GLACIERS IN ALASKA.

There are 600 glaciers in Alaska, in nearly every instance having greater dimensions than those of Switzerland. Those glaciers extending down from the fairweather group and from the lesser heights guarding the bay are six number. they are a little more than fifty miles in length, and at a point of contact with the bay are three miles wide, and have a solid face above the water of 200 feet, with pinnacles of spire-like design rising from 90 to 100 feet above the more solid mass. Underneath these great cakes of ice and snow, the materials constituting this glacier, and which are piled together in the wildest of disorder, runs living streams of water, coursing through this darkened passage with the rumble of a thousand carts. Escaping from the ice at last, it boils upward from beneath the glacier front, then mingles with the waters of the bay, and flows off to the sea. The constant wear of this sunless river, acting with all other causes, forces large masses of ice to break away from the main body, and as they fall a roar as though a hundred cannon were discharged shakes the echoes, and great columns of water leap upward against the frozen cliffs, and add thereby to their bulk. A harsh moan is heard as the glacier crashes in a mass of snow and ice tottering forward, and falls head-long from the cliffs into the boiling waters below. The scene is grand beyond all description. Few, if any, wonders of nature equal that glacier of untold age, as it moves silently yet irresistibly down from its birthplace to the sea, the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all that comes within its reach. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined, and together they would not equal those of Glacier bay. And yet here, as long and broad as they are, these glaciers are but streams among six hundred.

BALKY HORSES.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Put the horse upon the right side, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey promptly.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him off the shafts and making him go around in a circle. If the first dance of this kind does not cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To drive a balky horse, simply place your hand over his nose and shut off his wind till he wants to go, and then permit him to do so.

The brain of a horse seems to retain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the front leg just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first command he will go prancing off, and after a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your drive.

BLUE MONDAY.

If ever a blue Monday dawned upon the terrestrial ball, it was this thirteenth day of September.

The equinoctial had come before its time, with a rush of angry rain borne on the wings of a moaning wind; the kitchen chimney smoked cantankerously and the kettle leaked a steady 'drip, drip, drip' directly over the roses and tulips of the best room carpet.

'A regular spell of weather, sure,' said Mr. Crayfish, chuckling, as he shaved himself with one of the children playing horse with his suspenders, and the other packing different-sized marbles into the toe of his slipper.

But Mrs. Crayfish, as his wife scornfully remarked, would chuckle at anything.

'I am sure I don't know what is to become of me!' said she, sorrowfully. 'Bridget gone, and the range all out of order, and this terrible rain, and not a washerwoman to be had for love or money! And now Aunt Pamela writing that she is coming here to spend the winter, and my report not yet written for the woman's Reformation Society, and Mrs. Ponsonby sending word that she shall expect me to give an address to the literary breakfast in honor of young Lord Ernest Elberon, now that he is here, nothing that a tailor or his goodness can do for him. Woman's Upward Progress, said Mr. Crayfish, emptying the marbles out. 'Hang progress, said Mrs. Crayfish, frowning and pushing the pebbles that he had tracked in with his boots out of the door. 'I wish that it was the days of the Inquisition, and I had the power to put every man, woman and child who believes in woman's rights to the rack and screw them up to the proper pitch of submission. Such a state of affairs would be worth living for.'

'In the meantime,' said Mr. Crayfish, 'I'll be off to the office, where I shall be free from petticoat influence, and you will have your way and your own land.'

'Oh, that's all very well for you to say,' said Mrs. Crayfish, tearfully, 'but you would not stay here a day if you had the responsibility of the whole household on your shoulders, and I am sure I don't know what I shall do.'

'Why not do as other people do?' said Mr. Crayfish, soothingly. 'Have a woman in by the day.'

'Yes, there is, too,' said Mrs. Crayfish. 'And he's at work down in the kitchen now.'

'Well, if you've got some one to work on the job, you don't want me,' said the independent citizen, shouldering his bag of tools and preparing to depart.

'Peter!' said Mrs. Crayfish, 'you shall not go until you have sent the plumber to me.'

'Plumber!' said Mr. Crayfish, in haste to escape the other allusion. 'Why, Mrs. Ponsonby's is a shilling station delivered out of the carpet and hurried up the steps. It can't be possible that this is you!'

Mrs. Ponsonby, the president of the Social Circle for the Elevation of Women, shook the rain-drops from her bonnet-plume and smiled graciously.

'I am so sorry to take you by surprise, dear,' said she, 'but I could not wait. Oh, not again! Knight Templar and St. George! Regarding his approachable, yet withal pleasant disposition, his friendship with those who have the power to advance his interests, and his many other admirable qualities, he is admirably adapted for the position of Grand Dictator of the Social Circle for the Elevation of Woman, and I knew you would be so glad to welcome Lord Elberon, and so of course I could not refuse. Mrs. Edgeworth inquires of Mrs. Ponsonby if this is a case of Frenchy Bummelication.'

'Where are they?' asked Mrs. Ponsonby, looking around her.

'Where are who?' gasped Mrs. Crayfish.

'Lord Ernest, to-be sure!' said Mrs. Ponsonby, 'and Mrs. Edgeworth!'

Mrs. Crayfish gave a little shriek of dismay as the full truth broke in upon her mind. She seized Mrs Ponsonby's arm, as a drowning woman might grasp at a straw.

'I will tell you where they are!' said she, with the stony ,calmness of despair. 'I pushed Lord Earnest down stairs before me, and set him to pulling the kitchen range to pieces. And Mrs Edgeworth is at this moment sitting up stairs in probably the dirtiest and most untidy bed-room in Philadephia.'

It was some time before Mrs Ponsonby could be brought to quite understand the position of affairs. But when she did, she was even more perturbed than Mrs. Crayfish had been.

'Let us go up stairs—I mean down stairs—at once!' she cried. 'Oh, how could any one possibly have made such a blunder? Oh, what will Lord Earnest think? And what sort of account of us will Mrs Edgeworth put into her husband's Chicago newspaper?'

Lord Earnest Elbron, sitting on the edge of the wash trays, was meditatively watching the operations of the plumber, when they came down.

'He wanted to fight me at first,' observed the sprig of English aristocracy. 'But he was quite peaceable when I convinced him that I did not come from an opposition establishment; and really he seems quite an ingenious sort of fellow. And there is more complication in one of those baking and roasting concerns than I had any idea of. Pray, ladies, make no apologies. It was the most natural mistake in the world. And I assure you I regard it as a capital joke.'

Mrs Edgeworth of Chicago, however, was not so placable.

They found her sitting in the middle of Mrs Crayfish's rather disorganized bedroom, with a face like that of the Sphinx; and nothing but an introduction to Lord Earnest Elberon pacified her in the least degree.

Mrs Ponsonby carried off the whole party, Mrs Crayfish included, in her coupe, to lunch at Damorette's.

And when the luckless housekeeper reached home again, the plumber was gone, Aunt Pamela had arrived, and had "straightened up" everything, a good dinner smoked on the board, and Mr. Crayfish welcomed her with a broad smile.

'It's all right, Carry,' he said. 'Blue Monday has come to a end at last?'

'I should think it,' said Mrs Crayfish, hysterically. 'With an English lord in my kitchen, a Chicago reformer in my bedroom, and nobody knows what else! I declare, I'm sick of the Society for the Elevation of Woman, and everything that belongs to it.

WHAT IS WORK.

The statement of a few slight circumstances of recent occurrence may serve to illustrate a phase of business life amongst us, and may assist in clearing up some wrong notions about work.

It is not many days since a dapper young man of our acquaintance came in to tell a tale of hardship: he could not get work—he had tried everywhere, *e. g.*, railway offices, the telegraph people, newspaper offices, law chambers, merchants' counting houses. Upon being asked what kind of work he sought, he replied, 'Oh, book-keeping, corresponding or copying.' And in all the places you visited was there no offer of work *of any kind*? we ventured to ask, and the reply was: 'One man very civilly said I might start out to see if I could sell, on commission, some of his little trinkets about the town. I thanked him, but you know, sir, I can't go touting all about the place selling things, it's disgusting.

It hardly needs be said that this was a man just from the Old Country. He had been brought up to run in a groove, being intellgent, steady and civil, could doubtless run well. But he had not realized that in a new country a man must often turn his hand to many sorts of work if he would get on. And he was unfeignedly surprised to be told that he ought to have accepted the civil man's offer of employment, and tried his hand at 'touting;' partly for the reason that his willingness and adaptability might have induced the man to give him a chance at something else. As to selling things by sample being 'disgusting' that is a matter of taste, but some good and successful men have done this very thing for years—tho' not loving it—and have made it a "stepping stone" to higher things.

But to the second of our illustrations. A lad of eighteen had the good fortune to obtain, last year, a position in a wholesale house. He was profusely thankful, would work for nothing at first, 'just to get a foothold,' as he expressed it, and was generally in a condition of youthful delight over his new life and its prospects for the future. A change has come over the spirit of his dream, whether from restlessness of youth or the prevailing discontent of the time. He writes: 'I don't seem to get on here. They pay me wretchedly. I have been here now six months at the same thing. Don't you think I ought to get a promotion?'

This young man's hours are from nine till five, and out of these he has an hour for dinner. His duties are not exhaustive in any sense. Yet he thinks he is overworked and would be astonished to herald that some of the leading merchants of today went through years of apprenticeship with longer hours and harder work than his, for scantier pay. It was the long drilling and discipline of those years which helped to make them the successful business men they are.

'It is not my business to carry goods,' said a hand employed in the manufacturing department of a large concern, when the proprietor desired him to carry a piece and cut it. He would not. 'It is not our business to fix stove-pipes,' was the response in our hearing of a plumber who had been sent for to put hot-water coil into a kitchen stove, and was asked to pull the smoke-pipe two inches out of the chimney and so prevent its smoking. Pull out the pipe he would not, but waited for another man to do so. 'It is not my business to work without proper tools,' says an engineer in a city office, who was asked to make shift for a day without some peculiar sort of wrench, and to use another tool instead. And he indignantly discharges himself on the spot, and takes the chance of being idle for the winter.

False pride and a mistaken notion of what constitutes one's right occasion much misery. An imperfect recognition of the dignity and necessity of work places many a man otherwise sensible, in a false and unfortunate condition.

NEURALGIA.—A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a handful of lobelia in half a pint of water, till the strength is out of the herb, then strain off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of liquid as hot as possible, and spread them over the part affected.

It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold, till the pain is all gone: then cover the place with soft, dry covering until perspiration is over, so as to prevent taking cold. Take two large tablespoonfuls of colo ne and two teaspoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have an acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes into your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved.

Prepare horse-radish by grating and mixing with vinegar, the same as for the table, and apply to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

DORE'S DEXTERITY.—To watch Gustave Dore designing his sketches, says a biographer, was enough to make one dizzy. His fingers fairly flew over the surface of the block, and every time he took a fresh one it seemed to be finished before one had time to realize what he had been about. This extraordinary quickness of execution was outstripped by that of his imagination, always miles ahead of any possible mechanical work. It seems all but incredible that any artist should have been able to accomplish so much in so short a space of time. A convincing proof of his extraordinary duplex faculty of lightning like conception and scarcely less rapid execution, was that he never in those days made a sketch twice over. Some he rarely glanced at, but threw the blocks aside as soon as they were finished, sure that his faithful pencil had exactly reproduced his fancies and conceptions.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poison, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than eyer before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been healed, and my health is restored. I am grateful for the good it has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

204

AUGUST 14.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

John J. Weddall's,

Silk Plushes,

DRESS GOODS,

Jacket Cloths

CORSETS,

HOOP SKIRTS

BUSTLES.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

SOMETHING ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone wants, and there is no reason why they should not have it.

Thos. W. Smith is now receiving his fal stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best makes, and the latest designs; and his genial Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment made in this establishment in both fit and workmanship, unsurpassed by any other establishment in the trade. We solicit an inspection of our stock, which will be shown by the affable Messrs. E. McGarrigle and W. J. Crewdson, who will be delighted to show the goods, and take orders. With such a genial and competent staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that everyone who favors him with a call, will receive every attention, and be kindly treated whether they leave their orders or otherwise.

We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gents' furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hard and soft hats, very cheap also.

The balance of our trunks and valises we are selling regardless of cost, in order to clear them out.

The balance of men's and boys' boots and shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

THOS. W. SMITH.

192 Edgecombe's Building,

Queen Street, Fredericton,

NOW IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in apperance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. & this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

400 PER CENT PROFIT, to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 9 three-cent stamps. Costly samples and Illus. Novelty Catalog, 3c. and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, NS.

Private Board.

SEVERAL persons can be accommodat with board at reasonable rates.

The rooms are commodious and pleasant, and the situation, convenient.

Apply to

Mrs. ROBERT SMITH,

Brunswick and Wellington Sts