

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

I do not think the fact is generally known that St. John has two ventriloquists. One of them is a merchant, who is well known and generally liked by all classes of people. He only practices his art when his store is full of customers, and his clerks all engaged tending them. He will then summon one or more clerks from the back part of his store. The invisible ones answer that they are busy, but as soon as they are through they will come. The other ventriloquist is more of a practical joker. Not long since, he rode over to Indiantown in a horse car. When the transfer station at the foot of Portland was reached, the transfer clerk boarded the car and inquired if there were any passengers for Paradise Row. There were none, and the car started up hill. The horses had just got started when a voice near the front of the car called out, "Stop the car, stop the car, want to get out!" Somebody rang the bell, the car stopped, but nobody got out. The driver opened the door and inquired, who wanted to get out. Nobody answered, but as the car started ahead a voice called out, "I want to get out!" This time it came from another part of the car. The driver looked disgruntled, slammed the door and whipped up his horses.

A well known man about town is receiving the congratulations of his friends on his promised appointment to the position of chief of police, should that position become vacant. It is said that the gentleman referred to has promises of support from leading members of the local government, and a large body of influential citizens. Without giving my friend's name away, I may say that he is no chicken, distinguished looking, and a great favorite with the ladies. He would look so handsome in a suit of blue, ornamented with brass that the government ought to give him the position.

The large turn out made by the Catholic total abstinence societies in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the pledge by Father Mathew, shows the spread of total abstinence doctrines among the countrymen of the illustrious Father Mathew. The Rev. Mr. General Connolly preached an excellent sermon, in which he eulogized the labors of that great Irish priest, pointing out to his congregation how great a reformation Father Mathew had worked, and how lasting and beneficial has been his life work to the Irish race. No one man ever did more to tame the passions and wickedness and poverty among his fellow countrymen than Father Mathew. When he commenced the work which he continued in many lands until his death poverty and wretchedness, the result of over indulgence in the flowing bowl, were common among the Irish people. Father Mathew saw the good that might be done by making his countrymen sober, and how well he succeeded, everyone acquainted with modern history knows. And yet when this great founder of Catholic total abstinence societies died the work had just begun. But the death of the father of the movement gave it additional strength instead of weakening it, and the good influence of the pious and good Father Mathew is felt today in hundreds of thousands of homes, just as it was when he trod the earth, and went up and down among the people beseeching them to turn from the inebriating cup, and join the ranks of his great and swelling cold water army.

I fail to see any great cause for discouragement in the annual report of the directors of the Mechanic's Institute. There is not enough discouragement to compel the directors to sacrifice the building and close up one of the oldest and most useful of our institutions. The building is mortgaged, and the mortgagees, the St. John Building Society, are pressing for their money. The total amount of this mortgage is \$1000. I have not heard lately how the public subscription started some months ago by friends of the institute is getting along, but I was informed some time ago that it was meeting with fair success. It is hinted also that the library which is quite valuable will be sold. It should realize \$2000 anyway, and now that we have the Free Public Library, I fail to see why the other institution should be perpetuated, particularly when the directors need the money. The days of the institute's usefulness are not done by any means. There is still a need for such an institution in St. John; still a work for it to do, and every patriotic citizen of St. John should be prepared and willing to lend a hand to keep it up and save for our sons the heritage our fathers have left us.

April snow storms are not rare, but an April snow storm lasting over twenty hours is an unusual occurrence. Many strange things have happened since 1888 commenced its being, but perhaps the most peculiar are the rare twisters the weather has taken. Who would have believed it, had it been told beforehand that the horse cars would have been running in St. John when New York was

buried under two feet of snow, or that whole towns would have been displaced by blizzards. But all these things have occurred, and 1888 is not done yet.

THE LOUNGER.

The St. John Forwarding and Trade Promoting Association.

Desiring to place the readers of the Gazette in possession of all the information in which they would likely be interested with regard to the operations and projects of this association, the agents Messrs. George Robertson & Co. were interviewed by a reporter yesterday.

Said Mr. Robertson:—"The Isaac Burpee sailed from this port on the 14th of January at 1 o'clock p. m. with a cargo of general merchandise, adventured, in the main, by the manufacturers and merchants of this city. She made the trip to Bermuda in about 11 days and there discharged a portion of her cargo, consisting of box shooks, matches, etc., which had been ordered by customers in Hamilton from Messrs. G. & G. Flewelling. A portion of her cargo of smoked herrings as sold here, as well as the whole of Messrs. Wm. Parks & Son's consignment of cotton goods, the bay shipped by A. C. Smith & Co., Messrs. Lee Brothers consignment of bricks, and the nails from the factories of E. & R. Burpee, S. R. Foster & Son, and James Penber."

The reporter inquired concerning the prices realized for those goods.

"So far as I am aware," answered Mr. Robertson, "all the shippers that I have named are entirely satisfied with the result of their ventures, and will be likely to make further shipments."

"After leaving Bermuda," inquired the reporter.

"The Isaac Burpee proceeded to Barbadoes, where the balance of her cargo, consisting of pickled herring, lumber and sundries, was disposed of at fair prices. The vessel arrived here, as you are aware, on the 8th inst., with a cargo of molasses."

The reporter, having heard that the supercargo, Mr. Wetmore, remained at Bermuda, in the interests of the association, inquired if any late intelligence had been received from that gentleman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Robertson, producing a package of letters:—"We are in receipt of several orders from Mr. Wetmore, a portion of which are executed already, the parties requiring the goods at once; this shows the necessity for steam communication between this port and those islands. Mr. Wetmore writes that with such communication he has no doubt but that an immediate and profitable trade could be established. The people want to do business with Canada, and to do it direct."

"Mr. Wetmore," continued Mr. Robertson, "has sent us a circular that is having the consideration of the Barbadoes planters. It points out the importance of sustaining the reputation of their great staple production, and states that the molasses that comes from bags in the molasses of gum froth, or sugar from reboiled syrup, is far inferior in quality to that cured in hides, and therefore, when mixed with the better quality frequently causes acidity. The suggestion is made that the two qualities of molasses be run into separate cisterns. The cargo received here by the Isaac Burpee comes from sugar drippings and is probably the choicest ever sold in this market."

The reporter asked when another vessel would probably be dispatched for the West Indies by the Association.

"Most likely," answered Mr. Robertson, "we will be in a position to receive freight next week, and we shall be glad to give contemplating shippers all the information at our command."

"Does the result of this venture confirm your belief in the necessity of steam communication between this port and the West Indies?"

"Assuredly. Trade can only be successfully carried on and developed by the assistance of steam. Rapid transit is the prime factor in the movement of merchandise and produce from one country to another. The country that does not recognize this fact must fall behind in the race. The pessimists have been trying to make capital out of Mr. Froude's letters on the West India islands. There is no doubt but that these islands, being principally sugar producing, have suffered severely from the competition of beet sugar in the past few years, but science is coming to their rescue, and now they are able to compete with the best products, and the dawn of a new prosperity is appearing. Mr. Froude has drawn attention to the importance of the West India islands to the Empire, and suggested that a more extended system of steam communication between England and the islands should be at once established, and also that there should be an extended intercommunication between themselves. He likewise drew the attention of the Chamber of Commerce to the extension of steamship lines between the American and West India ports, where they are rapidly taking charge of the markets."

Said Mr. Robertson, in conclusion, "I do not believe that all the enterprise of Canada lies buried with the men who crossed the ocean in their small craft, and endured this heritage of ours, the pioneers of our civilization."

The average voyager that can raise a pompadour seems to have attained his highest end.—Duluth Paraphraser.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

There is something rather interesting in the way in which royalty, in comparatively modern days, has concerned itself with the size of women's skirts. Queen Elizabeth lent her sanction to the farthingale, which came into England during her reign, and probably from Spain, as its name is but the corruption of the Spanish *verdugado*. Queen Anne favored it, with slight modification, calling it her tub-petticoat. Under Louis the Fifteenth of France it was known as the panier, and although abolished by the manners of a beautiful actress, who showed the world what elegance and grace of form was without it, it was restored under the reign of Marie Antoinette. Shorn of some of its proportions in England, it was emphatically dismissed from favor there by the personal edict of George the Fourth; but it rose upon the world again, nearly a century later, under the auspices of the beautiful Empress Eugenie. Disappearing for a short season, we have it now disguised in the springs upholding the weight of the tailor costumes, which owe their success, apart from their own comfort, to the grace of the Princess Alexandra. Few other vehicles, or styles of dress, trace their origin so distinctly to the influence of thrones, and it would seem as if there were something of the aristocratic about the thing intrinsically, if we did not, on briefest burlesque journey, so often see it serving democratic uses at least as a support for trailing vines, or as the only visible provender for tethered goats.

"Winning a husband," said Verena Jarman recently, "is like a pleasure to a woman, but keeping him is a penance. That is not nicely put, but what I mean is, that more than two-thirds of the women who marry tell their husbands slip through their fingers, because they are too lazy, too indifferent, or too ignorant to keep them. A girl wins a husband unconsciously. Ask any of your friends how they captured their other half, and they will tell you, frankly, 'I don't know.' A man's heart is captured by a pretty hand, nice teeth, a round, low voice, frank eyes, beautiful hair; by the way a girl walks, talks, plays, rides, puns; by her gifts, her smiles, her amiability, good taste, generosity, or the very manner in which she greets, fascinates, or abuses him. She may not know how she won him, but if she doesn't know how to keep him, the best thing for her to do is to find out. There are many things we know by intuition; the rest have to be learned by experiment. Conscious of her abilities and liabilities as a wife, a wise woman will learn how to keep a husband, just as she learns how to keep house, to make chicken croquettes, chocolate creams, bread, beds, or lemonade, and if she doesn't, why, she siren, with the sunshine in her tresses and the perfume of wild olives about her, will secure for her a permanent vacation. A man loves to see his wife well-dressed. When she goes about in tatters, with big shoes, unfitted skirts, rolled collar, and a halo of curl-papers, if he doesn't swear, he thinks it. I don't believe in the economy of home toilets. I never take a dress that is done for and wear it in the house. When the life is gone out of it, it goes in the rag-bag. I make a duty of linen, with plenty of laces, and my house-gowns are not old, they are not wrappers, and they are not ugly. Another hobby of mine is my hair, which I will let me as near the poet's conception of 'her fragrant tresses' as possible. 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