HATH A MAN OF GENIUS

NO RIGHT TO THE POSSESSION OF DOMESTIC JOYS.

The Logic of Kindness and Pumpkin Pie—His Peculiar Views on the Subject of Shirts—Things which Discourage Him and Show His Need of a Wife.

"A man of genius has no right to have either wife or family. He should remain single and devote his life to his hobbies. He can not attend to both, and it is the wife and the family who generally go to the wall."

Sir, when I read this in an anonymous letter directed to myself, I could not doubt that the reference was personal. I had never been able to disabuse my mind of the conviction that I was a man of genius, and in some localities it had transpired, I believe, that I was a married man. I am constrained, therefore, to let fly into the suffering public in whose midst the offender is concealed.

Sir, the man of genius should have genius enough to know the benefit of a wife. She is ice-water in August; she is sunshine in April; she is a ripple of laughter on the river of Life; she is the frosting which heaven spreads o'er the dreary hoecake of earth. She is the cream of existence; she is a flower in the desert; she is a song in the silence, and a light in the darkness; she is the brave little tug with arms of love and heart of fire that tows the lumbering ship of mankind from the cruel coast of Fate.

Sir, the life of a man of genius is a thankless one. He works for the profit and pleasure of others. If he fails he is ignored; if he succeeds he is envied, traduced and robbed. His joys are few—his trials many. Surely he is meet for some reward. Surely those who in sadness and solitude have sewed on the buttons of Grief and patched the seat of Remorse should have the first picking of the windfalls from the orchard of domestic felicity. Surely he of all men is entitled to reach forth for the luscious doughnut of Beauty fried on the hearthstone of Home.

Sir, the man of genius has a stomach. Can it be supposed that his thoughts will climb aloft when old man Gastric is in a state of open mutiny under hatches? Shall he be doomed to subsist upon the weird fare of the modern boarding-house, the ingredients whereof are hash, hair and mystery? Or shall not his lawless nature rather be assuaged and spiritualized by the soothing influence of home and home-made pumpkin pie?

Sir, a man of genius often derives much help from his wife. It is that way with me. There is nothing so discouraging to a man of genius as to have to sew on his own buttons, or to be obliged to mingle his thoughts o[illegible] the infinite with the question of shirts and su[illegible]spenders. The man of genius, as a rule, is fir[illegible]mly imbued with the idea that he ought to we[illegible]r a shirt till it leave him by the operation of [illegible]natural gravitation. Socks in his opinion sho[illegible]uld only be shifted by evaporation, and handkerchiefs by chemical dissolution. It is a healthy training for the man of genius to be called on in the middle of the night with the thermometer at 40 below freezo to set the pancake batter by the stove; or to be cheered forward as, clothed in a little brief authority and all-wool undershirt, he rises in the stilly hours to chase a burglar from under the bureau.

Sir, I maintain that men of genius make good husbands. It is easy for any spry young woman to capture a husband, for they are as thick as bones in a shad. But men of genius are not thick—in fact they are quite thin. A man of genius will never meddle with his wife's methods of house-keeping. He will let her build the fire or agitate the cradle in her own sweet way. He will never intertere at house-cleaning times, and on wash mornings he will religiously keep his distance. While he discusses the paralax of Venus, he will permit her to paralyze the cook. As he wrestles with the subject of carboniferous deposits he will cheerfully allow her to lug up the coal.

Sir, a man of genius is a man of equanimity. When the baby howls he will gird himself into the back-yard and have a smoke. We read that "great Hector smoked along the plain" before the walls of of Troy. Hector was a genius in his day, and even now would make a good policeman. He would be big enough and bold enough methinks to offset the modesty and humbleness of Rawlings. But I digress.

Sir, the man of genius in his natural state has a rooted prejudice against clean collars. He will never black his boots except he is a mourner. He will not have his hair trimmed nor his face shaved until they constitute an impediment to navigation. Then, up girls and at him with the shears of salvation and the broom of regeneration under the Harvest moon!

BILDAD.

Try It and See.

It is telling on a woman to be rubbing away at an old washboard, and many times they are worn out before the board is. How simple it would be for you to let your wife send her laundry to Ungar's this winter and let him do it for her. Look at the facts broadside, and know that it is cheaper and better to let him rough dry her washing. Send next week's to Ungar's Steam Laundry.—*Advt.*

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY [illegible] monials with our guarantee sent to any address.

ALL FOR A ONE CENT STAMP.

A Long, but Unsuccessful Search That Had Disastrous Results.

Did you ever see a woman lose anything and then hunt for it? It is great fun, if you can disguise your sentiments while she is looking for the article, and then keep out of her reach when she fails to find it! I was watching a lady of my acquaintance under these circumstances the other day, and as she was not aware of my proximity I enjoyed special privileges.

She was standing near the sideboard, fishing a stamp out of her purse in order to affix it to a letter, and the amount of excavation she had to do amongst buried treasure before she found the stamps, was a study in itself. First, she took out a lot of bills—most of them unreceipted—and a lot of newspaper cuttings, and sorted them over carefully, but the stamps were not there. Then she waded into another compartment and dislodged a handful of dress samples: an eyestone, an old letter some sealing wax, and a lock of hair. Underneath all were the stamps, and in bringing them to the surface she dropped a one cent portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, which apparently flattered under the sideboard, and then the real business of the afternoon began. All operations, even the stamping of the letter, were suspended until that one lost sheep should be recovered. First, she got the broom, and poked under the sideboard, producing a rich harvest of dust, but no stamps. Then she proceeded to move the ponderous piece of furniture, and being rather a small person, she had but indifferent success in the undertaking. I dare not disclose my presence, by offering to assist, so I drew in my breath and awaited the end. It came unexpectedly! The hind legs of that sideboard caught in the carpet, and declined to be dislodged. The ardent searcher after lost treasure, jerked and dragged, and at last the leg yielded and the sideboard came forward with a sudden lurch, which shook it to the very ground: off went the castors, four cut-glass tumblers, and a cup and saucer of choice china; the very idol of its owner's heart! Two of the tumblers were broken: all the castor bottles but one, and the cup and saucer were in fragments. All for the sake of a one cent stamp!

The stamp was not there after all, and has not yet been discovered. * * *

Jack's Christmas Box.

All Tuesday evening, a man and his wife wandered around town, looking in the shop windows, entering some of the stores and looking around them, and coming out again with dissatisfaction and perplexity pictured on their faces.

They were not "toney ones," as they say in St. Martins, nor yet "Middlins," but their appearance showed cleanliness, thrift, and hard work to get along on a small salary. Going up King street the woman said:

"Yes, but Jack wants something to wear worse than a toy, or anything of that kind. And yet we cannot afford to buy him both."

"Wouldn't a good, warm overcoat please him?" said the father.

"Of course it would, but when he saw the other boys amusing themselves, he would forget all about the overcoat, and wish he had got something else—a sled, for instance——"

"Why! what's this? Sleds in a clothing store?"

They were passing Oak Hall, and chanced to look in the window. There were sleds, and two different kinds of them. And they were not for sale, but to be given away. The man and woman entered.

Jack found a good, warm overcoat, and a Clipper sled when he awoke Christmas morning, but he was no happier than his parents were in having been able to please him so easily. Moral: Go to Oak Hall, and kill two birds with one stone.

What The Season Brings.

The Royal Insurance Company sends out two calenders and a handy memorandum book, containing a large amount of good information. J. Sydney Kaye is the agent for New Brunswick.

One of the prettiest souvenirs of the season comes from Daniel & Robertson. It is an attractive picture, surrounded by rustic work.

R. P. & W. F. Starr issue a handsome little calendar this year, which will be a valuable acquisition to any desk.

One of the finest lithographic calendars yet received, comes from Weldon & McLean, agents of the Guardian Assurance Company.

Joseph Finlay presents a calendar that is somewhat out of usual line issued by local houses. Its principal feature is a fine photographic view of his place of business on Dock street, and the activity shown in the view is not an exaggeration by any means.

A brigh family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

THE MODE IS CHANGED,

AND THE DOGS OF MONCTON ARE HANGED, NOT DROWNED.

Some Reflections on the Existing Order of Law and Order in the Smoky City—"The Hunting of The Bark" Takes Precedence Over Fast Driving.

The infant city of Moncton is a sort of Utopia! The grass does not exactly grow in the streets, nor the famous "bore" come up to the back doors and eat out of the hands of the natives, but so peaceful are the times, so law-abiding are the citizens, and so utterly harmless—the Scott Act whiskey—that the policemen find like Othello—their occupation gone. So, lest it be written in the archives of the town for future generations to read: "Policemen was in vain," the fertile brains of the town council have derived a mode of healthful exercise, and at the same time cheerful amusement for them, in the form of the dog hunt, which serves to keep them out of mischief, and prevents from feeling low-spirited or dying of *ennui*.

The sportsmen gather in force at some given point and break cover at about ten o'clock in the morning, the sport lasting all day, with a brief respite for refreshments. The method of locomotion is the town team, and the objective points usually the residences of the poor and defenceless, whose household pets are ruthless torn from them, piled into the sleigh and taken to the lockup. Once there, they are promoted to the dignity of being hanged; drowning was considered the correct thing during the autumn, but now that the river is frozen into its winter overcoat of chocolate ice cakes; the hapless dogs are accorded human privileges and strung up in the same refined and humane manner that we adopt towards our criminals. Hanging bees are the order of the day, and naturally the public taste is being greatly elevated thereby. The dogs are being elevated too, but too late in their lives for them to reap any material benefit from the unsought dignity. The "Lord High Executioner" is Marshal Foster, who is just now in such a state of zeal that he absolutely bubbles over with officiousness, and is swelling with importance to such an appalling extent that he will soon have to be confined within the limits of steel hoops firmly rivetted together, lest he fly asunder and be no more seen. Indeed the "Hunting of the Bark"—to murder a well-known poem—has become such a morbid appetite amongst the members of the police force, that they have no time for anything else, and will doubtless wither and die of inertia as soon as the very last dog is caught and hung.

Last week, this brave protector, of public life and property, entered the house of some people too poor to defend themselves, and armed with the majesty of the law in one hand, and his "billy" in the other, captured the wee dog lying behind the kitchen stove—the children's playfellow—and tore him off to the gallows. Valiant marshal, verily I would that I could render upon thee a medal cut from the largest old boot to be found, so that it might be ample enough to cover thy bump of self-esteem! Formerly, it was considered sufficient if a man paid one or two dollars a year for his dog, according to the persuasion of the canine in question. No, not only is the tax doubled but unless the dog wears his master's name engraved upon his collar, he is liable to scrape acquaintance with the rope, even though his master's name adorns the city records as having honestly paid his dog tax. In the near future I fancy an amendment to this regulation will be proposed, and "All dogs found wandering about the city, unadorned with a gold locket and chain bearing the owner's name and address will be arrested, and done to death without regard to age or sex."

It is very nice indeed to see those dear guardians of the peace working so hard, and showing such a lot of misdirected energy. But suppose they call a halt on the dog question—give it a rest, so to speak, for the present—and turn their attention towards horses for a change. Variety is charming, and a change of work would be beneficial, I feel sure. So if the marshal can find time to prevent the awful risk to life and limb which menaces anyone who attempts to cross Main street now-a-days, he will be doing us a much greater service than if he hung every dog in the dominion. Monday is the Monctonian's special racing day, and in spite of all the comments made upon the fact by the papers last week, three people have entered complaints of furious driving yesterday, and the cases come up in the stipendiary's court tomorrow. Moncton will soon win for herself a reputation worthy of a wild western town, and while she is distinguishing herself in this fashion, the police force are out dog-hunting all the week, and where they are on Monday is beyond mortal ken. Perhaps they are out driving themselves!

GEOFFREY.

Good Work in Black and White.

Two pictures in black and white which were on exhibition in Mr. F. E. Holman's window on King street, this week, have attracted some attention. One is a view of Howe's Lake, and the other a moonlight scene at Bay Shore. They are the work of Miss M. V. Ellis, and show undoubted ability.

is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. Testi- K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"A Free Tour Around The World."

The absorbing topic of the day is the Home Fascinator Pub. Co's grand offer of a Free Tour Around the World to the person sending them the largest number of English words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the sentence "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," and found in either Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary in bold-faced type. The publishers have made arrangements with the C. P. R. General Pass. Agent, Mr D. McNicoll, whereby the trip may be made on their new palatial steamer, leaving on its famous globe-circling excursion about March 12th next. Also, in order of merit, the following additional prizes are offered:—A Free Trip to Florida; a Silver Tea Set, $68; a Domestic Sewing Machine, $60; Lady's or Gent's 14k Gold watch, $50. Every one whose list contains not less than twenty-five words will receive a prize. Enclose them 50 cents to pay for a grand Premium Catalogue and a six months' trial subscription to their beautifully illustrated family story paper, *The Home Fascinator*. As the person sending in the largest list of correct words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers give such person the choice of the trip or $1,000 in cash. Contest closes Feb 10th, 1891, and is open to any person in Canada or the United States. In case of ties, priority will be given to list reaching their office first, distance, etc., considered. Address, *The Home Fascinator*, Montreal, Que. The name of this paper must be mentioned by competitors.—*Advt.*

Lamb's Gift to the Burglar.

Lamb was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that department found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

"Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?" he asked.

"Because I am starving," returned the house-breaker, sullenly.

"Are y-you re-re-really ver-very h-hhung-hung-gug-gery hungry?" asked Lamb.

"Very," replied the burglar, turning away.

"Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow!" said the essayist. "H-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for you."

And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street and locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterward that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Why Not?

The maid at the window over the way,
Throws me a kiss when I pass her by,
And I watch for her gaeeting day by day,
For the roguish glance of her beaming eye,
Like a gleam of sunshine, as dimples chase
In swift procession across her face.
And do I love her? You bet I do,
Though I am forty, and she but two!

The Winter Girl.

She wears a fur collar 'way up to her nose,
And the fur comes 'most down
To the hem of her gown;
But the footprints she leaves in the cold winter snows
Give the looker on blues
At the thought of thin shoes.

—*Puck.*

Christmas Poems.

Though a diamond bracelet goes
Into Mabel's silken hose;
Papa, who puts up the rocks,
Rubs along in cotton socks.

—*Ex.*

They can Rest at Nights, Now.

Another St. John Man, residing in the North End, tells of his experience with Microbe Killer, in the advertisment this week.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Dressing Cases,

Plush and Leather.

Odor Cases Cut Glass Bottles
Celluloid Combs, Brushes
and Mirrors.

A FULL LINE OF

CHOICE PERFUMES

By the bottle and ounce; also in

FANCY BASKETS,

By Rickseeker.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9 30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly,

June 1, '90. E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for $2.50.

For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

THE RETAIL TRADE

can be fully supplied with what is well known as the best brand in the market,

—VIZ:—

—HOEGG'S TOMATOES,—

as well as other lines of the same Brand, and a full assortment of

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

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JOSEPH FINLEY, - - 65, 67, and 69 DOCK STREET.

THE ROYAL. W. J. FRASER. THE ROYAL.

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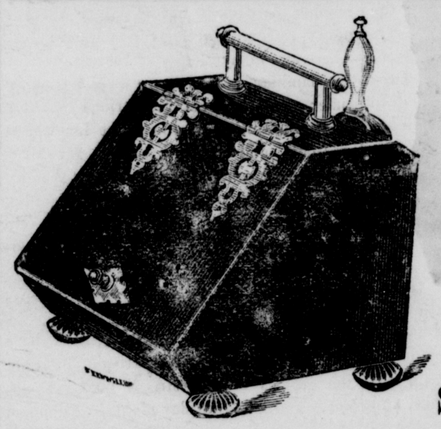
A GRAND

CLEARANCE SALE!

NOTICE. This is to be a genuine Clearance Sale of Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Ulsters, and Cape overcoats. Especially Boys' Clothing, but we will make very close prices; on Men's and Youths' Clothes.

We know there are a great many in this city who need clothes. We want you to know that you are not compelled to buy when you enter our store. It's a pleasure for us to show the goods to any person.

THE ROYAL. W. J. FRASER. THE ROYAL.



COAL VASES,
FIRE IRONS,
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and
FIRE GUARDS,
ASH BARRELS
and
SIFTERS,
STOVE BOARDS,

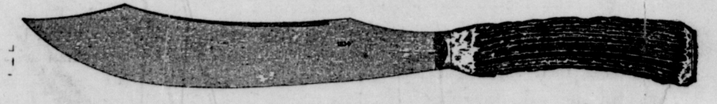
Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods.

PRICES VERY LOW.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?



Is a question which, at this season of the year, interests everybody. Don't let it trouble you; we can help you out. We are showing hundreds of useful articles in CUTLERY, TABLEWARE, SILVERPLATE AND SOLID SILVERWARE, which are always well received, and from their very usefulness, revive memories of the giver every day. In this way a present succeeds in its mission. Just as a hint: "LOW PRICES."

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ASK YOUR SELF.

And we will show you the STANDARD GURNEY RANGE. They are beauitful in the eyes of women.

Wife knows all about them, even if you don't. Let her decide which is the best. You don't know what she wants. I know how you feel about it yourself.

You want the best stove, no matter what it costs; but the fact of the GURNEY STANDARD RANGE being cheaper, decides you at once. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP keep them, 90 Charlotte Street.