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We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our Fine Line of

**NEW GOODS,** Consisting of BRUSH COMB, MONICURE, SHAVING JEWEL and ODOUR CASES, in Flush and Leather, FINE PERFUMES CUT AND FANCY BOTTLES, &c.

**A. P. CHOWN** 124 PRINCESS STREET. Try our Hot Soda. We lead in Canada. Feb. 12.

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Hot and Cold Baths at all Hours at **JONES' TONSORIAL PARLOR** British American Hotel Block, Clarence St.

N.B.—These are the only Baths in the city and by steam, thereby securing at all hours hot water. Aug. 9.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No pain, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will cure of a simple remedy. Price by addressing T. MASON 75 Nassau St. N. Y.

### UNDER THE CHANDELIER.

#### CHAT ABOUT WHAT THEY CALL "SASSIETY" IN NEW YORK.

The Village Element—The Recitation Mania—Stuffy Parlors With Overloaded Walls—Undue Lavishness—More Light, Space and Air Wanted.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 16. The thing they call "sassiety" is a queer institution here in New York. If you are in the intellectual or Bohemian swim you meet the same persons everywhere you go exactly as you would in the village of Jonesville. A few strangers are in every company, perhaps—meteors of social life who trail down its be-dazzled skies once in glory and disappear forever, leaving not even a memory of themselves.

But for the most part there is a stock company of guests at every house. They are the standard figures on whom hostesses can depend. They get to be a little heavy to one who likes to see new faces; but there is no help for it. Receptions differ but little one from the other. As you find them one season so are they always. Circuses and steamboat excursions are not more alike. You may drop out of the round, and nobody will miss you. You may stay away a year or two and appear again, and nobody will notice your absence. You will chat with Col. P. and flirt with Judge C. and flatter Gen. E., and no one of them will remember that he has not seen you in twenty-four moons. "Sassiety" is a headless, mindless, soulless thing anywhere you encounter it. Yet here are men and women growing old doing nothing but elbowing each other in crowded parlors, and calling it pleasure, entertainment, social success, etc. It makes every difference about a name, you know. Call that sort of thing work and no human energy could make it go.

I know three or four elderly men without any home ties—hotel habitués—who go calling every afternoon and to a reception every evening during the season. When summer comes they make the rounds of the watering places. One told me that this had been his programme for eight years. I asked him if it wasn't terribly tiresome. "Well," he said, "it is all there is for me. I have no family, no home interests, no business affairs, nothing in particular to do with myself, so I may as well go here, there, everywhere, and mix with people even if there is no particular pleasure in it." What a conclusion for a man's life; what a sarcasm on society. Perhaps twenty others in the same company could have told a similar tale had they been as honest as he. He was in his seventies, too. What a sermon in favor of the natural ties of home. This man had been married. The ties of his youth and early manhood fell away from him and left him in old age a floating, drifting hulk, belonging nowhere, and perhaps only indifferently welcome where he did go. Surely life has proved but a poor school to any one who has found no better means of passing the end of his days.

Recitations have been devastating the parlors of New York society, particularly that part of it made up of professional people, writers, artists, etc. One beautiful and wealthy young lady does come characteristically in a most inimitable way, but quite often the recitations get to be very dreary. Music, like the poor, we have always with us. That we expect, endure, and sometimes enjoy in crowded parlors; but the recitation is often in the nature of a last straw and breaks down our endurance entirely.

One lady has devised a new feature and carries it out with admirable success. She tells "bedeviled stories"—humorous chapters of her life—and does it exquisitely. She is a writer who has lived south a number of years and acquired an unimpaired negro dialect. Her stories always excite raptures of interest and are great relief from the "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" or some other essential bit of intemperance known as a recitation.

Isn't fancy that nobody but brilliant and interesting men and women pervade New York parlors; minnie and nondecripts see as plentiful here as anywhere, perhaps more so. One evening not long since a youth with a neck like a long-smelling bottle, encased in a collar that admitted of no counter, asked a young lady of strong-minded possibilities if she believed it was really worth it for women to "suffrage." He said that in his opinion "suffrage" was the thing. Women should cultivate "tenderness," and not strength of mind. He hated strong-minded women. "And men, too, I should judge," said the witty girl. "Ah, now," he said, affecting an English drawl though he is a native of New Jersey, "I think men are purposefully endowed with the brains of the race, in order to prevent women from becoming coarse and unlovely." And he was quite in earnest and thought he was saying something sensible. There are hundreds of others like him here.

Stiffness is the bane of New York houses and private entertainments in New York. Parlors are like museums or exhibits of bric a brac and paintings. And as for fresh air, they exclude it by every artificial device the upholsterer can think of. The windows are covered with three or four kinds of curtains, and though there may be a hundred panes in the case the windows are all kept sealed and muffled. A stray breeze that chafed to filter in through an unguarded crevice would be driven back at once by a mass of impure air which would present a solid front to it. And often not a speck of space on the walls is left uncovered by picture or statuette. The eye wears out looking at them. One picture detracts from another, one ornament overwhelms its neighbor. Space—clear, light, joyous space—so precious in New York, is loaded down and peopled with trash. All this gives an atmosphere of stiffness to a room that half stifles one who likes air, light and sunshine. All these things, however beautiful, are dead, in comparison to light, space and sunshine.

The only place I know where sunshine is welcome and space delighted in and left unfilled is an eyrie flat occupied by two literary women, who have strong anti-stuffy ideas. Their floors are covered with light matting, with a moderate use of Venetian lacquering, art squares and good rugs. Their curtains are more lambrequins of thin lace trimmed muslin, tied with ribbons. Their chairs are rattan, and so are their sofas, and very few of them. Their pictures are few but good. The walls are covered with golden paper. The whole effect is a summery brightness night or day. If people only would learn that heavy, stuffy house furnishings are as ugly and oppressive to the spirit as they are unwholesome to the body there might be a revolution in house adornments.

Japanese rugs of rare silk, moth proof, and neutral in tone, are becoming the fashionable fad in house furnishing now. They are exquisite, so rich and quiet looking, so very, very excellent in taste.

Lavishness in every particular is the special New York sin—not lavishness for the pleasure we feel in possessing and bestowing plenty; but the lavishness of show, the appearance of luxury. If a friend invites you to dine, enough food for a week's sustenance is set before you. If you wear or carry flowers to a reception a bushel basket full at least is necessary. Everything reaches to an extreme. Simplicity is lost sight of—gone out of vogue. It is still considered a beautiful thing to have a dinner and a party, but

but in real life in New York it has no place save among the very few who are original, independent and sensible enough to like it and not be ashamed of it. Surely it is time for the doctrines of a Tolstoi to be promulgated. A return to simplicity is a necessity if we would reach health, beauty and comfort. NAOMI TRENT.

#### EMILE ZOLA AT HOME.

Sketch of the Great Realistic French Writer.

The French writer Zola first became known to the American public by some extremely realistic novels—so realistic as to draw the hostility of Anthony Comstock and the fierce criticism of many editors. In no long time he appeared in a better light, and now he is still more highly regarded for his writings on the home life in and near Paris. His own home is said to be wonderfully pleasant, and his rural home at Medan, not far from Paris, is a charming retreat. It represents all that is best in the life of the French literary man of to-day. He bought a small tract of land there many years ago, and as his literary labors brought the means he has steadily improved it. House, grounds and garden are laid out and arranged in strict accordance with plans designed by himself; and the house is regarded by all his intimates as a delightful literary retreat.



ZOLA AT HOME.

His taste inclines to the florid and majestic, and his residence abounds in Venetian stained glass, old time suites, Japanese and Indian curios, men in armor, inlaid cabinets and massive chairs richly covered and adorned. Under frescoed and painted ceilings the effect is striking. Plants and flowers of all climes and seasons are brought into requisition; and almost every musical instrument known can be seen, there being a special collection of gongs, Chinese bells, mandolins and guitars. In this profusion of luxury, amid these articles of virtu, the great Zola entertains his friends, among whom is Alphonse Daudet, with whom he is most intimate. Here they throw off all reserve, and Zola is the merriest and chattiest of the group—a thorough man of society, totally unlike the reserved and taciturn writer only known to the public. His conversation is singularly fascinating. He tells of the dark days of his early struggles, and of the attacks and criticism from which he suffered—tells of it without bitterness, only to contrast it with the happiness of the present.

The place has great historic interest too. Medan is just near enough to Paris to be easy of access, and yet rural in tone; and has belonged to Parisians for many centuries. As early as 880 A. D. it was part of a seigniorial domain. In the fifteenth century a successful money lender bought this part of it, restored the castle and built a church—both remaining to-day as he left them. Since the sixteenth century the place has been celebrated for its beauty of woods and waters. Here Zola really lives and here he does his best work, in the early morning. After his writing he takes lunch, dresses in the negligee costume shown in the portrait, and devotes the middle of the day to instructing his workmen or strolling about his place. His evenings, when not engaged for opera or some special work, are given up entirely to rest and social enjoyment. Such is the almost ideal literary man's life lived by Emile Zola.

#### The Last Railroad Accident.

We present herewith sketches of the scenes of the last terrible railroad accident, which occurred early Monday morning to one of the suburban trains on the Boston and Pro-



THE WRECKED TRAIN.

vince railroad. The telegraph has already told the story of the terrible plunge taken by the ill-fated train, and the utter wreck of the train after the disaster. The sketches give a very fair idea of the character



WRECKAGE CLINGING TO THE EMBANKMENT. of the location and the extent of the damage done. If, as has been averred, it shall be finally shown that the collapse of the bridge was due to a flaw in its iron work, a searching and thorough investigation would seem to be in order.

#### The Market Turned.

A clerk in Louisville invested \$50 in pork at a bucket shop the other day, and succeeded in running it up to \$5,000. Then he determined to make it \$10,000 and quit and get married. His \$5,000 crept up almost to the desired amount, and then the market took a turn against him, and in a few hours he didn't have even the original \$50. He will not marry this spring.—New York Sun.

#### Are Electric Lights.

In order to obtain a larger vertical angle of illumination from the arc electric lights used for light house purposes Sir James Douglas has introduced a fluted curtain. This prevents the formation of a crater, and therefore gives a steadier and more uniformly distributed light.—Chicago Times.

Mr. Blake's best friends know nothing about his alleged resignation of the leadership of the liberal party. Why should he do so?

# DID YOU SEE THEM?

IF NOT GO TO

## F. X. COUSINEAU & CO'S

And see the

# GREAT SHIRT,

Called the Boys' Friend.

Reinforced Fronts, Continuous Bands in the Back and Sleeves, and Pure Linen Fronts.

## PRICE 33 CTS. EACH,

Or 30 Cents by the Dozen.

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March 17.

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We mean to do a Big Dress Goods Trade this Spring, so you can get

## A DRESS FOR \$2. A DRESS FOR \$2.50.

A Dress for \$3.00 and Upwards.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

## Dress Goods! Dress Goods!!

Lowest Prices for Good Goods.

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Have now in stock the Finest Assortment of Prints, Ginghams and Cretonnes ever shown in this city. An inspection will repay intending purchasers.

N.B.—Five per cent. off all cash purchases and thirty day accounts.

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# GENTLEMEN!

THREE DOLLARS will buy a pair of Gents' Hand Sewed Calf Lace Boots from us. They make a good boot for Spring wear.

March 10.

HAINES & LOCKETT.

## Bowes & Bisnette's Dress Goods Dep't

Completely filled with New Choice Dress Materials. Styles the Latest, Qualities Excellent, and Prices Very Low.

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Opposite Windsor Hotel