

IN LIFELONG DARKNESS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HALIFAX SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

Facts and Figures About a Most Deserving Institution—How the Sightless Ones are Taught by Those as Sightless as Themselves—A Bright Picture.

I had the satisfaction, while in Halifax a short time since, of paying a visit to the "School for the Blind," under the superintendence of C. F. Fraser, Esq., son of the late Dr. Fraser, of Windsor, situated on Park street, and adjacent to the exhibition grounds. The building is a large stone structure, on the corner of the block, and shows off to commanding advantage, and is highly creditable in every external aspect to the company controlling such an excellent institution, built at an expense of \$10,000, lands included, of which there appear to be several acres, enclosed by a high fence, so that the scholars have well protected grounds for exercise in the open air, walks being laid out, and so arranged that a mile of ground may be gone over by making a certain number of "laps." This school, if I remember correctly, has an endowment of \$30,000; but it is mainly supported by private benevolence, provincial aid and tuition fees, and sometimes bequests of departed friends, who in life had taken a deep interest in its welfare. The number of scholars at a given date was 33, composed mostly of children—20 males and 13 females—of these 16 were from Nova Scotia, 8 from New Brunswick, 1 from P. E. Island and 2 from Newfoundland. Each province makes a grant in proportion to the number of pupils sent, P. E. Island alone not yet having been brought to that frame of mind wherein the need of looking at the matter from a humanitarian standpoint has become a Christian duty—for the loss of sight is the greatest affliction, as regards the senses, under which any human being may suffer. I am glad to find that New Brunswick is up to the mark in this particular, and instead of diminishing the grant (of which, of course, there appears to be no prospect) may increase it; and in order to be well informed of the importance of this, it only requires that our legislators shall visit the institution and see for themselves the beautiful and humane work done, and be convinced, as I was on my recent visit, that of all the philanthropic and benevolent plans for the amelioration of human suffering in receipt of public aid, a School for the Blind, wherever situated, is among the most deserving. To see those little ones immersed in their studies, their fingers conveying to their brains, there to be imprinted, the object lessons in hand, with eyes passive and clouded, not a glimmer of daylight entering therein, is a sight most touching; and the wonder is that there is life or energy enough in those unfortunates to persevere in their studies where all is darkness, but I am happy to add, not despair—for as I noticed there seemed to be some buoyancy of spirit among them, as if they felt that their lot was not altogether intolerable, and that life had its compensating advantages in some way, for them as well as others. Yet, comparing their condition with our own, no one can look on without pity, and thanks that we are not as they are. The deaf and dumb are objects of deep commiseration and our tenderest regard; but the privation of sight, shutting out all the beauties of nature and all that the world exhibits, is a consideration that demands a far larger measure of solicitude at the hands of Christian philanthropy. The staff of teachers comprising, if I mistake not, six or seven, with one exception are all likewise blind—even the very efficient manager himself, Mr. Fraser (of whom more presently) is sightless. The exception is Miss Hunter, of Fredericton, in succession to Miss McKenzie, who had retired as lady teacher of the school; the superintendent remarks "it is gratifying to state that we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss E. J. Hunter, who came to us with the highest recommendations, and who since the school opened in September last has discharged her manifold duties to my entire satisfaction." Hailing from New Brunswick I may be pardoned for singling out this young lady for special reference, and I am pleased to add to Mr. Fraser's testimony other encomiums from outsiders as to Miss Hunter's capabilities. The other teachers all seemed to take a deep interest in their class work, recognizing, as if by instinct, and correcting mistakes in their pupils' lessons as readily as if their eyes were open and fixed upon the work in which they were earnestly engaged. The lessons taught are upon raised letters, over which the pupils run their fingers, as fast as they can spell—while the ciphering is done upon boards with holes and points to put in, thus multiplying and subtracting and doing other sums with surprising alacrity and accuracy. The attention of teachers and pupils is rapt and striking. Then music lessons are given by blind teachers upon the piano, and the young ones seem to be not only apt students, but in several cases first rate performers, ready to go out into the world and make their living as teachers themselves, as some have already done. Then there are workshops where trades are taught, in the way of carpentering, basket making, etc. Attached to the premises is a fine, large gymnasium, where the boys have full swing with the dumb

bells, lifts, rope balancing, and other means of exercise common to such places.

Indeed it would be impossible to convey in a single newspaper article all that is deserving of mention in connection with this most valuable institution. It must be visited in order to a full appreciation of its merits. The hour I spent there is one to be long remembered, as of profit in the information I received—of joy and of sorrow, joy that our common humanity brings to the front persons so richly endowed with Christian hearts, as to provide for the unfortunate, means whereby their paths through life are rendered comparatively easy, if not happy; and sorrow that the light of day and the pleasant scenes of this world are forever shut out from the vision of so many of our race.

The Superintendent (Mr. Fraser) appears to have been provided by a kind Providence for the position which he so pre-eminently fills. He is a gentleman by birth and education, belonging to one of the first families in Halifax, a grandson of the late Hon. James Fraser, and nephew of General Gore, of the noble house of that name connected with the English peerage. He lost his sight when young; and his life interest is to work with and for those who are unfortunate like himself. He moves about from room to room and place to place inside and outside of the building with as much ease and confidence as a person in the possession of sight, pointing out this thing and that thing with equal precision. Of pleasant manners and gentlemanly demeanor, the visitor feels that he is in the presence of one with whom it is a delight to converse; and I left the institution a somewhat wiser if not a better man than when I entered it. G. E. F. Fredericton, Dec. 2, 1889.

WHY IT COULD NEVER BE.

Gunhilda Harris Speaks Her Mind to Mr. Asmodeus Thompson.

"Gunhilda, how can you say me nay? Have I not loved you? Have I not suffered enough? Must the cruel waves of indifference forever beat upon the dreary shores of time? Will your icy heart never melt beneath the sunbeams of love? Is it your will that the shafts of neglect shall forever rankle like an adder's fangs in the heaving bosom of despair?"

It was Mr. Asmodeus Thompson that spoke these thrilling words as he leaned over the polished henlock taffrail of that peerless greyhound of the deep the S. S. Oungondy then leaving the Carleton floats. It was a calm starlit night and the fresh sea-breeze that percolated from the sewer under Rodney wharf spread a thin gauze of romance and redolence over the mystic scene. The lights of the east side shone fitfully across the placid tide and the restless form of George Anthony D—s might have been seen striding up and down the wharf on the other side. But it is not with George Anthony that we have to do.

Gunhilda Harris had been a spoiled child. It is not necessary, however, to deal with this at present. Asmodeus knew this. It was one of the comparatively few things he did know.

Gunhilda was leaning over the rail too with both feet off the deck. It was an artless way she had of firing Mr. Thompson's passion and driving him into a frenzy of despair. O, if she would only hug him as she hugged that rail.

"My life has been checkered and frescoed like—like"—

"Like the floor of the gentlemen's cabin, did you mean, Asmodeus?" the slim young ninx remarked.

"O, no, not that, not that. But like the stars in yonder blue cerulean dome. Vicissitudes, nothing but vicissitudes. And its getting vicissituder all the time. O, it is a terrible thing to feel the fangs of the watch-dogs of Fate gnawing at the seat of Remorse! Gunhilda, I have sought, I have sung, I have sobbed, I have sued (and Mr. Ungar, the laundryman, had recently sued Asmodeus and recovered judgement, but let that pass). Gunny, why do you still refuse to become Mrs. Asmodeus Thompson?"

"Must you know, Asmodeus?" Gunhilda asked, while a cold, haughty look crept into her grey patrician eyes.

"I must," he answered hotly.

"Then you shall know it now, Asmy, dear. I can never assume the name you bear. I can never marry a Thompson what spells his name with a 'p.'"

The Oungondy crashed into the ferry floats on the east side, knocking over half the passengers, and throwing the rest on shore. BILDAD.

Made His Choice.

A citizen of Moncton, who has not yet completed his third year, is the youngest of a large and ambitious family, chiefly of boys. A short time ago they were all discussing their future careers in life. One aspired to the wool-sack. Another hoped to attain eminence as a bishop, a third intended to be a fireman, and a fourth a shoemaker. At last it came to Laurie's turn, and without an instant's hesitation his choice was made. "I'm going to be a father," he announced with majesty.

Baird's Balsam of horehound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief.—Addet.

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

A Dissertation on Ghosts of the Old Times and the New—How Tom Hegon Had an Adventure with a Frightful Apparition and How it Helped His Trade.

I was under the impression that all the St. John ghosts were dead long ago—had gone out when confederation came in—until I read in the St. John papers that the Rev. Mr. H. A. S. Hartley had made a fresh discovery and created a revival among the faithful—I mean the faithful believers in ghosts, which discovery it seems was made in Lower Cove last week, in the vicinity of Sheffield street, the home of the fallen angels—mind, not York Point this time which has long since outgrown its savory flavor—but adulterated Sheffield. This late discovery brings to my memory several events, in which ghosts in St. John performed a conspicuous part, to be related presently and in the public. It would appear, if the papers are to be believed, that the Rev. gentleman exercised his ghostship in Latin, but as I do not read that he allayed this particular and perturbed spirit by the use of a dead language, I think it would have been better had he apostrophised his ghostship in the language of Shakespeare, as I never knew a ghost yet but what would talk English. He had only to throw up and extend his arms in an adoring manner and thus accosted it. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee the airs from heaven or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou com'st to me in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee—

And so he did—for his father soon found out Hamlets opinions of him or rather tried to find out what his father had to say. Or had the Rev. gentleman taken a lesson from Banquo's ghost—who always intruded himself with Macbeth's presence just when he was not wanted—he might have come out all right. But it is quite evident that the Rev. Mr. Hartley is quite unaccustomed to the ways of ghosts, whatever he may know about the witch of Endor. We are left in the dark as to whether our late ghost was of frightful appearance; but I judge not for he seemed human in form, and had sense enough in this cold weather to keep under the bed-clothes and rest upon a feather bed. Now one of the ghosts I am going to tell you about was a horrible looking creature, the representative no doubt of the old boy himself.

There was once upon a time in St. John a newsman, by name Thomas Hegon (your old readers will remember Tom), who sold more penny papers than all the boys put together. He was so ubiquitous that he was thought to be in all parts of the city at the same time. Poor Tom was half daft, but a good seller because good-natured, and was as thankful for a rebuff as for a purchase. Everybody liked Tom, and he got to be as much an identity with the Morning News as Boswell was with Johnson—the one could not exist without the other.

In the year 1841 an incendiary attempt was made to burn up St. John. A fire was lighted in four quarters of the city, by preconcerted arrangement, at such distances apart that it would have been impossible to concentrate the engines at more than one point at a time—fire department being inefficient, and the supply of water scant and unreliable—so that had the fire got headway the city must have been swept as thoroughly as it was in 1877; but fortunately it was discovered in time, and subdued without much loss.

A public meeting was called—and a night patrol instituted—the volunteers numbered 400, and 40 at a time turned out nightly to perform police duty and guard the city. There was a large unoccupied building in Lower Cove, then, as now, the celebrated ghost haunts, belonging to one of our wealthiest citizens, who engaged Tom Hegon to act as watchman while the incendiary fever was up. Tom went on duty at 9 and off at daylight, by which time it was supposed all the ghosts in the city had gone home and to bed. Some of "the boys" who were to be on the beat the night their turn came undertook to make a ghost of their own, out of old clothes stuffed with straw, and on the head they placed a large cap, with a horrible looking mask for a face. Around the neck they arranged a rope, and on the feet or lower part of the figure some old sleigh-bells—a lamp was fastened round the body lighted. Two of the party entered the premises in advance of Tom, and laid in wait on the story above Tom's resting place. He had not been in very long when they threw the figure over the bannister above and down the stairs, holding on to the rope. Tom opened the door, looked into the hall, saw the lighted figure with an awful looking face, apparently dancing before him, and—quicker than I can relate it, poor Tom was at the foot of the stairs and into the street, and running at the top of his speed, as if the ghost was in pursuit.

The place of rendezvous for each ward was in a particular place, where the patrolmen used to sport themselves and answer to their names, once an hour. Tom rushed into the Lower Cove station about the time all were assembled, the more frightened looking object one might have wished to see, and nothing could be got out of him but ghost, ghost, ghost! Nor could he be pacified. It was a scene to behold if not to be dramatized? The two ghost manufacturers were soon on the spot quite innocent; but the mirth of that evening is never to be forgotten by at least the writer of this, who may be the only survivor.

It is but right to add that poor Tom became convalescent in a few days afterwards as soon as he came to learn the particulars or origin of his ghost scare. He sold more papers perhaps than ever, so that ghosts are of some use after all.

Now, I have no doubt that the late ghost has a history as well as Tom's ghost. But it seems to me that one at a time is enough to bring a history into view. The mistake just now made in Lower Cove was in the attempt of four persons going into that house in expectation of seeing something supernatural; but ghosts have never yet

been known to show themselves in St. John to more than one person at a time, and then it depends upon that person's frame of mind and bodily condition as to how far the manifestation will condescend to develop itself. But I have a number of other ghost stories to tell at some future time. I may here add that while the ghosts used to revel in Lower Cove, the evil spirits always held high carnival at York Point. Mind now, I tell you this on the square that I am referring to those interesting localities as they flourished fifty years ago, whatever may be said of Sheffield street to-day. AN OLD TIMER.

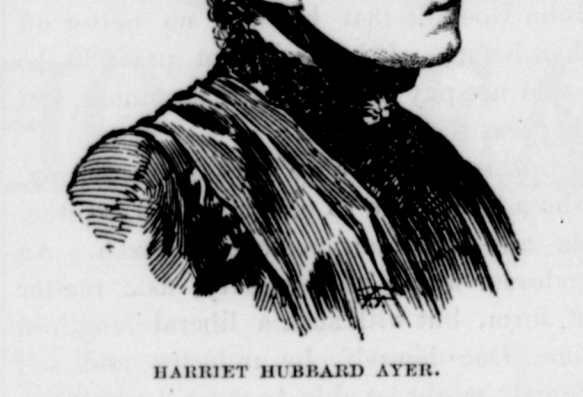
WOMEN OF BRAINS.

Need Any Ambitious Woman Despair of Her Own Success?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

(Copied from New York Press.) Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio.

Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman. The poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The most remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and raised in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the New York Herald said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." Today Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding as a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially received by the literati and beau monde of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as English, and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

How Mrs. Ayer accidentally obtained the formula for the Famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvelous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Julie Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compound Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan. 1887. MRS. H. H. AYER: DEAR MADAM,—Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS B. STILLMAN, Msc., Ph. D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c., unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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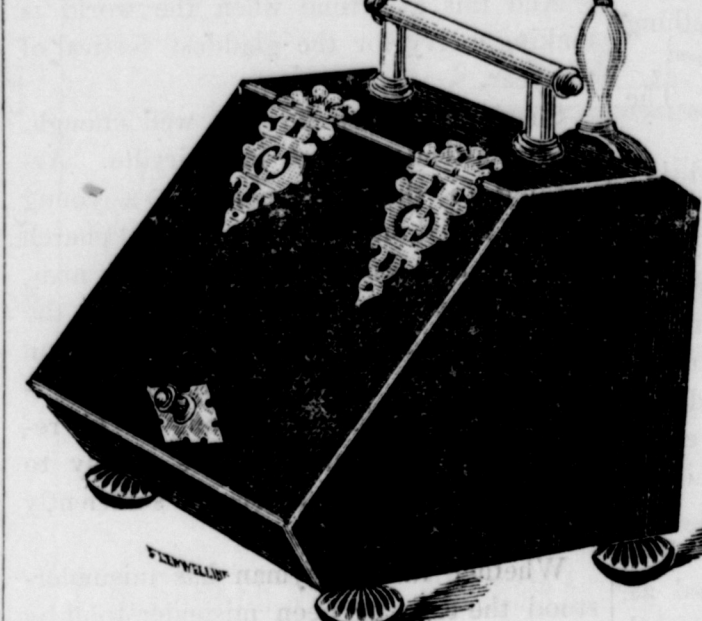
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