

Second Great Red Figure Sale

OF MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Last January we thought it wise to make a great Red Figure Sale to clear out all surplus Winter Stock. It was a success. Everyone purchasing from us at that sale was satisfied; and we were satisfied because it left us so that we had to place large orders for the coming winter, and will be able to show all new stock. However that has nothing particular to do with the present more than to show that the idea of closing out each season's stock is a good one. Our Present Effort will be to clear out all Summer stock at a Great reduction during August. We carry a large stock and must get rid of as much as possible of it to make room for an immense Winter Stock. (The largest we have ever shown.) To make this sale suitable to all, two things are necessary, one is a good variety to select from, (all will acknowledge we have that,) and the other is to sell them at such a great reduction that it will pay persons to take advantage of the prices. This we have determined to do, and if Prices, Variety and Value have anything to do with making a big hole in our stock then this Red Figure Sale will do it. Monday, Aug. 1st, and during the week, we invite you all to look at our **Trouser Window**. It will be a marvel of Prices. We will continue to bring to your notice from time to time the special attractions we will offer. Only bear this in mind—that the Clothing must be Sold, and much of it is dark color and fairly heavy weight, suitable for any season of the year. You know the place

OAK HALL,

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Cor. King and Germain Sts., St. John, N. B.

OF INTEREST TO MASONS.

News of the Craft in This Province and Other Places.

Hon. John M. Gibson, who is known to some of the St. John masons, has been elected grand master of Canada. The choice was practically unanimous. There was a wish among many of the representatives that J. Ross Robertson would consent to be nominated for a third term, but he positively declined the honor, not only as a matter of principle that no grand master should seek to "own" the office, but because he had done an unusually large amount of work and needed a rest.

A matter which periodically comes up for discussion at the Ontario grand lodge sessions is the motion to prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors at the refreshment tables of private lodges. It is always defeated by a large majority. This is due not to the question of the right or wrong of the case, but because it is considered a matter which should be left entirely to the judgment of the lodges, and it is beyond the power of the grand lodge to legislate on the subject. In former times, as is well known, when drinking customs prevailed more than they do now, the lodge had to shoulder a great deal of the blame. Now-a-days it is very different. In the jurisdiction of New Brunswick, for instance, the use of even such light beverages as ale is exceptional, though there is no regulation about it. The matter is one which can be safely left to the good sense of the lodges.

The first week in October will be made memorable by the celebration of the centennial of freemasonry in Upper Canada, and already great preparations are making for the event.

So far as can be learned the members of the Encampment of St. John, K. T., are not likely to accept the invitation of Rev. J. C. Timbombe to attend a special service at the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, at an early date. There seems to be an impression that the distance is just a little too far to walk, though the knights would be sure of a most cordial reception after they get there.

The council of Royal and Select Masters at Moncton, which has been dormant for some years is to be revived, and it is likely that a new council will be instituted at St. Stephen at an early day.

A recent number of the *Toronto Freeman* speaks of the grand council of R. A. E. M., of New Brunswick as though it were a new body. It was established in 1867 and has always existed, though it has not held its regular sessions. It was the parent of all the grand bodies of the rite now existing in Canada, and still has exclusive territorial jurisdiction in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. One of its warrants, that of Chebucto council, of Halifax, was sent to the grand council of Ontario a few years ago, and that body illegally issued a new warrant, thus invading an already occupied territory.

The Great Priory, K. T., of Canada, has chosen R. W. Crookshank as provincial prior for New Brunswick, past prior S. F. Matthews having stated that he declined to accept a further term of the office. The new grand master is E. T. Malone. Whether the new order of things will have any effect on the future of St. John Encampment, now under the Chapter General of Scotland, remains to be seen.

WANTED TO BEAT THE EDITOR.

The Foreman in the Chair and No Blood Shed—A Rough-Looking Fellow.

Into a New Brunswick town, not long ago, there walked a man who felt that he had reason to be murderously mad at the editor of the town's weekly newspaper. The paper had given a report of the testimony of this man at a trial, when he explained how he managed to get his drinks "by law," although the Canada Temperance Act was in force. The man had come from his native wilds, miles away, to turn the editorial establishment into complete chaos. The avenger went into a law office on his way to the editorial rooms, and the disciples of Coke "rang up" the printing office, saying to look out for a

bold, bad man, and prepare for an inglorious death. The editor did not happen to be at the office when the message came, so the editorial duties devolved upon the foreman. This gentleman is a handsome man, when he is nicely shaved, and "dressed in his best suit of clothes," but at this time he happened to be raising a beard, and well, it is true that printers, while on duty, do not generally wear their kid gloves and split-tails, and part their hair in the middle.

The foreman went into the sanctum, ruffled his hair until his head resembled Paderoski's, sat in the editorial chair, put his feet on the desk, and was ready for callers. He had not long to wait, for the odor of an anti-Scott act beverage was wafted on into the sacred place, and a man thirsting for gore entered.

"Are you the editor?" asked the red-handed son of Cain, in thunder-tones. The editor, pro tem., nodded, and asked the visitor if he had come to pay up his subscription. The man brought forth a soiled copy of the last issue of the paper, and unfolded it with an ominous growl.

"Oh, I see," said the foreman, calmly, "you don't take the paper, but you'd like to. One dollar, please."

The man pointed to the offending item, and roared, "Do you see that?"

"Oh, you want some advertising done, do you? Why in blazes didn't you say so at first?"

The man looked troubled, but read the item very slowly and distinctly.

"Now that," said the gore-seeker, "wasn't what I said at all."

"Well, what in thunder did you say?"

The man then gave a somewhat lengthy and remarkable version of his evidence and demanded satisfaction.

"Well," said the foreman, "what you've been telling may have been what you said, but if that was translated into grammatical, well-punctuated English, it would be just as we had it."

The man seemed a little worried at this speech, but asked, "Can you take it all back in the next paper?"

"Certainly," said the foreman, "you can have the whole inside of the next paper—and part of the outside, even if we have to let the W. C. T. U. column slide—at ten cents a line."

A phenologist, gazing at that angry man's face, would have seen that he was weakening. But, with the air of a man who is willing to pay a big fine as his share of the funeral, he said, "When does your paper come out?"

"In about a week," said the acting editor. "Can't you get it out today?" said the man who wanted blood.

"I'm sorry," said the foreman, "but we're not running any special editions this week."

The editor came in at this juncture. He did not look as frightened as he might have, had he entered a few minutes earlier, for it was evident that the bad man had lost his relish for gore. There happened to be the stub of a cigar on the table, strong as the agonist of long ago, and the editor, acting upon a generous impulse, said to the visitor, "How do you do? Will you have a cigar?"

The man placed the stub in his mouth, lit it, and puffed.

O tobacco, where is the ruffled brow thou canst not soothe? At the first whiff, "Good-bye, boys," said the man of blood, and walked off happy.

He afterwards went to the law-office and asked, "What did you say that editor's name was?"

The name of the bona fide editor was repeated. The man drew a long breath, and said,

"By Gosh, but he's a rough lookin' fellow!"

The Safety Stoop.

The safety stoop is becoming universal. The almost invariable tendency of the bicycle rider is toward the "racing form," and if this is persisted in an upright man, physically speaking, will be an exception among us, and the "safety stoop" will become the rule. The "safety" bicycle is a practical machine, which the "ordinary" was not—we speak of the latter in the past tense, as its day has really gone by—but the safety has an influence upon its rider to stoop as in carelessness which the "ordinary" did not possess in any marked degree. The L. A. W. should incite the wheelmen to uprightness of carriage, which is next to uprightness of conduct, so that the threatened "safety stoop" may be nipped in the bud. The "stoop" is necessary in racing, where leg power is the great thing, but the human race can very well dispense with it.—*Boston Transcript*.

SILENCED BY A PRAYER.

A Touching Incident on a Sleeping Car in the South.

We were a round dozen of the gloomiest passengers that ever got together in a Pullman car one warm June night coming up from Atlanta over the Piedmont Line, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. There were several reasons for the surly dullness which deepened as the evening wore on. The weather was clammy and uncomfortable, while to open the windows was to invite a coat of soot and showers of cinders. Moreover, the supper at Charlotte had been undeniably bad.

With such conditions it was not to be wondered at that an air of gloomy moroseness pervaded the car. The only party who did not openly evince any evidence of discontent was a group of a sad-faced man, a woman with a subdued countenance and a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and the niece of the lady. We all knew well enough why they were so quiet. In the baggage car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly a bouquet of the same tube-roses we had seen carried in with the coffin.

By and by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused every one to turn his eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form, clad in a snowy night dress, her golden curls shaking over her shoulders by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were troubled and half afloat in tears. She was saying in a baby voice, which opposition had caused to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rumble of the train: "Papa and auntie, I must; mama told me to before she went to sleep."

Seeing the attention of the other passengers drawn upon them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back. The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands and began:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
and so on through it until the final amen, adding "God bless papa and auntie and poor little Annie, whose mamma has gone away."

Then unresisting, they tucked her into the berth. There was no more story telling, no more grumbling, no more growling that night.

BROKE HIS LEG FOR A LIVING.

The Singular Trade of a Lazy Man Who Knew a Thing or Two.

The authorities of Anacoda, Mont., have sent letters of inquiry here, says an Ashley (Ill.) special, in regard to one C. F. Burkhardt, who it appears, had sued that city for \$5,000 damages for a broken leg and other injuries sustained, it is claimed, by a fall upon the sidewalk there some time ago.

If Burkhardt is not an assumed name the man is not known here. There are several features about the case, however, that recall the career in this section of one of the shrewdest confidence men who ever worked a game in Illinois.

The man's name was Landers. He was an expert telegraph operator and one of the smoothest of talkers. Landers made a regular business for several years of traveling through the state, falling down on bad sidewalks in country towns and breaking his leg. It was always the same leg that was broken. A heavy damage suit followed each accident and the man fairly coined money at his peculiar business. His success for greater things. Accordingly, fifteen years or more ago he went to St. Louis, found a bad place in the pavement on Olive street, and promptly fell down and broke his leg there. He afterward compromised the matter with the city for \$2,000, and actually secured every dollar of it.

As a pretender Landers had no superior and few if any equals. Some of the best physicians were taken in by the fellow. He submitted to the most painful operations with wonderful fortitude. A number of physicians, whose honesty had never for a moment been questioned, have gone upon the witness stand in court and taken a solemn oath that the man's leg had been broken and reset by them, when in reality the fellow had never been hurt at all.

The man's ability as a pretender in that line was equalled only by his ability to tell with wonderful effect a tale of woe. His pitiful story was told in such a manner that it carried conviction with it. It seldom or never failed to bring about the desired verdict. Landers finally drifted to Chicago,

where he was caught in some swindle and was sent to the Joliet penitentiary for a term of years. The term expired several years ago, and the leg breaker left for the great and growing West.

ANGRY JILTED WRAITHS.

A Boycott that Darkens the Prospect of a Pair in Their Honeymoon.

A short time ago there was a wedding in spiritualistic circles, a handsome young lady, who is credited with the possession of rare mediumistic powers, being united to the happy man whom she preferred among a score or more of admirers. Fortunately, or unfortunately, all of these admirers are not sojourning in these low grounds of sorrow. Some of them are in that mysterious land from which most persons believe there is no return ticket. Of course, no spiritist accepts the Prince of Denmark's dogma on this point, and the young lady, now a bride, has heretofore maintained that her admirers "over there" were a great deal more useful to her than those who remained on this shore of time, for the reason that her best "controls" were these same spirit lovers.

Since her marriage a singular condition of affairs has come about. The earthly admirers have accepted the situation, most of them even attended the wedding and endured if they did not approve her choice. With the lovers on the beautiful shore the young wife's friends say it is different. They are angry and appear to have placed a spiritual boycott upon her. She has not received a single communication from any one of these departed lovers since her marriage, and worse than that they have formed a guard around her, and allow no other spirits to communicate with her. As the marriage was one of pure love, wholly without mercenary consideration on the young lady's part, at least, and the limited salary of the husband was to have been aided by the professional earnings of the wife, the spirit boycott is a serious matter to these worthy young people. It has already operated to make them cut short their wedding trip, and instead of going to housekeeping for themselves, as they intended, they have been compelled to board with mother.

How long this malicious boycott may be kept up is one of those things that no one can determine. The attempt to call elderly and disinterested spirits as a board of arbitration has thus far been frustrated by the departed lovers, whose earthly affection seems to have been turned into an unrelenting hate.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Some Freaks of Memory.

It is not unusual to find a memory retentive on some subjects and extremely defective on others. A lady of the writer's acquaintance could tell the number of stairs contained in each flight in the houses in which she had lived, and the various residences she visited, yet it seemed almost impossible for her to retain for any length of time a remembrance of things more important. An actor once performing in a play which had had a long run, all at once forgot the speech he was to make. When he got behind the scenes he said: "How could I be expected to remember it forever? Have I not repeated it every night for the last two hundred nights?"

On one occasion a gentleman had to turn to his companion, when about to leave his name at a door where they had called, to ask him what it was, so completely and suddenly had all memory it left him. A story is told of a Frenchman who sat by his fireside reading a book, when the nurse brought him his infant heir to dandle on his knee. A friend calling upon him, he forgot that he was not reading, and, throwing the child on the table as it had been a book, he left the room. Fortunately, the nurse was at hand to rescue the maltreated infant.

Beauty and Comfort.

Women know how much comfort and health conduce to comeliness of persons. To men beauty does not seem to call for analysis. If a woman imagines she cares more for beauty than for comfort and health, it is because she does not see that beauty is impossible without both. A Righy Waterproof cloak is conducive to health and productive of comfort, and at the same time may be in itself an adornment to the person of the wearer. Righy is now for sale in over two hundred designs in Ladies' mantle cloths, as well as in Gentleman's overcoats.

It is at the same time stylish, comfortable, sanitary and waterproof.

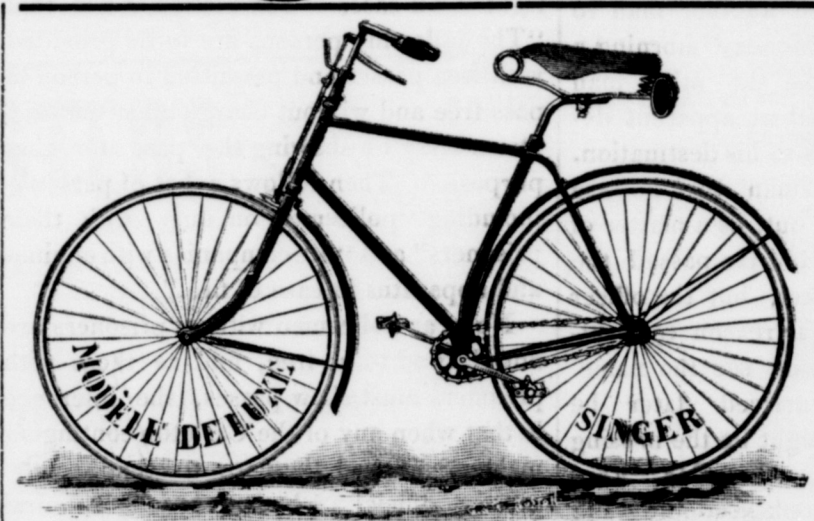
Refrigerators!

Are more valuable in the month of August than at any other time of the year. They will pay for themselves in a very short time. We have only 3 left, at \$15.00, \$29.00 and \$35.00. If you want one, order quickly; we will have no more this year.

W. H. THORNE & CO.

Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Singers Lead!



Mr. Jack Kirkpatrick led the field from scratch at the Moncton Bicycle races, on the 12th July, on his

Model de Luxe Singer,

PNEUMATIC TIRES,

winning another gold medal.

Six entries, four started.

At Annapolis on July 1st,

the same rider with the same

wheel won the race, and

secured the gold medal.

The first Century for the

Maritime Provinces was

ridden by Mr. F. H. J. Ruel,

on a Model de Luxe Singer

with Dunlop Pneumatic tires

winning the gold Century Bar

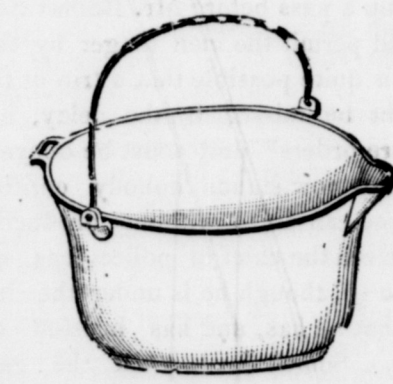
Over 60 wheels sold so far.

Another lot of Pneumatics

on the way. You make no

mistake in buying a Singer.

C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.



No Reason Why

Preserves should be scarce this year as Sugar is cheap. Berries are plentiful, and we have a large stock.

Enamelled Preserve Kettles,

at such prices as cannot fail to please careful buyers.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S.—The White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer still leads. See it when you call, also large stock of seasonable goods. Our new Nutmeg grater is a wonder.

Mower Repairs,

Section Knives and Parts for all Machines.

Send for our circulars and prices, and note that it is to your advantage to purchase these goods from us. Our Goods are unexcelled and our Prices Unequalled.

Haying Tools of all Kinds in Stock.

T. McAVITY & SONS,

13 AND 15 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.