

A GOOD WORD FOR DOGS.

WHAT A WARM ADMIRER OF THE CANINES HAS TO SAY.

They Are Not the Nuisances That Some People Claim Them to Be—Their Good Qualities in Comparison With the Bad Qualities of Certain Bipedes.

From my earliest childhood I have had a profound sympathy with the "under dog in a fight." Like the American poet, David Barker, who was a man after my own heart—

I know that the world—that the great big world—Will never a moment stop To see which dog may be in the fault, But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask Which dog may be in the right, For my heart will beat, while it beats at all, For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said. Or 'twere better I had said I *knog*, But with heart and with glass filled cheek to the hilt— Here is luck to the bottom dog!

Now to the thinking mind there is a lot of food for reflection in that poem, and there is a great deal more mental nutrition lying around in the streets of Moncton for those who care to pick it up, so much in fact that unless one is very careful they might easily get indigestion from the great number of facts and reforms that are being constantly placed before us and suggested.

For some time past the dogs or our town have been having a very hard time of it, not only in fact, but also in the papers. Every now and then when news is scarce and business is slack, an article appears entitled "The dog nuisance," and things are becoming so unpleasant for the dogs and the relationship between them and the local law givers, that I feel the time has arrived when someone must take definite action and rise up to speak in defence of those who cannot speak for themselves. Therefore it is with pleasure that I step into the gory chasm and range myself boldly on the side of the dogs, determined to hold the town against all odds until I have had my say.

"Nuisances!" are they? and "useless curs?" Well, at least they are civil, and when you address one of them with a cheery "Hulloa doggie!" he turns round, smiles, and wags his tail, in delightful contrast to the average Moncton street urchin, who, if he is a boy, and you remark "Hulloa" as you pass him, is pretty certain to respond by requesting you to step down and out to a warmer clime, which never freezes over, and if he is a girl, enjoins you promptly to "mind your own business."

The dogs get out of your way politely when they see you coming, they never snarl at you, nor jostle you, and they never start a fight directly in front of your pathway as you approach, and bring it to a culmination by flinging themselves against you, and literally knocking you down as the Moncton boys do. If you see two dogs fighting in the street you may know that they have been "sicked on" by a boy, and are acting against their principles and convictions.

And the dogs never place your life in danger by skating on the sidewalk, in squads of ten or a dozen at a time, and by coasting on those same sidewalks till they are as glassy as a toboggan slide. They haul sleds about, poor fellows, I know, but they do it very much against their wills and not from any pleasure they derive from the exercise. I dare say my suggestion will not meet with the enthusiastic reception it deserves. The fate of pioneers like that of transgressors has ever been hard. Galileo himself was put in prison, you know, for daring to say that the world was round. So I expect discouragement, but I would offer as a practical remedy for the overcrowded streets of Moncton, and the many and serious impediments to pedestrianism, that a committee be appointed to capture and drown a certain percentage of the boys, and then not only will the town be a much pleasanter place to live and walk about in, but a number of youthful scalawags will be comfortably provided for, cease to be a torment to the outside world and a burden to their suffering relatives; but those patient, law-abiding, cheerful—I had almost said God-fearing—citizens, the dogs, of Moncton will have a much better time, and once the evil example of the boys has been removed, their moral nature will grow and expand, till they will become a credit not only to Moncton, but to any city in the dominion, because there is nothing wrong with the Moncton dog, if he is underneath in the fight just now. He is a good fellow, and an honest fellow. He never tells a lie, and he seldom steals. He is often hungry, but he never begs. He is kicked and cuffed by his inferiors, social and mental, and he never retaliates. I'd rather grasp his honest paw than many a hand one touches in their journey through life, and if he wants any one to adjust his grievances, and right his wrongs, and generally support his cause, to the very best of his ability, he has only just to call at any time upon his faithful friend,

LATEST ARTISTIC EFFECTS.

Clothes and Colors Favored in New York for Ladies' Spring Styles.

Fawn color appears as often as any shade in the English cloths for early spring gowns. Soft brown, warmed with dull reddish hues; grays that are pinkish and grays that are blue, pinkish heliotropes, bluish reds, lilac and light and dark blues are being made up into street gowns. To cut the skirt of a dress is becoming as much of an art as bodice management, for draperies, simple as they look, produce their effects in more and more complicated ways. The modish skirt at present is smooth and sleek as one's own skin over the hips, but breaks into a little flare, suggestive of cascades of lace and other such covered up witcheries about the ankles. To produce this effect is the modiste's chief study. Embroidery and lace passementerie are the ornamentations liked for cloth gowns.

Some beautiful dresses, embodying the latest artistic features, were worn at a recent reception. One of these was a gray crepe Greek gown, whose long, graceful draperies fell from the shoulders in a way that made its wearer look as one might imagine Helen to have appeared when she stole Paris' heart away from him. Another gray gown was a beautiful silver brocade worn with antique silver ornaments by a tall, gray-haired lady, whose complexion was as perfect in its pink and white fairness as that of a child. Gray silk and gauze blending as clouds melt into one another combined to form a third exquisite costume. Pale yellow mousseline de soie was worn by a dark-haired girl with sash of crepe de chine and garniture of orchids. A girl in brilliant scarlet had a single tulip on her bosom. Another in black brightened her toilet with one yellow jonquil. A dress of dull red gauze over pink silk was made irresistible by pale pink carnations on the bosom and in the hair.

Full sleeves persist on the spring jackets. The long cloaks continue to have hanging Oriental sleeves. Some of the prettiest of the spring dresses are of white cloth embroidered delicately in gold, pale pinks and blue. The fashionable widow daily evolves new modes.—N. Y. Press.

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Months passed: the maiden received as true What the little birds said that from nowhere flew, That her lover had perished from pain and cold; And the charm that had vanished soon grew old. Her love was a fancy where his was a flame, And it went as easily as it came. But his was a love that loved once and forever, That from her he loved time and death could not sever.

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They found him dead, After days of searching, beside the stream That bears to this day the dead man's name, And buried him there: more sweet his rest Than that in his fickle sweetheart's breast.

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"John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home." "Well, I hope you did not laugh." "Oh, no, ma'am," said John; "I never laugh when I tell a lie."—N. Y. Ledger.

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"Oh, no, he isn't, father," replied the little brother, who was present.

"What do you know about Mr. Featherly?" demanded the old man.

"I only know," the little man replied, "that I heard him ask sister for a kiss last night, and she told him he could have one if he would be quick about it; but it was the slowest kiss that I ever saw."—N. Y. Ledger.

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Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of June next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Monday, the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a cause therein pending, wherein Henry Anthony is plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle his wife, and Joseph Dalzell, William Anthony and John Anthony, as Trustees of the Temperance Association known as the Bay View Lodge, No. 54, of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, are defendants; and by amendment between Henry Anthony, plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle his wife, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, defendants, with the approval of the undersigned, a referee in equity, the hereinafter mentioned LOT OF LAND, described in the said order as:

"ALL that certain piece or parcel of Land, situated, lying and being at Red Head, so called, Parish of Simonds, in the County of St. John aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a birch stake, on the northern side of a public road leading westerly from the main road from St. John to Mispeck, the said road being laid out along the southern side of the boundary line between Lots (8) eight and nine (9) of the grant to Richard Walker and others, and the birch stake, being on the eastern side of a tract of land reserved for a public landing; going thence along the northern side of the aforesaid road north seventy-five degrees east (N 75° E) by the magnet of the year 1785; crossing the Mispeck road and continuing along the division line between Lots (8) and nine (9) the western extremity of a tract of land conveyed by Thomas McGuire and Catherine his wife, to Robert McArdle on the 27th day of December, 1866; thence by the magnet of the year 1866 north thirty degrees east (N 30° E) along the western line of this land, the line of division between Lots seven (7) and eight (8); thence south seventy-five degrees west (S 75° W) by the magnet of the year 1785 to the shore of the Bay of Fundy; thence southwesterly along the shore to the before mentioned public landing, and thence southerly by the eastern boundary of the public landing to the place of beginning," containing Two Hundred Acres more or less.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the plaintiff's solicitor.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1890.

HUGH H. McLEAN, Referee on Equity.

CHARLES DOHERTY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

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