

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

To attempt to criticise the work of that king of fiction and of pathos, Alphonse Daudet, seems at first sight nothing short of presumption, and yet in the book before me, Jack—Routledge and Sons, London and New York—there is much room for criticism, both favorable and adverse.

Jack is Daudet's latest book, at least the latest of his works that has reached us, for of course, the translation takes some time. It is profusely, and artistically illustrated, by Myrbach, and comes in holiday form.

Much credit is due to the translator, "Laura Ensor," for the breadth and clearness of style which characterise the story, Jack, being far away the best French translation that, in my limited experience, I have ever read; there is not a trace of that peculiar jerkiness of diction, and abruptness of dialogue, which is so apt to mar all translations, especially those from the French. In its smoothness, and grace of expression, this book might readily be mistaken for the work of one of the masters of English literature, so little of its original force has it lost in that process which usually has the effect of diluting a powerful story, till one wishes they had read it in the original, or else left it severely alone.

Jack is a sad story from first to last; the pathetic chronicle of a boy's sad life. The story of a noble nature cramped and dwarfed by cruel circumstances. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris, and the actors, with few exceptions, belong to the lower middle classes, and "Jack" is just simply "Jack" "with a K spelled, and pronounced, as in English." He has no father, poor child, and his mother is so exquisitely dainty and refined a little person, so childish, so simple hearted, so overflowing with weak passionate, misdirected love, for the unhappy "Jack," that to speak of her as a member of the demi monde, seems almost harsh. She is a curious mixture of Mrs. Copperfield, and Mrs. Nickleby, and if ever a French David Copperfield saw the light of day, "Jack" was that unlucky youth.

His mother's anxiety to place him beyond the reach of her influence and her life is the one strong point in her weak character, but even that effort is misdirected, and results in his being placed in "The Gymnase Morouval," a species of military academy, beside which the historic "Dotheboys Hall" sinks into insignificance, kept by a mulatto, a sort of Spanish creole, whose method of education closely resembled the method employed by West Indian overseers in managing their slaves. As the author says, "The mulatto trained his pupils as he would have conducted a sugar plantation."

Surely Alphonse Daudet must have had Sniek in his mind when he drew the touching picture of the wretched little king of Dahomee, blackest and most miserable of the unhappy pupils at the Gymnase Morouval, all of whom, except Jack, were half-breeds, brown, tawny, or yellow "children of distinguished foreigners." The resemblance between these two waifs must be more than accidental; the life of servitude, the final break for liberty, the forlorn wanderings, and finally the wretched death of the poor little king, make a picture too harrowing for contemplation, and it is a relief to turn to the more lengthened but less repulsive sorrow of Jack's own life. And what a life it is; one long series of disappointments, at first bravely and silently; then stolidly and indifferently borne.

Like Mrs. Copperfield again, Jack's mother falls in love, and just as you might expect from a woman of her nature, with the last person in the world that she should have fallen in love with, a selfish, bombastic idiot who calls himself a poet, encased in selfish indolence as in a shell, but whom she loves and serves with dog-like devotion for the rest of her frivolous life.

I don't think she married him. Marriage does not occupy a large share of attention in a French novel, but she casts in her lot with his, and is his devoted slave forever more.

And "Jack?" Well, when "Jack" can endure his life at the gymnase, no longer he runs away. And after a weary tramp of twenty-four long miles, falls fainting at the threshold of his mother's charming cottage in the village of Etoilles, the dove-cote in which she is living a life of pastoral simplicity with her idolized poet; and here follow the last few weeks of happiness that "Jack" ever knows, and from this little paradise he goes forth once more into the world—this time as an apprentice in an iron foundry. The delicate, sensitive child, with his refined nature, and his love of all things beautiful and bright, is condemned by his mother's beloved poet, and with her full consent, to the life of a working man.

But once in the whole course of his repressed and contracted life does the poor lad pluck up courage to rebel, and that is when his one friend, M. Rivals, protests against the fate in store for him. "You will see Madame," he cries. "The day will come when you will be ashamed of your child. He will one day stand before you, before his mother! as before a stranger of higher rank than himself, not only humbled, but degraded." And then poor "Jack" speaks; the idea of anything coming between that idolized mother and

himself is the last straw. He advanced to the middle of the room, and steadying his voice:

"I will not be a workman," he said in a determined manner. But alas, for the poor lad's determination. A few words from his mother holding out the lure, that he might be independent, and one day be her protector and his resolution melts! his fate is sealed.

Oh Jack's life of an apprentice there is little to say, and from his terrible degrading, loathsome afterlife as a stoker, one turns disgusted. It is the end that calls forth our indignation and disappointment. Through kind M. Rivals, Jack is being lifted above the life of a clod, he has now the old man's charming granddaughter for his promised wife, he has made a little home for his mother who deserts him at the last moment to go back to her poet, when Cecile, Cecile who was more than life to him, breaks with him under the mistaken idea that she is acting for his good, and under this final blow Jack sinks. Never strong, taxed beyond his power of endurance by work for which he was utterly unfitted, the poor lad dies quietly and uncomplainingly as he had lived, dies in a charity hospital with the heart-broken Cecile's hand in his, and his poor frivolous mother is just too late to hear his last words.

A powerful story! and one so immeasurably superior to the usual French novel, but yet I trust not a true picture of French life, there is so little that is objectionable in it, and so much that is terribly true to nature. What can be more touching than Jack's pathetic efforts to find out his father's name? And how exquisitely delicate is the shadow picture which is all we ever see of *Bon Ami*. But yet, from the first cover to the last, there is not a touch of humor, a gleam of fun. The book is like its own illustrations—all in sepia, lighter and darker, that is all.

A marvellous story! but one that leaves you dissatisfied. It haunts you in spite of yourself, and comes back to you again and again. You lay it down and resolve to banish it from your thoughts. You will not read any more, but it is stronger than you, and so you read it to the end and cry "Oh why did they kill Jack? Could they not let him live and be happy at last? And you close the book with a long sigh and a softly-breathed prayer," God grant that there are few boy's lives like "Jack's."

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

BANKER AND BLUEBERRIES.

Unexpected and Important Information Derived from an Acadian.

He was a young banker, who had recently been torn, not exactly from the arms of his sorrowing relatives, but from all the delights of civilization, as they are interpreted in a populous city; and transplanted to an obscure country town, a sort of back number town, with both covers, and the title page gone. But he was a cheerful youth withal, and inclined to make the best of things; so after a time he began to enjoy life in his own way; he kept a good horse, and a trim dog cart, and often managed to get a good deal of fun out of the simple minded natives. Occasionally he "struck a snag," or rather a native who somehow managed to get some fun out of him, as the following tale will show.

One morning, "when the summer days were long," our gay young friend was taking a drive before going to the office to begin his daily toil, and on the way he encountered a gentleman, of Parisian extraction, but Canadian birth, who was coming into town with a load of pails, filled with the succulent, and luscious blueberry.

Now, the autocrat of notes and silver scented some fun in the breeze—though not quite the kind of fun which ensued—and so he promptly pulled up his prancing steed, and thus accosted the blueberry merchant.

"Hulloa! what have you got there?" "Huh? Oh I got de blueberry!" "De blueberry? What's that?" "You never saw de blueberry?" "No! What do you do with it, what is it for?"

"Well," said the Acadian slowly, expecting carefully between his horse's ears, and emphasizing each word, with his right forefinger solemnly patted into the palm of his left hand. "You take de blueberry, and you bile her! and bile her! and bile her! and she make a h—l of a soup!" Good day; good day. Get up dere!" and before our witty friend had recovered, the Frenchman had disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the banker had not tried to take in any of the simple minded natives of Acadia since.

AN OLD ROMANCE.

A bar of an old fashioned waltz, A glance at a faded dress! What is that wakes in my heart These echoes of tenderness.

When that was the waltz of the hour, That dress in its pride and glow Of shimmering azure and pearl, A seven of summers ago.

Soft eyes used to gaze in my eyes, Soft fingers would clasp my own, And a soft voice fell on my ears In a tremulous undertone.

The face and the fingers I touch, The voice in its music is pure, But Romance is a delicate moth Which lives just the sweet of a year.

—Douglas Sladen in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.]

APRIL 3.—Rev. H. H. Pitman was in town on Friday.

Mr. John Brown, of Halifax, has been spending a few days in town.

Sub-Collector Black, of Pugwash, was in town a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison expect to spend Easter at Mrs. Morrison's home, at Pettitcodiac.

Mrs. George Nelson, who has been visiting her mother and sisters in town, has returned to Truro.

Mr. Barry Baker and bride have returned from their extended tour to the Southern States.

Mrs. Orestes Chant was the guest of Mrs. Henry Dunlap while in town.

Senator Dickey arrived home from Ottawa on Sunday morning, to spend the Easter recess. He returns on Monday.

Col. and Mrs. Clarke, of Halifax, who have been spending the last nine months in parts of England and Ireland, returned home by the last steamer, and Mrs. Clarke is now in town, making her sister, Mrs. Dickey, of Grove cottage, a visit. She expects to return to Halifax on Saturday.

Mr. Roger, of Messrs. Douglas & Co., has returned, after his long absence.

Mrs. D. W. Douglas has returned from Boston, after a stay of some weeks, much improved in health.

Mrs. Dennison, wife of one of the ship railway engineers, has heard the tidings of the death of her mother, Mrs. Campbell, of Argyle, Scotland.

Miss Fannie Dunlap returned on Wednesday morning from New York, where she has been visiting since October.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

APRIL 3.—Miss Campbell, of Moncton, has been visiting her friends at Acadia Grove.

Miss M. Ayer, who has been spending a few days in St. John, returned on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Robinson, of Digby, have been in Sackville a few days.

Mrs. G. J. Trueman gave one of her enjoyable parties on Monday evening for her sister, Miss Heustis, of Amherst.

Mr. Chas. Fickard is spending a short vacation in Boston.

Mr. H. J. Gilbert has gone to Montreal on business.

Messrs. Chas. Fawcett and F. S. Kirkpatrick are in Halifax.

Capt. E. L. Anderson and wife have gone to New York, where the captain takes his ship. Mrs. Anderson will accompany him on his long voyage.

Mr. H. A. Powell, M.P. P., spent Sunday in Sackville.

Hon. Senator Botsford returned home for Easter holidays.

The dance given by the band on Thursday last was a most enjoyable affair. With the exception of half an hour intermission for refreshments, dancing was kept up from 9 till 2 a.m. The gray light of Heavenly day saw some of the party retiring.

ST. GEORGE AND PENNFIELD.

APRIL 2.—The cutter *Dream* arrived here last week. It is unusually early for a vessel to come up our river, but to admit of the ice had to be cut away, as she was completely shut in. Capt. Pratt promises to return here on Easter Monday, to attend a concert which is to be given on that evening.

Daily services are being held in St. Mark's church this week, and all well attended.

Mr. Ludgate Russell is here from the far West, on a visit to his parents. He is one of the St. George boys who have been fortunate there, being in a good and lucrative position.

Levi's long shadow being nearly over, there are matrimonial whisperings in the air.

The members of our band are soon to reorganize and give open-air concerts each Friday evening during the summer months.

Mr. James Dodds, of Epps, Dodds & Co., is going to move into part of the Wetmore house, on the hill.

Mrs. G. MacCre has been seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, but is now convalescent.

Capt. Charles Johnson, who has just returned an extended tour through the upper provinces, is very seriously ill from pneumonia.

RICHIBUCTO.

APRIL 2.—Messrs. John Curran, of New Mills, and Charles Cole, of Moncton, were in town last week.

Mr. W. A. Black spent last week in Wolford.

Mr. John Rush returned a few days ago from his visit to St. John and Halifax.

Rev. John Richard, of Rogersville, was in town on Friday last.

Rev. J. H. Cameron, of Bass River, occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church, last Sunday evening.

Mr. A. H. Gardner, of St. John, was in town a few days ago.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney returned from Fredericton on Saturday last.

Mr. J. S. MacLaren, inspector of customs, was in town last week.

Miss Caldwell, of Dalhousie, who has been visiting Mr. O. and Mrs. Smith, of Kingston, for the past six weeks, left for home last Thursday.

Miss Kate Beattie, of Kouchibouguac, is in town this week, the guest of the Misses Grierson.

Mr. Samuel H. Thomson, of Moncton, was in town on Monday.

Misses Janie and Agnes Hains, of Moncton, are in town visiting friends.

KINGSTON, KENT CO.

APRIL 1.—Miss Etta Davidson, of Moncton, and Mr. Blaikie, of Nova Scotia, who have been visiting at the Cedars, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Todd, of Calais, Me., and Mrs. Oakes, of Wolfville, have been summoned home on account of the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. A. T. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Smith, of Boston, and Mr. A. M. Smith, of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax, Summerside, have also been home.

Miss Ellie Caldwell returned to Dalhousie.

Dr. R. F. Doherty, of Moncton, was in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Bass River, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church last Sunday morning.

Miss Jessie Main has returned from visiting friends in St. Stephen and St. John.

Mr. Sam Girvan has returned from his trip "up north."

Miss Jean Smith has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

APRIL 2.—Mrs. John Hickman, who was taken very ill the latter part of last week, is much better, and is reported out of danger.

Miss Peters went to St. John Monday, returning last evening.

Mr. W. B. Chandler spent Monday and Tuesday in St. John.

Miss Buck, of Bathurst, is in town, visiting her friend, Miss Eliza Spink.

Mr. Wm. Campbell has arrived home from King's college to spend his vacation with his parents.

Mr. B. E. Reed went to Fredericton today.

Judge Tuck was in town on Friday.

Judge and Mrs. Fraser have so far recovered that they were able to bid adieu to Dorchester yesterday, accompanied by Mr. E. Byron Winslow.

MARYSVILLE.

APRIL 2.—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt, Master John Hatt, and Mrs. F. S. Williams, returned home on Friday from an extended trip to Boston and New York.

Mrs. Woodruff of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Rowley.

Miss Miles returned on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robinson, of Newcastle, and Miss Phillips, of Fredericton, spent Friday in town, the guest of Mrs. E. A. Tapley.

Rev. Mr. Downey is holding special service in the P. C. B. Church here.

Mr. B. E. Reed went to Fredericton yesterday, accompanied by Mr. E. Byron Winslow.

MUSQUASH.

APRIL 2.—Miss Amy Carman has returned from St. John, after a few weeks with her friend Miss Seely, Germain street.

Mr. L. B. Knight and family have returned to their summer residence, St. Andrews.

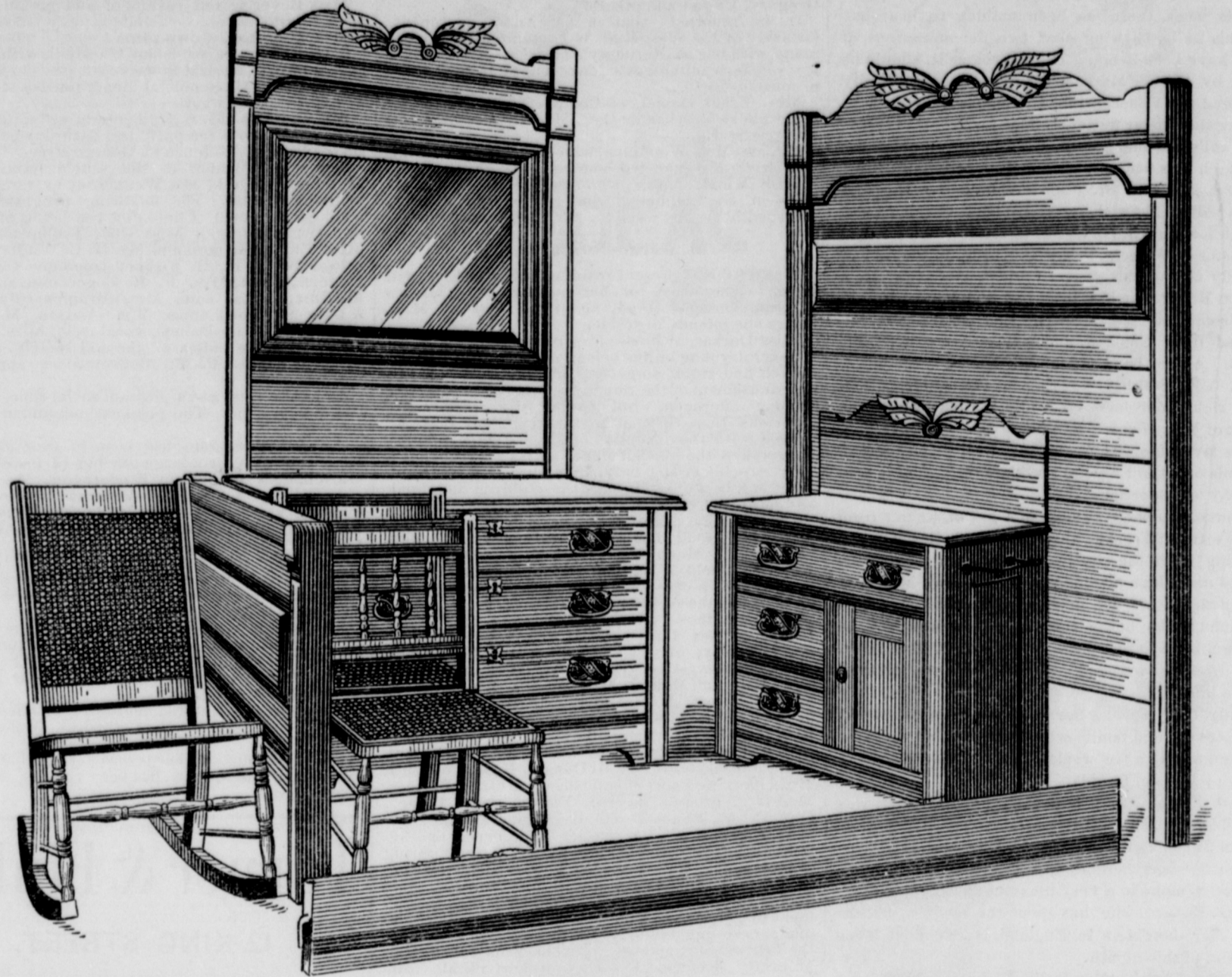
Miss Hattie Knight has returned from Calais, after a few weeks visit to Mrs. Seymour.

Miss Eliza Anderson, of St. John, is here, visiting her friend, Miss Eliza Spink.

Miss Eliza Spink leaves for Dakota, her future home, this week.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 KING STREET.

A Handsome Hardwood Bedroom Suite for \$27.00, \$28.00, or \$29.00; 24 x 30 Plate Mirror; 7 Pieces well Finished and well Made. The Suite includes a Table not shown in Cut.



\$27.00. \$28.00. \$29.00.

PLAIN LIGHT FINISH. PLAIN LIGHT FINISH WITH DARK PANELS. ALL DARK IMITATION WALNUT. The Carpet and Furniture Warerooms: 54 King Street, St. John.

Cable Repeats

LACES, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, HATS, RIBBONS, DRESS GOODS, FRILLINGS, Mantle Cloths, JACKETS, NOW ARRIVING.

SMITH BROS.,

Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

A COUGH

is a symptom of many diseases, including Inflammation of the Lungs and Phthisis. Often a cough is neglected, the patient believing it to be only a trifling affair, but when it once takes hold of the Lungs, how difficult to cure.

OFTEN

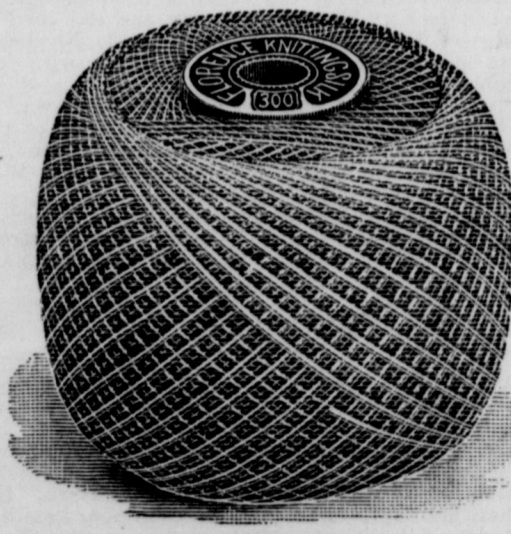
you hear the patient say, "Oh, it's only a cough, I'll soon be over it," and so he lets it run until he can't be cured, and thus he brings his career to an early close—all caused by simple neglect or refusal to take the proper remedies, and thus many a life is lost.

ENDS

that might have been prolonged but for carelessness. Don't neglect a cough; time and money can be saved by attending to it at once. Physicians now agree that Cod Liver Oil is the best remedy to use in all pulmonary diseases, and

In Consumption

it is prescribed extensively; but they often find that the patient cannot take it, as the stomach refuses to retain it. Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream can be retained by the most delicate stomach—it is pleasant as milk. Try it. All druggists sell it.



FLORENCE KNITTING SILK.

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not unravel and become frayed in wear.

Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "feathered" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy.

Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c per ounce—38c per ball) in postage stamps to Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que., and you will receive it by return post.

Ready for Spring Trade!

MY STOCK OF FINE GOODS was never so complete as at present, and my customers will find it to their advantage to come early and choose their SPRING SUITS.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH! Goods were never Cheaper; never Better! JAS. KELLY, - - TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

KERR'S Confectionery.

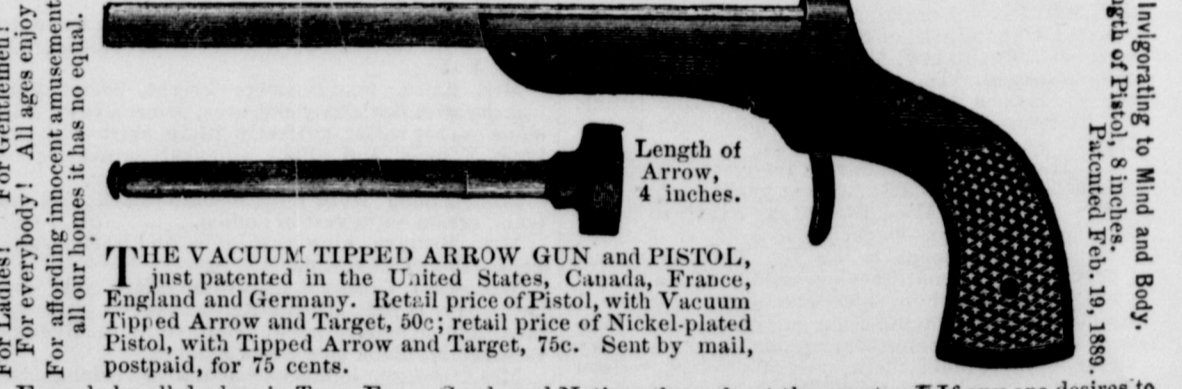
New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE. Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months. ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS. 70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL. Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLIN'S.

FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal.

WE ARE OFFERING THE FOLLOWING PRIZES THIS SEASON: To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our POTATO-PHOSPHATE.....\$100 in Gold. To the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Wheat from an acre by the use of IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE.....\$25 in Gold.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.



THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN AND PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 60c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Notions throughout the country. If any one desires to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

The Following Goods Just Opened

are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12 1/2c. per yard; WHITE and UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONNES and TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK and WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRIGS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRIGS; DRESS GOODS, CORSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Mantel Mirrors in English Plate, Beveled German and all sizes of Cheap Glasses. SHOP PLATES.

MIRROR PLATES for Shop Windows a specialty. GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.

F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET, Desires to call attention to his large and varied stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, Etc., WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY GRADE. Samples mailed to customers outside the city.