

THE CHARM OF CHARMS.

Every Girl in the Group Assented With Enthusiastic Unanimity.

A lot of young women were discussing, on the piazza of the summer hotel, one of the gentlemen guests of the same.

"His manners are perfect," ventured one.

"He's rather too independent, I think," came a dissenting opinion; "but he has fascinating eyes."

"They would be much more so if they were brown instead of blue," dissented another, but his figure is splendid."

"Don't you think he is a shade too stumpy," asked another dissenter. "I don't like stumpy men; I do think, though, that his teeth are very fine."

"Most too small for a man's teeth," opposed a girl with a big mouth; "but he has a nose that a Greek god might envy."

"Greek enough," dissented another. "but it lacks character. He would have a stronger face if his nose were more Roman. His hair is his most attractive feature, I think, and he can let it wave about his white forehead, though."

"Altogether too low," objected an intellectual dissenter. "Don't you think he has a fine chin?"

"On the contrary, it's coarse," antagonized a sweet-voiced maiden, "and that kind of a chin means tyranny, if the man has a wife who is at all yielding. His hands have always pleased me by their shapeliness."

"Too much like a woman's," objected a masculine looking maid. "I think—"

"What I like about him most," interrupted a stately beauty, "is his million dollars."

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" And every girl in the group assented with enthusiastic unanimity.

A Question in Orthography.

Hardware Dealer (to New Book-keeper, who is on trial).—Mr. Pens, I have just sold the last tailor's goose we have in stock—telegraph to Irons & Co. for a dozen immediately, and let's see how quickly you can hustle them through, now.

The New Book-keeper (innocently).—Yes, sir. I'll send the telegram at once.

He takes up a book of telegraph blanks and writes:

Iron & Co., New York.—Freight us immediately twelve tailor—

And here he stops.

He chews his pencil, twirls his watch-chain, unbuttons his vest, curls his moustache, hunts for a dictionary, and writes such words as these on a scrap of waste paper:

12 tailor-geese
12 tailor's geese
12 tailor-geoses
12 tailors' geese
12 tail-

Now he begins to mop his forehead, and look at his watch—when all of a sudden he smiles a large-sized smile, and loses no time in taking a clean blank, and writing some words which seem to please him greatly.

About an hour later the order clerk of Irons & Co., New York, files the following order-telegram:

Irons & Co., New York.—Freight us immediately one tailor's goose and eleven others.

He Didn't Know His Son.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockford, (Va.) battery was standing awaiting orders. Gen. Lee approached and stopped a moment. A dirty-faced driver of about seventeen said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

"Think of such a question from such a source, addressed to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee."

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer answered, kindly. "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar to me somehow?"

"I don't wonder you didn't know me sir, I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob!"

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military Institute.

Aberdeen's Elder Brother.

The Earl of Aberdeen, viceroy and governor-general of Canada, is liable at any moment to be ousted from his seat in the house of lords and deprived of his peerage and estate by the reappearance of his elder brother, who vanished in a most mysterious fashion years ago, during a voyage from New York to Brazil, from a vessel where he was serving as sailor before the mast. Notwithstanding all efforts to discover a trace as to what had become of him, no clew has ever been obtained, nor is there any certainty of his death.

"Book-Farmin'."

There is a prejudice among certain farmers against "book farming." The proper mode of exploiting book farming is to first try it and be convinced of any fallacies that may be claimed for it. The fact is that book farming is simply the following of the published experience of those who have devoted years of toil and thought to improved methods of farming, and the most progressive men are those who profit by the teachings of others.

Tracing The Source.

Merritt—How is it, Johnny, that you are such an inveterate young enemy of mine? I have never done anything to you.

Little Johnny—Yes, you have. Whenever you come to see Cora she puts the clock back. That makes me late for school the next day, and then teacher licks me.

A Last Resort.

Mother—"I don't know what to do about my little boy. I have been feeding him all the new patent health foods I could hear of, and he gets thinner and thinner every day." Doctor—"H'm! Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Try him on meat and potatoes."

A Tin Wedding.

Bridget—Soy, Pat, why is it they call this our tin wedding?

Pat—Faith, an' it's because we've been married tin years.

"Has the editor read my poem?" asked the long haired man. "I don't know for sure," replied the office boy, "but he's sick in bed today."



His Dyspepsia Cured.



MR. GEO. READ.

B. B. B. CURED ME.

I have also used it for my wife and family, and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends. I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.



They are Fast.

They are Beautiful.

They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.

Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and J. E. MAHONEY, Indian town.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while feeding for Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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CARE KILLED A CAT.

But the Want of It Has Killed a Great Many Others.

If "Care once killed a cat," what has want of it done?

My heart goes out to those homeless and uncared for creatures, especially the cats of cities, to whom even area doors are closed.

The country abounds with refugees, and even in suburbs a cat industriously disposed can pick up a living. But into stone pavements the poor pariah cannot burrow, brown-tone fronts she cannot scale; and though avenues are open on all sides, from her environment she cannot escape. Nor can she find shelter.

The street-boy is better off, in that he can contrive to get taken in whenever he likes, but a cat in the city looking for a situation is so entirely out of place that even the policeman leave her alone.

Are there, then, too many cats in the world? Is it to no lasting good that quiet neighborhoods have been disturbed by their noisy midnight gallantries? It would seem there is no need of more than one cat to a mouse. But in the back-yard on which I look I've counted seventeen of an afternoon, and not a mouse in sight.

Why cats are given to back yards is not easy to say. In no sense can they be called happy hunting-grounds. Game is more plentiful even on those Long Island reaches that one ranges on autumn days (when the season is said to have opened) in quest of quail.

In these back yards, their seemingly favorite preserves, cats catch nothing—if we except flies, and the occasional tin can or old shoe—hung at them; the latter perhaps for luck. There are a few blades of grass there, but Puss, notwithstanding her meditative posings on partition-fences, is not a ruminating animal. I am. And some day, if I do not before go to the dogs, I may go down among the cats.

I remember a summer when business called me back to the city in July. We found cats dying in our yard, all around us,—one in the cellar, through the window of which the poor creature in its agony had managed to crawl for water. This seemed a strange effect of a not unusually hot summer. But it turned out that a neighbor who also had gone into the country (a good Christian, by all accounts, but a Christian, probably, who "didn't care for cats") had left behind him a legacy of hatred for the poor pariahs in poisoned food strewn about his premises. Dr. Jekyll, to his fellow pew-holders: Mr. Hyde to cats!

The Origin of "Strike."

An early use of the word "strike" occurs in the "The London Chronicle" for 1765. In September of that year are numerous references to a great suspension of labor in the northern coal fields, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into their usual yearly "bond."

In confirmation of Mr. Leaton-Blenkinsopp's statement at the last reference, it may be added that the strike is twice called a "stick."—London Chronicle, October 8, 10. One of Harriet Martineau's earliest pamphlets was a tract entitled "The Tendency of Strikes and Sticks to Produce Low Wages," published at Durham in 1834. The time honored illustration of profitless labor, "carrying coals to Newcastle," probably received its first slap in the face during the strike of 1765.

A paragraph, dated Newcastle, September 28, in "The London Chronicle," says: "Tis very remarkable that, on Wednesdays, several pokes of coals were brought from Durham to this town by one of the common carriers and sold on the sand hill for 9d. a poke, by which he cleared 6d. a poke."

Lost Faith in Gladstone.

An enthusiastic grocer had the other day printed in large letters on a board placed over his shop door the following words:—"Mr. Gladstone says 'Jam is the best substitute for butter.' Try our home-made jam."

A woman entered his shop, bought two pots of "Our Home-made," and carried them off.

In a few days she returned, laid one pot of jam on the counter, and with an indignant air, exclaimed:—

"I've been brought up to believe that every word Mr. Gladstone spoke was true. I'll never believe him again!"

"Indeed, madam; why not?" enquired the bewildered grocer.

"Why," repeated the indignant matron, "because he said jam was the best substitute for butter. It is not. It won't fry my fish."

Green Turtle Soup.

The man from Petaluma had tucked the napkin under his collar band and was looking around the restaurant when the waiter assailed him.

"Soup, sir?" inquired the functionary.

"What sort?"

"Green turtle, sir."

"Um—any other kind?"

"No, sir."

"Well, bring it along and I'll see about it. Summer is comin' on and a man's got to be particular about eatin' too many green things. Sure you ain't got none that's ripe?"

The waiter stuck a towel down his resophagus and hurried away to the kitchen.

Why the Funeral Was Postponed.

An Arkansas man the other day rapped on his coffin just as the minister was about to begin the burial service over him. A man in the room, who thought some one outside was knocking at the door, yelled "come in," hearing which the supposed dead man in the coffin exclaimed: "What's the matter with you? I am in already, and want to get out." He finally became so obstreperous that the funeral had to be postponed.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth, N. S. FRED COULSON.

I was cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglewille. J. W. RUGGLES.

Though Phil D. Armour has a desk full of railroad passes, he never uses one of them, but always pays his fare. He is disposing of his own property to his sons as fast as they show their qualifications to use it right, believing it to be wiser to see his wealth in proper hands while he is still alive. He has no faith in will.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE, could not have survived for over eighty years except for the FACT that it possesses very much more than ordinary merit.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. Is soothing, healing, penetrating. Once used always wanted; and dealers say "Can't sell any other kind."

Every Mother should have JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Croup, Cuts, Bruises and Burns, Stomach Pains, Cramps, Inflammation in Body or Limb, Croup Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Cholera, Morbus, For Muscular Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Strains best remedy made. Infallible for Nervous Headache. Full particulars sent free. Sold everywhere.

Price, 25 cents, size, \$1.00. If you can't get it send to us. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS PILLS.

Make New Rich Blood. "Best Liver Pill Made"

Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE, Liver and Bowel Complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Price 25 cents, five \$1.00. Full particulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.



CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. ARMSTRONG retiring. Business continued at old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due.

May 8, '94. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B. Lamb, Mutton and Veal. Ontario Fresh Pork.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market

J. D. TURNER,

Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pies, Feet, Lamb's Tongues, German Mustard, Peanuts and Fruit. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds. Wholesale and Retail at

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 163 Germain Street, St. John.

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HOTELS.

BALMORAL HOTEL, 109 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. SPENCER Prop.

The Leading \$1.50 per day house of the City, facing the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good Table. Efficient service.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIME, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches to and from trains and boats.

TRAMPING OVER CANADA.

Lord Dunmore's Plan to Travel Like a Savage From Montreal to Paris.

Mr. Charles Murray was born a lord, but prefers to be a tramp. He is not a tramp of the Coney variety, but a traveler, an explorer and a student of nature.

These things cost money, but Lord Dunmore's rich estates in Scotland furnish him with all the cash he needs, and he wanders over the wild sections of the world at will.

The Earl comes of one of the oldest families in Great Britain. He is about 50 years of age and a giant in stature. His height is six feet two inches tall, and he pulls down the scales at about 250 pounds.

He is an old and experienced traveler and seems to despise civilization and the iron horse as heartily as did the mythical Leatherstocking. He has just finished a book called "The Pamirs," describing his latest journey, which was from India to the Caspian sea, a distance of 4,500 miles.

This remarkable journey was made on horseback, afoot and by sledge, and the plucky Earl was one year and three days in traversing India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan and Persia.

The next great trip Lord Dunmore will take is a decidedly novel one, as he has planned it. He proposes starting Montreal and traversing the entire length and breadth of British North America until he reaches Alaska. During the whole journey he will refuse the aid of all civilized means of travel.

He will make the trip on horseback, afoot, by canoe and by sledge exactly as he might have done had he been born a noble red man instead of a lord. The object of his trip, aside from the pleasurable notoriety it may bring him, is to cross the continent by a route never before attempted by civilized man and to learn the secrets of the comparatively unexplored interior. There is a general impression that much oxen and Esquimos roam over the country, and Lord Dunmore desires to increase the world's store of knowledge on these and other points.

The Earl expects to travel in boats for part of the way on the Mackenzie river. Other parts of the journey will be covered on foot, by sledge and by snowshoe. He expects to live on jerked reindeer meat, fish, musk-ox flesh and whatever provender the natives utilize in keeping soul and body together. He is an ardent Nimrod and expects to bag some big game before reaching Alaska. From Alaska he intends to cross Behring sea on the ice and tramp through Siberia and other countries until he reaches Paris.

Sweet Peas' Blossoms as Fly-Killers.

"Come inside a minute," said the merchant. I have discovered the greatest fly trap on earth, and I want to show it to you."

He led the way to the rear of the store, where on a newspaper had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. At least a thousand dead flies were lying on the paper in the immediate vicinity of the bunch of flowers.

"I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in about ten minutes I happened to notice that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time."

Even as he spoke, a number of flies which had stopped to suck the sweet peas had toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings weakly several times, and then gave up the ghost.

Wanted Another Star.

Some time ago a ship, while on a voyage, experienced some severe storms, and had her compasses damaged so that they were not reliable.