said his lordship benignly.
"The—the bishop of X.!" repeated the

girl, open-mouthed "Yes, my good girl; yes," said the bishop, crimson at her unaffected astonish-

He made a movement to enter the hall as he spoke, but before he could do so the door was slammed in his face. The bishop raised his hand to the knocker with a furious gesture, but restrained himself with an ating as the experience was, he reflected that the girl had only done her duty to her employers by making him wait on the doorstep instead of permitting him to enter the house. His patience was speedily rewarded, for a few moments later the door was again opened, and the servant reappeared, followed by a lady who was evidently his friend's wife. The bishop made a polite bow, and took off his billycock hat. "Mrs. -, I presume," mentioning her

"Yes. What is it, my man?" returned the lady in a brisk, patronizing tone. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing you,

"No, you haven't," interrupted his

friend's wife, with decision. "But I know your husband. I am the bishop of X.," said he, reddening slightly. "May I come in and speak to you," he

added, humbly.

"No. Certainly not! The bishop of X., indeed!" scoffed his friend's wife. "Of course, if you don't believe me

minterposed the bishop, for the first time losing his temper.

"Come! No impertinence, my man," said the lady, catching him up sharply.

"Shut the door, Maria; he is going to use bad language."

The unfortunate bishop wiped the perspiration from his brow with the cuff of his coat and gasped for breath. Things were gradually looking blacker than ever, for, as his friend was away, he did not know who else to apply to. To make matters worse, he was already in debt to the cabman and had no means of paying him. The poor bishop was seized with a kind of frenzied nervousness, which did not improve his reanervousness, which did not improve his rea- over two nights and an attack of cholera if you want to see it," replied the man.

"But this—this is addressed to John Richards. You have evidently made a mistake," said the bishop, glancing at the mistake, and the man.

"But this—this is addressed to John to mind the address of a single acquaint-ance in town. The truth was, he knew soning powers. In fact, his agitation was morbus nearly carried him off before morn-so great he could not at the moment recall ing.—New York Sun. scarcely anybody, though had he been

Here again, unfortunately, he was doomed to disappointment, for the hall porter of his acquaintance had been dead half a dozen years. Driven by sheer desperation to rack his brains severely, the bishop evolved shand did not belong to him. In his dreamy state the revelation dawned upon him imperceptibly, and only caused him mild vexation. He concluded he had come into the wrong compartment and had been reposing on the couch of some other bather. With some trepidation he issued forth into the passage, peering into the adjoining boxes, but without result. The upshot was that he was suddenly seized with a fearful misgiving, and peremptorily summoned the attendant.

"Someone has taken my clothes," he exclaimed, with mingled horror and indignation.

"Ain't these yours, sir?" said the lad, pointing to the heap beside which the bishop sharply, eyeing with scorn a loud checked trouser leg which dangled fantastically over the back of a chair.

"I seed you lyin' down by 'em this 'arf hour and year he was not him at a ray of hope through his break a ray of hope through his break a ray of hope through his break and, in short, which so as to arrive at a presentable pair of hoots, and, in short, brack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and prack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and prack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and prack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and suspicious, and, on being finally orderable two imaginary addresses of friends, and suspicious, and, on being finally orderable two imaginary addresses of friends, and suspicious, and, on being finally orderable two imaginary addresses of friends, and prack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and prack his brain short, and, in short, burchase a fresh outfit, so as to arrive at his friend's house looking at least respectable, the accordingly walked into the shop and suspicious, and, on being finally orderable two imaginary addresses of friends, his prack his private his wise his mand, in short, and liskemise is presentable pair of boots, and, in story and into the which made him look like a provincial comedian down on his luck, was an ordeal just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouthful.

of the most trying nature. While the bishop was being driven down this hat. I pledge my honor you shall be Regent street. revolving in his mind a paid," said the bishop earnestly. scheme for obtaining a night's lodging by voluntarily handing himself over to the police to do what they liked with him, his attention was attracted by a familiar face and figure sauntering along in the full glare of a brilliantly lighted shop window. The bishop could scarcely believe his eyes, for there was a rector from his own discessed. there was a rector from his own diocese, minus his white tie, and with no sign of the clergyman about him, strolling up the street swinging a cane and staring in a decidedly unclerical manner at every young woman he met. The bishop had from time to time received several hints that the conduct of this divine was not always as exemplary as it should be, and it now seemed to him that there was some ground for the accusation.



BIG OFFER."

mistakable wink on a passing servant girl.

This was more than the bishop could stand. His righteous indignation completely oblit-

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FAIRALL & SMITH.

# Overcoats.

erated all self- consciousness, and on the spur of the moment he leaped from the cab and confronted the unconscious offender. "Mr. Bands!what is the meaning of this?"

he exclaimed, in his most portentous voice. "Bless my soul! Is that you, my lord?" ejaculated Mr. Bands, falling back a step or two, and staring in amazement.

"I observe you have abandoned your clerical costume, Mr. Bands," said the bishop, with cutting sarcasm.

"So has your lordship," said Mr. Bands, perfectly unabashed. "Good-good gracious! I-I forgot," exclaimed the bishop, suddenly growing confused, and glancing down at himself

with dismay. "I—I see you are astonished, Mr. Bands."

"Well, my lord, I should be if I were not aware how misleading appearances often are," said Mr. Bands, sententiously.

"I—I assure you, Mr. Bands, that this dress is—is purely accidental," said the bishop, eagerly, and he hurriedly related the miscal sentence that had befoller him. the misadventure that had befallen him.

"That is precisely my own case," responded Mr. Bands, unblushingly. The bishop started and looked very hard at Mr. Bands, but the latter bore the scrutiny without flinching. Perhaps the sudden recollection that Mr. Bands might prove the friend in need rendered his lordship extra charitable. At all events he merely observed:

"It is extremely awkward. I have not a farthing of money; I can find none of my friends, and have no means of getting other clothes than these I stand up in."

"You had better come with me, my lord." said Mr. Bands cheerily. "My tailor lives close at hand, and, on a word from me, he will be only too glad to let you have everything you require."

"Let us go, by all means," added the bishop, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"I think, my lord," remarked Mr. Bands, meaningly, when they were seated side by side in the cab, "that, as appearances are rather against both of us, we had better agree to say nothing about this meeting."

"Perhaps so," said the bishop.—Exchange.

### Odd Tastes of Miss Clayton's Protege.

The small Ethiop who plays Cupid in The Quick or the Dead at the Fifth Avenue "Of course, if you don't believe me Theatre has made quite a hit. He takes a philosophic view of his newly acquired artis-

### One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

scarcely anybody, though had he been calmer, he might possibly have thought of on the man's head, withdrew it, and struck bishop was rather relieved to find that his companion had left him to himself, because he could enjoy without constraint a quiet hours, you might stand a pint to show you siesta and a leisurely toilet. Attired in a bear no malice," said the man facetiously. replied, "Just as I placed my hand on your head you thought I was a confounded fool, been a country member for many years, though he had hardly ever entered its doors. He thought it possible that the hall porter might remember him.

head you thought I was a confounded fool, and I don't allow any man to think that, no matter if he's as big as a house."—Texas Siftings.

### In Vino Veritas.

Mine host (the father of several marriageable maidens) -Ah! here comes the Burgundy, gentlemen! I have had this wine in my cellar since— Johann, how long have we had this wine?

Johann—We got it from your father, sir, exactly three days after Fraulein Susanne was born. It is now thirty-one years since! JAMES S. MAY. -Fliegende Blatter.

The Calm Before the Storm. Little Fred (to his nurse)-Mary, you're dandy kisser.

Mamma (reprovingly)—Friddie, dear, you musn't say that. It's slang. Fred-Papa says it to her.

Mamma-I don't think he will, dear,

after I speak to him about it .- The Car-Sizing Her Up.

Mrs. Hard-Do have some cream, Miss

Sweetooth? Mrs. Hard-Bridget, fill Miss Sweetooth's

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THE HOUR OF SHADOWS.

Upon that quiet day that lies
Where forest branches screen the skies,
The spirit of the eve has laid
A deeper and a dreamier shade;
And winds that through the tree-tops blow
Wake not the silent gloom below.

Only the sound of far-off streams,
Faint as our dreams of childhood's dreams,
Wandering in tangled pathways crost
Like woodland truants strayed and lost,
Their faint, complaining echoes roam,
Threading the forest toward their home.

O brooks, I too have gone astray,
And left my comrade on the way—
Guide me through aisles where soft you moan,
To some sad spot you know alone,
Where only leaves and nestlings stir,
And I may dream, and dream of Her. -H. C. Bunner.

Overcoats.

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