

# TRUSTEES' SALE. TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK.

Sale begins at 8.30 a.m. every day, and continues until the Stock is sold out.

## 24 Unapproachable Bargains!

A SALE which all ST. JOHN should attend.

### BLACK CASHMERES.

**NO. 1.** Lots of BLACK UNION CASHMERE. Elegant Quality; 50 inches wide. Cannot be equalled in the city. To be sold at 40c. to 55c. Per Yard.

### SERGES.

**NO. 3.** All-Wool French Cashmere Serges, in all the newest and most fashionable colorings. A Bargain that every customer should see. We are worth 80 cents. Now being offered at 55c. to 80c. Worth.

### LACE CURTAINS.

**NO. 5.** Nottingham Lace Curtains; new goods, handsome patterns; all this season's importation. We are offering the entire stock at prices that it will be to the advantage of every lady to see them. Prices from 45c. to \$4.50 per pair.

### BLACK HOSIERY.

**NO. 7.** See the old standard makes. We have always kept for Ladies, Girls, Boys and Gentlemen Sox. Note you save a sure 20c to 30c. on each dollar's worth. Full fashioned. Dons & Jolly make. Is this worth your care?

### REAL FUR MANTLES.

**NO. 9.** We do not keep hare, rabbit, dog, cat, and sell them as choice, fine selected Fur-lined garments. What we offer are Furs; good, sound, selected skins, in seven styles. It is the Fur, not the Cover is the value, and you can get Bargains. See Them.

### BOYS' SUITS.

**NO. 11.** "Dollar saved is money made." If a dollar saved is two made, our reduced prices are actual and real. The stock must go. Batt's all right, boys. Sizes 1 to 12 years.

### FRENCH CASHMERES.

**NO. 2.** We are offering some of the most celebrated makers' goods known in the world. Extra wide widths. The prices will be found very much lower than the same class of goods ever shown in the city. 70c. to \$1.25 Per yd.

### REAL LACES.

**NO. 4.** Choice patterns; Maltese, in Silk and Cotton. Also Duchesse Flouncing. Now is your opportunity. ENGLISH THREAD. Real Spanish, White, and Black Collars and Handkerchiefs. See them.

### WHITE COTTONS AND GREYS.

**NO. 6.** It is surely worth the attention of all prudent persons that they can save 1 to 5c. a yard on every yard of Grey, White and Shirtings they buy. Shirtings and Pillow Cottons, 5 to 10c. a yard. A Word to the Wise is quite enough. See them.

### LADIES' HOSIERY.

**NO. 8.** A lot of Ladies' fine quality Undervests are being sold out at 35c. each. Worth a Look. Finer goods to best, you save 25c. to 30c. on each dollar.

### TABLE DAMASK.

**NO. 10.** Loom Table Damask, all pure linen, 62 inches wide, and extra heavy, actually worth and retailed elsewhere at 55c. to \$1.00 per yard, to be sold by us at this special sale at only 40c. to 75c. per yd.

### RIBBONS.

**NO. 12.** Pieces Best Quality All Silk Ribbons, for hat trimmings, consisting of Plain Gros Grain Ribbons, Satin Ribbons and Fancy Ribbons, 1 to 3 inches wide, an elegant assortment of shades, sold elsewhere at 50c.; our special price only.. 6c. to 25c. per yd.

## New Goods at the Lowest Prices Ever Heard Of!

### PARASOLS.

**NO. 13.** Also Sunshades. Real, not Sham, and June and 1st July sure to come. You will save a lot of money, and not much said about it, if you wish either of the above articles. The reductions are..... See Them.

### GIBSON'S SHAKER FLANNELS.

**NO. 15.** in handsome stripes, good colors; would be cheap at 9c. per yard, to be closed out at only 6c. per yd.

### SHAKER FLANNELS.

**NO. 17.** Gibson's and Sr. Croix; best make and finest quality, stylish patterns, absolutely worth 12½c., to be sold at this sale for.... 8c. per yd.

### GINGHAMS.

**NO. 19.** Genuine Zephyr Gingham, without question the best bargain in Dress Gingham ever offered, positively worth today from 40c. to 60c., to be offered in our Print Department at only 20c. and 30c. per yd.

### CHOICE DRESS ROBES.

**NO. 21.** The only fault we ever heard was, they are so elegant and over what we can give. We have cured all the trouble, we have cut the prices down and left all the style. Best Line to select from in Canada. today, for Style and Beauty.

### BLK. & COL'D. VELVETEENS.

**NO. 23.** The best makes in the world to select from, and at half what it ever cost to put into St. John—to be found in black and all new and art shades. See Them and Note the Quality.

### RUBBER MANTLES.

**NO. 14.** We keep sound, rain-proof Mantles that keep rain out, and the prices for an honest and fit garment will be found that Even the lowest shawl will not down it. \$1.50 to \$10.00

### GIBSON'S SHAKER FLANNELS.

**NO. 16.** Handsome patterns, a bargain that every lady should be sure to examine, are being sold at..... 6½c. to 10c. per yd.

### NEW PRINTS.

**NO. 18.** in light and dark colors, stripes and figures. The entire stock must be sold at once. To accomplish this we offer prices that will make this sale the shopping event of a life-time. The regular prices are from 10c. to 17c., now offered at... 7½c. to 10c. per yd.

### CAMBRICS AND PRINTS.

**NO. 20.** The absence of summer weather has made many thousands defer their summer shopping, in consequence of which we have on hand a large stock of the NEWEST GOODS, which we must now force out at only... 12½c. to 18c. per yd.

### FANCY SILK VELVETS.

**NO. 22.** One of the most perfect stocks ever shown to select from, and in this day of style and dash you will find White, Cream, Colored, Black, in Brocades, colors and fancy without end; the Rainbow, the variety.... At Prices the Goods never left Looms at. See Them.

### BOYS' OVERCOATS.

**NO. 24.** Only the best left over, but they must go, and to do so the price will make some careful and thoughtful mothers buy to hold over until next winter. Prices, \$1.75 to \$5.50. But see them.

### THE EDITOR AND WOMEN

HE IS THEIR BACKER IN ALL THEIR UNDERTAKINGS.

Girls in Cutaways Have to Sit in the Shade—The Author of the "Great American Novel" Found at Last—The Marlborough Infant and His Financial Prospects.

NEW YORK, May 25.—One of the most noticeable things about the American press is the good understanding that exists between it and the American women. The editor is the invariable backer of his fair country-women in all their undertakings. He assures them daily that they are the brightest and most beautiful specimens of womanhood in the world, besides claiming for them an original and universal charm, which he calls their *je ne sais quoi*, that is in itself sufficient to atone for the lack of all others.

The reporter into whose lot has fallen the painful duty of describing a woman who has not a decent feature in her face, candidly admits her defects, but he adds, "she possesses a *je ne sais quoi*" that makes her unutterably lovely, and the young woman as she reads the description, rejoices more in the possession of the unspeakable fascination thus implied, than she would in being pronounced a modern Venus. Girls who know they possess neither beauty nor wit, console themselves with the certainty that at least they have the *je ne sais quoi*, and as belief in one's self is said to be half the battle, the confidence with which they are thus inspired is of inestimable value to them.

In consequence of these delightful relations, the American woman is always at home to the interviewer, and receives him with her brightest smile and her prettiest poses, so that he always sees her at her best, and his devotion is probably entirely sincere.

It is no uncommon thing now-a-days to hear a young man declare that in order to ensure a change of clothing when necessary, he has had to put Yale locks on all boxes and bureaus in which he keeps his belongings. If it is still true that women dress to appear charming in the eyes of the "other half," the girl who rifles her brother's wardrobe makes a mistake. Men go into society as a rule to see and proffer their respectful admiration to women, and a toilet essentially feminine is absolutely necessary to inspire them with all the enthusiasm they are capable of.

At all the recent outdoor festivities real goddesses clad in cutaway coats, glossy shirt bosoms and four-in-hand ties, awfully suggestive of "the fellows," were to be seen sitting alone, and in spite of their best efforts looking a trifle sulky, while ordinary girls who had had the discernment to swathe their moderate charms in a lace and muslin slipperies so completely suggestive of woman, were surrounded by an unbroken cordon of admirers, and in consequence many an expensive masculine "get up" has been handed over to their maids by shrewd young women who are not go-

ing to have their armories cluttered up with ineffectual weapons.

Since the uprising of the Kansas dames, the more pessimistic of the sterner sex have frequently declared that "the country is on the brink of ruin." It is to be hoped that the recent news of an Australian who has got out of paying his wife's funeral expenses, on the ground that he only contracted to provide for her until "death did them part," will cheer them up a little, and induce them to hope that the country may yet be saved.

The N. Y. World has purchased Mrs. Cruger's last story, *A Puritan Pagan*, and is publishing it in its Sunday edition. The editors of the monthlies are hustling to secure her work, and it was a distinct triumph for newspaperdom. It lends some color to the claim that the monthly which has crushed the quarterly, is itself in danger of being suppressed by the weekly newspaper.

With regard to the beautiful authoress—for she is really a very beautiful woman, and was a famous belle before she outshone herself as a famous writer. She is today the most prominent producer of fiction in America. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in *Lippincott's Magazine*, Wander Matthews in the *Cosmopolitan*, and M. W. Hazeltine in the *North American Review*, have unanimously agreed that the long-expected writer of the great American novel is at last amongst us. What pleasure it would have given Washington Irving if he could have foreseen that the much talked-of volume, even then anxiously looked for, was to materialize in the brain of his grandniece.

Chas. B. Lewis, otherwise known as M. Quat, from the *Detroit Free Press*, is now a citizen of the metropolis. We get his jokes with the bloom on, and he seems to find our city swarming with the class of subjects most inspiring to his wit. He has already discovered in Union square a "peddler of patent towel-racks," in every way worthy of a place amongst the immortal brethren of the "Lime Kiln club."

The Duchess of Marlborough has a girl baby. It was born two weeks ago at Blenheim castle, the nation's gift to its distinguished ancestor, John Churchill. One of the most interesting things about her little lady-ship is the state of destitution to which she is born, as far as prospective inheritance goes.

Her noble father has disposed of all his possessions, and by invoking the aid of special legislation has been enabled to sell some of the entitled property pertaining to his inheritance. His son by his divorced wife will get everything that is left. Lord Churchill, who also married a New York heiress, Miss Jerome, is the next in succession.

The duchess has only a life interest in the estate of her first husband, Louis Hamersley. The \$7,000,000 from which she draws her income are mostly invested in real estate in this city, and when she has no more use for them they are devised to Hooker Hamersley's eldest son, and failing him to be divided amongst such charities as the duchess shall designate.

When Marlborough married Mrs. Hamersley, her income was \$80,000, and his \$20,000, but last winter their creditors

forced an arrangement upon them, by which \$45,000 of their joint income is to be appropriated for the payment of their debts. They are now obliged to worry along on \$55,000 per annum, and it is not probable that the noble pair will manage to save anything out of so narrow an income towards a dot for her brand-new ladyship.

### Novelties in Cremation Urns.

The latest craze is to order one's cremation urn and use it as an ornament till it should happen to be wanted. All the large china shops confess to having had several orders lately, while silversmiths have been equally favored. An enthusiastic "cremationist" of my acquaintance has a couple of delightful little old silver urns which ornament his sideboard, and should any guest happen to admire, they are told that those are for their host's ashes, which are to be divided and sent to two valued friends in these fascinating little cases. Some are even made in gold, while the more ordinary urns, which instead of adorning the dining room are for the present used as pot-pourri jars, are of Derby stoneware, the same material as old-fashioned "toby" jugs.—*Jewellers' Review.*

### Nellie.

The day 'at Nellie died, the sun jes' kind o' petered out  
The birds cut short their toons o' joy, an' seemed  
To drag their wings  
Es ef they felt the weight o' woe 'at ever'where  
about  
Jes' sort o' made the sky look black, an' twisted  
at the strings  
O' this ole heart wat'peared to beat with such a  
sluggish tide,  
Es ef the world was stoppin' short, the day 'at  
Nellie died.

I know the Lord is rumm'n' things to kind o' suit His  
min',  
An' don't want, prob'ly, no advice from any mor-  
tal man,  
But, 'pears to me, ef He'd looked around, He'd  
ought to sort o' find  
Jes' lots o' toughcase cases es hed lived beyond  
ther span—  
Ther was, first, yours truly, me, ez Zeb Watson, er  
ole Nale  
Penallegan, er lots more ther I needn't 'numerate.

You see, ther wasn't much to keep us ole chaps  
'bove the ground—  
We'd sort o' kind o' hed our fling, an' blame  
small odds it made  
Jes' how soon we should hear the blas o' Gab'r'el's  
trumpet sound,  
Er jes' how soon these weary bones should in ther  
bed be laid;  
But Nellie was jes' a child, es fair, an' pure,  
an' sweet  
Es ever climbed from this ole world up to the Jedge-  
ment Seat!

Jes' seventeen year ole last May, 'ith eyes so  
sparklin' bright,  
An' 'th a wreath o' sun-kissed hair, jes' fram'n',  
like, a face  
Wot seemed to be a-fashin' back the beams o'  
Gosd's own light!  
An' when she'd turn an' smile at you, you'd see  
the dimples race  
An' chase each other 'long her cheeks an' 'round  
ther lips o' her'n'  
That adus kind o' made this mouth jes' fairly ache  
an' yearn!

So' when they cum an' took my hand an' tole me to  
'sublime'  
Unto the will o' Him on high, an' thet the changin'  
years  
'Ud so' en, like, the heavy blow, I shet my eyes an'  
bit  
This tremblin' lip, an' tried to stop the flow o'  
blis'ful tears  
That trickled down these furrowed cheeks an' sum-  
how splashed an' dried  
Theives upon two frozen hands, the day 'at  
Nellie died!  
—*Kimball Chase Tapley in Dominion Illustrated.*

### UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A ST. JOHN MAN WRITES ABOUT A NORTH CAROLINA CITY.

An All the Year Round Resort, Where it is Cool in Summer and Pleasant in Winter—How the Vanderbilts Build a Summer Residence.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 26.—In western North Carolina, between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghenies on the west, lies the beautiful valley of the French Broad river. Asheville, the metropolis of this region, is a prospering city of 15,000 people. It is situated on the eastern side of the river on a rolling plateau 2,350 feet above the sea.

The trip to Asheville can be made in Pullman palace cars over the Richmond and Danville railroad with as much ease and comfort as to any other part of the country. It is safe to say that the mountain scenery along this road, particularly in the vicinity of Asheville, cannot be surpassed for beauty and grandeur in America.

Asheville has long been favorably known for its healthful climate, especially for its beneficial effects in pulmonary affections; but of late years its fame has become so widespread that it is now visited by about 55,000 health and pleasure seekers annually.

The mountain air is pure and bracing, there being a large majority of sunny days when out-door exercise—so very important for those who suffer from lung trouble—can be indulged in.

It is an all-the-year-round resort, as the mercury seldom rises above 90° F., or falls below zero. The nights are always cool, permitting refreshing sleep.

Here they have several institutions for the treatment of consumption in all its forms; the "Winjah Sanatorium," without doubt, heading the list. In this house, under the care and treatment of the celebrated physician, Dr. Carl von Ruck, who for the past four months has been using, with wonderful success, Dr. Koch's lymph, are about 75 patients, all improving.

Numerous fine hotels already help to beautify the city, while others still larger and handsomer are under construction. The Battery Park hotel is at present the favorite. It is a magnificent structure, situated on the highest point in the city, and can accommodate nearly 500 guests. The Kenilworth Inn, a model of architectural skill, is rapidly nearing completion. When finished it will have a capacity of 750 persons. There are several others fully as large, and of the finest description, about to be built. One in particular, which will have accommodation for 1,000 guests, is to be commenced at once. It will be the property of the Asheville Park and Hotel company. This company has \$2,000,000 capital.

Three miles from the city we find Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt's park of 8,000 acres for which he has paid a half million dollars. He is now engaged in building a costly residence, farm houses, stables, etc., and

laying out extensive roads and drives and planting orchards. He has about 500 men employed in this work. When completed it is estimated that his Asheville home will have cost him nearly \$3,000,000.

There is an electric street railway here that gives excellent service. The lively stables keep a splendid assortment of turnouts, and as riding and driving among the mountain roads and along the river are the favorite pastimes of those who visit Asheville, they do a large business.

In closing, allow me to mention, without details, a few institutions of the city. It has paved streets, lighted by electricity; a splendid system of water works; an efficient fire department and Gamewell fire alarm; a handsome new city hall; four banks; a public library; a Y. M. C. A.; about sixteen churches; public schools for white and black; a gas company; an ice factory; a large cotton factory; fire tobacco warehouses, and about twenty other manufacturing and lumber concerns.

Many other advantages peculiar to prosperous cities, surrounded by beautiful country seats, are characteristic of Asheville, N. C.

### To Clean Matting and Carpets.

Matting is washed with salt and cold water, and carefully dried. Rub the very dirty spots first with water and corn-meal. If white matting has turned to a bad color it can be washed over with a weak solution of soda, which will turn it a pale butter-yellow. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a flannel cloth, not a brush.

If a carpet is wiped over now and then with a flannel cloth wrung out of warm water and ammonia (a pail of water and a tablespoonful of ammonia), it will always look bright. It must be wiped dry with a clean cloth. After a carpet has been well shaken, it will clean and brighten it to wipe it over with a flannel cloth dipped in high-proof kerosene, and well wrung out; until perfectly dry, say for 48 hours, no matches or fire should be allowed in the room. Tea leaves and wet bran, sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping it, are wonderfully cleansing; but if the carpet is of delicate tints either of these will stain it. If ink is spilled on a carpet, cover it immediately with blotting paper, and renew it as soon as soiled. A velvet carpet is cleaned by sprinkling it thickly with damp bran and brushing it off with a stiff broom.

Another plan for cleaning carpets after they have been beaten and laid down again, is to wash them with one pint of ox-gall to a full pail of warm water. Soap a piece of flannel, dip it in the pail and rub a small part of the carpet; then dry with a clean cloth before moving to another spot. Before laying carpets have the boards scrubbed with two parts of sand, the same of soft soap and one part of lime water. This will keep away insects.

To remove grease from carpets, cover the spots with flour or dry cornmeal, and pin a paper over it. Repeat the process every six hours until the grease is drawn out, brushing the old flour off each time.

Pearl White Teeth are indispensable to a lady. Use Enameline.

### KAISER AND SUBJECT.

How An Old Woman's Appeal in Behalf of Her Son Was Received.

A curious incident occurred at Berlin recently. An old woman called at the Imperial Schloss and asked to see the empress. The guards, of course, refused to admit her, as she declined to state her business. The woman thereupon said she would wait for their majesties in the courtyard, and when, after two o'clock, the gates were being closed and she was requested to leave, she protested so vigorously and made such a noise that the kaiser appeared at one of the windows to inquire what was the matter. The moment the old woman saw the face of the emperor she raised her voice and begged him to grant her an interview, if only for one minute.

By the direction of the Kaiser, the old woman was admitted and conducted up stairs, where she found the empress in the study of his majesty. The old woman fell upon her knees and begged her majesty to exercise her influence with the Kaiser. It turned out that she was the mother of a soldier, who had been sentenced to five years imprisonment for desertion. The suppliant had walked over 100 miles, begging her way along to state her case and implore pardon for her son. The Kaiser promised to look into the matter and send her his decision in writing. He then gave the old woman 100 marks to pay her travelling expenses home again.

But this was not all. The empress told one of the servants to take the "good mother" to the kitchen, and not only provide her with a meal, but to see that she received a package of bread, wine and meat for her journey. Her majesty also directed that clothes and new boots should be given to the old woman.

### Mr. Gladstone as a Boy.

John Gladstone, the father of the ex-Premier of Great Britain, trained his children to give a reason for every opinion they offered. It was in this way that William E. Gladstone was early trained to debate. On one occasion William and his sister Mary disputed as to where a Scotch picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed, but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this. "Awel, miss, that will do to hang the picture on when ye'll have to come round to Master Willie's opinion." The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying, "Hear, hear! Well said! Well put, Willie!" If the young debater bore himself well in the encounter.

If you decide, from what you have heard or read, that you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute instead.