

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The Magazines.

The July Wide Awake has many strong, timely features, notably two especially American. One of Miss Seward's fourth of July at Robert College—the American college in Constantinople, a seed-bed of American ideas in Europe; the other is Mrs. Burton Harrison's "The Republican Court," in which she gives portraits and charming little biographies of eighteen of the prominent young society women who were in General Washington's circle of friends, Mrs. Washington herself leading the train. These portraits are from the celebrated Baltimore porcelains—an heirloom which ex-Mayor Hodges of that city has "founded" for his descendants; the eighteen plaques form the wall decoration of his dining-room. "Mademoiselle Papa" is a touching little tale from the French, translated by Miss Virginia Champlin who, it will be remembered, met a fate quite as sudden and terrible as death from an explosion in the mines described in this story. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; price 20 cents.

The July Atlantic contains a short sketch called "Going to Shrewsbury," by Sarah Orne Jewett, which naturally commends itself to the summer reader who has either already gone away himself, or who is looking forward to going to some such Bradford town. Another paper, by Mr. Cranford Torrey, called "A Mountain-Side Rambler," will appeal to the same class. The magazine opens with an article by Miss Preston, giving an account of the last days of Cicero, one of a series which she has been contributing to the Atlantic. Prof. N. S. Shaler, who is a person to speak with authority, writes about "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education," which will be read by student and teacher with equal interest. Mr. H. L. Nelson has an article on the "Speaker's Power," not a consideration of the power of oratory, but the power of the speaker of the house of representatives. Mr. W. H. Downes has an interesting paper on the "Old Masters" which may be seen in New York, and it is surprising to find how large a representation can be seen there. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is steadily gaining in interest, and "The Begun's Daughter," by Edwin Lassetter Bygones, is also continued. The two specially literary articles of the magazine are "John Evelyn's Youth," an account of the early days of that worthy, full of anecdote, written by Mary Davies Steele. The other article is "Books that have Hindered Me," by Agnes Repplier. So much has been written about books that have helped various people that Miss Repplier has decided to write about the books that did not help her; among these she mentions "Sandford and Merton," Milton's "Areopagitica," and the "Heir of Redclyffe." The number closes with a knowing article on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Merwin; by some criticisms of recent American fiction and other books, and by the usual departments. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In the Forum for July Bishop Potter, of New York, treats of the place and prospects of "The Scholar in American Life." The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale writes of "A Market for Books." Copyright, he holds, is essentially of the same nature as patent-right, and should be governed by the same liberal principles. Senator Justin S. Morrill contributes the political article—"Republican Party Prospects." Mr. W. S. Ripley has another of his very remarkable papers on Ethics, the title of article for the present month being "The Ethics of Journalism." Prof. George J. Romanes makes a spirited reply—"Ant-Darwinian Fallacies"—to the attack made up by Prof. St. George Mivart on the doctrine of Natural Selection in the June number. "The Attitude of the French Canadians," by Honore Beauregard, ex-Mayor of Montreal, is a defense of the French-speaking population of Canada against the aspersions often cast upon them as being unprogressive, ignorant, etc. Dr. Austin Flint writes of "Late Theories concerning Fever," showing the *modus operandi* of antipyrin and cold baths in reducing fevers, and the theory of the employment of alcohol as a means of checking the waste of tissues in fevers. "Organizations of the Discontented," by Richard J. Hinton, is an elaborate study of the aims and purposes of socialistic and communistic agitators throughout the civilized world, with a statement of the numerical strength of the several organizations of the discontented. "The World's Supply of Fuel," how long will it last? Prof. W. J. McGee, of the U. S. geographical Survey, considers this question in the light of the most recent research. The ever-pressing problem of "Domestic Service" is considered by "Jennie Jane" (Mrs. Jennie C. Croly), and the Rev. H. Price Collier presents "The Better Side of Anglo-mania." The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth ave., New York; price, 50 cents.

Notes and Announcements.

A special popularity seems to be assured the books which the Scribners print in their well-known "Yellow Paper Series" of fiction and light reading. Of their latest additions to this series Mr. Froude's novel *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, has passed through three editions; Mrs. Barnett's love story, *Yagabonda*, also enjoyed three reprints within a fortnight of its publication in this form, and now *Friend Fritz*, by the

French novelists Eckmann-Chatrion, has gone into its second edition. The next issues in the series will be F. J. Stimson's *The Crime of Henry Vane*, and Arlo Bates's strong story *A Wheel of Fire*.

Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, *The Wrong Box*, is said to have been commenced last winter in the Adirondacks, when he and his step-son, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, who is his *Collaborateur* in the work, spent the winter together.

A portrait of Maud Howe, the charming and popular daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, will serve as the frontispiece of the *Book Buyer*. A personal sketch of the young authoress will accompany the portrait.

Andrew Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy* was published three years ago by the Scribners, who have sold nearly 20,000 copies of the book in this country alone.

The interesting fact is just disclosed that of all the stories which Henry Ward Beecher read during his lifetime, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's beautiful tale of *Marse Chan* was his special favorite. The story is one of a charming collection which Mr. Page not long ago published with the Scribners under the title *In Ole Virginia*.

As a stirring introduction to the explorer Stanley's probable book on the Dark Continent, Messrs. Scribner & Welford have imported J. R. Werner's Congo experiences, *A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard and River Life on the Congo*. The work makes a handsome volume with numerous illustrations.

FREDERICKTON TEMPERANCE TALK.

"Jeremiah Fodder" Has Something to Say About the Demonstration.

Well, here we are again. It seems queer fur a old man what's a-livin' on boocered time to be ritin' fur the papers, but it kind of pleses me to express my ideas to your numerous readers.

I came to town a few days ago to see the temperance demonstration and to plesse the wimmen fokes, for they say I'm so obsarvin' in that it's very entertainin' when I git home. I don't belong to no lodge, though I've ben a temperance man all my life, but Sofrony has an offis in the temples, and they had chose her fur a delegate.

While they was a getherin' at the City hall, I was standin' on the platform a watchin' them, when a good-natured man from a store brought me a cheer, so I sot down and seen the hull show comforter. I don't know how it was, but I missed seein' the most prominent temperance man in Fredrickton. Mr. Gibson was in the processum, but I must hev' overlooked Mr. Temple; of coarse he was there, fur I knowed he was hart and sole in the cause sens Banks McKenzie's time. I looked fur Jack Edwards, too, as he was 1st vice-president, but he wasn't there. I thought he'd likely be settin' in the baroosh that that follered, but no, it was full of sassy yung fellars a tryin' to smoke cigars, but as they was all lookin' as pale as deth, I knowed they must be sick to thare stumicks. I was plesed with the hull thing, and it brung back to my mind a meetin' I 'tended in the City hall when Banks McKenzie was here. Oh, it was thare, most glorious! Mare Grigory was thare, a tellin' how it was to set a good example to his family, and it was very affectin' to see him and Jack a jinin' hands, and the hull lot jined hands and sed rum had got his desh blo in Fredrickton. I remembered it all as I was a walkin' in the City hall, when I was a friend, M. McCub (not M. Club, as it first in PROGRESS last time), and he seemed mighty glad to see me, so I opened my mind to him, and ses I, where is Sherit Temple—he didn't seem to be in the rally; isn't he stench yet? Wel, ses McCub, to tell the truth, he's changed his base sens you seen him. Ain't he president of the society now, ses I. He ain't in the same society now, ses he; he's gut toney. And Jack Edwards wasn't in the baroosh nother, ses I. Well, no, ses he; he was too bizzy to git thare. Where does he live, I inquired. He's a bordin' at the Queen hotel, ses he. Of course its a temperance house or he wood not be thare, ses I, but he lafed and sed that was not on the sine. I think I will go down thare, ses I; I may as well hev a bite thare as anywheres. Well, ses he, he is carefull and don't wink at him while you air eatin. Why, ses I, ain't the vittals good? and he lafed and sed the fodder was the best in the world, and then he grimmed and begged my pardin' for punnin' on my name. Who's the proprietore? ses I. Oh, ses he, a laffin' fit to kill himself, nobody can't swear, whether its the hed waiter or the cook, or the chamber-made or the ostler, or Jack himself, and the lawyers are after in these in clover on account of it. It sot me a thinkin', and ses I, I'll jist go to the W. C. T. U. fur my tea, and the next time I come to town I'll reason with Jack, if I find he's fell from grace.

JEREMIAH FODDER.

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WOMEN AND DRESSES.

EVE BEGAN FIRST TO LOOK FOR BETTER CLOTHES.

What Would Our Grandmothers Say If They Could Look at the Dresses of the Present Day?—The Opinion of Our Mr. Strange.

I have no doubt whatever that when our gracious mother, Eve, first discovered a princess dress of fig leaves, confined at the waist by a girdle of some sort of flexible grass, to be an unbecoming as well as a perishable garment, she cast about in her own mind for some means of improving the existing state of things, so far as the very limited resources at her command would permit.

I am also very certain that Adam regarded these evidences of a yearning after better things on her part, as unmistakable indications of her mental superiority, as showing the frivolous bent of her mind; and when she ventured to remind him that fig leaves withered and grew dry, he suggested that she gather fresh ones. Poor, dear Father Adam, whatever else he may have said he was denied the satisfaction of telling his wife that she was the most unreasonable woman he ever met, because the poor soul had never seen any other woman at all.

I wonder why no generation has ever been satisfied with the style of dress prevailing in its day? When we look at the portraits of our grandmothers it seems to us quite natural that the critics of their day should have made merry at their expense, for certainly their towering head dresses, scanty skirts and startlingly décolleté bodices do look very absurd to us who live in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. But I suppose the rainbow is never quite overhead—it is always just a little behind us, or sufficiently in front to be just out of reach, and we must either look back to it or look forward. So those stately dames became indifferent to ridicule, they were so accustomed to it, little dreaming that they would ever be held up to future generations as examples of moderation and fitness in the art of dressing. How surprised they would have been could they have looked into futurity.

It is no uncommon thing for paternal-familias to say to his blooming and too fashionable daughter, when an unusually large dressmaker's bill comes in: "If you only dressed as your mother did when I fell in love with her, and looked as well, I would not mind the bills; but to have it cost so much for you to make a guy of yourself, tries my patience," quite forgetting that, when he fell a victim to her mother's charms, the idol of his soul was encircled by a framework of steel, six feet in diameter, which was called a crinoline. Ladies were very unapproachable in those days; it was almost impossible to get at all near them. How they ever managed to dance is a mystery to me. Speaking of crinoline reminds me of a story, which will almost do for an illustration of the extreme uncertainty of public opinion with regard to reforms. In the days when the crinoline was at the zenith of its power, a gentleman offered his wife a handsome bracelet she had long coveted if she would consent to lay aside the objectionable framework, and dress like a woman of sense. He never dreamed she would have courage to accept the offer, and thought no more of it. The next day he was strolling down one of the most fashionable thoroughfares—it was in a large American city—with two very fashionable friends, when three ladies approached in an opposite direction. Two of them he recognized at once; they were his wife's most intimate friends. But the third! Could it be possible? Yes, it was his wife, apparently, in her right mind, but without her crinoline.

"What stylish girls those are," said one friend. "Yes," responded the other. "But who is this apparition in the bathing dress?" "Don't know," answered the first. "Some hospital nurse, probably, or else a lecturer on woman's wrongs," or else a lady on the crestfallen husband at dinner that day, "I was only joking when I spoke about your crinoline yesterday, but I brought you home the bracelet, all the same." And the wife and her two confederates rejoiced greatly over the success of their little scheme.

Now in my humble, because, perhaps, ignorant judgement, the dress of the present day, both for the man as well as the woman, is the most graceful, the most useful and the best adapted for all circumstances, as well as the neatest, that has been worn for many a day; and those who write and talk so much about needed reforms will have to rack their brains for a long time before they can give us anything better. Let a girl in a trim "tailor-made" suit of dark blue serge walk down the street beside one arrayed in a divided skirt, and see which is the most conspicuous. Place two others in a drawing room, one clad in a modern evening dress, the other in the highly praised costume of the ancient Greece; and we know which will be of ancient Greece; and we know which will be of the most picturesque and attract the most attention, but which is the most modest, as well as the most suitable to the requirements of modern civilization? Leave well enough alone, my friends, who have a mania for improving everything.

*** Ye, who are so restless in your wisdom; Ye, who have a broom still ready in your hands To rid the world of nuisances.

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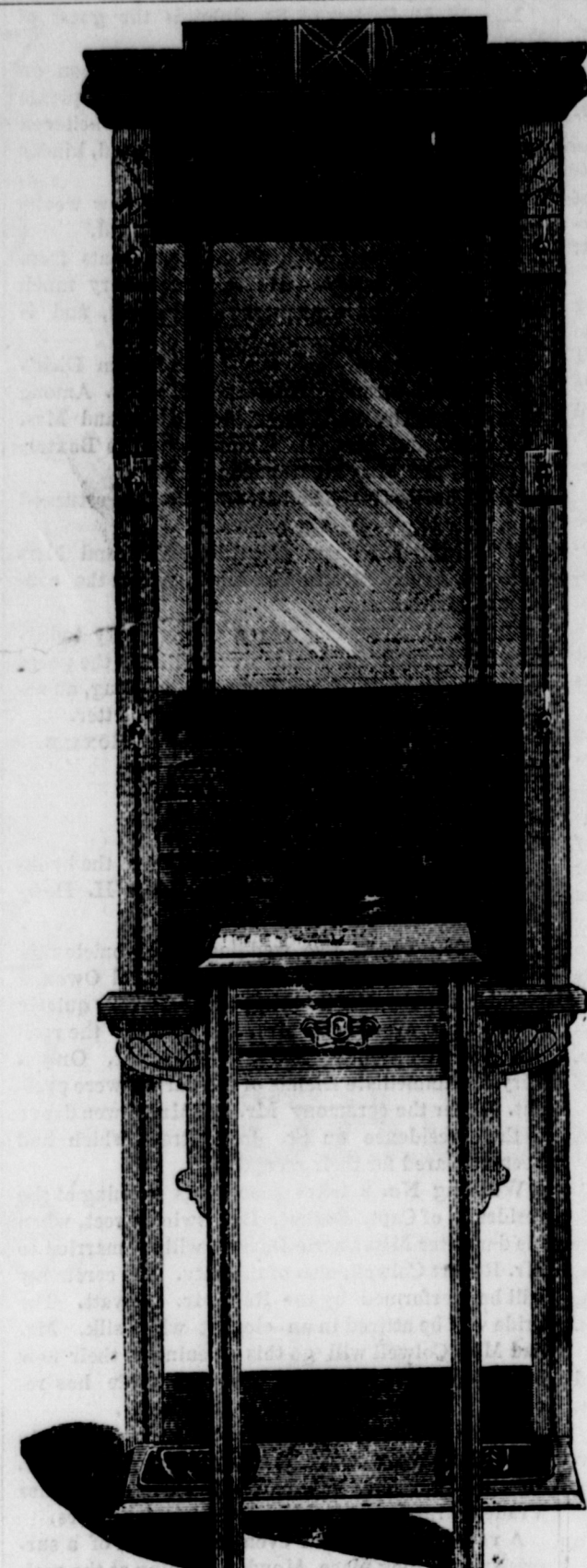
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