

The Saturday Gazette.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

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THE GREAT FLOOD.
SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THIS YEARS FRESHETS.

How the ice starts—Grand Falls and Falls at St. John during Freshet time.

"The highest since 1854" were the words spoken by an ancient resident of Indian town as he peered down Main street to the river the other day on the waste of waters and rubbish beyond. The freshet of last year overflowed the wharves and that of the year before rose so suddenly as to carry away the main river bridge at Florenceville and numerous other bridges throughout the country. This year's freshet has however, outdistanced all competitors, and is beyond doubt the highest on record, and will leave behind it a longer tail of disaster than any of its predecessors. Not only has the river overflowed its banks and deluged the country during its entire length, but it has spread far beyond its usual highest limits and swept away houses, barns and bridges by the score. A high freshet was looked for, but hardly as high as has been experienced. Wise farmers along the river prepared for the coming rise of water, but the rise when it came far exceeded their expectations and the most thoughtful will be heavy losers. A peculiarity of the freshet is that it has been produced almost entirely by melting snow. Had there been a heavy rain one day during the past week the result would have been even more disastrous, while a high wind would have worked even greater havoc.

The immediate results of the freshet have been to entirely paralyze the river trade and to bring serious loss to the inhabitants of the river district. Railroad travel has been practically prevented for over a week, and the river boats have only been able to carry light freights and few passengers. The mail service has been badly treated; and indeed every department of trade sally interfered with. What the future results of this abnormally high freshet will be can scarcely be imagined. That the people of the river district will be greatly poorer and their losses to stock, both by tide and exposure will be large cannot be doubted. Fortunately there are but few parts of the river district which beyond the intervals have not high lands where the farmers and their stock can seek shelter. Our river is not like the Ohio and Mississippi which when they overflow their banks, deluge districts miles beyond their limits. There the bottom lands are actually lower than the river, and the only hope of the people during the spring floods is in their rafts and boats. Our people can always protect their lives and property on the high lands beyond the intervals. But camping out on a cold May night under the blue canopy of heaven is not pleasant. On the contrary it is highly uncomfortable. Many thought have been obliged rather to remain in the top floor of their own homes with six feet of water in their parlors to content themselves under a temporary lean-to built of spruce or fir. Another good feature of this flood is that the rise has been gradual. It did not come like a thief in the night carrying everything before it, but gradually and surely the water rose until it invaded all but the highest ground round about.

The departure of the ice under the influence of the warm sun of spring is a magnificent spectacle. Watching the ice running is one of the early spring sights of the river. In the morning men and sometimes teams cross the stream over Jack Frost's bridge while in the afternoon open water, obstructed only by ice floes, separate one river bank from the other. What mysterious cause starts the apparently solid ice out of the river can scarcely be imagined, but often when the ice bridge is complete from shore to shore there will be sounds of cracking and the whole mass of ice will move down stream a dozen or twenty feet. There it will hang perhaps for an hour when another grinding crashing sound will be heard, and then more suddenly than before, the ice will begin to move—sometimes ten feet—sometimes twenty. But now the grinding sound is continuous, and for as far as the eye can reach the ice begins to break up and to move slowly down stream. In a week not a vestige of the winter ice bridge remains. Then follows the freshet caused by the melting snows generally aided by high winds.

There are several points of unusual interest along the river during freshet time. Perhaps the most interesting point is Grand Falls. Always imposing

and beautiful the Grand Falls are simply superb in freshet time. The water, which in the summer season, falls directly over the cliff seems, at freshet time, to form a slope of nearly half a mile in length. The gorge so deep and grand at midsummer sun, at the present season, is compared to nothing save an immense boiling cauldron. There is possibly no other place in the world to which it can be compared. The river above smooth and placid, is filled with logs which float rapidly on to the edge of the precipice and plunge and rear sometimes for the entire distance on end. A thousand logs sometimes take the plunge almost simultaneously, and as they disappear and reappear on the surface of the foaming stream they present a unique spectacle, and one that causes one witnessing it for the first time to shudder. The roar of the falls at all times great is simply hideous at flood time. It is not the rumbling sound of falling water so much like a pleasant chant, but can only be compared to the rolling thunder of the heavens. Always interesting, Grand Falls is a more than usually attractive place to visit during the early spring months.

The effect on the falls at the mouth of the St. John. Those reversible falls whom everybody regards as one of the great wonders of Canada is also grand. The water swollen to twice its natural volume rushes and roars through the gorge covering its surface with thick foam. The whirlpools below the bridge seem to absorb all the drift wood that comes within their grasp. A bunch of drift wood and logs which seem to be going down stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour is caught in the edge of the whirlpool and drawn rapidly into its vortex where they disappear to be seen no more. Where they go to none can tell but they seem to strike bottom and then rise once more to the surface some distance below. But logs often remain under water for an hour before coming to the surface again.

The practical results of the freshet are far from good, but the spectacular effects along many parts of the river are grand in the extreme.

O'BRIEN DESCRIBED.
A Rosette Picture of the Well Known Agitator.

A London cablegram to a New York exchange gives the following rose colored picture of William O'Brien, the Irish agitator—"He is best remembered in parliament as the central figure of one of the great bitter scenes which Ireland has forced upon the legislative history of the country. He was the first victim of closure. It was something more than two years ago that Mr. Gladstone resolved to apply that now departed rule to the House for the purpose of putting down the Nationalists. After he had done the deed and the House was ringing with the intermingled yells of triumph from the Liberal and Tory and of scorn from the Irish benches, the shrill voice of William O'Brien hissed out through the tumult at Mr. Gladstone, "We'll remember this to you in Ireland!" Mr. Gladstone arose, pale and shamefaced, and moved that Mr. O'Brien be suspended. Of course, the motion was carried. The Speaker ordered O'Brien to retire. The member for Malvern rose with serious countenance, and said, in the hearing of the entire House: "Certainly, Mr. Speaker, with far greater pleasure than I ever entered it." He consented reluctantly to keep a seat in the body until defeated in the last election in a close Orange constituency, and since then he has refused to accept any of the vacancies.

William O'Brien is a splendid type of the Irish idealist, who brings the passion of the patriot and the charms of the literary man into practical politics. He was born in the dingy town of Malrow, the birthplace of the Protestant revolutionist, Thomas Davis, and to-day contends with that hero, whom he much resembles in intellectual make-up, for the tenderest place in the Irish heart after Parnell. He is not 40 years of age, and is the sole survivor of a family, every other member of which has been hurried to the grave by consumption. He is physically slight, with reddish hair and complexion, and delicate features which suggest a mixture of the Roman and the Dane. He is college bred, and master of a style keen, polished, and passionate. He began life as a reporter on the Freeman's Journal, and when the cloud began to lower, in 1880, his pen described the famine scenes in the South and West with such marvellous vividness as to force the truth upon the attention of the country. His visits to many of the sea coast and inland districts were made in a rude boat often at the risk of his life.

In parliament, docile to Parnell, but burning with impatience, O'Brien made a mark on the few occasions when the tactics of the wary Irish leader enabled him to lose himself upon the foe. His style in speaking was exactly his style

in writing. His sentences cut like so many stilettes. Inclusive, refined, delicate, his physical feebleness, confessed, in a weak and hoarse voice, his mental strength and fervor of spirit never failed to compel attention and arouse respect. Healy was hated in those days for his audacity, O'Brien for his fierce earnestness. He never decended to snavity. He never deprecated or faltered. He spoke with such defiant sincerity that on more than one occasion the Orange bullies were exasperated to the verge of personal assault. All the enemies of home rule were profoundly relieved when they heard he would not return to the Parnellite benches. He was as much needed in Ireland as Parnell at Westminster. The troubles of that afflicted country are due as much to intrigue at Rome as to British bigotry among fanatical Irishmen.

To William O'Brien is due, more than to all other public men in the Nationalist party, the final rout of English cabals at the Vatican and the rapidly growing spirit of manlike brotherhood which has been engendered between Protestant and Catholic leaders on the home rule question. Of profoundly religious feelings, it is understood that he was bent upon entering the monastic state a few years ago, and was dissuaded by the entreaties of friends, who pointed out to him that his country required an active life in her service. As indifferent to fate as the soldier who has grown familiar with peril, as enthusiastic in the cause of home rule as Peter the Hermit was for the holy sepulchre, he has worn himself away for his land. Although Parnell allotted a proper salary to the post of editor of United Ireland, O'Brien draws from its receipts only enough to live in frugal bachelor quarters. When American friends sent him \$5,000 to meet the expenses arising out of his driving moral monsters from Dublin Castle, he used exactly the portion of it necessary to the cancelling of his legal obligations, and sent the remainder to the Protestant preacher and the Catholic priest of Malrow for the relief of actual want. Inactively considerate of religious sentiments of those not of his faith, he carried an Orange constituency once, and could do it again if he chose. Clear in his understanding of Catholic theology, he met Cardinal Simoni's assaults upon Parnell with such intrepid grace and consummate tact as to make a Walsh the successor of a McEale.

How Some People Live.

One of the highest salaried workmen in Chicago is an expert safe-opener employed by a large safe and lock manufacturing company there. He was once a well-known burglar, but reformed when released from the penitentiary a few years ago. He then secured employment with the firm under heavy bonds, and has been with them ever since.

The chief industry of Kilbourn, Wis., is the exportation of the trailing arbutus. The flowers are made into bouquets, the stems being wrapped in moist cotton and tinfoil. They are then placed in boxes and mailed to all parts of the United States, including the South and California, arriving there as fresh and fragrant as when gathered in the woods of Wisconsin.

A citizen of Pasadena, Cal., kept the wolf from the door during the winter by furnishing the village druggist with all the burned toads he could capture. Altogether he brought in several thousand and received good pay for them. What the druggist wanted with them nobody else knows, but he is supposed to have utilized the oil extracted from them in the manufacture of a patent medicine.

Two men of Burnett, Wis., have trapped 3,000 muskrats and 65 mink at Hinton Marsh this winter. They were paid 11 cents apiece for the muskrat skins and sometimes received 21 each the mink skins. Their receipts last season were \$800. Other trappers on the Wolf River, in Wisconsin, have been equally successful. One trapper caught 166 muskrats in a week and sold the skins in Oshkosh for 18 cents a piece.

A Tattooed Princess.
[Philadelphia Press.]
The Queen of Denmark has become, like the Princess of Wales, very deaf, and, debarred from the pleasure of listening to music. Her Majesty spends much time in dainty needlework and letter-writing. She has quite a German passion for etiquette, which keeps those not of her family and entourage at a distance. It is said that she does not approve of the gay manners of the young Princess Waldemar, her daughter-in-law, who was one of the Orleans princesses, and who has a much greater taste for sylvan sports than needlework, and becomes restive under a maternal lecture on dignity of manners. The Princess wishes very much to go on a long voyage with Prince Waldemar, in compliment to whom she tattooed naval emblems on her pretty arm.

PAVING THE STREETS.
SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE AT ONCE.

Scandalous Condition of Prince William Street—Other Streets in Need of Repair.

The Common Council, at a meeting some time since, passed a resolution to the effect that it was desirable to pave certain of the city streets. It is an old proverb that men learn slowly and this is quite as true of the men of St. John as of other portions of the world. For years the Common Council, and while a majority of the rate-payers elect them from year to year, its members must be supposed to represent the combined wisdom of the city and its people, have wasted money on gravel sidewalks and macadamized roads. Before asphalt was tried for sidewalks the citizens said such walks were altogether too expensive. Now it is found that had the city been fortunate enough to have tried such walks before, large quantities of money would have been saved the rate-payers. After the city had been putting down asphalt walks for years, it was ascertained that they cost very little more than gravel walks in the first place and less than plank walks, while in wear they are much superior. A plank walk made of Bay Spruce full of knots, which cause needless profanity, will last as long as a smoother asphalt. But most people prefer the asphalt rather than a combination of knots and spikes. And as the experiment with asphalt has proved the economy of such walks so would the experiment with paved streets also prove an economy.

The Prince William Street pavement has been cited the uselessness and expense of paved streets. But everybody who knows anything about civic management is aware the Prince William Street pavement is no fair criterion to judge by. It was laid in 1876 by a contractor who made a heap of money out of it. In fact three times the length of a street could easily have been paved for the same amount of money. Then again, the pavement has never had a fair show. It was almost ruined by the fire of 1877 and has never been repaired properly since. Now that the council has decided to pave, at least, some of the streets, it would only be proper to tear up this rotten and worn out pavement and lay it with wooden blocks again. The expense would, comparatively speaking, be only nominal. At present the street is in a disgraceful condition, and quite merits the profanity of everybody who has ever trodden over it in a carriage, coach or sloop. There are other streets that should also be paved. Take Dook Street for instance. When the street railway runs through Dook and Mill Streets it will be anything but a pleasant drive way for trucks or carriages. There is a large amount of traffic over this street, and if the city is really desirous of finding out how long a wooden pavement will last Dook Street is the place to try. Should the council determine to make the experiment it will be a step in the right direction, provided the cost is paid directly out of the street assessment. If, on the other hand, it is decided to do the work and sell bonds to pay for it when done the experiment will not be any more likely to succeed than did the Prince William Street pavement scheme. The asphalt walks have all been laid without increasing the city debt.

ABOUT HUMORISTS.
Casey Tap the Humorist Reviewed by His Friend Clarence.

I am glad that somebody has picked enough to take up the cudgels for the humorists. The humorists are a woefully misunderstood class, partly through their own fault, partly because of the profane readers on the daily press and mainly because there are so many of the species indigenous to the soil that in the general bulk of humor with which our everyday life teems, some particular humorist is not particularly noticed. This is well for the humorist. It is conducive to his health. I notice in a late issue of the Jury that Casey Tap, a young and delicate friend of mine who hides his identity beneath that non-de-plume, explains to the public just what a humorist is and how he feels. He says that humorists don't go about with a broad grin on their face proclaiming their avocation to the world, and that they wear a sort of a perfunctory melancholy look-at-me-and-die kind of an aspect. Why shouldn't they Casey? Self protection is at the bottom of the whole business. All night long mayhap that young humorist has hunted

ed through files of old papers and has then written his gag in a hurried hand, as though they were coming hot pressed from his mighty brain. With all the danger of detection why shouldn't he be wary and circumspect. He knows that murder will out and he fears that if he even looks funny he may be suspected. His innate sense of guiltiness makes him feel queer, and that's what makes him look sad. Men do not look the opposite of their calling, friend Casey as you suggest. To see a sad, sallow looking chap in these days is no criterion that he is a humorist. He may be a bank-depositor or he may be a disappointed office clerk. There are sad looking men in our jails and in our almshouses and yet the world knows them not as humorists. One of the saddest looking men I ever saw was an end man in a circle at a recent entertainment, and nobody dared accuse him of being funny. Another was the Count de Bugtown as he watched the henery which contained specimens that he had gathered from the best crops of the adjoining country go floating up on the boiling waters, and he was not humorous to an appreciative degree. The general rule is against my friend. A man's occupation leaves its mark upon him. There is no mistaking a clergyman or a sailor. You may dress them as you please. You may see the clergyman playing poker in a car, but you know that he is a soul-saver by profession, even while he holds cards up under his cuffs, or you may get the sailor a monstache and a cane and a pair of knickerbockers and dress him as a duke, but he will be followed by the boarding-house keeper who has shang-haiing designs upon him. Everybody can point out an undertaker at sight, and you instinctively clutch for your pocket book when meet a lawyer. Do not deceive yourself Casey. You may look just as innocent as a burglar when he pleads not guilty or as green as the vernal spring, but you are recognized. We know you. We point you out to our little ones, and we sorrow to think how many of our young ladies who use your articles to frizz their hair little dream what makes you sad looking when you pass them by. This city, Casey, is no place for a humorist. There are so many sad looking men in it that a humorist isn't noticed, but I know you. Don't be said at heart. It is no disgrace to be funny. It is better to be funny and not to be known than never to have been funny at all.

CLARENCE.

How It Was Settled.

One of the cases on the Merrimack county (N. H.) docket, at the last term of court, was settled in a way not recognized in law, perhaps, but one more economical than a trial by jury. The Concord Monitor says the suit involved several hundred dollars, but before the case came to trial the parties to the suit were brought together by their counsel to talk the matter over. As a result they came within \$25 of settlement, but nearer than that the efforts of their counsel could not bring them.

"I'll play you a game of high-low-jack to see whether you pay my client that extra \$25 or he takes what you offer," at length suggested one of the plaintiff's counsel to the defendant.

"I'll do it," was the ready response and in five minutes all hands were on their way to a club room in the city.

It is said the lawyer's humor trembled as he played his cards, while his opponent took it coolly, but at any rate the lawyer won the game, and got the \$25 for his client.

Fools Rush In, &c.
(St. Paul Globe.)

A big, burly Westerner jostled against a tall, well-built young man with a light monstache in the Nicollet House yesterday. The young man tried to get out of the others way, but unfortunately he struck the Western man's foot.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man with the light monstache. "Excuse my awkwardness."

"Confound your stupidity," the Westerner burst forth. "Why in—can't you be more careful. I've a good notion to break your head. A man like you ought to be thrashed and I ought to do it."

The young man merely bowed his head and moved away.

"Who is that fellow," asked the Westerner of Clerk Shafer.

"That's Pat Killen, who is matched to fight Sullivan," was the reply.

The Westerner was not visible the remainder of the day.

And the Boothe Gets Into the Pants.
(Chicago Tribune.)

Boy—Father, is "pants" a good word?
Parent—It has been trying to get into the language a long time, my son, but I believe the best judges prefer the word trousers.

Boy—How does it happen that this word "booth" was adopted in all the papers as soon as it came out?
Parent—Booth, my son, is a different thing. It can force its way anywhere.