

## MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, —FOR— SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.  
It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from  
exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.  
It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and  
Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and  
brilliant.  
An excellent application after shaving.  
PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.  
Sample bottles, 10 cents.  
Prepared by G. A. MOORE,  
DRUGGIST,  
109 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

## Wax Flower Materials!

Sheet Wax,  
Flower Cutters,  
White and Green Wire,  
Leaf Moulds,  
A New Supply just received by

**PARKER BROS.**  
MARKET SQUARE.

## HEADQUARTERS

Ottawa Beer,  
Ginger Ale,  
Buffalo Mead,  
Soda Water,  
With Choice Syrups (cool and refreshing).

—ALSO—  
**CIGARS,**  
Favorite Brands, from 5 to 15 cents each.

Remember Medical Hall,  
**R. D. MCARTHUR,**  
59 Charlotte street, opposite King Square,

## THE WONDER OF THE AGE!



**ECLIPSE DYES**  
A NEW IMPROVED DYE  
FOR HOME DYEING.

Only Water required in Using.

**10¢** package. For sale everywhere. If  
your dealer does not keep them,  
send direct to the manufacturers,  
**J. S. ROBERTSON & CO.,**  
MONTREAL.

## THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring.  
They are the ONLY DYES that

**WILL NOT WASH OUT!**  
**WILL NOT ADE OUT!**

There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring  
or Fastness.

ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market.

If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be  
refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-  
four colors are made in **Turkish Dyes**, embracing  
all new shades, and others are added as soon as they  
become fashionable. They are warranted to dye  
more goods and do it better than any other Dyes.

Same Price as Inferior Dye, **10¢** package.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by J. S. MCDAIRIMID, and E. J.  
MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

## DELICATE PALE FACED WOMEN

Can restore the bloom of health to the sallow  
cheek, replace melancholy with vivaciousness  
of youth, and renovate the whole system, by the use of  
**Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron**, and  
**Tonic Dinner Pills**, used according to the  
directions. Beware of imitations, always get **HAN-**  
**INGTON'S**, the original and genuine. For sale by  
all Druggists, in Canada.

## A GREAT BARGAIN.

ur, thirteen feet, and six, twelve feet. They  
are in good order and well suited for any new  
hall either in city or country, needing comfortable  
seats. For further information apply to  
**TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,**  
St. John, N. B.

## FIRE INSURANCE!

36 Years of uninterrupted Success.

**THE PHOENIX INSURANCE CO.**  
OF HARTFORD.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

I solicit a share of your Insurance for this first-class  
Company.

**FRED. J. G. KNOWLTON,**  
General Agent,  
46 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

## MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

She stood at the open window,  
A picture sweet and fair:  
My neighbor's little daughter,  
A lassie with nut-brown hair.  
A bonnie, winsome lassie,  
With a face like a blossom sweet  
She stood at the open window,  
Watching the busy street.

Homesick and sad and lonely,  
At the close of the summer day,  
I stood at the open window  
On the other side of the way.  
And I saw the little maiden,  
So near me and yet so far;  
In her innocent, childish beauty,  
As pure as the angels are.

And a smile of radiant beauty,  
As she saw me, flashed over her face,  
Like a ray of golden sunshine  
That lights up some darkened place.  
No more was I sad and lonely,  
And gone were the shadows gray,  
For that smile of friendly greeting  
Had banished the gloom away.

Oh, bonnie little maiden,  
If wish of mine could bring  
Earth's choicest, richest blessings  
To thee, on fortune's wing,  
How free from care or sorrow  
Thy happy life would be,  
My neighbor's little daughter,  
The lassie who smiled at me.

—Aimee Huntington.

## A WEDDING PRESENT.

"Carpets, young man, if you please!"

said Mrs. Cackle.

"What sort of carpets, ma'am? Mo-

quette? Wilton? We have some very

desirable importations of royal velvet—

"No, brussels! The cheapest thing you

have in brussels that is any way decent."

Mrs. Cackle sat up on the eighth floor

of Meddle & Minton's great store, her

silken flounces rippling around her ample

form, the bird-of-paradise plume on her

hat nodding, as if to give extra significance

to every word she spoke. Her tan kid

gloves, glistening with many buttons, were

distended with rings; her lace scarf was

fastened with a gaudy diamond-set bar,

and her plump visage bore the traces of

pearl powder and cream of roses, laid on

with no sparing hand.

Beside her sat her dear particular friend,

Miss Rosina Rufford, who always played

the part of Damon to her Pythias, and in-

variably went shopping with her.

"You see, Rosina," said Mrs. Cackle,

who was one of those kind that talk very

loud in public places, and indulge in all

sorts of details, "it's for a wedding present.

Lemuel gave me a check for a hundred

dollars, and told me to buy a nice parlor

carpet for his cousin who is to be married

next month—"

"Mr. Cackle is always so generous,"

smiled Miss Rufford, whose new set of

false teeth made her smiles very smiling

indeed. A hundred dollars did you say

dear? That will buy a very nice one

indeed!"

"It would," said Mrs. Cackle, "if I were

goose enough to buy it. But I don't mean

to buy a man, and men never

do understand things. What do these out-

in-the-wilderness people understand about

carpets? And what do they want of the

best grade? No, young man, I don't want

any of the dollar-and-a-quarter lines.

That's two high. Haven't you anything

for about a dollar or ninety cents. It

needn't be the very finest quality, I tell

you. I'll spend fifty dollars on it," turn-

ing once more to Miss Rufford, "it'll be

all that is necessary, and the extra sum

I'll invest in a new gown for myself. Ha,

ha, ha! Cackle is so close with his check-

book that now and then I have to circum-

vent him."

"You are so witty, dear," giggled Miss

Rufford.

"Nothing under a dollar and twelve

cents?" shrilly repeated Mrs. Cackle, as

the salesman came back again. "I couldn't

think of paying that. Have you no unsal-

able patterns—nothing that nobody else

will buy? The people that I want this car-

pet for are dreadfully old-fashioned, and

will never know the difference."

"Oh, my dear you are too funny!" said

Miss Rufford, behind her fan.

"We have one," hesitated the young

clerk—"a scarlet ground, with immense

olive-green pineapple all over it. We

haven't sold a yard of it. Everybody seems

afraid of it, and I don't really think—"

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Cackle,

promptly.

The porter presently wheeled up a mam-

moth roll on a hand-barrow; the clerk un-

folded its hideous, glaring proportions

where, against a scarlet ground, some mon-

ster vegetables entwined itself among im-

possible scrolls.

"You see, ma'am, it's quite unsaleable,"

said the clerk. "Mr. Meddle was talking

of donating it to the reception room of the

Blink and Diddle Orphan Asylum, at—"

"It is a little peculiar," said Mrs. Cackle,

eying it through her lorgnette. Quite—

ahem! what I should call an art carpet."

"Oh, my dear Louisa!" giggled Miss

Rufford.

"But very striking," said Mrs. Cackle.

"Quite so, ma'am," said the clerk,

coughing spasmodically behind his pocket-

handkerchief.

"What will you let me take it for?" said

Mrs. Cackle, in a business-like way.

"Eighty cents, ma'am," said the clerk.

"Say seventy-five," spoke the customer.

"We couldn't indeed, ma'am. It cost

us more than that to import it."

"I'll take thirty yards," said Mrs.

Cackle.

"Let me see" (calculating on the fat tan-

colored fingers where the rings bulged out

so obtrusively), "naught's a naught, eight

times naught's—that will come to twenty-

four dollars, won't it young man?"

"Twenty-four dollars, ma'am," said the

clerk, scarcely able to repress his amaze-

ment that any one in their senses should

buy so ugly a carpet.

"And that will leave seventy-six out of

the check," said Mrs. Cackle, gleefully.

"I tell you what, Rosina—I can trim the

black satin with the very nicest Escorial

lace. I suppose these back-country bar-

barians will invite me to the wedding, and

I'd like to wear something that will just

paralyze them! And my husband will never

be any the wiser. Do look, Rosina!"

nudging her companion. "What a beauti-

ful moquette that tall young lady in the

black suit is choosing! I've got to have

something new in my reception-room next

year. I wish I could afford—"

"The address, ma'am, please?" said the

clerk, pencil and pad in hand.

Mrs. Cackle hesitated.

"Well I don't know," said she, "I sup-

pose it had better be sent at once, with our

card, to the bride. Give me the paper,

young man, if you please. I'll write it

down, so that there can't possibly be any

mistake.

"I tell you Rosina," she added, as she sat

in the elevator, being lowered down to the

level of the surface world, "I wish I knew

what that elegant young lady was who

was looking at the white-and-pearl moquette

carpet! I'd like to ask her for the pattern

of that shoulder cape. I'm sure it came

direct from Paris."

"Well my dear," said Mr. Cackle, as he

sat down to the soup and roast beef of the

plentiful table at home, "what sort of a

parlor carpet did you buy for cousin Er-

minie?"

Oh a beauty! said Mrs. Cackle, spread-

ing her napkin to protect her dress.

"Did you use all my check?"

"Yes, every dollar of it," answered Mrs.

Cackle, salving her conscience with the re-

collection of the black satin and Escorial

lace, which were already in the dress-

maker's hands.

"I hope they'll be pleased," said Mr.

Cackle. "It's very essential to make a

favorable impression, I beg you to remem-

ber, my dear, on these relations, for the

young man Erminie is to marry is a relative

of the head of our firm, and could, I've

no doubt, recommend me for advance-

ment."

"Why didn't you tell me all this be-

fore?" said Mrs. Cackle, with a pang of

tardy remorse. "But how on earth did

your country cousin come across such a

good match?"

"Oh, I don't know! I believe he came

out to Glassbrook fishing or gunning or

something. Minnie is very pretty, they

tell me."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cackle. "Red

cheek and black eyes, and hair cut in a

pointed bang right down to the top of the

nose—I know what these rustic beauties

are!"

The time for the wedding arrived.

The Cackles, in their holiday attire,

traveled down to Glassbrook—and there

on the drawing-room floor of an elegant

semi-Italian villa, Mrs. Cackle recognized

the very white-and-pearl moquette carpet

that she had so coveted at Meddle & Min-

turn's. And the bride—already in her

white silk and floating veil, to whom she

was introduced as Miss Erminie Brooks,

soon to become Mrs. Howard Crespieny—

was none other than the elegant young lady

in the Paris wrap and the perfectly-fitting

gloves and boots, and who had heard every

detail of the bargain for the unsaleable

carpet.

If the cracks in the floor underneath the

moquette colors could but have opened

and swallowed Mrs. Cackle up at the

moment, what an indescribable relief it

would have been!

"I have to thank you Mr. Cackle, for

your present," said Erminie, in her slow,

queerly way, and her smile was a riddle.

"I hope you liked it," said honest Mr.

Cackle, looking down at the rose-and-

pearl shades of the soft pile that closed

around his foot like forest moss. "It cer-

tainly is a pretty pattern."

Mrs. Cackle shot an imploring glance at