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POOR DOCUMENT

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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SYNOPSIS.

"Taken by Siege" introduces its readers to the principal characters in the story at a village in central New York. Rush Harlestone, the hero, adopts journalism as a profession and after a year spent on a country paper thinks he has nothing more to learn. Then he seeks a position in New York and learns that he has learned nothing at all.

His experiences about the theatres and among men of a literary turn are well portrayed and at last he falls in love with Helen Knowlton, the heroine of the story. Miss Knowlton is an actress of considerable repute and has many admirers.

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"So I was, dear boy," said Archie, with a sigh, "but I am so no longer. My father died—rascally executors—the old story—mother, the girls and I left penniless; but the worst is over. Come have breakfast with me at Mouquin's. We'll have deviled kidneys and a bottle of wine, and I'll tell you what little there is to tell. It may amuse you. Then we'll talk over old times and the present—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged."

"Unfortunately, no; I'm quite the gentleman of leisure. My time's my own."

Rush would never have suspected from his appearance that Archie Tillinghast was not as rich as ever. He was faultlessly attired. Careful examination later on showed a little wear in his clothes that had come from hard and constant brushing, but their fit was perfect and gave him the appearance of being better dressed than he really was. "You certainly look as much the man of wealth as ever," said Rush, regarding Archie's city style with admiration.

"Ah, my boy, I've made the study of economy a fine art. I can wear a coat about as long as any man you ever saw, but it looks well to the end, because—I don't mind telling you the secret—it fits me. I have a jewel of a tailor, who makes my clothes from a fashion book that I furnish him. You smile. You will smile more when I tell you what the book is—Punch. Du Maurier's men dress like gentlemen, not like tailors' dummies. My clothes are the envy of the club. They think I get them direct from Poole. If I were not a journalist I should be a tailor. The art of dress is a great art. Think of the pleasure of creating a well dressed man! But here we are at Mouquin's. I see they have my table ready for me. I breakfast here every Tuesday morning."

Archie entered the room with the dignity of a lord mayor at the great banquet of the year. As they seated themselves at the table, he said to the waiter:

"The same breakfast, Louis—only enough for two; and don't let the cook burn those kidneys. I am very particular, you know; and they were a little too brown last week. Now, dear boy," turning to Rush, "tell me something about yourself."

"You have whetted my curiosity to hear your own story. Archie Tillinghast as a workingman is something I never dreamt of. You spoke of journalism, so that is your profession, is it, and you are on The Trumpet? What do you do?"

"What don't I do, you might ask with greater propriety. Well, I do little odds and ends of everything; but my great day is Sunday. A page of the Sunday paper is given over to my pen."

"A page! you must be making a fortune, Archie."

"I'm not a 'space man,' dear boy; it is the salaried men—the small salaried man, I should say—who fill two columns a day, and a page on Sunday."

"But what department gets a page to itself?"

"The one that least deserves it—society. You know that I am connected by blood or marriage with half the society people of New York, and, notwithstanding the loss of my money, I am invited everywhere. Young men are scarce, and well connected young men are at a premium, and I am invited none the less because I write the society notes for The Trumpet. Time was when an American gentleman seriously objected to having his balls and routs described in the newspapers; but it is done so much nowadays that his wife is afraid they will be called nobodies if their name is not seen in print in connection with the winter's festivities. I am in great demand from Murray Hill to Mackerelville; they all want me. What it is to be popular!—eh, old fellow?"

By this time the breakfast was served. There were more than kidneys, and it was a most delightful repast; but Rush was not in a condition to do justice to it. He had eaten so little for a week past, and such plain food, that even the rich aroma of the kidneys, with their wine sauce, was almost more than he could digest.

"Where's your appetite, old man? You're not eating anything. Perhaps you had a late breakfast and are not hungry."

"On the contrary," said Rush, who was beginning to feel as though he were going to be ill, and that he need have no more pride in the matter, "I have had no breakfast, and I am very hungry—too hungry, in fact, to eat."

And he then made a clean breast of it, and told Archie just how he was situated. To say that amiable young man was shocked would be doing injustice to his kind heart. He was genuinely distressed at his friend's condition; but before he entered into particulars he ordered a bowl of bouillon, which was easier of digestion than the deviled kidneys, and he made Rush eat it and then drink a glass of brandy and soda. Then, when he had got him into better condition, he began by scolding him for not looking up his friends, after which they discussed the situation calmly.

"I made up my mind to give The Dawn one more trial," said Rush, "and then, if there was no work for me there, to try some other paper or break stones on the highway; but I certainly would not go back to Farmsted and sponge on my mother. If a chance does not occur here sooner it will later, and I'm young enough to wait for it."

"There is always the chance, but it is devilish slow in coming sometimes. Now if you are not too proud I'll put you in the way of a job that will bring you in fifteen or twenty dollars a week, and need not interfere with your work on The Dawn, if you get any. I'm not too proud to increase my limited income by the same means, but I tell you frankly, dear boy, I would not care to have it known among the rich and great with whom I hobnob out of business hours. Can you write poetry?"

"Hardly that; but I can make rhymes," said Rush, wondering what bomb his friend was about to burst.

"So much the better. A poet would scorn to engage in this business, but it is the fortune of the rhymester. Now, I am paid $20 a week by the wealthy proprietor of the Damascene soap to write rhymes in praise of his wares. I do the New York morning papers; and he told me the other day that if I could get up a new batch for the evening papers he would like to have one, or, if I had not the time, perhaps I could suggest some one with a poetic talent who would take the job. He didn't know much about poets himself—thought they were a rum lot—and he would be obliged to me if I would bag a Byron for him. You're just the man. No one need know it, and it will keep your stomach from getting in such a condition again as it was in when I found you. You need not be particular about being original; you can work over your Tennyson or your Longfellow; only get in the word Damascene, and your duty's done. Meet me at the club to-morrow with a batch of verses. We'll dine together; and in the mean time I'll see old Pennypacker and have a check ready for you, from which I will deduct $5 that I'm going to give you now."

"No, Archie, old man, said Rush, pushing away his hand, and with difficulty speaking for the lump in his throat. "Wait till I've earned it. Your kindness has completely upset me, but I can't take your money. I'll gladly try my hand at the soap verses and take my pay when they're written; but not till then."

"Nonsense! What is a friend for if not to help one when he needs it? I shall really feel hurt, Rush, if you refuse me. I wouldn't treat you as formally. It's only $5, and you will have earned it before midnight I'll lay a wager. Come, old man, don't make me feel that I am asking you to do something dishonorable. Much more than a paltry $5 has passed between us at college."

"Yes, to be sure there has, but neither of us needed it as much then as we do now. It is much easier to borrow money for tomfoolery than for food. But I'll do as I would be done by; I'll take your $5, Archie, and try to think that it is old times. I feel that this is the turning point, and I can't thank you enough."

"Don't mention it, dear boy. I'm sorry you take a trifle so seriously. It all comes of the condition of your stomach. I think you can venture on eating a fairly hearty dinner to-night and a good breakfast to-morrow. And then you must dine with me at the club to-morrow night at half past 6 sharp, for I have three receptions and a wedding on hand. By the way, put on your dress coat, for I shall take you to one of the receptions with me at my uncle Archer's. I want you to know my cousin, Bessie Archer. She's an awfully jolly girl. I'll tell them I'm going to bring you. They will be delighted, for they've often heard me speak of you. Come, cheer up, man; you look 50 per cent. better already. 'So long,' and don't forget to-morrow night, Pownow club, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street." Archie put out his hand, and Rush took it with a grip that drove the rings on his friend's fingers into the flesh; but the latter was too polite to wince.

He had hardly put his foot on the threshold of the waiting room door when the old messenger stepped up to him and said, "Just in time, sir. Mr. Musgrave sent out here for you only five minutes ago, sir, and I told him this was the first day you had missed in three weeks. I'll go at once and tell him you are here, sir"—which he did, returning with the message that Mr. Musgrave would like to see him. "It never rains but it pours," thought Rush, as he walked eagerly to the little room.

"Ah, Mr. Hurlstone, how are you? Sorry not to have been able to do anything for you before, but we have been pretty well filled up. Just at this moment, however, we are short handed, and I want to work up a particular case at once. Do you know where the Academy of Music is?"

Rush looked at Mr. Musgrave to see whether he was joking; but he was busily writing, and not even looking at him. "In Irving place, I believe."

"Quite right. Irving place and Fourteenth street. I have been informed that there is a strike in the orchestra. I want you to go up there and see Mr. Maxmann and get what he has to say about it, and then see some of the orchestra and get their story. 'What the Bass Drum Says,' 'How it Strikes the Cymbals'—good head lines, eh?"

Then, laying his pen down, ramming his hands into the depths of his pockets, and taking aim at Rush with one eye, he said, "Do you know Miss Knowlton?"

Rush felt that he started, and knew by the tingling in his cheeks that he blushed. Luckily, Mr. Musgrave was thinking his own thoughts, and, although his right eye was staring hard at the young man before him, his mind was upon something else.

"I must have an interview with Miss Knowlton on this strike; it would be immense. I'll give you an open letter from The Dawn, Mr. Hurlstone, and she cannot refuse: you're a persuasive young man, too, I fancy, and you must do your prettiest."

Seizing a pen he wrote in a quick, flowing hand:

"Will Miss Knowlton do Mr. John Gaspar Plummett the honor of giving his representative, Mr. R. Hurlstone, the bearer, her views on the recent strike among the musicians in Mr. Maxmann's orchestra for publication in The Dawn?"

"There! I guess that will do it," said Mr. Musgrave, running his eye rapidly over the note. "Now see how successful you will be with your first assignment. Go to the Academy first. You are more likely to find Miss Knowlton in later in the day. Good luck to you!"

Rush stood a moment in the corridor and read Mr. Musgrave's note carefully over, word by word.

"I don't think I shall ever forget this day," said he to himself as the glass door clicked behind him.

CHAPTER V.

RUSH HURLSTONE lost no time in reaching the Academy of Music. He was fortunate enough to find Mr. Maxmann in the little room behind the box-office, where he was wiping the foam of a fresh glass of lager from his grizzled mustache. The day was a rather warm one for March, and Mr. Maxmann—a small, stout man, with a very red face—had removed his collar and necktie, which lay on the table in front of him, beside his beer mug. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and thrown back, revealing a not too immaculate shirt front. Rush, as soon as he announced that he was from The Dawn, was ushered into the manager's presence, but was about to retreat with an apology for intruding upon his deshabille, when the little man sprang to his feet and embraced him in the most affectionate manner.

"Come ride in, mein dear young gendleman," said he, forcing Rush into a chair. "Sid town and make yourself ad home. A glass here, you young rascal." (This to the office boy.) Then, filling the two mugs, "Your goot hel, my frient."

Rush drank the toast and explained his business.

"Yes, you may call it a strike, a leedle one; but I don't tink we'll haf any more drouble. It all comes of tad flageolet of mine—such a stupid vellow. He's a regular agidator, and he won'd be habby till he gets up a row. He's sugceeded in making some of the odders tink that they wand more money for rehearsals, but they don'd, and they know it. But some mens are never satisfied. That's all there is; the performances will go on all ride. Do you care for music? Of course you do. I see you are a young gendleman of taste. Here are some tickets. Don'd refuse me. I nefer asked you a favor before. Come, and bring her." And the manager winked his good natured fishy gray eye at Rush, who smiled to himself as he thought who the only "her" was.

Rush thanked Mr. Maxmann for his courtesies, and had just risen to leave the room, when the door burst open and a gayly attired young woman swooped in upon them. I beg the reader's indulgence for saying "swooped," but no other word would describe this young person's manner of entrance.

"Ah, here you are, papa!" said she, giving the manager a resounding kiss upon his bald head. "I was afraid you'd be gone before I got here; but I've been flying round like a hen on a hot griddle all the morning—rehearsals and costumers; there's no rest for the wicked. Don't forget you're to take me out to dinner to-night. You must give me a good one, too. All the exercise I've had today has given me an appetite and a thirst too; don't forget that, papa—and a thirst too." Then, suddenly discovering Rush, who was tugging ineffectually at a spring lock, "Who's the young gentleman? Why don't you introduce me?"

"You didn't give me time, paby. Mr. Hurlstone, of The Dawn. Rush bowed politely.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Hurlstone, of The Dawn, said the young woman, staring boldly into his eyes, as she put out her large hand, swathed in lavender colored kids, for him to shake. "Hope you've had a satisfactory chat with papa, and that he's given you lots of items for your paper and tickets for yourself."

"Your father has been very kind," said Rush. But he had hardly said the last word when she gave vent to such a laugh as he had never heard from the mouth of woman before, and the old manager's face was actually purple in his efforts to keep from bursting.

"There! you've said enough," said she, as soon as she could control her laughter; "that's as much as I can stand for one afternoon."

The office boy entered the room at this moment. Rush availed himself of the opportunity to escape and bowed himself out. The manager was choking with suppressed laughter and the young woman was pounding him on the back as Rush turned to make his parting bow.

"Good heavens!" said the young man to himself as he stepped out upon the sidewalk. "I was just pitying Maxmann for having such a loud, vulgar daughter, and to think that she is a matter of choice! This is the stage, is it? This is the sort of man who comes in daily contact with Helen Knowlton. Well, she is an angel, so I suppose she can walk through fire without being scorched; but it's a pity she has to do it. If I had a million dollars I would send it to her anonymously and beg her to take it and retire into private life."

Standing by the stage door of the Academy, Rush saw a group of excited men gesticulating after the manner of foreigners. When he came up to them he knew at once that they were the striking musicians, among them being the belligerent flageolet, as Rush could see by the shape of the little leather case he carried in his hand. He at once began talking with the men, who were very glad to tell their story to a reporter. It was a very different one from that of the manager. He didn't want to pay them at all, they said, and vowed that he had no money.

"Mooch lika that," said the flageolet. "He hava plenty money. He spend him—oh, yes, he spend plenty fora his Bebe he calla her."

"Shall you play to-morrow?" asked Rush.

"Si, si," answered the spokesman. "He pay we play. We tella him he no pay we no play."

By further questioning Rush learned that there had been a close approach to serious trouble at the rehearsal that morning—that the musicians, led by the flageolet, had refused to go on till they got their money, and that Maxmann had said positively he had not a dollar in the bank, but would pay them in full on the first of the month, when he would get an assessment from the directors. They had heard that story before, and refused to put any confidence in it, and would have walked off with their instruments under their arms if Miss Knowlton had not come to the rescue and insisted that the orchestra should be paid with the money which was due her that day, and which she knew Maxmann would have ready for her, because he could not afford to treat her as he had treated the poor musicians.

"Noble creature!" said Rush to himself. "She is as good as she is great." And to think that he was going to see her, and on that very day, too!

He learned from some of the people of the theatre that she drove out with her aunt every afternoon on the days when she didn't sing; and, as this was one of them, Rush concluded that he would not find her at home then, but that he had better call at her house just before dinner time, when he would be pretty sure of finding her in. This would give him time to dress, as it was not quite 5 o'clock. So he hurried over to West Eleventh street.

Never before did this young man dress himself with so much care. He had taken his usual bath in the morning, but he took another, and put on the best of everything he owned. He looked over his stock of shirts with the eye of a Brummel. The collar of one was too high, the collar of another too low. Finally he completed his toilet and set forth. His landlady met him in the hall. "Bon jour, Mme. Pinot," he said, gayly, as he ran downstairs; but Mme. Pinot was so struck with his changed appearance that she could not find words to return his salutation.

"Well," said she, in French, for she said it to herself, "something has happened; he doesn't look like the same person I saw this morning."

And indeed he did not. There was a color in his cheeks and a brightness in his eye that had not been there in many a day. His encounter with Archie Tillinghast and his assignment from The Dawn office would have been exciting enough without this great climax.

He lost no time in walking to West Twentieth street, but when he turned into that street and the little gothic houses stood in all their prettiness before him, he slackened his speed. For a moment he thought that he was ill, but he concluded that it was only the effects of an exciting day. Back and forth he walked in front of the house he was so soon to enter, and could not make up his mind to pull the bell handle. "Rush Hurlstone, you're a fool!" he finally said. "Don't you know this is business?" Then he mounted the steps and rang the bell. How musically it tinkled in the basement below! The door was opened by a man servant in livery, of whom he demanded, "Is Miss Knowlton in?"

"I will inquire if you will be good enough to send up your card," replied the man, with the evasive answer of the well trained servant of a public person, at the same time ushering Rush, who handed him Mr. Musgrave's note of introduction, into a gem of a drawing room. A grand piano stood in the middle of the room, which was adorned with fine paintings and some rare portraits of distinguished singers. Flowers in baskets and in vases filled the place with a rich perfume. Easy chairs and bric-a-brac abounded. The whole atmosphere of the room was one of luxury and good taste. "This is her home," thought Rush, looking about him; "these are the rugs her tiny feet tread upon; these are her books; there stands her piano, over whose ivory keys her ivory fingers glide." In this way he amused himself until he heard the rustling of a woman's gown on the stairs. His heart stopped beating and seemed to grow so big that he was afraid he could not speak when she entered. Ten thousand thoughts flew through his mind. He arose from his chair, and, shutting his eyes, said to himself: "When that door opens I shall see the most divinely beautiful creature that treads this earth; one for whom I would lie down and die—nay, more, for whom I would stand up and live."

A sort of ecstasy took possession of him. The door swung back on its hinges; he opened his eyes and Aunt Rebecca Sandford entered the room. Rush started. If he had been struck in the face he could not have had a harder blow. It took him a few seconds to recover his wits. If he had had to speak first he would certainly have disgraced himself, but Aunt Rebecca began at once.

"She's very busy just at this moment" (Miss Sandford had an ugly way of saying "she" or "her" when she meant her niece, forgetting that there were any other shes or hers in the world), "and asked me to step down and see you. I'm very partial to press boys myself, Mr. Hailstorm" (another ugly trick of hers was to get people's names wrong), "and I'm always glad to have a little chat with them. Take a seat, pray. You wanted to see her about that strike. Well, now, I really don't see how she could say anything on that subject. She doesn't want to pitch into Maxmann because the man really means well; but, you know, Italian opera is an expensive luxury. That's why it's fashionable. It'll never be popular, though, mark my words. English opera is what'll fetch the people. If that child ever sings in English opera she'll make her everlasting fortune. I tell her so, too; but they all have a foolish pride about Italian opera. It's nonsense, arrant nonsense. The biggest money is in the English opera, you mark my words."

Rush had no doubt that she was correct, but he hadn't come there to hear Miss Rebecca Sanford's opinion of the relative merits of English and Italian opera. He was a diplomatic young man, however, and when he found that the prospect of seeing Miss Knowlton looked dim, he tried all his arts. When Aunt Rebecca, who was an impulsive woman for all her shrewdness and brusque manner, learned that it was his first assignment, she took a personal interest, and said he should "see that child as sure as there was a Moses in the bulrushes," and she left the room to fetch her.

This time there was no mistake. Rush heard the clear notes of Miss Knowlton's voice as she descended the stairs, and in a moment she was advancing toward him with her hand extended. Such a beautiful hand, too! It felt like a rose leaf as it lay in his for half a second.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Hurlstone, and shall be most happy if I can be of any service to you."

Then she sat down on one side of him (Aunt Rebecca sat on the other), and "took him all in," as she afterwards told him. She saw a tall, well made young man with brown hair, a clear, dark skin, and strong, white teeth that a budding mustache made no effort to conceal. He was certainly handsome, and he had an easy, natural manner, that was very attractive.

About the strike she would rather not say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say that, although she did not believe in strikes, her sympathies were with the strikers in this instance.

"They did not strike for higher pay," she said, "but for what they had already earned. I do not, however, want to accuse Mr. Maxmann. He had no intention of cheating them out of their money; he only wants time. You see, Italian opera is very expensive, and the expenses are not properly apportioned. We prime donne are not paid in the right way. We should not get such large certainties. I have always held that a prima donna should be paid in proportion to her 'drawing' powers—a small certainty and a percentage."

"Hear that child, now!" interrupted Aunt Rebecca, "you might know that she was an artist—no head for business, a small certainty, indeed! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Not a prima donna I will venture to say," said Helen. "No manager would be bold enough to mention the subject in her presence."

So they chatted on for fifteen or twenty minutes.

"I have been very frank with you, Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, "and I leave it for you to draw the line between what I have said to you and what I have said to The Dawn. I think that I am perfectly safe in trusting myself in your hands." And she gave him a look of such confidence that he was quite beside himself. Both Helen and her aunt were pleased with Rush. "When you are at the theatre come around and see us," said Aunt Rebecca at parting. He was so young and so enthusiastic that she liked him; and then he was a "newspaper man!"

Rush had a column of The Dawn for his story, and it was a good one. The city editor complimented him upon it, and told him to come inside the next day and he would try to find him a desk. So at last he had got a foothold, and his prospects seemed to him simply dazzling. What a glowing letter he wrote home! It was to his mother, with whom he could be confidential, and the glowing was largely about Helen Knowlton.

"How young men will rave over women on the stage!" said that good lady. "But it will blow over. I won't scold him yet, dear boy!" And she put the letter carefully away in her writing desk, that "the girls" might not see it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Coste, a prominent engineer of the geological survey has not been dismissed as reported.

A CENTURY HENCE.

WHAT ST. JOHN WILL BE LIKE IN 1989.

The Great Seaport and Manufacturing City of Canada.

If we had it in our power to look back at St. John as it was on the 18th of May 1789, and to view it with the same clear vision that we bring to bear upon the present, we would see it a small village of mean houses, its streets, where they had been cut through the forest, defaced by stumps, a place with few inhabitants, with hardly any commerce, inferior in almost every respect, to dozens of villages scattered throughout this Province today. We would not recognize that St. John as the city of our home, so greatly have its features been changed by the industry of man. The street in which we live, if it existed at all, would appear but as a rude path, the harbor without wharves, and almost without shipping, would bear but little similarity to the harbor as it is now. Yet all these changes, so startling in their completeness have been the work of a single century, and of a comparatively small body of people, who have in the main have been obliged to struggle on, unaided by capital from abroad, with no resources but what they found within themselves. Yet within a century, St John, despite its original disadvantages, despite the extreme difficulties of its site, has grown to be a city of 50,000 inhabitants, with fine streets, elegant buildings, an extensive commerce, large manufacturing industries, and with trade relations in almost every part of the world. If St. John has done so much during the century which is past, what may we not expect of it during the century to come.

St. John is to-day a larger community than any city in the United States was a century ago. Boston at that period had existed for one hundred and fifty nine years, yet it was not more than half as large as St. John is now, after a career of a little more than a century. New York after an existence of 180 years was not as populous as St. John is to-day. Philadelphia, the largest of the American cities during the last century, was, not at the time of the revolution, as important a place as St. John. These cities had grown, as St. John has grown, by slow accretion; as a result of the development of the resources of the country about them, and largely without the aid of foreign capital. Yet any one who viewed them a century ago, and who regarded their rate of growth for a century previous as likely to determine their increase for a century to come, would have been grievously mistaken. The growth of a prosperous community proceeds at a constantly increasing rate of progress, and is not to be measured by its past.

New York may be taken as the most remarkable instance of steady and healthy growth of any community in America. New York, with Brooklyn and Jersey city, forms a community of not less than two and a half millions of souls, yet New York at the close of the revolutionary war had not more than 30,000 inhabitants. New York has undoubtly had exceptional advantages over every other community in America, yet New York is not more the great commercial seaboard city of the United States than St. John is of Canada, and although we may not hope to rival the growth of the great metropolis of America, we may fairly expect to show the same superiority over the other seaboard cities of Canada that New York possesses over these of the United States.

If Canada continues a portion of the British Empire, as all good citizens firmly believe and fervently hope she will St, John must—eventually, become its greatest city, or if not its greatest, second only to Montreal. Yet when the position of the latter city comes to be examined, it will be seen that its rapid growth has been due not so much to its natural advantages as to the energy of its people, who have made the St. Lawrence navigable for the largest steamships, and supplied it with such facilities for commerce, during the season of open navigation, as hardly any other city in America enjoys. Yet here comes in the fatal weakness of Montreal; for five or six months of the year it is firmly closed by ice, and even in summer it is a long and difficult voyage to reach it, especially from the south. Whatever may be its advantages with respect to European trade during a part of the year, it can stand no chance in a fair competition with St, John for the trade coming from the south, whether it be from the West Indies, from South America, from the East Indies or from China, and this trade must eventually all fall into the hands of the people of St. John, if they show themselves as energetic and capable in the future, as they have been in the past.

A century hence the Dominion of Canada will probably have a population of 80,000,000 and, if so, there is no reason for doubting that St. John will then be as large as Philadelphia, or that its population will be close to a million souls. We may then expect to find it the principal seat of the cotton and iron industries of Canada, and to possess besides no inconsiderable share of the minor factories of the Dominion. But in cotton and iron it ought to be supreme, and with a vast population in Canada to supply with articles manufactured out of these materials, it is easy to see that as much employment will be given to artisans and mechanics in these lines as would of itself from a large city. The Sugar refining trade of Canada also belongs to St. John by right, and must eventually come here. Cotton and iron will be manufactured here because coal is cheap, and because this is the nearest point in Canada to which the raw material can be brought by sea, and the same reason will give us the sugar refining business. The old West India Trade, which made our people wealthy in former times, will be revived and increased in volume, and raw sugar will be refined here for use in the remotest parts of the Dominion.

It is impossible to predict to what enormous proportions the fish trade of Canada will have grown in the next century, but it will certainly be vast. Inland Canada and the British West Indies will take all the fish that our seas will yield, even if the product should be four times the present supply, and the market of inland Canada be ours exclusively. No city enjoys the same advantages as St. John for the successful conduct of this business, and, a century hence it is probable that a fleet of fishermen will hail from this port four times as numerous as Gloucester possesses to day while employment will be furnished to thousands of people in the industries allied to this extensive trade.

The West India trade of St. John will naturally increase as our facilities for conducting it grow and it is impossible that in the end we can fail to secure the major part of it. A century hence St. John will be the great Canadian port for West India and South America goods, and it will be sending these goods over a net work of railways to all parts of the Dominion.

Nature has given St. John a harbor, which although not large is admirably safe and easy of access. A century hence its aspect will be wholly changed from what it is at present. A huge breakwater of stone will be built across the entrance of Courtenay bay, with two overlapping wings, between which the largest ships can enter. Behind this will be a series of docks, like these of Liverpool with connecting railways, elevators, and every facility for the shipment of heavy goods. Another breakwater will extend from the Beacon Bar to the end of the Fort Dufferin breakwater, and behind this will be more docks, both wet and dry. Splendid wharves of stone, will replace the present wooden structures. Within the present breakwater below Reed's Point, will be another splendid dock and there will be still another at the Long Wharf. The Straight Shore will be lined with factories and warehouses. There will be a ship canal from the Straight Shore to Marble Cove and the enormous basin there and above Indiantown will be filled with the ships of all nations, discharging and receiving freight. St. John harbor will then accomodate a commerce rivalling that of Liverpool at the present day. And as this commerce grows it will find room for unlimited development in the ten miles or more of deep water from Marble Cove to the foot of the Long Reach forming a harbor absolutely unrivalled in capacity and in safety. The Kennebeccases and the Reach will then form the finest stretch of water for yacht sailing in summer that can be found in all America and the St. John Yachting Club will possess in Drury's cove the finest Yacht harbor that can be found anywhere. At this cove and at other points on the shores of the Kennebeccasis, spacious hotels will rise which will be thronged with summer visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States, who will be attracted to this city by its delightful climate, its beautiful surroundings and the generous spirit of its people.

A century hence the aspect of St. John will be so changed that a man of the present day who chanced to stumble into it, would find himself wholly unable to recognize the marks which were familiar to him in the days of his youth. He will look in vain for Fort Howe, for that huge excrescence will have wholly disappeared, and its site will be as level as King square. He will find many people who will be wholly ignorant that there ever was a hill there, but, finally, some ancient inhabitant will tell him that when he was a boy he remembered that hill but it had been all cut away to build the breakwater at Courtenay Bay.

St. John will then extend over an area twenty times as great as that now occupied by the houses of this city. A spacious park second to none in America in natural beauty, will enclose Lily Lake and half a dozen others behind it, which lie towards the Kennebeccasis. A series of elevated railways will run to the suburbs radiating from a common centre of the old city, and these suburbs will be laid out in magnificent streets built up with costly residences. The entire peninsula of 8,000 acres which forms the area of the present St. John will have been redeemed from its present rude condition and will be filled with a vast population, industrious, and prosperous, rejoicing in the substantial growth of their city which had been built up by the enterprise and energy of its people.

The St. John of a century hence will be the manhood of what is now but a period of infancy. Enriched by abundant capital, directed by wise foresight, and impelled forward by ambition and hope, St. John will, in time, take its place among the great cities of the world. In a material point of view, it will have no reason to complain of its lot. Nor do we doubt but that in our moral and intellectual attainments it will be as far advanced as it is in merely material things. That this may be the case will be the wish of all its children who are worthy the name of sons and daughters of this fair city, which has been seven times tried in the furnace of affliction, yet has not perished.

Something About Teas.

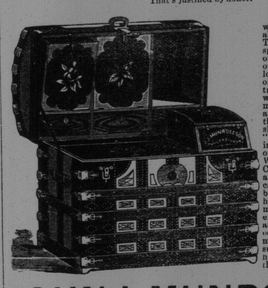
This branch of business has of late years become of importance, and some few firms are giving their entire attention to the line. Among the best known and most prominent of these is E. G. Scovil, No. 11 and 13 North Market wharf. Mr. Scovil imports very largely in teas, and is most particular in the selection and matching of such lines as he finds most suitable to his trade. He counts some of the most reliable dealers in the Provinces among his customers, and buyers of tea would find it to their advantage to give him a trial. The competition in the tea trade is very keen and a great many methods are being resorted to, to sell the line, but most retail buyers find it to their advantage to get their teas from a thoroughly reliable source, known to handle the goods in such quantities as to be able to buy right and thus sell fine. Among, and we may add very prominent among such houses, Mr. E. G. Scovil stands in his business, whose advertisement is on another page.

Lee & Logan.

Messrs. Lee & Logan are advertisers in this issue of THE GAZETTE. Lee & Logan are among the oldest grocery and spirits merchants in the city, yet their stock is always new and fresh, for they have a large list of customers and the goods thus landed remain but a short time in their possession. Country merchants looking for choice teas, coffees, spices and etc., and wines, spirits, etc., will always find it to their advantage to interview Mr. Logan of this firm, before placing their orders elsewhere.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it's the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.



To gain Dame Fortune's golden smile, we must know how to spare and how to abound, how to earn and how to spend. To earn is but little trouble; but to spend and yet save perplexes the best of us. We are proof against the arts of our fellow merchant, whose inordinate love of gain betrays him into the wiles of deception. We are frequently entrapped into purchases that amount to waste. In our dealings with our fellowmen, we should seek out those who have a reputation for honesty. Apropos of this, let us relate the following—A short time ago we made a shipment of "Trunks" to a party in Halifax, N. S., in acknowledging receipt of the Trunks our customer made use of this language: We have handled all makes of Trunks in Canada, but yours excel them all. They are, so far as we can see, faultless. We can recommend these goods as being the best; and consequently the cheapest, we have ever handled; only continue to manufacture goods of such quality and excellance as are manifested by them, and you will soon, if you do not already, occupy the leading place among Trunk manufacturers." We greatly appreciate such words of encouragement, and we have resolved to "gather gear" only by the "wile that's justified by honor."

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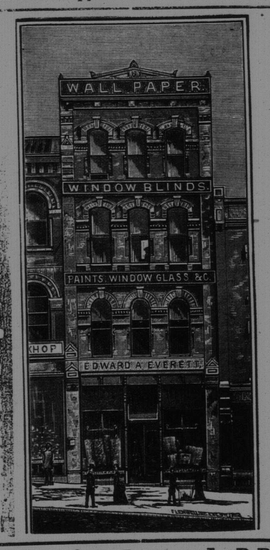

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