ANEW SPECIES OF THE "LOVELY WOMAN"

A Description of Her Passage Along the Icy Street and What Happened Her-Unable to Express Her Thanks on Accoun

of a Caramel. We hear a great deal about the different kinds of girl which have been diffused over this arid waste of heart hunger, called the earth, by a beneficent Providence, to occupy the attention of mankind, keep him from getting lazy or lonesome and help him to get into all the mischief possible. There is the summer girl, the seaside girl, the iniquities he cites did get engaged three or autumn girl, and a whole lot of other girls, four deep, it only goes to strengthen my too numerous to mention. But there is theory, and prove how utterly irresistible one variety which has hitherto seemed to escape the notice of the festive paragrapher | heart she had, since she seems to have been and that is the caramel girl, and let me assure you she is a distinct species. refusing him, or even hurting his feelings Unlike the ice-cream girl, she purchases by letting him know that she intended down when we're in it. They said what her own ammunition and spends most of her waking hours in absorbing caramels. Indeed I regret to say that there is a very marked developement about the facial muscles which work the lower jaw, which stamps the caramel girl as indelibly as the caste of Vere de Vere.

However, I was not going to enlarge on her peculiarities-merely to tell a little story about her.

I was strolling wearily homeward the other afternoon, when I encountered a vision of loveliness which speedily chased every thought of tiredness out of my mind, as the sun chases-you know the rest, and I forget. She was a caramel girl. One glance at her rapidly working jaw told that. She had evidently been laying in a fresh stock of provender, for her arms were laden with numbers of frivolous-looking little whitey-brown paper parcels; and, oh! didn't she look happy?

It was a deceptive sort of day, a gentle rain came silently down, and just as silently froze after it got down, so that the whole face of nature was one damp and polished sheet of ice, and every small hillock was enamelled with slipperiness to a frightful extent. Just as the caramel fairy came up with me she stepped upon one of these hillocks, and awful were the consequences. Both little feet flew from under her in a slanting direction, her teeth shut with a snap, and the reckless energy with which she cast those precious parcels from her, in all directions, was a sight to make the pitying angels weep. Pick her up? Of course I picked her up! But I had to wade through a sea of caramels in all stages of melting, to do so; and greatly surprised I was at not receiving a word of thanks in return, till an inarticulate gurgle attracted my attention, and a hasty glance revealed the fact that that sweet little seraph's teeth had shut upon a big caramel with such force that she could not get them apart again. I draw a merciful veil over the scene which ensued, suffice it to say, that contrary to my fond expectations, she failed to regard that little episode in the light of an introduction, and though I have met her several times since, the only sign she gives of being aware of my presence, is to blush furiously and look the other way. And the moral is-girls-don't chew the lucious and insidious caramel on the street when the sidewalks are slippery, unless you are wearing both your creepers and an alpenstock.

## That Is Where They Get Left.

"Yes, sir," said a King street merchant this week, "these peddlers will ruin all kinds of business. The town is just full of nothing. And why not? They can afford to do it. It doesn't take much to keep such people. They live on almost nothing, and have no expenses. Just think how we could sell goods it we had no rent to pay, no clerks, no gas bill, no fuel, and a hundred other incidentals! Why, we could sell things as cheap again. Yet, we have to compete with these travelling peddlers, hinder them. Why it's outrageous!"

"Don't they buy the goods in the city." "No, they don't even do that. They buy them as cheap as we do, and sell them girl, herself, was dead against it, too. So for very little more."

"And you cannot compete with them?" "Compete with them! No, certainly not. There isn't a man in town who could I only said that most of them were hugcommence to compete with those people."

"Oh, yes there is. I know a man on this street who sells goods as low as it is possible for anyone to sell them. And his goods are of the best, too, although it's hard to understand how he does it."

"Impossible! Who is it?" "Wm. J. Fraser of the Royal Clothing | the power of concentration. I agree with

with him."-A.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often when you say that I shall have my hands go to your friend's house and one of the full in looking after those ten supposititious principal topics is the girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always out for me. without taking their noses into good. How does she get along. The secret account at all. I think I shall use the is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing, He does her laundry rough dried and till they are twenty-five." Would'nt you? return it to her home in good order .- A.

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THE TIP-TILTED NOSE AGAIN.

"Geoffrey's" Answer to "Cheop's" Criticism of Pug-Nosed Girls.

And so my friend "Cheops" differs with me on the all important subject of the dear girl with the heavenward turning nose! Well, he does it in such a very pleasant way that it is almost a pleasure to have him noticing that he has only one solitary forward, and we know that the exceptions go to prove the rule.

Suppose that hardened little sinner whose she was to our sex, and what a sweet, tender incapable of inflicting pain on anybody by marrying some one else, instead of him.

ABOUT RESTLESS PEOPLE.

Johnny Mulcahey Tells of Several Little Things Tending to Restlessness.

Pa ain't broke out yet on his New Year's resolves and ma says what these are happy times. We're a happy family now and some lecturer orter come along and see us. Pa was near a backslider, though, when he disagree with me. But still, I cannot help sit down on our maltese cat which I put on his arm chair just afore he sit down to rest instance of innate wickedness on the part his weary limbs as he said. Gosh, didn't he of the tip-tilted, nosed generation, to bring jump. Ma thort he'd go right inter the burnin' coals in the grate, but his forehead struck on the fender which made such a catastropee impossible, and ma caught hold of him and they both went down on the floor like a earthquake.

I heard the people down-stairs askin' each other what kinder people the Mulcaheys was, anyhow, 'cause they're always they couldn't understand how some people Dear little soul! how she shrank from inflict- was so restless. I guess they'd be restless



Rabbi Andrew-Well, little man, what can I do for you? Carleton Co.-Please sir, my bridge is broke. I want a new bridge like you gave to York.

Rabbi Andrew-But you have been a bad little boy. You made faces at me last winter.

Carleton-'Coz you scolded me and kicked my little dog, Marcus! You gimme a new bridge and I won't make no more faces at you. Rabbi Andrew-Well, my little man, you shall have your bridge.

afraid the other lover would poison himself. | guess they orter see some of the trade

dawns upon me-perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself? If so, let us shake hands across the chasm, and figuratively fall upon each others necks-I was in love with a girl of that description have been in love with the whole clan ever since. I used always to think of bliss considered it a sort of guidepost to a brighter world. It may have been for

You say, "Cheops," with a touching frankness, that when you "heard she had given up both her former lovers, and them. They are going from house to married a third, you gave her up." Well, house on every street, and selling for now really, I can't see that there was so much magnanimity in that! What else could you do, but give her up, since she had married someone else? It seems to awfully like the young man who was boasting to a friend of how very near he came to marrying a certain young lady. "Well!" said the friend. "And why didn't you marry her? What happened?" "Oh, was entirely my own doing," responded who are not citizens, and have nothing to the disappointed one. "My parents were dead against the match! So were her's, for that matter; but I would not have minded and there's a orful sticky time. Some that in the least only I found out that the

I just let the whole thing drop." Now "Cheops"! I did not say that every girl with a turned-up nose was an angel, gable, and lovable, and yours must have been too, else she would never have got the chance to be engaged six times; it was very naughty of her I know, but then just think what a temptation it must have been to the poor little soul to make six men happy, it only for a little while! She was only a little too diffusive, that was all, and lacked you down to the very ground about that "I'll admit that they couldn't compete same power of concentration, and I hope my girl will po sess it to a large extent, one member of the family really ought to do so, for-quite between ourselves you know-my own nose turns up awfully, and you speak more truth than you know of, daughters. If they resemble the guileless "Geoffrey" in any one respect I shall indeed have my life work pretty well cut remedy suggested by Carlyle for bringing up boys and "Keep them under a barrel

GEOFFREY.

ing pain! And how she must have suffer- too, if they sat on our maltese cat, 'cause ed in secret! I suppose she was really she's a sooner to scratch and holler, and I By the way though, "Cheops," a thought | marks she put on pa. He's a invalid now, 'cause he hadter do his forehead up in a

Anyhow, I guess the people down stairs is restless, too, 'cause when they'se all sittin' round the fire on the cold night, myself once, so I know how it feels, and I they all screamed like fun when I let out the two big rats what we caught up in our attic, inter they're family circle. They run whenever I looked at her nose; I fondly out inter the street, and I guess if I hadenter invited them inter our house they'd a caught they're death a cold. Them was some other fellow, but it was not for me. the dandiest rats I ever saw. They're great big sooners, and they jumped onter the pianer when they're runnin' around and made a noise just like the girls does when they're playin'. I pinched one of the girls pretty hard, and she screamed and said it were a rat, and I said what rats was poison, and she cried like fun, 'cause she thort she's goin' to die, poor thing, and I said I thort so, too. So I went for a Pain or Oppression of the Chest, doctor, and they'll have to pay him. Anyhow, they'd no business sayin' what the Mulcaheys is restless.

I like one of the young fellars down stairs, 'cause there's some fun in him. He's ony a wee bit of a fellar, and he filled one of his tather's boots half tull of mulasses, people what live in glass houses shouldn't fire stones, ma says, and they say, what no wonder the boy is what he is, when there's such a fellar as me around.

Bill Johnson's workin' in a grocery store now, cause they won't let him in school any more since he lassooed the teacher and locked him in the room, afore he could get a chance to beat him, for fallin' down when the scholars was all marchin' in, and makin' them tumble all inter a big heap. I guess the teacher wouldn't a found out though if Bill hadn't caught a fellar what didn't fall down by the leg, and give him a jerk to make it more interestin'.

Anyhow he's a grocery clerk now and he brings things to the people down stairs, and guess they'll be restless enough afore he leaves. But what's the difference so long as they don't have stricknine in his store. Some kinds a spices is pretty good for makin' people restless. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A Keen Sense of Humor.

Jack (on his knees) - Oh, Etnel, say the word-what on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel-Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny -N. Y. Sun. King Street (West), St. John, N. B. is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. Testi-K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada McDIARMID. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S.

What the Season Brings.

Mr. T. B. Robinson sends three calendars, this week, of the Insurance companies represented by him. That of the Traveller's Accident is of more than ordinary interest, as it contains an excellent group of the distinguished literary men of the United States. The calendar of the Royal Canadian is as useful as that of the Norwich Union is pretty.

Hall & Fairweather issue a calendar that is at once unique and attractive.

The Intercolonial railway issues a large calendar containing a view of the new bridge at Bras d'Or, C. B.

A Good Combination.

Mr. F. E. Holman has associated Mr. James Duffell with him in partnership, and the firm of Holman & Duffell has made its bow to the public. Mr. Holman has had makin' a hullabiloo, and what you'd never the favor and patronage of the people since know when to expect the house to fall he has been in business, and his new associate, Mr. Duffell, will not only add his energy to the firm, but bring it strength and an even wider patronage, with his large circle of friends. PROGRESS wishes that 1891 may be but the first of many prosperous years for Messrs, Holman & Duffell.

A Royal Quilt.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by THE CANADIAN QUEEN. The lady making by handwork, the handsomest block one foot square, (to be of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand-painted according to the taste of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be presented with a pony, cart and harness. value \$350.00. The Royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, value \$40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of THE QUEEN, containing full instructions for the competition, and particulars as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "Royal Quilt Competition," Toronto, Canada

A Fool,

The man or woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it. It is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. If they will only use Wolff's Acme Blacking, which renders the leather durable, waterproof and brilliant as patent leather, their feet will be dry. For sale by J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte

The Lyttel Boy.

Sometime there ben a lyttel boy That wolde not renne and play, And helpless like that little tyke Ben allwais in the way. "Goe, make you merrie with the rest," His weary moder cried; But with a frown he catcht her gown And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well, Which spake him faire, I ween; He loved to stand and hold her hand And ken her with his een; His cosset bleated in the croft,

His toys unheeded lay,—
He welde not goe, but, tarrying soe,
Ben allwais in the way. Godde loveth children and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And He doth smile in plaisaunce while
They cluster at His knee;
And some time, when He looked on earth
And watched the bairns at play;
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy
Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart How that it ben to-torne,— She kissed eche day till she ben gray

The shoon he use to worn;
No bairn let hold untill her gown
Nor played upon the floore,—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy Ben in the way no more!

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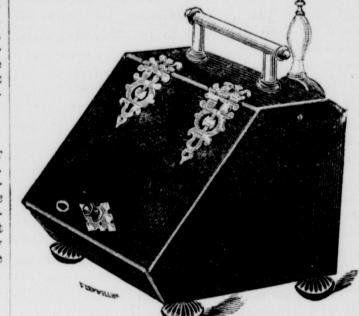
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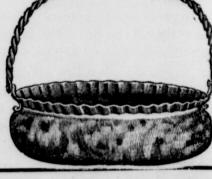


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