The Herald.

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THE HERALD
Is Published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of Kane & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

☞ The large circulation of this Journal makes it a first-class medium for Advertising.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms,
54 GERMAIN STREET,

NEW
Boot & Shoe Store,
NO. 212 UNION STREET,
(Next door to A. Sinclair's)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS assortment of BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &c., which will be sold at
Lowest Prices for Cash.
Boots and Shoes made to order in the latest style.
C. E. VAUGHAN.
P. S.—All goods purchased of me Repaired free of charge.

J. S. STANTON,
Coach Proprietor,
98 St. Patrick Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.
☞ All orders promptly attended to. mar24ly

The Empire Dining Saloon,
GERMAIN ST., Opposite City Market
R. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
The very best of Oysters always on hand
☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day. ☜

WM. DOHERTY & Co.
CUSTOM TAILORS,
Corner of Main St., Portland,
AND PARADISE ROW.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FIRST CLASS FIT
And workmanship guaranteed. A full stock of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
☞ Ladies' Sacques A Specialty ☜

DOMINION
Dining Rooms and Exchange,
OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL LOT,
CHARLOTTE STREET.
ARE NOW OPEN
Meals at all Hours. Dinner 35 cents, served from 12 to 2. Patronage solicited.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.
C. COURTENAY,
aug25 Proprietor.

ANNUAL HOLIDAY SALE!
During the present month, and preparatory to Stock taking, the Goods in all departments will be sold at vastly Reduced Prices, in most cases less than the Wholesale quotations.
In a few days the range of prices in
BLACK SILKS, VELVETS,
DRESS GOODS, BLANKETS,
COUNTERPANES, COMFORTERS,
Etc., Etc., will be published.
Irrespective of Purchasing, an Inspection of the Stock is solicited.
MACKENZIE BROS.,
47 King street.

LONDON-MADE TWEED OVERCOATS,
New and Fashionable.
In a splendid variety of mixtures; also REEFERS, will be cleared out at Cost, as they form no part of our regular line.
dec22 MACKENZIE BROS.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER,
Painter Glazier and Paper
HANGER,
IMITATOR OF
WOOD and MARBLE.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
99 St. Patrick Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
sep22

Greenville Extra Lime,
MANUFACTURED BY
D. A. HOLLAND & CO.
ALL Orders left at JOHN O'BRIEN'S, (Tobacconist) Mill street, or at the Adelaide House, McCorkery's Road, Portland, will be promptly attended to.
jany12—ly

A QUANTITY OF
PAPER BAGS,
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.
APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

U. S. PIANO CO.
$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Piano for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Familiest Factory price, and warrant five years. We Send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw his notice.
ADDRESS:
U. S. PIANO COMPANY,
810 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

CHEAP DRY GOODS! CHEAP DRY GOODS!
SECOND WEEK
OF THE
CLEARANCE SALE
—AT—
McCAFFERTY & DALY'S,
Corner of King and Germain Sts.

IN addition to the general reduction made on all our Stock, we will offer this week SPECIAL BARGAINS in Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, Linen Handkerchiefs, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions.

20 pieces MATLASSE DRESS GOODS, all new shades, regular price 25cts., reduced price 17 cts.;
20 pieces DIAGONAL SERGE, all new shades. Regular price, 30cts., reduced to 20cts.;
20 pieces Chappat & Co.'s BLACK CASHMERES. Regular prices 70, 80, 90 cts., 81.00, $1.10, $1.20. Reduced to 60, 70, 80, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.10;
12 pieces NEW COLORS FRENCH MERINOS. Regular price $1.00 per yard. Reduced to 80cts.;
Black Coburgs, Black Alpaccas, Black Henriettas, Black Persian Cord, proportionately reduced;
21 pieces HEAVY ALL WOOL CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 70cts.; reduced to 60cts.;
36 pieces Extra Heavy All Wool CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 85 cts., reduced to 75 cts.;
50 dozen LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gentlemen's, 15 per cent below regular prices;
200 pieces HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTIONS, 20 per cent. below regular prices.

M. CAFFERTY & DALY,
mar2 COR. KING AND GERMAIN STREET.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods.
CLEARANCE SALE!
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
M. WALSH, - - Portland Bridge.
In order to make room for Spring Importations I have
REDUCED
MY WHOLE STOCK,
which must be sold out previous to moving to my new premises, Market Square.

100 Pieces FANCY DRESS GOODS, from 8 to 30cts.
50 " BLACK LUSTRES, 12½ to 30 cents
100 " DRESS TWEEDS, 7 to 15 cents.
50 " PRINTS, 8 to 12 cents.
150 " GREY COTTONS, 6 to 10 cents.
100 " WHITE " 7½ to 12 cents.
20 " WHITE SHEETINGS, 25 to 40 cents.
20 " GREY " 20 to 25 cents.
50 Dozen LINEN TOWELS.
120 Pieces TABLE LINENS, 30 cents upwards.
50 " BRO. HOLLANDS, 12½ to 20 cents.
100 " CANADIAN TWEEDS, from 50 cts. to $1.00 for Men and Boys wear,—splendid value
20 " SATINETS, Extra Good Value.
50 Pairs WHITE BLANKETS, $2.00 to $6.00.
50 Pieces FLANNEL SHIRTINGS, from 25 to 35 cts.
30 Dozen MEN'S UNDER CLOTHING, Shirts and Drawers, low 40 to 90 cents.
15 " WOOL SHIRTS $1.00 to $1.50.
12 " TWEED do. 50 to 75 cents.
10 " WOOL SHAWS, from $1.00 to $6.00.
20 " BERLIN SQUARES AND SCARFS.

A full Line in Gents' Furnishing Goods.
☞ I would respectfully call special attention to the above, which will be found well worthy of inspection.
MICHAEL WALSH,
PORTLAND BRIDGE.
mar2

JEWELLERS' HALL,
No. 14 King Street,
PALACE BUILDING.
THIS new Store has opened with a full stock of
Fine Watches, Jewellery and FANCY ARTICLES.
Also, a good assortment of TOYS, expressly imported for the Christmas Trade. Owing to the lateness of their arrival, the FANCY GOODS and TOYS will be sold at cost so that none will remain over.
dec 22 T. L. COUGHLAN.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
APPLICATIONS will be made by the Municipal Council of the City and County of Saint John to the Legislature of this Province at the next sitting thereof, for the enactment of a Bill, entited, "An Act to authorize the Municipal Council of the City and County of Saint John to allow remuneration and travelling expenses to the Councillors representing the Parishes of Simonds, Saint Martins, Lancaster and Musquash."
The object of this Bill is set forth in the Title.
H. W. FIETH,
feb2 County Secretary

P. KEENAN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
(Successor to the late J. Crear.)
has removed from Germain street, to the Shanty on the
SOUTH SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN,
centre of King Square, where he will be found prepared to give the best satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. sept15

JOHN McGOURTY,
City Contractor,
COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A slate will be kept at J. C. Ferguson's, King Square, and orders left will be promptly attended to.

HOLLANDS GENEVA
Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint-flasks do. 1 "
M. A. FINN,
nov17 Hazen Building.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Notaries Public, &c.,
55 KING STREET, (up stairs.)
JOHN WILLET. RICHD. F. QUIGLEY, (B. C. L.) (I. L. B.)
feb9 Commissioner, &c., for Massachusetts.

TO LEASE,
FOR 3 OR 5 YEARS.
ON Sydney street, opposite Queen Square, two Respectable Dwellings with Bath rooms. Present W. C., Gas, Register Grates and all the modern improvements. Possession 1st May next. These premises are suitable for respectable families. Enquire of William Burns, at the Board of Health office, or on the premises. feb9

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
I RESPECTFULLY wish to announce to my friends and the Public generally that I have on hand a large and well assorted stock of MEN'S and BOYS', Coarse, Calf and Kip Boots.
Men's and Boys' Shoes,
BALMORAL and CONGRESS BOOTS; Ladies', Misses and Children's
BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,
and Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Felt Overshoes and Rubbers.
PLAIN and FANCY.
The above mentioned goods will be sold at very low prices for CASH.
Custom work and Repairing executed on the premises with despatch.
Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to my late husband while in business, I would solicit a continuance of the same.
MRS. J. DONOVAN,
dec26 Main street, Portland, (McKeever's Building)

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Legrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand a large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore
For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539, John, N. B.

THREE TROUBLES.

Three carpets hung waving in the breeze
Abroad in the breeze as the sun went down;
And three husbands, with patches of dust on their knees,
Whacked whacks that were heard for miles up and down.

For men must work, and women must cleave,
And the carpets be beaten, no matter how mean,
While the neighbors do the hossing.

Three housewifes leaned out of their windows raised—
Of their windows raised, where the light streamed in;
And they scrubbed and scrubbed till their heads grew dazed.

And their ears were filled with a horrible din,
For pots will fall, and kettles go bang,
And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,
While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the hay now to hide—
In the haymow to hide, where their wives no more looked,
Each said, as he rolled himself o'er on his side:
"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am hooked,
For men may swear, but women may dust,
And before I'll move that stove that I must,
I'll stay right here till morning!"

Three judges sat on their benches to judge
Three cases that came from a house-cleaning row,
The parties asserted they never would budge,
But wanted divorces "right there and right now."
So the men went off, and the women went home.
And hereafter will do their house-cleaning alone,
While their former partners snicker.

[Written for the HERALD.]

A RAMBLE AFTER THE FIRE.

BY NOW AND THEN.

I was a little sorry that I could not linger in Newport any longer than the steamer on which I was a passenger, but what business would a "St. John Sufferer" have at a famous watering place like Newport? and as the steamer swung from the landing, I heaved a sigh and sought my couch, where I quietly slumbered until the sun had already made its appearance in the East. New York, the great "Commercial emporium of the Western World," speedily came in view with all its greatness; the huge pile of brick and stone, the towering spires of its numerous churches, the gilded cross on many of them glistening in the bright sunshine of the early, breathing morn; the large amount of shipping along the piers forming a perfect forest of masts; the ferry boats crossing the river at various points as we cautiously steam up the East River, with Brooklyn on the one hand, passing beneath the mighty, but unfinished Suspension Bridge that spans the river; the fearless workman with steady nerve pursuing his avocation hundreds of feet above our heads, appearing to us like so many dwarfs at the dizzy heights of which they have attained. On we go making a sweeping circuit around Castle Gardens into the North River, with Jersey City on our left, and in a short time we are safely moored at the pier. We are soon on *terra firma*, forced to run the gauntlet of a small army of hack-drivers and expressmen, who apparently imagine that they are sent in a special manner to look after us and convey us to any portion of the city we may choose to go. They are indeed quite demonstrative in their attentions, and are evidently highly delighted in making the acquaintance of the wandering stranger, and were it not for the goodly presence of a number of stalwart and zealous policemen, who keep them in check, I really think they would tear us all to pieces, so anxious are they to have us under their especial care in taking us to any place we might choose to mention. In answer to their oft repeated "Hack, sir," we stubbornly persist in repeating the Mons-syllable, no; until we are entirely freed from their anxious gaze and petty annoyances. Having been in New York on previous occasions, it materially aided me in my search for comfortable and quiet lodgings which I speedily found in what is termed pretty well up town. My first visit to the great city was several years ago, when I was an ambitious and unsophisticated youth, knowing but little of the mysteries and miseries of this cruel, cold and selfish world of ours. My ideas at that time were running slightly in a commercial and mercantile vein, and I quietly settled down within hailing distance of Wall street and other great centres of monitary life "down town." But having grown older, if not wiser, having had considerable experience by travel and other means, that reveal to us many of the hidden mysteries that are to be met with in our wanderings through life, my ideas changed considerable in these matters. If not for the better, at least they changed to suit my own tastes and inclinations, and it was these tastes and inclinations that influenced and led me on this occasion to "pitch my tent" in the vicinity of Union Square, a portion of New York where I knew I would meet with kindred spirits and many pleasing associations. Here I was in New York on an exceedingly warm day in the latter part of August, and never in my experience did I feel the effects of the heat so much as I did on many days that I spent there during the past summer. I had seen the mercury in the thermometer ranging away up to one hundred and ten in the shade in the "Sacramento valley, I had sweltered in the hot and burning sun of the torrid zone at Panama and many other places in the tropics, and away towards the setting sun on the banks of the Columbia River in the wilds of far off Washington Territory, I had passed many weeks in fighting (not Indians) but mosquitoes, with the temperature for days at a time one hundred or more in the shade, but in all that *warm* and heated experience, I must confess I never felt so uncomfortable from the effects of the glistening and majestic sun, than I did on many occasions while sojourning in the great American Metroplis. Very often when the shades of evening would fall upon me in my rambles around town, I would sometimes accidentally stray where the poor most do congregate, in portions of the city where the huge tenement houses abound, filled from cellar to attic with the families of the poor and hard-fisted sons of toil; they might be seen at such times in crowds upon the sidewalks, or sitting on the doorstep striving to catch a mouthful of pure, fresh air, and I am sure anyone with the slightest spark of sympathy or compassion in their composition, when they looked upon scenes like these, could not help exclaiming, God help the poor of this great city. From Union Square at 14th street we emerge into Broadway and mingle with the giddy throng for a stroll down that famous thoroughfare. We pass Wallack's theatre where Lydia Thompson and her troupe of Blond Burlesquers are playing a short summer season. The next building of note we come to is St. Pauls Church, and in the modest, quiet, little churchyard attached to the old and beautiful structure, lie the remains of the gifted Irish exile and Patriot, Thomas Addis Emmett, brother to the revered and lamented Robert Emmett, whose centenary was so highly honored and celebrated a few days ago by his countrymen in different portions of the globe. Near by Emmett's grave is that of Richard Montgomery, a large-hearted Irishman and distinguished Revolutionary hero, who perished fighting for his adopted country in the memorable battle near Quebec. A little further on is the late A. T. Stewart's Dry Goods Palace, covering an entire block of ground, extending from 9th to 10th streets, fronting on Broadway and running back to 4th Avenue. Those who have taken the trouble to stroll around this great commercial house, and who have wandered through its numerous departments, and watched the army of busy clerks and salesmen buried amid the piles of fabrics of every shade, brought from every clime to satisfy the cravings of fashionable feminine humanity who daily throng the store selecting their wares, the line of stately equipages drawn up in front the special and gallant force of policemen (employed by the establishment) aiding the fashionable and wealthy customers in alighting from their conveyances, the small caravan of trucks and delivery wagons on the 9th street side of the building, and the many other necessary adjuncts of such a gigantic dry goods establishment as "Stewart's" certainly is—can only form a correct idea of its immensity. Further down the street we pause for a moment in front of the Grand Central Hotel, a building of considerable architectural beauty and grandeur, raising its fair proportions above many of the surrounding structures. Here it was that James Fiske, Jr., was cruelly shot down by the assassin, Edward S. Stokes—"sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head," a deed of blood that sent a thrill of horror throughout the land, almost as instantaneous as the bullet by which he was so suddenly stricken down. The assassin wanders over the earth a free man, with the brand of Cain upon his brow having (according to the earthly tribunal that tried him for his crime), expiated his extremely short and mild term of imprisonment in a felon's cell. But why linger around this scene of "man's inhumanity to man?" As we drift along with the vast human tide that ebbs and flows along this crowded, gay and busy thoroughfare, we halt in the shade of Niblo's Garden and Metropolitan Hotel. Niblo's Garden is the name of the theatre where the famous spectacle of the "Black Crook" created such a furore in the amusement world, with its gorgeous and magnificent scenery, its army of graceful dancers and ballet girls, and its dearth of literary merit, but which hit the popular taste and made a fortune for its author and manager, having held the "boards" of that establishment for an unprecedented run of nearly two years. But let us hurry on unmindful of the heat and the eager surging crowd. The next thing that suddenly arrested my attention and changed the current of my thoughts was Hall's Safe Warerooms, situated (I think) nearly opposite the City Hall. On the sidewalk in front of their large and elegant warerooms, were three Safes that successfully withstood the fearful siege of the fiery fiend. One had passed through the fiery ordeal that destroyed Chicago, another the "Bond street fire," and the last, but not in my estimation the least, was from "the city of my birth, the home of my creditors," a Safe that had lost all its brightness and all its polish in the memorable fire of the 20th of June.

GOSSIP

There are people in every community who seem to take more interest in the affairs of others than they do in their own. They are constantly on the lookout for news, and when they get it are ready to carve it to suit themselves. They stop at nothing; perhaps do not think of the harm they may be doing by telling every little thing they hear without ever ascertaining the truth of whatever it may be, but go on telling story after story without once considering the crushing blows they often give to people who are to them some times strangers. Persons addicted to this vice (for vice it is of a very low, malicious kind, to slander the good name of any person) are a pest to society, and should be shunned accordingly. These people are by no means confined to any particular age or sex; they are to be found among old men and women of families as well as among young people, but the most dangerous and malicious of all is the old bachelor gossiper. Imagine a man forty or fifty years of age yet a juvenile, and you rarely miss one of those individuals still holding his place among young men of twenty or twenty-five, admitted to all the social gatherings or parties going on among people of that age. He is the most dangerous of this class of individuals, because of his experience; he knows what's what, or is supposed to by the younger men with whom he associates. His opinion and counsel are looked for. He knows all the little quarrels and mistakes that go on, and is therefore in a position to cause much annoyance. Up to this time he has been unable to find a mate suitable to his idea, and he must have met some good enough at least, who would have been willing partners had he been what he should be. He would not think now of marrying a woman anything near his own age; his wife must be young, handsome, accomplished and perfect in every respect. But

Such rare flowers he seldom finds,
But when he does he treats them kind,
And smiles his precious hours away,
Only to find he has been betray.

By this time, soured and disappointed with himself, he gloats over his knowledge of the affairs and fames of others. He has seen, within the circle in which he moves pass into wedded life long since the last of those that compose it when he first made his debut, and there is not one of them on whom he can't cast a slur at with a sufficient show of truth to generally hit his mark. The old rogue is cunning too. He studiously avoids being suspected of his real character, being always careful who he imparts his knowledge to. To make this individual complete he requires a maiden aunt or sister about his own age; either would be a suitable person to take into his confidence to help him in disturbing all the little social circles within their reach. The amount of quarrels and bitterness that such a pair can stir up among friends is beyond calculation.

W. R.

AN ALLEGORY.

Some travellers were once making their way, wearily, over a strange country. They had passed through a rough region, along the uneven roads, and the weather had been, for the most part, unpropitious. They were trying to make their way to a beautiful country they had heard of, where ruled a very powerful and very good king. They were to see him, first of all, in order to get permission to settle in his country. So they asked many questions of those they met along the road, about the character and temper of the king, that they might know how to address him, and what to expect of him when they should meet him face to face.

They heard that the king had his mother living with him. So one of their number—a wise man—said: "I will find out how the king treats his mother; for from this I can know whether his goodness is genuine or only craftiness; since he who in the midst of greatness forgets not his origin, and despises not the ties of nature, must be right of heart; whereas he who exalts himself above those who gave him being, must be selfish, and unworthy of any dignity, which he certainly seeks to make advantageous only to himself." So he began to ask of those in whose company he chanced to fall, as they were journeying on, "How does the king treat his mother?"

The first one who happened to hear the question was a portly man, dressed in long silk robes, with two pieces of white cambric flowing at his throat in imitation of a neck-cloth. This man was not journeying, but stopping to dine in a pleasant spot, while his elegant carriage awaited his order to start. He began answering the question with such an air as made all say within themselves: "Now we shall know all the truth; for surely here we have the king's uncle, or mayhap, his prime minister." These were his words: "You ask, how does the king treat his mother? You must no, then, that the king is too great to treat his mother very well. He keeps her apart from himself, never speaks to her about his wishes or intentions; and if he should hear of any one asking her to try to get some favor for him, would be exceedingly angry. In short, he gives her enough to live on, but no share of his company or of his kingdom." At these words of the portly man, who, after pronouncing them, proceeded to take a cup of wine, the countenances of the travellers fell, and they were sad.

"Truly," said he who was wise among them, "If the king is too great to treat his mother well, what favor can we strangers expect? And if he speak not to her, how shall he speak to us? I do mistrust me that he is neither so wise nor so good as we have been told. For surely it is neither good nor wise to look coldly on her who bore and nursed us. I fear to meet this king, who loves not his mother, and makes his greatness an excuse for treating her with neglect."

Then one among them, named The Simple, said: "Mayhap this portly man has not told the truth. Let us journey on and enquire of others." And they listened to his words, and journeyed on.

They had not gone far when they fell in with another traveller, of kindly aspect, of whom they inquired how the king treated his mother, who answered: "As a son ought to treat a mother—with exceeding respect and love." With these words the hearts of the travellers began to grow light again. But the wise man shook his head. "How can he treat her with love and respect when he keeps her separated from himself, consults not with her, tells her not his wishes, and is angry if anyone prefer a petition to him through her hands?" The heart of the traveller with the kindly aspect was stirred within him, and he spoke solemnly, in these words:

"Some enemy of the king hath slandered him unto thee. He doth indeed honor his mother. He doth not keep her apart from himself, but ever near him; and it is his delight to tell her his thoughts, granting requests. Often he speaks to her of the days of their affliction. For you must know that the good king was once a wanderer from his kingdom, and suffered many straits and sore anguish. And then, through many years of sore trial, his gentle mother alone was true to him. Of those times does he now delight to converse with her, and to say: 'Mother, thou didst love more than any other ever loved, and together we lived, patiently, through poverty, hunger, cold, pain and evil report. Now joy smiles upon us, but it would not be joy to me, nor would I care to be a king were it not to do royal things in thy behalf.' Harken not therefore to the lying tongues which say that the king, having now reached his throne, loves his mother no more."

Then were the travellers very glad, and they moved on with fleet steps. But the wise one still doubted. "The things you tell us," he said, "are such as we would fain believe, for they honor the king. But whence do you know their truth?"

The other answered: "I learned them from the king's bride, who was travelling about to invite people to come and settle in the kingdom. She was empowered by the king to take his place, and to show travellers what road they should go on, and to furnish the means for making the journey. She taught me many things about the kingdom—and, among others, that the king would let no one into it who spoke disrespectfully of his mother."

Then all the travellers spoke together: "If these things are so, then is the king truly good, and his mother truly happy in such a son."

The King is Jesus Christ. The King's Mother is Mary. The King's Bride is the Church. The travellers are all who yet dwell in the shadow of this fleshy life. The portly man is an Anglican Bishop. The man of kindly aspect is a priest.

How unreasonable is that view which the Anglican misbelievers hold of the Mother of God? Was not Jesus Christ her Son—her own flesh and her own blood? Did He not love her on the earth—when He slept on her lap, when He travelled clinging round her neck, when He was subject to her at Nazareth, and when He watched her weeping at the foot of the Cross? Undoubtedly. Then why should He not love her still? Has His triumph over death and hell hardened His heart? Does His exaltation make Him forget those who shared His sorrows? Surely not, The King honors His Mother, and will refuse her nothing. Mary, our Mother, can obtain all she asks for us. *Quæramus gratiam et per Mariam quæramus.*

HATS AND BOOTS.

With such a dress as this coming street dress a certain article of attire hitherto of comparitively little account jumps at once to a position of the utmost consequence, and that is boots! Of course every carefully, well-dressed lady always pays as much attention to her feet as to her head, but if she isn't careful and slights anywhere, it is apt to be her boots which suffer neglect, for she has been able to hide her feet in great part beneath her long skirts. But with the new suit no item is of more consequence than the boot. In fact, it quite assumes the importance usually given to the bonnet, for the very simplest, unadorned felt hat must be worn, and nobody will look at or think anything about this very ordinary affair, but everybody will look at the feet, which to see at all will be something new. It has grown to be decidedly the fashion to be sensible about boots. Corns have done it. It is fashionable to be comfortable, and Corns aren't comfortable at all. Consequently shoemakers have studied diligently the anatomy of the human foot with the praiseworthy object of inventing a boot which should fit the natural shape of the foot, and at the same time be handsome and graceful. The discovery has been made, and the boot of the age is made with low, square, firm heels, with square toe turning up very slightly; with the inner side of the soul in an exactly straight line with that of the heel, thus preventing the outgrowing of the larger toe joint; with all superfluous leather on the inner side of the foot cut away by filling out the arch of the inner side of the instep on the last, as it is on the foot: and by various other improvements on the old style of boot. Some ladies will have the boots made with cloth tops to match suit, but this will not probably be a popular fashion for it is too noticeable. The best walking boot are made of dull-finished goat, or of the English kid, which never turns purple; while a still more serviceable boot, particularly for mountain wear; is of the same French calf from which gentlemen's boots are made, and which can always be put in good condition by a common blacking.

Married Life.

The following counsel is from a wife and mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, said an old book, is like a dew-drop on a rose; but on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to a husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so—not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings." This is most excellent advice, and worthy of being treasured up.