WHEEZER'S TRIUMPH.

THE WONDERFUL COAT MADE BY A MONCTON TAILOR.

It was a Plain, Everyday Affair, but Wholly Original with the Designer and Builder-How it Took all London by Surprise when Worn by Mr. Alexander Rubbles.

The venerable Alexander Rubbles had a pained look on his face the other night He had also a bad-fitting coat on his back. The coat and look were cause and effect.

"The tailors of this country are not what they used to be," he remarked. "Thirty years ago you could get as good a coat here as you could get anywhere in the world. I know it, because I tried and proved it.

"Old man Wheezer used to have a little country tailor shop at the Bend. Moncton was not much of a place then, and Wheezer had plenty of time to do his work in, and he did it well. I went to England in 1857, and before I went I got him to make me a coat.

"It was an ordinary, everyday, walking coat. I gave no directions as to how it should be made. Wheezer had no fashion plates, and he designed all his patterns out of his own head. He wouldn't copy after any other tailor. When he saw anyone wearing a coat that took his fancy he went to his shop and invented a style which was better than the one he had seen. He was a thoroughly original tailor.

"Well, Wheezer measured me and built the style of coat he thought would suit. tried it on and it fitted me like a glove. packed it in my trunk and did not see it again until I arrived in London.

"The first day I put it on I took a stroll through the streets and parks. I noticed a good many people looking pretty hard at me, and once or twice when I turned around I saw men gazing after me with a puzzled expression. Then it struck me that someone had played a trick on me and pinned something on my back. I asked the first policeman I met if there was anything peculiar about my coat.

"'Nothing, sir,' he replied, 'but it is an uncommon fine coat and fits you perfect.'

"This eased my mind, and I continued my walk. Presently I turned around again and saw a man following me. I was quite certain, even among so many strangers, that I had seen the same man following me an hour before. This made me uneasy. I felt either that the man had some bad designs on me or that he was a detective who suspected me of having some bad designs on others. So I returned to my hotel.

"About a half an hour later there was a knock at my door. A stranger, dressed with exquisite taste, desired to see me. When he had entered, he stated his errand with a profusion of explanations and apolo-

"He was, he said, the confidential clerk of Mr. Buckmaster, the great London tailor, who had the honor of the patronage of the nobility, and was by royal letters patent clothier for the Queen's household. His Grace the Duke of Somebody had called at the establishment that day and had described a coat which he had seen a on the street. His Grace had a poor opinion of American ideas, but this coat seemed to him the perfection of what a gentleman should wear. He insisted that Mr. Buckmaster should at once secure a pattern of the coat and make him five of exactly the same pattern, in the most fashionable styles of cloth. Mr. Buckmaster had pointed out the difficulty of securing the pattern. He was sure, from His Grace's description, that the stranger must be a great man in his own country, and would probably be offended if the matter were broached to him. His Grace insisted, however, and Mr. Buckmaster poetry. promised to do all that could be done. During the next hour several other noblemen had come in and described the stranger and his wonderful coat so well that he could have been recognized among thousands.

"'And here,' said the confidential clerk, 'Mr. Buckmaster took a liberty which only the most urgent necessity could warrant. He sent a man to find you and trace you to your hotel. Your address being obtained, I have been commissioned to confer with

"All this time I sat as if I were dumb, and gazed at the man in astonishment. He mistook it for anger.

"'My dear and honored sir,' he continued, 'do not be offended. I have to ask of literary merit on the first story. you a most delicate question. Will you permit that coat to go out of your possession for a short time. I have a coach at the door and an escort, which will put robbery out of the question. The garment will be restored to you at 9 o'clock tomorpledge of good faith, Mr. Buckmaster begs that you will retain this purse as security.'

"And here the man laid down a netted silk purse, in which were 70 sovereigns. He then called to an attendant, who brought in a number of richly-trimmed coats of most expensive make, out of which he requested me to choose one to wear until my own coat was returned.

"Well, of course I sent the coat. Punctually at 9 o'clock the next morning the confidential clerk reappeared with it, and asked me to see if it was in as good condition as when he took it. I could not see any difference about it, and told him so.

"'My dear sir.' said he, 'you may store.

scarcely believe it, but it was necessary for Mr. Buckmaster and his head cutters to take that coat apart and put it together nine times in order to fully grasp the idea of the pattern. It is a wonderful triumph of the tailor's art. -Mr. Buckmaster cannot sufficiently thank you for the new light in the making of coats which you have been the means of teaching him. As a very feeble token of his appreciation, he begs that you will retain the coat he sent you,

and also the purse of gold.' "With that, the man bowed himself out, before I could recover from my surprise. Within a week the leaders of the London fashion were wearing the style of coat that I had brought from the Bend.

"Wheezer was a very original tailor. He ought to have made a fortune, but he died as poor as Job's turkey."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

An important contribution to the Questions of the Day Series is a paper by Frederick Howard Wines on American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census. This was read before the National Prison Assoable statistics. It contains much to furnish give anything like an intelligible account of thought not only to those directly interested in prison matters but to all who give any thought to sociology. 36 pp., 25c. New York and London, G. P. Putman's Sons; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

Moore's Melodies, preserved in the beautiful series of Knickerbocker Nuggets, will paper and abundant illumination and illustration make a very handsome volume, as well as a very handy one. Price \$1.50. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

The artist-author Howard Pyle has the post of honor in the October Book Buyer, the portrait and the entertaining sketch giving a good idea of the author of The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. There is a portrait also of Mrs. Harriet Beecher for many years that the fire was a direct of this interesting literary guide, there is a of nature were changed to accomplish the description from a correspondent of the homestead of the poet Byrant, "Cedarmere," in Roslyn, Rhode Island. The old house Gulf of St. Lawrence reported that they is now occupied, it seems, by Harold God- had seen balls of fire shoot from the sky, win, a son of Parke Godwin, who married and no doubt many of the Mirimichi people Bryant's daughter. The new department of questions and answers, "The Literary Querist," edited by Rossiter Johnson, is begun in this number, and raises some interesting points about books and authors. A dozen or so illustrations from the newest books, descriptive reviews of late books, the London and Boston literary letters, and the news notes about forthcoming holiday publications, are the remaining contents of a number that is of interest to every lover or reader of books .- Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.; \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy.

Vizetelly & Co., of London, are now ublishing translations of some of the most charming illustrated volumes produced in France at the latter part of the 18th century. These works, so highly prized by amateurs, are distinguished for their numerous graceful designs by Eisen, Marillier, Cochin, Moreau, Le Barbier, etc., finely engraved on copper by Le Mire, Longueil, Aliamet, Bacquoy, Binet, Delaunay and others. The volumes are all printed on hand-made paper, with large margins, and he would have no more use for them. "I the principal engravings of a certain number of copies are printed on Japanese stranger, apparently an American, wearing paper. Only a limited number of copies are printed, and every copy is numbered in the order of issue. Whenever copies of the original French editions of these works are offered for sale the price is almost a prohibitive one, as they very rarely come into the market, and book-lovers will do well to examine Vizetelly's reprints.

> been reprinted by the National Publishing company and is for sale by Mr. Alfred Morrisey.

Notes and Announcements.

Sometime, a leaflet by May Riley Smith, has sold 40,000 copies. This gives some evidence of the constant quantity among readers who adhere to devotional prose and

Dean Stanley's Historical Memoirs of Canterbury is to be brought out this fall in a limited edition of 600 copies, numbered and registered. In style it will be uniform with Westminster Abbey, which was brought out last year, with this difference, that while that was in four volumes Canterbury will be in one volume.

The Countess Eve will be the title of the new novel of J. H. Shorthouse, the author of John Inglesant. Macmillan's will pub-

The Duchess has just published a new novel entitled The Duchess, an Anglo-Hibernian story, which is described as un-

Madame Midas, by Fergus Hume, who wrote The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, it is agreed is a decided improvement in point

Jules Lemaire, writing of Cherbuliez, romancer than a philosopher and critic who writes novels. It is a curious fact Cherbuliez writes of only two sorts of characters. Those who lead double lives, such weak vascillating creatures such as this if you will intrust me with it, and as a Comte Ghislain, who is by turns mystic and debauche, and falls from one sort of agonizing situation to another, accompanied | deep. At other points the water was so by most interesting reflections on the part of M. de Cherbuliez.

Another Little Pitcher.

"Mamma, who is 'her jags?" "I don't know, dear; why?" "I heard papa say, 'Wait till her jags goes to the country, and we'll paint the town red.'"

"Who did he say it to, dear?" "The new maid."

"Ah! 'her jags,' dear, is the new maid, and papa won't have to wait long before she goes."-The Cartoon.

Purses-good value at McArthur's Book

SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO

SOME CINDERS FROM THE GREAT MIRAMICHI FIRE.

One of the Calamities of Which All the World Has Heard-The Time When Men Believed That the Day of Judgment Had Come-Why They Thought So.

"A greater calamity than the fire which happened in Miramichi never befell any forest country, and has rarely been excelled in the annals of any other. The general character of the scene was such that all it required to complete a picture of the General Judgment was the blast of a Trumpet, the voice of the Archangel and the resurrection of the dead."

So wrote an eye-witness of one of the most memorable events in the history of New Brunswick. The great fire swept over Newcastle Oct. 7, 1825. At this day but few remain who were there on that night of terror.

I have, however, in past years, talked with those who had a vivid memory of the scene, and for whom through all the years the picture ever retained its vivid colors. ciation at its annual meeting in July last, Despite of this it was difficult, as it always and abounds in most interesting and valu- is in such cases, to find any one who could what took place.

Nor is this strange. Let a score or two years pass and how many of the thousands who saw the St. John fire will be able to tell, from their own recollection, of what took place on the 20th of June, 1877. They will know that there was a terrible delight every lover of Irish verse. The rich | calamity, and can speak of some of its features which affected them, but the story of the event can be found only in the printed records.

So far as I have talked with the Mirimachi survivors, they seem to have been too much horrified to think of anything during the hours the fire raged. The general impression was that the actual day of judgement had arrived. It was, indeed, thought Stowe; and, in addition to the usual features visitation from Heaven, and that the laws ruin. Captains of vessels sailing on the passed the rest of their lives in the belief that the calamity was a terrible evidence of the wrath of the Almightv.

One of the reasons for terror at the time was the fearful swiftness of the work of destruction. Although the woods to the westward had been on fire a few weeks and the air full of smoke and ashes, the outburst on the settlement appeared to come in a moment. Out of an inky darkness, on the night of October 7, flashed a sheet of flame and a mass of firebrands borne upon a whirlwind. A new building, erected for a church, vanished almost in an instant, and as fast as the eye could tollow, other wooden houses burst into flame. People thought only of their own lives, and left their goods to burn. One man left a thousand silver dollars, because he thought he would have left a peck of doubloons behind me," said one of the survivors. "I was sure the end of the world had come."

One of the tragic incidents was the burning of the wooden jail, which stood on what is now the public square of Newcastle. It held a number of prisoners, and in the general panic they were forgotten. They screamed, shouted, prayed and implored The Rock or the Rye, a stupid travesty of Miss Rives' The Quick or the Dead' has for aid, but in vain, until the fire surrounded them. Then the doors were burst open and the wretches madly rushed for safety. One of them, a colored woman, had scarcely reached the door when the flames seized upon her and she fell to the ground

Another singlar incident was the escape of a house which was in the midst of the burning buildings. It contained a corpse, beside which the watchers sat when the panic began. They fled, leaving the body, and though the flames levelled all around the place, the house with the dead body was

Many of the incidents told of the fire are purely apocryphal. Such is the one of a man crossing the river holding the tail of a terrified cow which swam ahead. Many did try to cross on sticks of timber and were drowned, though others made the passage

in safety. A curious adventure was that of a man overtaken by the fire in the woods. He went into water of the South West branch and remained there, up to his neck, until and concerning his last novel Comte de the danger was past. At frequent intervals Ghislain, says that the author is less a he would dip his head, then raise it again until the heat and smoke drove him under. He had strange company. A bear stood at a little distance doing exactly as the man row. It will be a most inestimable favor as Joseph Noisel and Meta Holdenis, and did, and not far away several deer kept paddling about during the night. This was at a point where the river was wide and hot that fish leaped from it to perish on the

Newcastle was destroyed in about three hours. The river was wide enough to check the spread of the flames to the southward or the calamity would have been infinitely

greater than it was. Enough was destroyed to make the event a memorable one in American history. The fire was indeed one of the greatest the world has ever known. A sheet of flame, 100 miles in width, swept over 8,000 square miles of the finest timber country. The

mated. The destruction of property in the settlements amounted to nearly a million dollars. Nearly 1,000 head of cattle were destroyed, some 600 buildings burned and 160 persons are known to have lost their lives. There were doubtless many others in the woods of whom no record was made. So it is that tomorrow is an anniversary of no mean importance in the history of

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

New Brunswick.

Dixey's Adonis and Hoyt's Tin Soldier continue to draw crowded houses, the one in Boston and the other in San Francisco.

Louis Aldrich is having a great success in The Kaffir Diamond, in New York.

Harry Lindley is on the road in Ontario. He was in London last week.

Janauschek has been in Virginia cities

M. B. Leavitt, who is distinctly remembered by the "boys" of St. John, appears to be in great luck. A page advertisement of the Clipper is adorned with his portrait, and he announces that he has just returned from Europe with a number of celebrities, He intends to tour the country with Lydia Thompson and her English Burlesque Com-

Dan Sully is reported to be playing to big money in Montana.

Marion Fiske, who used to captivate the houses at the old Lyceum, on King square, is the chief attraction of W. H. Mayo's company, which is running a new musical farce, called In a Muddle.

Frank Mayo still finds money in Nordeck, and appears in it with success wherever he travels. He is in New York state now and will go south as soon as the yellow fever scare is over.

Little Corinne is having a good season under the energetic management of Jennie Kimball. The Corinne Lyceum, Buffalo, opened on Sept. 17, is described as a very handsome and complete affair.. Corinne is now in New York, with Monte Cristo, jr. and Arcadia.

The Magazines.

The October Wide Awake opens with a

delightful story of some original "Shut-Ins" by Mrs. Elia Peattie, and another sunny page from life, recording the good human beings may do to one another, is Mrs. Gannett Wells' readable article about the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, entitled "Some Children of the M. S. P. C. C." "A Dogocracy" by Miss Risley Seward describes the strange canine communities of Constantinople, where the dogs separate themselves into wards and districts. "Puck and Puppypult," by George Parsons Lathrop, is a dog story, too, a droll one, showing a funny side of a dog's character. This number publishes a remarkably fine historical paper, with some 20 illustrations, entitled "Daniel Webster in his New Hampshire Home." It deals with the home life and the heart-traits of the great American statesman, and tells the small home-y things about him that young folks like to know. There is also a good art-article, well illustrated, "The Medal Children of the Renaissance," by Frances H. Throop Edward Everett Hale concludes his interesting "Boston Common" articles, Mrs. Leonowens has a paper about the ancient and modern Japanese, Oscar Fay Adams writes about La Motte Fouque, the author of Undine, Louise Stockton tells about a unique "Housekeeper's Table" which some young girls organized at a fair to pay for a stained glass church-window which one of them had broken; and there are several poems, among them an exquisite one by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, entitled "Violet's September Soliloquy"; the others are "To a Foolish Little Fellow," by M. E. B.; "A Garland of Girls" by Emilie Poulsson, and "A Case of Insomnia" by M. F. Butts. This number gives the prospectus for 1889
—announcing a serial by Trowbridge, 'The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," and another by Margaret Sidney, author of the famous "Five Little Peppers," entitled "The Peppers Midway." There are two other serials also, by Susan Coolidge and Charles R. Talbot. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year—a great deal for a little money. D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Send 5 cents for a specimen.

Before the Marriage Altar.

"Doctor, I feel miserable in mind and body-what shall I take?" asked an old bachelor patient to his physician. "Take a wife," answered the doctor gruffly. "Many are the men who have profited by taking this prescription," says the author of How to be Happy, though Married, in his new book, The Five Talents of Woman, just published by the Scribners. "Before marriage they were worth little, after it worth much. Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends, and hears the clergyman make him husband. Nine out of ten men in such a position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully as if it were an everyday occurrence. And it is this timorous creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are her aureole. What delicious sarcasm there is in the thought! And in after-life, when the husband gets torn up by care, and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? The woman whom he promised to protect becomes his protector. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up loss in this respect alone cannot be esti- and doesn't go to pieces as soon as a man.' T. D. SOUTHWORTH, Gen. Agent.

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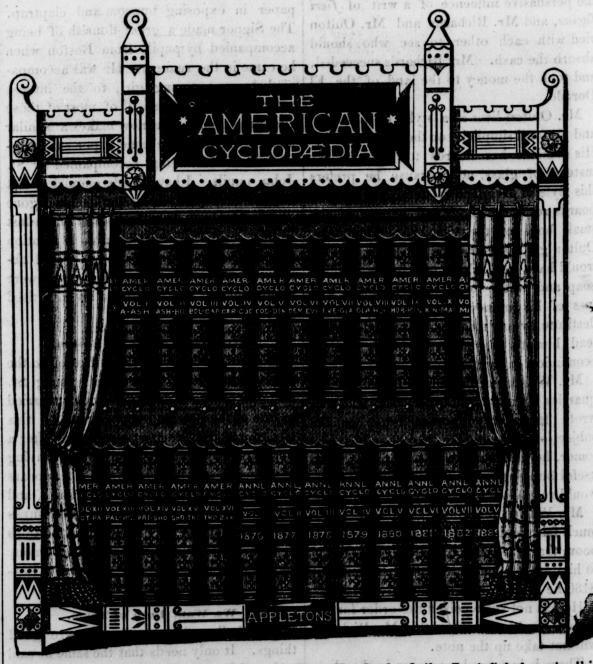
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