

THE WINTER LAKES.

Out in a world of death far to the north-west lying. Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rewinded winding. Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;

A PAIR OF PANTALOONS.

This is my fiftieth birthday; but I feel younger than many a man of half my years.

Not quite. I am still a bachelor, but I once came so near being a husband that I have ever since been haunted with a vague half-married feeling.

The simple history of my unpugged affection is quickly told, and I believe, on account of the strange circumstances with which its development was fraught, that it is well worth telling.

It was in the autumn of 1859 that the sign of "Gunner & Waxle, lawyers," was exposed to public view on the outer wall of a modest building in Beekman street, New York.

It was soon decided that we could not conduct our business with dignity and dispatch without a skilled copyist—a lady copyist, Gunner suggested in our conference on the subject, for she would be less expensive, and "by the love of our mothers," he added, "let's get a good-looking one."

Accordingly the following advertisement was one day drawn up for immediate publication in a morning paper:

Wanted—A young lady stenographer and copyist. She must be of pleasing appearance and write a plain hand. Apply personally at Room 3, No. 104 Beekman street.

It was understood that we were both to be at the office promptly at 9 o'clock the next morning to dispose of the applicants. It was half-past nine before I got there.

"Ladies," exclaimed Gunner, with as much presence of mind as he could summon, "be calm, I beg, or you will ruin us; we are only trying to avoid confusion."

a suitable opportunity to faint—a lover of panics who discovered great possibilities in the scene. Holding her long forefinger close to the face of my partner, she warned him not to make too free with her, and in injured tones demanded that she be allowed to leave the office immediately.

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the tittering of the girls, for Gunner was by this time thoroughly cowed, and he dared not utter a syllable.

Proceeding to the work in hand, I observed that every desk was occupied by young ladies who were writing out the particulars respecting experience, age, proficiency, etc. My partner had borrowed all the available chairs on our floor and carried them in for the accommodation of the applicants.

"What are we to do?" asked my friend earnestly and in a confidential tone. "Leave it to me," I replied; and within five minutes I had cleared the desks by requesting those engaged to stop after writing their names and addresses.

I noticed that the plainer-looking applicants were disposed of with scant ceremony, but to the credit of his gallantry it must be said that even the ugliest were treated with politeness.

It took fully three hours of arduous and methodical work before the last applicant passed out into the hall and down the stairway. Fearful of another invasion, I rushed to the door, closed it, and turned the key.

"Here is a young lady," I said, holding up one of the petitions, "who, I think, will suit us. Her handwriting is excellent, and her references unexceptionable."

"Yes," replied Gunner, "but did you see that Miss Frankincense with the blue eyes and beautiful golden hair? Her handwriting is not extraordinary, but it will improve."

"But it isn't business," said I. "Business has nothing to do with it," he said, "we're only hiring a copyist."

He hesitated some time between Miss Frankincense and a charming brunette, who wore a bottle-green dress, but finally decided in favor of the former.

Miss Frankincense, in accordance with Gunner's request, assumed her new duties on the following day. I was greatly amused when she entered the office at 10 o'clock in a high state of decoration.

She took the contract, examined it dubiously for a moment, and said she thought she could do it. The job was not finished that day. She worked at it conscientiously, tearing up and rewriting page after page, which did not seem near enough to pass the inspection of her critical eye.

An awkward pause followed. As she did not speak or move from her position I ventured to look into her eyes. They were moist with tears. She tried to say something, and, failing, she hid her face in her handkerchief and began to cry.

client. I realized to the fullest extent the awkwardness of the situation, and stared at them stupidly without saying a word.

"What does this mean?" asked Gunner, looking in astonishment at the weeping girl whose emotion, oddly enough, increased in violence at this juncture.

"I—I was not aware that Miss Frankincense's feelings were so easily hurt, or I would not have criticised her work."

The words fell upon my ears as if they proceeded from the mouth of another person. I related the circumstances as coherently as possible. By the time I had finished, the young lady had quite recovered herself and was able to join the rest of us in a hearty laugh.

It was near the end of the first three months of her service with the firm of Gunner & Waxle that one evening she and I were detained unusually late at the office.

"Name them," I said, with some trepidation. "First, that you stop calling me Miss Frankincense; second, that you stay to tea."

"It is a bargain!" I exclaimed, offering her my arm. It was just my luck to meet Gunner before we had proceeded half a block toward the car.

"Well," he said, "she's a mighty pretty girl. You have probably satisfied yourself as to her character and the respectability of her family, and I do not see why you shouldn't go ahead if you feel like it."

The region of my heart was pretty well stirred up with the harrow of young emotion during the next six months, but at the end of that time I had succeeded—sweet dream of youth!—in bestowing myself upon another. At last—save the mark!

It was on the morning of our wedding day that this old pair of pantaloons began to play their part in the history which I am relating. The afternoon preceding that day was spent with an old friend of mine who had recently come to the city.

He occupied a small room with a window looking out on Fourteenth street, on the second floor of a large brown stone dwelling, which, I believe, is standing today.

I was awakened in the morning by some one in an adjoining room, who was humming the familiar air of the "Irish Washerwoman," while putting the apartments to rights with a liveliness that was in time with the music.

"These look very neat," I said, "but you—ah—must learn to work faster, Miss Frankincense. You know speed is an important thing in business transactions."

And I was to be married at 10 o'clock! The sun was streaming in at the window, and while it was impossible to tell the hour, I knew there was no time to lose.

THANKS, AWFULLY!

There's A B in Your Bonnet, Madam!

Come and C us and G your horses right round in front of our door. H them up, come in, get your weather I open by a look at OUR 64c. 4-Button French Kid Glove and our 36c. Full Fashioned Black Cashmere Stockings,

both lines sold on a commission profit for the Manufacturers. Don't be a J and neglect this good turn U O yourself. We R in earnest when we assure U that the goods are all we represent, and will suit U to a T.

Bring along a V and we will W up half a dozen bargains. Y do we do this? Simply because our prices on GLOVES and STOCKINGS are all knocked off! SENT POSTAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 10.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

likely to read there many hours? were questions that suggested themselves to my mind. I was not long in suspense on this point, for presently she threw down the paper, and arose with the remark: "I wonder if Mr. Montgomery's pants needs fixin'?"

"What is the result of it?" I asked. "Leaving forward, while a sickly smile stole over his features, he said: "Our copyist is a professional shop-lifter!"—New York Ledger.

N. B.—Articles of Merit introduced and handled.

A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES,

In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. A. CROCKETT'S,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.

A FINE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

FOR SALE BY

ALFRED MORRISSEY,

104 King Street.

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON

ALLEN & FERGUSON,

Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16

Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags & Valises,

Fishing Tackle.

83 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL AGENCY

FOR THE

Province of New Brunswick

OF

The Commercial Union Assurance Co.

(Limited), OF LONDON,

and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn,

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY,

Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent,

BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HORSE BLANKETS,

For Fall and Winter.

Surcingles, Halters, Etc.,

ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP,

204 Union Street.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads

Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian

Nails, etc.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

GEORGES STREET, t. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

On and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 30

Accommodation..... 11 20

Express for Sussex..... 16 35

Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18 00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00

Express from Sussex..... 8 35

Accommodation..... 13 30

Day Express..... 19 20

All trains stop by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

BEST

Violin Strings,

PERSONALLY SELECTED

For Sale Cheap.

MORTON L. HARRISON,

No. 99 KING STREET.

All the numbers of SEASIDE POCKET LIBRARY always in stock.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat,

RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,

Sydney Street.

A. P. BARNHILL,

Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc.

OFFICES:

COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.