

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE

THE GRANDMOTHERS OF OUR YOUTH HAVE DISAPPEARED.

Loved and Respected by all the Household—She Listened to the Joys and Sorrows of All—Do the Women of Today Refuse to Grow Old.

What has become of the Grandmothers? Are there any at all now-a-days? or have they gone out of fashion, become extinct like the mastodon, or the dodo? It is a subject of constant wonder, and endless speculation to me, and the more I think about it, the more I don't understand it.

Why, when I was little, everybody had a grandmother! to be without one was to be in abject poverty, and an object of sympathy to all ones' contemporaries. I was poverty-stricken in that respect myself, having lost my only grandmother when I was little more than a baby, and I was regarded in consequence, with a sort of tolerant suspicion, as one who lacked a certain patent of respectability. I fancy I must have been rather a high-toned youngster with that haughty spirit which is supposed to travel as a sort of advance agent for a fall of some kind, and it used to gall my youthful spirit mightily to hear other children talking about their grandmas. I had one shot in my locker though, always, one trump card which in my estimation was capable of taking any and every trick, I had a grandfather, and I lost no opportunity of acquainting my friends and schoolmates with that fact. I kept him before the public, as much as possible, and it I ever chanced upon a child who was rich in grandmothers, but had no grandfather, it was a red letter day for me, and I killed the fatted calf accordingly. Looking back now through the sounding corridors of time, it seems to me that the way I bragged must have been simply sickening, and the manner in which I flaunted my one grandparent before the dazzled eyes of the other child was enough to make one weary. He did double duty, I can assure you, and well he deserved all the praise he received, for he was worth a great many grandmothers; but somehow he was looked upon in juvenile circles as a sort of apology, an imitation of something I did not possess, and he was never so well received as the genuine article. But then, as I said before, every child had a grandmother in those days, and some favored mortals had two, dear old ladies who knit their stockings for them, mended their torn dresses, or jackets, shielded them from well-deserved punishment, and saved up rosy apples and peaches for them.

She generally lived in the house with the children, and I have also noticed that she was almost invariably their mother's mother; she had a large sunny room, where the children loved to gather, and the position she occupied towards them was an odd one in many ways. They loved and respected her, but still she was to a certain extent one of themselves. Of course, they loved mother, but then good as she was, she sometimes spanked, and was therefore, in a measure to be feared, while grandma had never been known in the whole course of her life—or rather their's—to so far forget what was due to herself and them. If Jack broke one of mother's best tea cups, he had not the slightest hesitation in scuttling off to grandma's room and telling her about it so she might make it all right with mother. Or if Nellie tore her best dress, grandma's room was the haven of refuge in time of trouble, and grandma's cunning needle soon repaired the damage; whereas mother might have met the emergency with some such form of cruelty and despotism as a whole afternoon in bed, or even tea without jam. The worst of these little matters is, that you have so little data to go upon. I once heard two bright little girls talking the subject of punishments over between themselves.

"The worst of it is," said one, "that you never know what to expect. Often when you feel sure of a spanking, you don't get it at all, and then just when you think you know mama won't say a word to you she just takes off her slipper, and gives it to you." "I'll tell you what I do," said the other. "When I've stayed down to tea at Aunt Maggie's without asking mama, or done anything else very bad I always just sneak up the back stairs, and if I can only get into Grandma's room without mama seeing me, I'm all right. You know she just says, 'Mary, let me punish her this time,' and I don't care if Grandma punishes me all the time."

Dear, tender hearted, patient grandmothers! where are you all now? Have you vanished with the fairies, and Santa Claus, and all the other sweet, bright things that throw a halo of romance around our childish days! How plainly I can see you with the eye of memory, your serene face that was so soft and sweet to kiss, your white hair, and white cap; your spectacles, and the black dress that always felt soft, when you laid your cheek against it and went to sleep. How I used to wish you belonged to me instead of to some other child. Amongst all my friends and acquaintances I can find but one grandmother, and don't I wish I owned her? She is small and slight and dainty, with snow-white hair arranged in "cannon" curls on each side of her sweet old face,

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

which is soft as velvet when you touch it, and she wears gold-rimmed spectacles and a widow's cap; she has a soft, low voice, and the gentlest manner in the world. She is over 80, but she is pleasanter to talk to than many girls I know; her mind is as bright as if she were 18 instead of 80, and doesn't she love a joke! She always makes me think of some old French countess of the ancien regime, only she is more sympathetic, more ready to make the troubles of youth her own, and to take an interest in all that goes on around her. Oh, she is a jewel of a grandmother! And what I would like to know is this, Why aren't there more like her? What has become of them?

One of the crying needs of this latter end of the nineteenth century lies in the direction of grandmothers, and I begin to think the reason lies in the fact that the women of the present day absolutely refuse to grow old—not only gracefully—but at all. Will the day ever come, I wonder, when we shall have no middle-aged women either? or will the evil work out its own remedy in time, and the ever-changing years, which equalize all things for those who can only wait, bring us back among so many of our lost treasures, that possession of the past so dear to memory, though now lost to sight—the grandmother of our youth.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS.

A Day in the Week That Was Properly Named, "Blue Monday."

For some inexplicable reason, Monday is a blue day with everyone. You awake in the morning with a nameless dread over you, a feeling that you want to turn over and go to sleep again, and forget about it for a little while longer. I don't think it is altogether because it is washing day, very likely you don't wash till Tuesday at your house—I know we don't at ours—so it can't be entirely due to the prospect of a picked up dinner with herbs, nor yet a keen scent for the odor of soapsuds; it is just "Blue Monday," pure and simple, a day when the scattered fragments of Saturday's work have to be gathered up and set in order, when the broken threads of last week must be knotted together and woven into the warp of today, in some such fashion as not to spoil the pattern, or cause a jar in the machinery.

Sunday stood between us and the working days, as the pater's mark off the Ave's on a rosary, but Monday seems to have no place at all—an unwelcome guest whose face is his misfortune. He brings us in our first waking moment face to face with the problem we laid down so thankfully on Saturday night; the worry we postponed till a more convenient season and even the note we knew must fall due, sooner or later, which always takes us by surprise and finds us shorter of cash than ever, when its last day of life arrives. Everything seems a little out of joint, and it is harder than usual to keep from losing one's temper over trifles.

The kitchen grate never smokes except on a Monday morning, and so breakfast is pretty certain to be late; on the day of all the week, when it should be a little earlier than usual. The very children get up with a cranky feeling and show a disposition to quarrel with their bread and butter. The lessons they learned on Saturday night are half forgotten and there is no time to look them over again. Some of the books put away in joyful haste on Saturday are mislaid, and they are inclined to accuse each other of having lost them. The old saw says that Friday is the cross day of the week, but whoever is responsible for it did not know what he was talking about. Friday is rather a comfortable day, once the sweeping is fairly over. It brings a hopeful promise of Saturday and Sunday of labor over and rest approaching, while Monday must ever be the beginning of a new life to a certain extent, and all beginnings are a trial. To start out on a new week requires an effort of no small extent. It is like tobogganing; you stand at the top of the hill in safety, and you climb on the toboggan in a sort of blind confidence, but you don't know what is going to happen to you between now and the bottom of that hill, all the same!

I wonder if it would improve things at all to sleep over Monday, altogether, and begin afresh on Tuesday? I think not. Nothing is ever gained in this weary world by trying to shirk the disagreeables; in fact if we even tried to shirk half of them, we should be kept busy dodging around corners trying to get out of their way all our lives, and they would always catch us, even on the wing, so I suppose it is better and braver to stand still and face them all in their turn, even though life should be for you, as it is for so many, a perpetual succession of "Blue Mondays."

HE LOVED NOT RELATIVELY.

"And do you swear it, love?" said she, As they were standing via-a-vis, Her lips as ruddy with her plea As petals of a rose new blown; "Swear that, all consciences of the grave— Importance of the pledge you gave, E'en though it may your life enslave, You'll love me for myself alone?" Gently he took her queenly head Within his hands; the love light shied A deeper glow as soft he said: "Yes, for yourself alone, my gem! And if you would my blessing win You'll call your aunts and cousins in; And, pardon me, your chosen kin And emphasize that fact to them."

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A GOOD LAW FOR THEM.

WHY MONCTON LIQUOR DEALERS SHOULD BE SATISFIED

With the Scott Act and the Way it has been Enforced—The Council's Power and the Use Made of It—Enforcement Breaks Out in Spots.

MONCTON, Nov. 18.—The enforcement of the Scott Act in our lively and erratic little city has long been viewed in the light of a huge joke, and many a spicy little paragraph has it furnished the guileless Geoff. with; many a harmless joke has he poked at it with the point of his intrepid pen which was often—I daresay—the only point about the joke in the eyes of the Scott Act people. But a good many others saw the joke besides the writer, and now to mention Moncton and Scott Act in the same breath never fails to call forth a smile from the observant stranger.

Moncton has always been subject to short, but violent attacks of Scott Act enforcement, which have varied in severity according to the weather. Like a scarlet fever patient in the first stages of the disease, the powers that be showed a disposition to break out in spots of Scott Act zeal, and—still like the fever patient—when the rash came out well, the fever abated and the genial purveyor of the ardent, was safe for another little while.

But never since Mr. Scott first laid the corner stone of his future immortality by framing that famous white elephant, have the "honest tradesmen" who deal in liquid refreshment had quite such a gorgeous time of it as this year. The Scott Act has been a gold-plated success—and they have every reason to toss up their caps, and shout, "Hurrah for the Scott Act!" in voices choked by emotion. Never have the liquor dealers been able to sell their merchandise so openly, and with so little fear of reprimand, as during this year of grace, 1890; they had just as good a right to do so, apparently, as a grocer has to sell sugar; and, of course, they were not backward in taking advantage of their privileges. I fancy some of them felt a little tremulous when the new city council came into office last March; they were somewhat in the position of a child who expects a slap and does not get it, because judging by the way that council talked; the manner in which they asked for fullest power to proceed with the enforcement of the act on the night of their very first meeting, and the blood-curdling disposition they showed to roll up their sleeves, exhortate on their hands, and wade right in, was enough to cause the soul of the boldest rum-seller in our town to shiver up with dread, and his heart to seek immediate sanctuary in his boots. Dark days were evidently before him in the near future, and "life was thorny and youth was vain." He seriously contemplated disposing of his stock at a sacrifice, retiring from business, joining a temperance society, and becoming a shining example of the evil effects of rum. But as time passed on, and nothing happened, he began to doubt the wisdom of his resolution, and to order large consignments of fire-water, in order to keep his stock up to the requirements of a Scott Act town, governed by a temperance council. And why not? No rum shops were closed, very few were fined for selling liquor, and everything went merrily and smoothly, until two or three weeks ago, when it was announced that seizures would be made shortly, and in fulfillment of this threat, a house on Duke street was raided, and two or three bottles of liquor secured with great pomp and ceremony.

Then the now celebrated raid was made on the Ryan place, and the trouble began to brew when the case came up before a magistrate who ruled that the seizure had not been legal, and ordered as much of the seized liquor as remained to be returned to Ryan. The order was carried out, and Ryan at once fined \$50 for exposing it for sale. An action for damages against the city and the policeman who seized the liquor, under instructions, will be entered at once for illegal seizure of liquors, and the prospects are that, ere long, the Moncton city council will sit down by the waters of desolation and wish some philanthropist had conceived the brilliant thought of lynching Mr. Scott before he had time to make the one great act of his life public.

G. S. C.

THE MONCTON HOUSEWIFE

Must Not Depend Upon the Newspaper Market Reports.

MONCTON, Nov. 18.—Those who are fond of light literature, and think 35 or 50 cents a volume, too much to pay for the most recent fiction contained in the bookseller's stall, would do well to make a regular study of the market reports in the daily Moncton papers, for there they will get more pure fiction to the square inch, for two cents, than the average three-volume novel contains from cover to cover. The trusting housewife who reads these reports, and then goes down to the market, will probably spend her morning trying to reconcile conflicting statements, and come home a wiser and a poorer woman. For example she has read that chickens are selling at 30 and 40 cents a pair, and when she finds that the guileless agriculturalist, who has them for sale declines to part with the battered corpses, which in death are not divided—though they are far from beautiful—under 50 cents, she is naturally surprised, and thinks that an unexpected rise in poultry must have taken place during the night, so she concludes to have a nice quarter of lamb which she seen by the paper was selling at from 6 to 8 cents a pound, and when she is asked 12 cents a pound for it, she begins to think there must be a mistake somewhere. Finally she buys a pair of partridges which she knows are selling for 35 cents a pair. She finds she has to pay 40, but is getting accustomed to disappointment by this time so she says nothing, and pays it. She is thinking of getting a quarter of beef, so she stops and asks a man who has several, what he is selling it at. The paper said 4 and 5 cents, but she is learning wisdom by this time, and when he tells her that he wants 6 1/2 cents, she merely says she will think of it and goes over to a country woman with a large basket of eggs and asks the price. Twenty-four cents a dozen, is what they are selling for everywhere, she says, and the puzzled housewife goes home to ponder over many things, but chiefly to wonder who writes the market reports, how many other novels he has written, and why his name is not made public, so that it could not handed down to posterity.

How They Manage It. "We use pearline." Well, we don't at our house! We have a better way, which saves our hands more than even pearline. We have no washing day; no cold dinner, without the æsthetic and comforting influence of pie. No smell of soap suds, and general sloppiness in the domestic circle; Monday is just as good as any other day with us. "Why, how do you manage it? Don't you ever get any washing done?" "Oh, yes, we do; but we send our clothes to Ungar's Steam Laundry, and they come home all ready for ironing; you know he makes a specialty now of family washing, sent home rough-dried, to be ironed at home."—A.

AN ALIBI.

Sunday School Superintendent—Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer? (No reply.) Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Little boy (badly frightened)—It wasn't me. I—I just moved here last week I'm Missouri.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

He was the picture of a man who had gotten the worst of it in the encounter with fortune. "I'll bet," said the man to whom he had applied for alms, "that you have been to jail." "Yes," was the reply, "lots of times." "It must be a horrible thing to think of." "Well," he responded, with a meditative air, "some of these people do run their jails mighty careless."—Washington Post.

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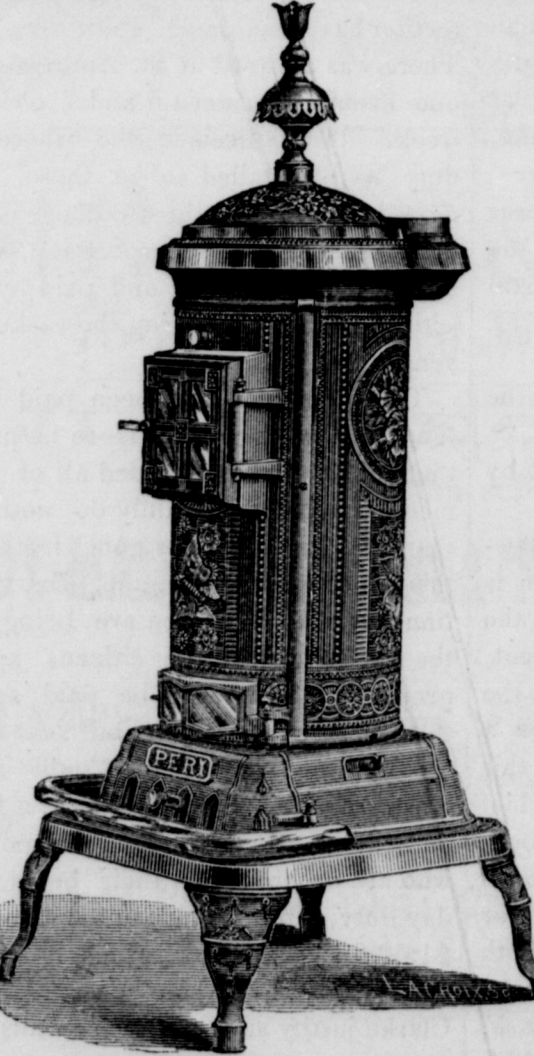
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