

IN DEAR AUTUMN DAYS.

SEASONABLE SENSE AND SENTIMENT ON THE SUBJECT.

How "Astra" and Her Acquaintances Take Different Views of the Incidents that Come with the Fall of the Leaf—Lessons to Be Learned.

There is something about the time of falling leaves, the autumn of the year, which never fails to call up a feeling of sadness in any heart not utterly dead to all sentiment or to the strange influence nature exerts over her children. She is a wonderful mother, is dame nature, and somehow the humbler those children are, the closer she seems to fold them to her sympathetic breast. The Indian scans the sky, and foretells a change of weather; he notes the foxes' fur, the squirrels' store of nuts, and the number of the rowan berries, year after year; and in the light of his observation he is enabled to predict the hard or soft winter, with more or less accuracy. The cattle huddle together in a sheltered corner of the field and low uneasily, the dog creeps into the house, lies down in the darkest spot he can find, whimpering miserably, and we say, "There is going to be a thunder shower." The cat goes nearly wild in the exuberance of her spirits, chases her own tail, climbs up the curtains, runs away with your work basket and ends by rushing upstairs as if an entire pack of hounds were at her heels, and taking breathless refuge under the first bed she comes across. Then does the timid and unobservant female scream shrilly and cry, "That wretched brute has a fit, it should be drowned at once," while the cat's mistress, who has had the advantage of a long and intimate acquaintance with her and knows all her moods and tempers, merely smiles a superior smile and says, "Oh, dear, no, kitty has not got a fit, but we shall have a snow storm soon, and she knows it."

So nature speaks to us all, though perhaps her voice may sound differently to each one who hears it; but surely in the autumn it is more distinct than ever, and we must hear in spite of ourselves. The old man looks up at the falling leaves as they flutter silently down, and he stirs them softly as they lie about his feet thinking how like dead hopes they are, and how many of his life's most cherished ambitions lie withered at his feet even as they lie. "Another winter coming," he thinks, "Will its snows fall upon my grave, or shall I see the spring once more; who knows?"

The busy, middle aged father of a family notes the shortening of the days as he winds his way home after the business of the day is over. He feels the slight chill in the air, and as he closes his own gate and inserts the latchkey into his hall door his practical mind concerns itself with no speculations of a sentimental nature; he too looks up as a falling leaf strikes with a little dry tinkle against his hat; he, too, sees the rustling leaves at his feet as his brisk footsteps scatter them, but only to say to himself, "Dear me, what a litter those leaves make about the place, I must have them cleared away tomorrow, and I suppose I had better think about getting the vegetables in from the garden and have a man up to see to the furnace, it will be needed soon; and the coal bins, too, I should have had them filled a month ago, but the autumn always takes one by surprise! What a lot of outlay it brings, too, all the girls will be wanting new dresses, and the boys new suits I suppose, and to mention the new set of first I promised Mary. Expensive season, the autumn, very!"

The housewife looks out of her windows in the early morning and sees with a start that some of the more delicate garden plants are drooping, in the morning sunshine, and slightly blackened, "Frost," she says to herself, "Can it be possible. Dear me, I thought it was summer still." A slight gust of wind shakes the trees outside the window, and a little shower of leaves flutters to the ground, the housewife smiles slyly and murmurs to herself, "How like the morning we were married! Just a touch of frost and the leaves all crimson and gold; can it be twenty years ago, it seems but yesterday? I must have the grates put in and the double sashes brought out and cleaned. John will need his winter flannels, too, and the boys their thick clothes; I do hope I won't find any moths in the furs, and that the flannels have not shrunk. What a difference twenty years makes, and what a busy time the autumn is; to be sure!"

The pretty young girl steps blithely down the gravelled walk buttoning the last button of her glove as she goes, and as the fresh wind strikes her cheek she draws her leather box a little closer around her neck, under the delusion that there is some warmth to be got out of it, and as her dress sweeps over the rustling leaves she thinks "How lovely the tints are in the autumn, and how many artistic suggestions for costumes one may get from them. What a poem of a dress one might compose from that dark brown leaf all flecked with scarlet and gold, or the golden brown one with the pale lemon dashes. I think I'll have a brown cloth, with a pale lemon vest, and a hat of brown velvet with just enough of the lemon color to relieve it; it will be lovely with my sealskin furs. What a beautiful season the autumn is, when one knows how to appreciate the charms of nature. No more happy evenings on the veranda with Charlie, though, it is getting so chilly we shall have to depend on the parlor fire, instead of the moon, for romance. Heigh ho, there is something sad about the autumn too!"

The school boy scuffles noisily through the rustling leaves, kicking them aside as he goes. "It begins to smell like skating," he says, taking a long breath of the crisp air. "Hurrah for the fall, because it means winter soon, and Christmas next!"

So the autumn speaks to us all in divers tones.

Up to the Mark as Usual.

The *Delineator* for November has been received from Geo. H. McKay, and is up to the mark as usual in all that pertains to fashion, culture and other matters in which ladies delight.

WHAT THE SPINSTER DOES.

Her Attitude Toward the Great and Important Question of Marriage.

The healthiest attitude for the single woman to assume toward the marriage question is also the happiest. She may and should consider that a true, pure love is the greatest earthly blessing that the Creator has bestowed on her sex—the one gift not lost in Paradise. But to think constantly and with discontent on this one blessing, when for any cause it is either delayed or denied, is the surest possible way to unfit one's self for giving or receiving happiness, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*:

Frankly grant to yourself and to your friends, if you like, that some day you hope to meet a man whom you can love and respect, but let discussion end there. Anything more unwomanly and revolting than a cold calculation of possibilities, taking an inventory of the eligible men in one's circle of acquaintance, or deliberately planning to attract or win another by assuming to be what one is not, can hardly be imagined. What true woman could for a moment enjoy that affection which she had deliberately plotted to win by deceit or misrepresentation?

Having acknowledged her natural desire for the common lot of her sex, the single sister goes bravely and happily on her way, taking up the duty that is nearest, and living a perfectly natural life, wasting no time in laying plots, in idle complaining or wicked envy. To the married friend who boasts of her home and family she accords fullest liberty, but claims that she also has great cause for happiness in freedom and golden opportunities. Her vacation days are not dependent on the school calendar or the demands of any man's business cares. She is free to elect where she will go, who shall be her companion, and how long she will stay. The sail or excursion party from which her married sister is debarred by an untoward attack of measles or whooping-cough in the nursery is possible to her. Her dresses may be light or dark, high or low, grave or gay. She has no quarrel to settle with the neighbor's children, no piles of little trousseaus and stockings to mend. She may sit down in her easy-chair when evening comes with a volume of Scott or Browning. She would like the little faces at her hearth, the little homely cares, much better than Scott or Browning very likely; but since she has them not, she has a right to be happy in the way that nature suggests themselves to a woman living alone.

It marriage never comes, if her heart never responds to any demand for its affection, she may without bitterness assert that for her a single life has been best, since it is the one chosen for her by a wiser One than herself. The unmarried woman who allows herself to live in an atmosphere of unrest, envy, and discontent, because she is not provided with home and husband, can never learn the secret of happy living. If, instead of taking a sensible view of the matter, she constantly wears the willow and longs for what has not been vouchsafed her, she not only unfits herself for present duties, but for a happy married life, if the opportunity is offered.

Salaries of Actors.

Salaries paid to actors and actresses in the eighteenth century's latter half, seem to be miserably small by comparison with those paid even second class artists of the present day, writes Francis Wilson. Permitting Garrick and Peg Woffington to average four performances a week when they were engaged under salary at Drury Lane, they did not earn above \$60 each per week; while Palmer and his wife, Miss Pope and Kitty Cline—at the same calculation as to number of performances—averaged about \$15 per week. Grimaldi and his wife got \$5 per performance.

The enormous sums paid actors and actresses of the present day—and I venture the assertion that in no country is the monetary return so great to historians as here in America—would have caused the instant death of men like Alex. Bunn, who, unwilling to keep abreast of the times, refused to pay Helen Faucet \$150 per week, because Miss O'Neill, "drawing all the world after her," had only received \$125.

This great difference in amounts paid actors and actresses has come about gradually. The writer has in his possession a letter from Edmund Kean to the Covent Garden management stating his terms, "now well known to every school boy in England," as \$250 per performance—and large as this amount is as compared with that received by Kean's predecessors or contemporaries, it is almost small beside that paid to Charlotte Cushman or Edwin Booth, and others less distinguished.

Seeing the Future of War.

When science eliminates all chances of preserving life on the battlefield, man's courage will give out. Men will not go out to fight earthquakes, says George Moore in the *Fortnightly Review*. Today warfare is even more terrible than it was at the time of the battle of Sedan. Smokeless powder has been spoken of, and rifles are now in use which can kill at a mile and a half.

Naval war is in an even worse plight. The beauty of a ship and the gallantry of seamanship is one of the dreams of the past. The modern ship is an iron pot, furnished with leaky boilers, worked by engineers who stand in a stifling heat amid gigantic engines. These iron pots have never been tested in actual war; torpedoes may at this moment be in course of perfection that will send them to the bottom like so many stones. The hygienic war dreamed of by Zola is surely a dream.

Looking into the future, may we not rather think that the day will come when not even the old enthusiasm will suffice to induce nations to engage in war? What will happen it seems difficult even to conjecture. All we may say with certainty is, that the law, devotion or thou shalt be devoured, will remain the supreme law of life, even when the cannon's mouth is closed forever.

Halifax Business College.

The catalogue of the Halifax Business College is at hand for 1892. The subjects taught at this institution are varied, but a thorough business education is what Mr. Frazee aims to give his pupils. Type-writing and stenography are specialties of this college. The rooms are very commodious and central, and there is no doubt Mr. Frazee will have them well filled with pupils this season as they have been in the past.

A LEEDS CO. MIRACLE.

A STORY CONTAINING A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes—Not Through Wilful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.

(Brookville Times.)

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with now-a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eye, light in step, and joyous in spirits; but, alas, how far from this is their condition? Their complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anemia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds county, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of the *Times* by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt, had read the numerous articles in the *Times* regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvelous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some sixteen years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless, she was oppressed by constant headaches and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffatt's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the result was marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color began to return to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general restorer, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the trouble peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a gradual cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Things that Pleased Tennyson.

Tennyson was fond of his "church-warden" clay pipe, his bird's eye tobacco, of fair women and pretty girls, of short-horned cattle, of dairy management and of harvest homes, and he was never more happy than when riding from the meadow to the rick-yard on the last load of sweet new-mown hay.

Hallowmas Eve, 1892.

Let the young people enjoy the season by providing them with nice Gravenstein Apples, Chestnuts, Walnuts, New Raisins, Figs and Green Grapes, English and Canadian Biscuits, Sweet Cider, New Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peaches, etc., from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BROS., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

A prominent Lawyer said:—

"Hare are several young men who want to get into the legal profession, overcrowded as it is, and not one had wit enough to learn shorthand the one thing that would secure an opening in almost any office."

Why not learn Shorthand by mail an easy system, quickly learned, brief, rapid and perfect.

SNELL'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A—NILE. HOLY LAND. ROUND
THE WORLD. Excursion leave Oct. 26, Round the World; Nov. 29, Jan. 3, Feb. 4 for Nile and Palestine. Send for TOURIST GAZETTE. Ocean Tickets H. GAZE & SONS, 113 Broadway, N. Y.

SERGES—WE would again call attention to our fine stock of Black and Blue Serge, and also to our complete assortment of Trousers. A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 German St.

TO THE LADIES OF ST. JOHN.—Having had considerable experience in making Ladies' Tailor Finished Gowns, I have started business on my own account, with a perfect system of tailor cutting I hope to give satisfaction. MISS ADAMS, 215 Waterloo Street, Oct. 15, 24.

FEMALE COMPOSITORS.—ONE or two female compositors can obtain steady employment on book-work by applying by letter, stating time at business, qualifications, wages expected and where working last. Address—"W. R." Progress Office.

ALL THOROUGHbred POULTRY.
April and May Chicks for sale. Stock first-class. Houdans, Creve Coeurs, Indian Game, Japanese, Blue Andalusians, Silver-Grey Ducks, and Partridge Cochins. Write for prices. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, Windsor, N. S.

STAMPS.—PACKET A contains 25 rare stamps, including Japan, India, Mexico, etc., price 16 cents. Five approval sheets at 40 per cent. commission. I also buy old N. S. S. P. and E. L. stamps in any quantity, paying highest cash prices. F. BURT SAUNDERS, P. O. Box 309, St. John, N. B. 4, 5, 10

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, VERTISE anything, anywhere, at anytime, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNIS. May 2.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before coming to the United States, or on the original envelopes, preferred. I also want pairs and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 7½d. provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Sheets of stamps sent on approval to collectors. H. L. HART, 71, Göttingen street, Halifax, N. S. June 11-12

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE.
We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Ames Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton, Place, Boston, Mass.

To the Electors

—OF THE—

City of St. John.

GENTLEMEN—Last week we individually published cards asking your support at the coming election for Representatives to the Local Legislature. From such cards it was apparent that our aims and objects were the same, viz: to give to the Blair administration that fair and honest support which its past record merits and its future conduct may warrant and to advance by every means in our power the interests and welfare of the City of St. John.

Since then our friends have requested, and it seems to us desirable, that under the circumstances, holding the same views, supporting the same administration, and being actuated by like desires for an economic government legislation that will develop the resources of the Province, and a fair and impartial administration of the law, we should combine our interest and form a ticket upon which to appeal to you. This we have done. Our individual cards have been withdrawn and in lieu thereof we substitute this joint request for your support.

Dated this tenth day of October, A. D. 1892.

We are, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
JOHN L. CARLETON,
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
GEORGE A. HETHERINGTON.

To the Electors

—OF THE—

COUNTY OF ST. JOHN.

GENTLEMEN—The House of Assembly being dissolved, you are now entitled for the first time to choose two members for yourselves for the County, independent of any connection with the city as heretofore, and we, as residents of the County and at the request of many friends, have concluded to offer as candidates for the two seats.

We believe it will be of advantage to the County to sustain the present government, and if elected we shall accord to the administration a fair support, using our best energies and abilities in your service.

We have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,

A. T. DUNN,
JOHN McLEOD.

3rd October, 1892.

Madame Kane



The Newest Styles in FALL MILLINERY at a great reduction in price. No goods to be carried over. Call and see our complete assortment at the Opera House Block.

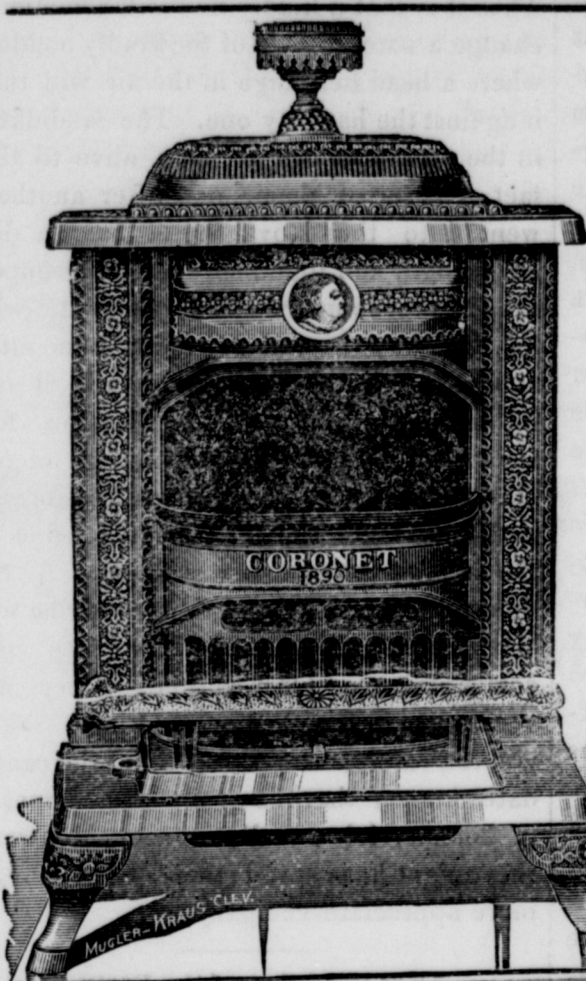


SCHUTZE
Smokeless Powder.

It is clean; there is no Recoil; it is Smokeless. One pound is equal in Power and Bulk to two pounds of the best black powder. It is the POWDER OF THE FUTURE for Sportsmen.

Single and Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns,
BIG MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, CARTRIDGES
AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,
Market Square, St. John, N. B.



THIS handsome New
Franklin is called

The Coronet.

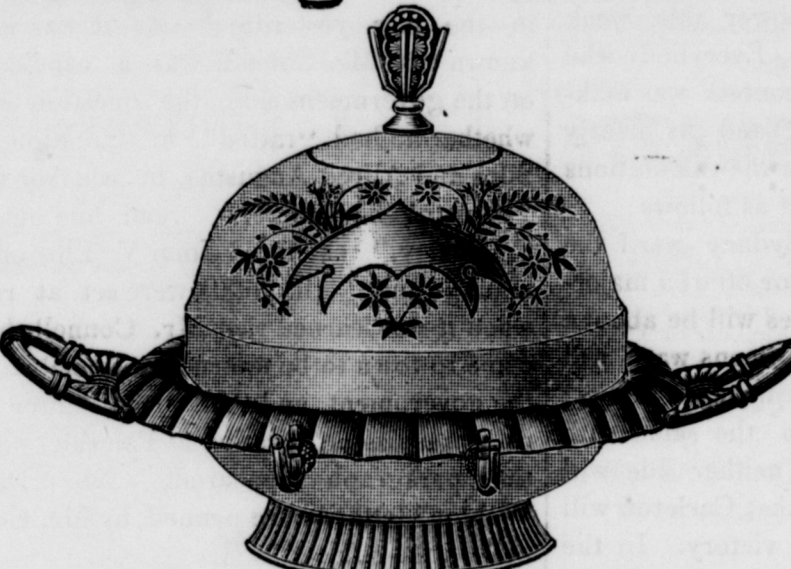
It is lined with Heavy Fire Brick, and will burn Hard or Soft Coal or Wood. It is made in three sizes. A feature about this franklin is that the price is lower than any franklin of equal size and style on the market.

We are also showing Base Burners, Base Heaters, and Surface Burning Stoves.

COMPARE PRICES.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince William Street.

Wedding Presents!



BEST STOCK IN THE

CITY OF

Butter Coolers;

Oyster Dishes;

Cake Baskets;

Coffee Spoons;

Tea Services;

Etc., Etc.

Call and examine the variety.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO.,
60 and 62 Prince Wm. St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Heating Stoves.

50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM.
ALL GOOD HEATERS.

AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU.
J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St.
(Opposite Hotel Dufferin.)



Season,
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Guns, Rifles,
Revolvers,
Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES

T. McAVITY and SONS,
13 AND 15 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Great Cash Bargains.
Pants from \$3.00 up. Overcoats from... \$13.00 up.
Reefers from 8.00 up. Gent's Suits from 14.00 up.

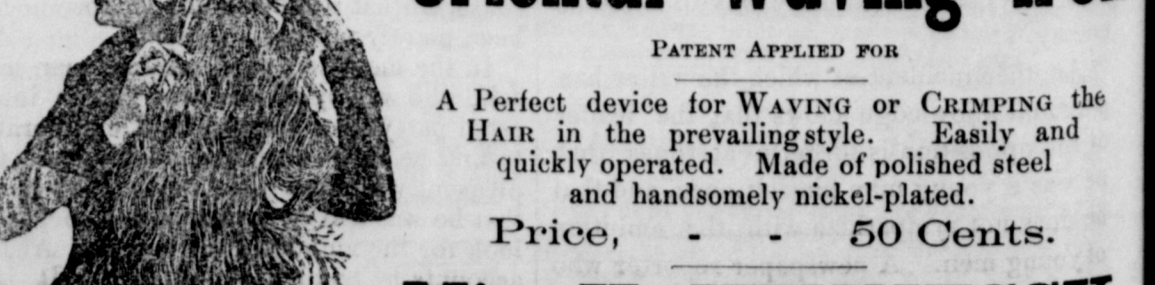
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PANTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

W. H. McINNIS, - - Tailor,
127 and 129 Portland Bridge, Mill Street.

OUR LARD
in four pound tins is choice.

Our Pork Sausages—
just try them.

Chicago Beef.
JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST.
133 Telephone.



THE
Oriental Waving Iron
A Perfect device for WAVING or CRIMPING the
HAIR in the prevailing style. Easily and
quickly operated. Made of polished steel
and handsomely nickel-plated.
Price, - - 50 Cents.

Miss K. HENNESSY,
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