PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

There is an autumnal chill in the air tonight, and the bright fire in the grate is as. much a necessity as a luxury. Sitting before it, dreaming away an evening of unusual idleness, the stern realities of life seem to slip away, like snow melting in the sun, and an unreal world takes their place, a world of fancies and memories, so interwoven one with the other that it is hard to disentangle them.

Looking into the glowing heart of the fire, I see many pictures coming and

> All between the flashing of a light And its retreating.

But amongst them all, three stand out on her low hassock, close to the open fire, gazing into its depths with wide, solemn blue eyes. A strange child, with shy, awkward ways, and very little that is attractive about her, with a serious little face that is far from pretty, in spite of a very perfect mouth and chin, for the blue eyes faith." are far too large for the small face, and are disfigured by lids almost too heavy to be lifted; a mane of red-brown hair crowns a forehead too low and too square for any reasonable child to possess, when high, round foreheads are the prevailing fashion of the day, and her nose has an awful inclination towards the sky. Strangers, seeing her for the first time, are apt to say quite audibly, "What a queer little, old fashioned creature!" and take no further notice of the uninteresting elf. A stupid child, too, most people think, for though she taught herself to read before she was six years old, it was the only clever thing she was ever known to do, and she has been resting on her laurels ever since, and she is so silent and inert that she hardly seems alive. She has none of the charming ways of other children, and sits silent for hours together, waking Jup with a start when spoken to as if she had really been asleep.

There is a cloud over her life, though not over her brain, for the child is a dreamer, who lives in a world of her own creating; and who ever knew a dreamer to be happy Sitting by the fire wrapped up in her own thoughts, which no one could understand even if she could tell them; weaving endless romances, composing yards upon yards of poetry, surrounded by people who are more real to her than those she lives among, the child is as far away from her own home as if she lived in another planet. Tonight the is dreaming, as usual, of the future, the far away future in which she shall be grown up and live somewhere alone with mother-a golden future as impossible as a lotus eater's dream, in which there shall be no boys, and where if she should find the cat some morning rejoicing in the possession of seventeen kittens, not one of them should ever be drowned.

Cuddled lovingly up in her little white muslin pinafore, she holds a kitten now, a little grey and white kitten without natural or architectural beauties and as devoid of attractions as its poor little mistress herself. But in her partial eyes no fluffy snow drift of beauty from Persia could ever take the place of "Nellie." Poor Nellie! the kettle boiled over on her, afterwards I remember and after being tenderly nursed back to health-though not to a new crop of furby her heart broken mistress, she followed the nurse girl one dark night when she went sunshine and shade, Nellie's memory is still green in her mistress' heart, and no other kitten has ever seemed quite the

and when the flame clears once more, I see another picture, a very different one. Seated close to the wood fire, with all the child's love of warmth, is a girl-woman, girl in years, woman in stature, looking older than her eighteen years, by at least three, perhaps because she is so large and well developed. At the first glance she is a clasped hands and looks thoughtfully into the coals, something in the attitude strikes you as familiar; and when you see the head ness, being nothing less than a habit of of a kitten peeping out from among the white clouds of her dress, you are certain mind, and which she has been struggling to the figure is the same, only

The child is a woman, the book may close over, For all the lessons are said.

Even the kitten has changed in character, and is as different from the old Nellie as his mistress is from the elf-like child. He is a short, sturdy tabby, with round, saucy makes you think of a snow drift, she is so large and so white; every line about her is a curve, "too large for one so young," most people say, for Juno's are not very fashionable, but though her face has filled of outline, and complexion of almost you to remember me," adding in marble whiteness preserves it from all danger of coarseness. It is the same face, only the hair is a darker brown now, and low, square brows are fashionable. The eyes are no longer too large for the face, and the heavy lids that disfigured the child are a beauty in the woman. And no one

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball

ever calls her stupid now, the old dreams are there still, but many of the random thoughts have crystalized and found expression, and "a girl with something to say," "a wonderfully bright girl" people say now.

Tonight she wears an evening dress of some transparent white material, with knots of green about it here and there; her neck and arms are bare, and her fan and gloves lie beside her, and every now and then she glances up at the clock on the mantelpiece.

She is waiting for him, and they are going to a party, for the girl has learned lite's sweetest lesson already, young as she is, and all her dreams are centered in the one object now. What a home they will clearly and distinctly, outlined in living have! Was there ever such a bright castle colors that do not fade and shift like the anywhere on this tired old earth as that others. First I see a tiny child, tiny and home is going to be? I think not, except, fragile, in spite of her eight years, sitting perhaps, in Spain. And how glad she is that he thinks she is clever, for perhaps she can help him in his work; and some day, in the far off future, when he is a great man, as he is sure to be, he will say, with pride, "My wife helped me. I owe a great part of my success to her love and

> And I'll love him more, more, Than e'er wife loved before, Be the days dark or bright.

And once more the glowing coals fall to gether; and this time they burn lower, and only send out a flicker of flame now and then.

The last picture. I see less distinctly, for I see it "through a glass, darkly," not in the fire, but before it. Leaning back in her arm chair, with her dark head resting against the bright cushion which brings out clearly her tired, thoughtful face, is a woman of 28, young still, and with much of the world before her, but feeling older than she looks. Her face is smaller and thinner than it was, but surely it is the same? Yes! for seated on the arm of her chair, dozing in lazy content, is the saucy, tabby kitten of other years. Grown to a dignified and portly manhood now, but unmistakably the same; his face is broader than it is long, and the bright eyes are sleepy and half closed, unless there chances to be a dog in the near vicinity, but the one bright spot in his otherwise rather mediocre character, is his love for his mistress; that shines with undimmed lustre, and the sentiment is fully reciprocated.

But somehow this does not look like that beautiful ideal home, the girl in white dreamed about. In the first place there is no other arm chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, only a low rocker that looks as if it might belong to "mother," as if the child's fancy might have been fulfilled and mother and she be living alone. Somehow she does not look like a matron, the soft curves are all gone, melted away, and the figure in the easy chair, is merely slight and trim with something of its old elasticity left still. Neither is there any plain gold band on the folded hands, they are quite ringless. For the home that was to have been so perfect was never built, the dream never came true, it was one of those things too perfect to be real. The lover proved faithless and broke the girl's heart. Since then nothing has ever been quite the

Glitters the dew and shines the river, Up comes the lily and dries her bell; But two are walking apart forever, And have their hands in a mute farewell.

Other lovers have come, but her heart has been true to its first love; no one has been found worthy to take the place of the shattered idol yet, and so she has "gathered up the fragments" and made the best for the milk and never found her way home of her life that she could. Some day the again. But somehow after twenty years of | golden afterglow may come and be brighter than the dawn.

But meanwhile, the last flame has flickered and died down, and nothing is left of the fire but smouldering embers and The coals fall over into a glowing hollow | dull grey ashes, and in the distance a clock strikes twelve.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A Slip of the Tongue. A lady of my acquaintance has two rather remarkable peculiarities; one is a very strong dislike for parties of all descriptions. Even the most delightful dance has no stranger but as she rests her chin upon her charms for her. She would rather stay at home and read. The other is a much more striking and troublesome weakunconsciously saying just what is in her overcome since her childhood, with what success may be judged from the following incident. An acquaintance of whom she thing. So Dr. Carlton gave him a bottle was not by any means fond called one of medicine, for which he paid a dollar, bemorning to invite her to a progressive euchre party. Now if there is one thing | belonged to the medical profession, but above another my candid friend detests it eyes and overbearing ways, tull of spirits is euchre; but she had no excuse ready, and round as a ball. While the mistress and having unfortunately gone to the door against Dr. Carlton for practising without herself she could not possibly say she was

ill. As she stood wrestling inwardly for an excuse it suddenly struck her that her hesitation was scarcely polite, so she answered hurriedly, "Certainly! I shall be out, it has never lost its childish delicacy delighted to come; it is so kind of Q. C. was retained who struck terror to perfectly audible tone, "And oh, what an evening I shall put in."

The relations between those two are decidedly strained now.

I have lately engaged the services of a most practical and reliable watch, French clock nad chronometer repairer and adjuster, to assist me in this branch of my business, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction. Orders from out of town solicited. W. Tremaine

A MONCTON SENSATION.

THE MEDICAL MEN JUMPING ON DR. CARLTON.

A Young Medico Undertakes to "Bell the Cat," and Succeeds in Having Dr. Carlton Arrested-There is Likely to Be a Warm

We cannot have a carnival in our town this summer, at least, so it seems. We are not going to sit in the manger however, and bark because we can't eat hay. We wish St. John every possible success, and we are going to cast in our mite towards that success by sending as many visitors as possible to swell the list and participate in the general festivities. But, if we have no carnival, we have something else, and that is a sensation which we are making the most of, and which is so very genuine that all others pale before it. Indeed, I feel confident that the French proverb must be true, and l'appetit vient en mangeant, for the more excitement we get the more we seem to want, and by and by nothing short of a revolution, or the cleaning out of the reservoir will satisfy our yearnings for the new and Some three months ago there arrived in

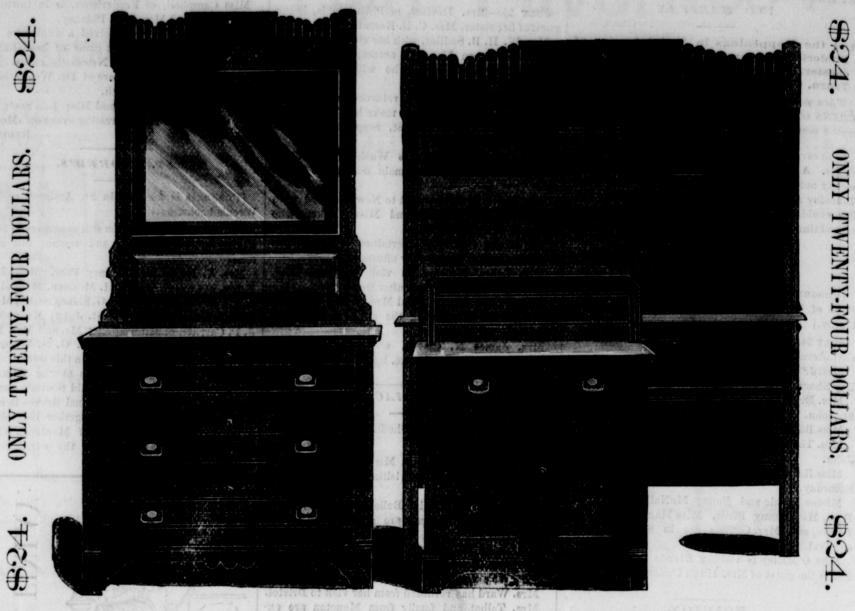
Moncton a very unassuming middle aged man, who registered at one of the hotels as Dr. Carlton. He did not appear to practice his profession, and very shortly he removed to a private boarding house on Highfield street; went on to Boston for Mrs. Carlton, who was visiting friends there, and settled down in Moncton. The boarding house he had selected was of an exceedingly unpretending character, and there was no outward indication of its being the residence of a physician. Dr. Carlton never advertised, nor did he put out a sign of any kind, but by and by it began to be rumored that a prophet had risen up amongst us, who, if he did not quite rise the dead, had certainly revivified some decidedly moribund subjects. Seriously speaking he had effected some wonderful cures; three or four of which had been among very prominent citizens. People seemed to find him out, by instinct at first, and then they spread forth the wonders he had done for them, and they sent all their afflicted friends to be cured also. The general report was that Dr. Carlton was the seventh son of a seventh son, and that fortunate circumstance was supposed to confer marvellous healing powers upon him, but I have never yet heard of a single person to whom the doctor himself made any such statement. He simply called himself an herb doctor, and applied to the town council for a license to sell his medicines, which license he obtained without any trouble. But, although his medicine was wonderfully effective, and rarely failed to benefit anyone who took it, and that in a very short time, the true secret of his success lay in himself more than in any potion he could compound, for he possessed the gift of magnetic healing in a very rare degree. He made no profession of the kind; he merely asked a few general questions, and then told the patient exactly what his or her trouble was. But the close observer could not fail to see that he was, to a large extent, clairvoyant, and that what might seem to the ignorant a sort of magic power, was merely animal magnet-

But whatever the cause may have been, the effect was this: that Dr. Carlton soon had almost the entire floating practice of Moncton in his own hands, and it was a very unpleasant effect for the large number of regular physicians, who are practising their profession solely for love of the human race, especially as the interloper charged nothing for consultations, and told the patient at once whether he could benefit him or not, a mode of procedure totally unrecognized by the "regular profession."

So the regular profession laid their heads together and said, "Verily, this is a state of things not to be endured; we must arise in our majesty and 'bell the cat,' or of a surety there will soon be no mice left for us to catch. Then there arose in the synagogue a young man, a Phillistine, a member of a firm called "The Edinburg Consulting Rooms," and he said, like the ancient Earl of Angus, "I will bell the cat." And this young medico went to see Dr. Carlton and told him that he had a very sore throat, and he gave the unsuspecting herb doctor, who had been accustomed to dealing with people who told the truth, a list of his various disorders. He was a graduate of Edinburg, you must remember, and had such a very excellent reputation that he could afford to do a very mean ing too modest of course to say that he too preferring to be considered a private citizen. So another young doctor laid a complaint a license and the Edinburg Consulting rooms appeared as a witness, and the herb doctor was arrested and tried, and fined, and then arrested again, and there was great excitement in the land, and an eminent the hearts of all the Phillistines, and who will strike a great deal more terror into them before he is done with them, for the

end is not vet. Now, I am not writing to defend Dr. Carlton, he may be the greatest fraud on the earth, for aught I know, but I say this, that if a man is judged by his worksand why should he not?—the Dr. is a great man in his generation. He has cured 30 Gard, Goldsmith and Jeweller, 81 King St. people of ailments that they have suffered there is nothing he kin dread so much.

VERYCHEAP for the MONEY.



HANDSOME BEDROOM SET OF SEVEN PIECES. In Either LIGHT or DARK COLORS, and all HARDWOOD.

Nothing equal to it in the City or Province. Can be seen and bought at

HAROLD GILBERT'S, Carpet and Furniture Warerooms, 54 King St.

JUST ONE WORD-Do not leave the city without inspecting my stock of House Furniture and Carpets. The best in town, and a pleasure to show it. HAROLD GILBERT.

from for years, and for which they have tried divers and sundry physicians without receiving the slightest benefit. So the argument which I humbly submit for the consideration of all whom it may concern, is this; if we faithfully try all the doctors whom we know, and give them one after the other a fair chance to cure us of our bodily ills, if they can't do it themselves why under the sun should they object to our getting some one who can, whether he be a registered practitioner or not?

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

RUN BY THE CURRENT.

The "Electric Era" and Its Talk About Itself and the Exhibit.

Down on the first floor of the building here was a miniature printing office supplied with a pony Hoe press run by electricity. It was here that the three column folio the Electric Era was born. The object and platform of the new daily are best stated in its own words:

The Electric Era is published daily, Sundays excepted, at the corner of North and Brush avenues, Electric Exhibition building, lower flat, St. John, N. B. Its aim is to diffuse light among the visitors to the big show, in which work it will have the able assistance of about 25 arc and 600 incandescent lamps. Regular editions, with the latest exhibition news, personals and prophecies will be issued at or about the hours of 3 and 8 p. m. each day. Special editions will appear as often as the editor feels like it. and has anything to say. Despite of the recent great advances in electrical science, the Era will be sold at the nominal price of two cents a copy. The free list is entirely suspended. The Era is the only paper in Canada printed by electricity, and it is the only one on the continent which has nothing to do with politics or religion. Theological discussions and actionable language, by correspondents, are carefully excluded. All libels come piping hot from the editorial typewriter, and the editor, armed with an arc wire of 2,000 volts, is personally responsible for the contents of the paper. Transient advertising one dollar an inch; reading notices ten cents a line. Strangers are required to make a deposit. Contracts for longer periods may be secured on favorable terms by applying to Joe Knowles, business manager. Matter for publication, samples of cigars, 'eatables and drinkables should be addressed to W. K. Reynolds, editor, with a big "E." The Era comes before the public fresh, sparkling and clean. There is no boiler-plate in its make-up, nor has it Chinese or females among its compositors. There are no dead ads. in its columns, or deadheads in its books. It is printed in an active age by means of an electric current. It treats of live issues, and it is for living people. The contents of the Era consisted of

notes and news of the exhibit and the men about it. "Joe" Knowles contributed his bad puns, some of which are given.

Did you ever feel an electric shock of You may be erratic but you cannot get

Eratick at this office. Bunco-steerers delight to get hold of the illers of the soil. Look out for the elec-tricks of the lightfingered fraternity.

electric lights? The Poles. If you ate the figure eight, would you be eating a date, figure-ate ively speaking?
One of the Athletics caught a "hot'

ball the other day and he thought it was a "base" burner. Young men and maidens will please observe that "sparking" is not allowed in the building. An electric spark is excepted. A Kings county man wants to know if

barbed wire fences can be charged to keep off berry thieves. Certainly, if your credit is good at the hardware store. Some light and frivolous punster has dis-

covered that electric lighting is more antique than many suppose. He says "Noah saw the ark light on Mount Ararat."

Master—"Define kindred." Small Boy—"Father says when and aunt and a dozen country cousins come and stay a month,

STRAW

WE ARE OFFERING THE BALANCE

-OF OUR-

STRAW GOODS BONNELL & COWAN,

25 Per Cent. Discount, TO EFFECT A CLEARANCE.

Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery,

Granville and Duke Streets,

HALIFAX.

ICE

THE BEST DRINK IN TOWN.

For a Glass.

IF YOU WANT

Call and see what we are showing. The stock includes all the NEWEST PATTERNS, and they are offered at prices that will

insure ready purchasers. Call and see whether you want one or not.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY Pool Room in Connection.

Which people were the first to support WILLIAM CLARK. Shoo Fly! Don't Bother Me. I get FLY SCREENS from BEVERLY, 50 cents Each.

> SUITS ANY WINDOW. BEVERLY, the Wringer Man,

who sells on Instalment plan.

A. & J. HAY,

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

76 KING STREET.

GROCERS.

ARMOUR'S Department! Canned Meats!

LUNCH TONGUE, all sizes; OX TONGUE, all sizes; CORNED BEEF, all sizes; PRIME ROAST BEEF. With a good assortment of SOUPS. FOR SALE BY

200 Union Street, St. John, N. B. Watermelons.

Strawberries, Green Peas. New Potatoes, Fruits of all kinds.

SCOTT BROTHERS, 3 Waterloo Street, near Union. W. ALEX. PORTER,

Has for CARNIVAL WEEK a full supply of CHOICE FRUITS,

CONFECTIONERY and NUTS, HAVANA CIGARS, etc., etc., AT HIS STORES

Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, And Corner Mill and Pond Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

ADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtain-ADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. HARRY PEPPER,

Conductor of Shorthand Department,
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

Tools

Best quality. Lowest prices.

J. HORNCASTLE & CO.. : : Indiantown. GOODS SOLD ON EASY

Weekly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street. DAVID CONNELL,

Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Ilorses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs Mitchell's Cafe

76 GERMAIN STREET. DINNER SERVED from 12 m. to 3 p. m. REFRESHMENTS at all hours.

Most delicious ICE CREAM made to order.

Ladies' Room, in particular, excellently fitted up.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.