

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 13, 1887.

**THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.**

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1887.

The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will be paid for their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

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Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

TOBACCO-GROWING is to be put on a firm financial basis in England, a company with a capital of £75,000 having been formed to extend the business of tobacco-growth, and licenses of the various patents connected therewith. It might be doing the company a kindness to furnish it with a history of the rise and fall of the once fashionable amusement of roller-skating in this country.

PHILIP HENSON, of Coriuth, Miss., has probably the longest beard of any male biped in the world. Henson is a man of sixty years of age, six feet two inches tall, and when he stands erect his beard touches the ground. It has not been cut for eleven years and is still growing. Henson is a Southerner by birth, but served the Union cause during the war. He furnished the Federal armies with valuable information, and won the high regard of many prominent Union generals.

This is a good season of the year in which to discuss babies, remarks the World. Cincinnati puts in a claim to the grandest youngster on the continent in the matter of avoidpoups. Her name is Nellie Shaffer, and she weighs forty-two pounds. As Nellie has only been in the world ten months this is thought to be something extraordinary. Nellie's father is a huckster and a produce dealer, who is referred to in local prints as "a noble specimen of physical manhood." Her mother weighs less than one hundred pounds and is rather an inconsequential person.

A RECENT number of the Evening Wisconsin gives rather more than a column of details about the case of a young man from New York who, having lost the greater part of his scalp in consequence of an accident with sulphuric acid, profited by the skill and ingenuity of a surgeon who transplanted to his head portions of the skin of two dogs, hair and all. We are glad to learn that the doctor was "paid enough to keep him from want the rest of his life." Thirteen separate transplantations are said to have been performed, all but two of which were successful.

A PHYSICIAN of Philadelphia has recently declared that corsets tend to cause costal breathing in women: "Admitting," says the Scientific American, "that they are the cause of costal breathing, and accepting the theory that costal breathing is a corrective of consumption, a plea for these articles of attire is at once established as preventives of the dreaded malady. The possibility of this benefit is increased by the consideration that men are, on the whole, more subject to it than women, and that Indians seem peculiarly its subjects." Here is an argument that the dress-reformers will have to meet.

A CURIOUS problem in castruity, says the Boston Courier, is raised by the recent blue book report of the condition of affairs in Fiji. Administrator Thurston and Secretary Blyth, who prepared it, take strong ground against that cornerstone of all Occidental ethical advancement, monogamy, and declare that the missionaries, by insisting that their converts should abandon polygamy, have seriously undermined the morality of the people. "Polygamy," Mr. Thurston says, "is the natural state of the native mind; monogamy is unnatural." Now, the question to be practically decided is whether, if it is possible to convert the Fijians to Christianity by leaving them the privilege of polygamy, the missionaries would be justified in yielding this point. After all, the "natural state of the native mind" is a most important factor in the case; and there is some justice in the claim that our civilization is a couple of thousand years in advance of the Fijian brain.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the general prosperity of this State, says the N. Y. Epoch, than the reports of the savings banks for the last six months. There has been a gain of 18,109 in the number of depositors, and of \$7,171,623 in the amount of deposits. It is true that these figures have been considerably exceeded of recent years, the addition to the amount of deposits in 1881 and 1882 being at the rate of \$17,000,000 for six months. But the figures for the last half year exceed the total reached for the entire year 1884, and indicate an eminently satisfactory amount both of popular thrift and of the means for manifesting it. The present aggregate of savings banks deposits in this State is \$464,000,000—a great and growing insurance fund on the side of social stability. Though accurate statistics are not available since the tax on bank deposits was repealed, and the comptroller of the currency was able to consolidate the returns of all savings institutions, the aggregate deposits in all the savings bank of the United States is probably \$1,050,000,000. It will be seen that the State of New York's proportion of the total is a very large one.

**ABOUT OURSELVES.**

It is now over three months since THE GAZETTE made its bow to the St. John public. And in that time it has made its way and attained a large circulation. The special issue of last week has been sent in every direction over the lower provinces. The reduction of the price to two cents a copy has already had a beneficial effect on the sales. We hope to be able in a week or two at the most to report that our circulation has been doubled.

The object of THE GAZETTE is the improvement of St. John—the up-building of the city. And with that object in view, it will always be our pleasure to describe additions to our local industries or point the way in directions where new trade may be developed. Besides this, we hope to give reading matter that will interest and amuse all classes of the community.

**CONFEDERATION.**

Every day we hear more or less of the evils of confederation. Bad weather, a failure of the crops, hard times and all kindred evils are due to confederation. This is the doctrine taught and no doubt believed in by a certain class of fossilized individuals in this community. The majority of these people opposed the confederation with all the vim they could command, and they were beaten at the polls as they would be to-morrow were the same issues to be fought out over again.

The majority of the men who cast their ballots for or against confederation are now dead, and it would be in the best interests of the province generally if a few more of those who have been for twenty years groaning over the fact that the British American Provinces because a united state had also joined the great majority. What is the use of perpetually groaning over something that is a fixed fact? Even admitting that confederation was a mistake, do these men who are constantly saying so groan continually about mistakes they make in business? Do they go around bewailing their commercial losses on the street corners and thus injure their prospects for future credit? or do they endeavour to make the best of a bad bargain and keep their mouths shut. If they are sane, sensible business men they say as little about the losses they have made as possible, but endeavour to profit by the experience they have gained in their future transactions.

Entirely outside of those who had to do with making Canada what it is—a United State there is another class in the country—the young men—who have grown up to find Canada as it is. They know nothing of the glorious past the older men who opposed confederation are constantly talking of, and they do not care a great deal about it either. These persons have grown to manhood to find themselves the citizens of as fine a country as the sun has ever shone upon. A country possessed of as great natural advantages as any other on the face of the globe—and a country which notwithstanding the assertions of the croakers to the contrary is making steady progress. The object of every dweller in such a country as this should be to develop it all he can. In the earlier days the glorious past—this was what our people strove to do. The merchant does not decry his wares and the sons of New Brunswick uphold their country against its traducers wherever they happened to be. We want this spirit still, and we want it badly. It is needed at public gatherings, in the newspapers and in the pulpit, for until this petty provincial feeling

and jealousy has given place to national spirit we can scarcely expect to become a nation.

We can find lessons for the future in looking at the past, but of what advantage is it to a coal heaver to know that his grandfather was a king. It does not lessen his labor or put more money in his pocket. It is the present and not the past that we must give attention to. Confederation we have and will continue to have no matter how much some may grumble and groan over it. And perhaps some of those who talk so much of the evils of confederation will come to the front and tell us how it would have been had there been no confederation. Would times have been any better? Would the great fire not have taken place just the same had confederation never been thought of? Confederation may have been a curse, but view it in any light possible it was a blessing when compared with the people who are continually preaching the blue ruin doctrine.

In the early days of the American Republic when a man became a nuisance to any community he was placed astride a rail, conveyed outside the town limits and dumped in the nearest ditch with the solemn warning not to return to town. In these days of advanced civilization such behaviour to a fellow being would be considered cruel and outrageous, but it was a most expeditious way to rid a community of objectionable characters, and in the places where the rule was best observed there were fewest cranks.

**AROUND AND ABOUT.**

In my walks abroad I often meet young boys and girls who have donned a new suit of clothes for the first time. The boy invariably looks sheepish and ashamed. He feels as if he were being critically inspected by everybody he meets, and is consequently uncomfortable. The girl knows or imagines that everyone is looking at her—particularly the other girls, and she is proud to think that she is being admired and envied by every girl of her acquaintance. She does not care a button if her dress is all pulled to pieces by her girl friends when they have her left company. This does not bother her in the least for she will have her revenge when they get new things. The day a boy dons a new suit of clothes is almost trying one for him. He is sure to be an object of ridicule until he gets the knees of his trousers torn or has made a rent in his coat. Then he feels like other boys and is happy. Old clothes fit a boy much better than new ones but it is the opposite with girls. They are happiest when stiff and erect in a new frock.

What are the rights and privileges of a dog? This is the question agitating the public mind just at present. For a century dogs have had more liberties than men in St. John, and now that the festive cur is to be brought under the law the men object. If a man were to stretch himself out to enjoy an hour's nap on one of the sidewalks he would be run in by the police, but two dogs have reposed most peacefully on the King Square all summer and never been molested. To my mind the dog has no more right to stretch himself out for a snooze on a public thoroughfare than has a man who has partaken of too many snoozers to come to anchor in a similar locality. The city council has done a wise thing in deciding to impound and destroy vagrant dogs, and the members deserve and will have the support of every right minded person in the city, dog owner or not.

I love a good dog just as much as any person in town, but I detest a half-bred, half-cur, and the sooner such unfortunate animals are put out of the way the better. There is a class of people in the community who hold that the present dog law is no good, that the penalties named in it cannot be collected. No greater mistake can be made. I am free to admit that in many cases the penalties prescribed have not been carried out, but the law can be enforced all the same and the time has arrived when it will be enforced, as it should have been years ago.

The barbers of St. John are a most ingenious set. They have had a warm time lately discussing the Sunday law. Some of their number object to shaving their customers Sunday mornings, while others who, if they have any conscientious scruples on this score, forget them for the time being and gather in the shekels. A contemporary printed a series of interviews with local barbers on the subject of Sunday shaving. One barber alleged that there had been an agreement between the local barbers some years ago not to shave anyone on Sundays, but that one firm who signed the agreement subsequently opened their shop on Sunday morning and that others followed. Now another association has been formed and the question of Sunday shaving is again up; but, besides this moral question, it is under consideration to increase the prices of shaving and hair-cutting.

A novel method of testing the Sunday question has been resorted to—namely, that of asking the police magistrate to decide whether shaving is servile labor, and consequently interdicted, or not. Would it not be a good scheme, also, for the barbers to submit the question of increased rates to the police magistrate as well? Hair dyeing at three dollars will be a luxury few people can afford to enjoy if there is not a boom in real estate shortly.

Speaking of Sunday shaving reminds me of a huge joke that was perpetrated on the New Brunswick legislature a few years ago. A bill to prohibit Sunday shaving was sent up to be enacted, and the wisdom of the country, as represented in the legislature, failed to detect some gross absurdities in it—to wit, the preamble of the bill was modelled after a boom company's bill passed a few years previous, and one of its provisions was that, if Her Majesty the Queen or any royal personage was passing through this province, the barbers were privileged to shave her or him on Sunday or any other day. I have never looked upon Her Majesty, but none of the portraits I have seen of her bear the slightest suggestion of a beard or moustache, but the bill containing the provision I have mentioned actually passed the lower house at Fredericton, and had its peculiarities not been detected by an engrossing clerk, it is probable that it might have become law.

It seems to me that we in St. John are in great danger of becoming a musical people, or, as they put it in the show bills of variety theatres, musical mokes. Perhaps I reside in a musically infested locality, but as I write I can hear the music or discord of two or three pianos, while in the distance I can hear the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," proceeding from a cornet, while somewhere else in the vicinity someone is industriously scraping away at a fiddle, as it used to be called, but now-a-days known as a violin. Music is ennobling, they say, but when a fellow is endeavoring to use up a ream or two of paper in an evening it is calculated, if he is at all nervous to spend his chances in the hereafter. Good music is certainly grand, but in all well regulated communities, where the morals of the people are thought of and properly guarded, life and drum bands should be obliged to go five miles out to sea to practice, and I know whereof I speak, having experienced for upwards of a year the practice of a life and drum band every evening.

At last we are to have something done with our streets. Prince William Street which has long been in a disgraceful and dangerous condition is to be repaved at a cost of somewhere over \$5,000. How the council propose to raise the money to pay for this work, I do not know but it has occurred to me that the horse owners of the city should be required to pay something more towards the street improvements than the classes who do not own horses. Supposing a tax of \$1 were levied on each horse owned in the city of St. John, a handsome sum would be realized every year. This, with an appropriation from the street fund, and a special assessment on the properties directly benefitted would enable, at least, half a mile of pavement to be laid every year for the present.

Our people are gradually awakening to the fact that about all the money they have expended on the road beds of the city for the past twenty years has been wasted. Broken stone has been tried and found wanting. I do not know what a steam roller would cost but I do know that until the city invests in a steam roller they cannot have macadamized roads worthy of the name. To put any more broken stone on the streets as has been done in the past is only throwing away the people's money. If we are not in a position financially to pave or macadamize the city then let a heavy horse roller be bought and have rough roadways dug up, the large stones in them broken and covered afresh with beach gravel which should be thoroughly crushed with the roller. Then we could have fairly good streets at a comparatively small cost. Macadamizing when properly done is very little cheaper than paving, but it makes a much better road for light driving but unsuitable for trucking unless wheels with wide tires are used.

Now that the council has disposed of the dog question I hope they will not forget to deal with the question of time. The nuisance of three standards of time is growing greater every day. There ought to be but one standard of time, and inasmuch as the railroads have adopted Eastern standard time the city should order the city clocks to be set at that time. It would be much more convenient for everybody just as soon as they forgot there ever had been another standard of time.

**DIXY.**

"The male wasps never sting," says an exchange. This may be true, there is little consolation in it. The man who is stung by a wasp doesn't care a rap what sex it belongs to.

A philosopher says, "Every man is born to his work." But he does not always do it. The man who was born to sell milk sometimes mixes a great deal of water with it.

**People Talked About.**

Daniel Canary, the famous bicycle rider, of Meriden, Conn., is lying ill at Madrid, Spain.

The post-mortem examination in the case of the famous Russian editor Kalkob revealed the fact that he died of cancer of the stomach.

Rev. K. G. Chatterjee, India, is now at Saratoga. He says that he has suffered more from the heat in America than in his native country. His statement will find but few doubters.

In his telegram inviting President Cleveland to visit Columbus, O., Gov. Forsaker signs himself "Your obedient servant." Has Forsaker repented of his insubordination or is he indulging in a little polite "sarkasm?"

Belva Lockwood has returned to her law office at Washington after a short vacation. She says she will not be a candidate for President in 1888 if Mrs. Cleveland will accept the nomination. Under the circumstances it seems likely that Mrs. Lockwood will run again.

Queen Victoria is mourning the death of her old nurse, Miss Skerritt, who recently passed away at the mature age of ninety-four. Miss Skerritt had seen service under Queens Charlotte and Adelaide, and had nursed Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and other royal children.

Sarah Bernhardt's object in making a pet of a tiger cat has at length been made public. It is announced in the Parisian papers that the tiger is a most intelligent animal and has learned to tell a creditor as soon as it sees one. It is further remarked that the tiger is generally at large in Mme. Bernhardt's drawing room.

Richard Johnson, the "Giant Cowboy" of the Wild West show, has been in trouble in London. His aggressive vigor caused him to have a slight disagreement with a London policeman. The policeman is now at a hospital but is not fatally injured. Johnson was arrested for assault and brought before a Judge, who released him under \$500 bail.

"Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, of the New York stage, is in Paris replenishing her wardrobe. She has many interesting things to tell concerning the Jubilee celebration in London, which she witnessed in all its splendor. Mrs. Eldridge is authority for the statement that at the Mansion House ball Princess Louise remarked to the Queen: "It's a long time, Vicky, since so many of us were together. Doesn't it look as if Tussard's had broken loose?"

Congressman George West, of Ballston, N. Y., is at Long Branch. He is fifty years of age and an Englishman by birth. He is thoroughly American in his ideas, but indicates his British origin now and then by dropping an "h." He owns seven or eight paper mills in the vicinity of Ballston, and has just purchased another in the town of Exeter, England, where he was born and apprenticed. He is a short man, almost as broad as he is long, and wears a flowing white beard. He is about to begin his third term in Congress.

Col. John B. Pierce, who lives at Plantville, a little manufacturing in New England on the New Haven and Northampton road, is preparing to astonish the world by his inventive genius. He claims that he has proved the practicability of establishing passenger traffic between this country and England by means of pneumatic tubes placed under the ocean. He thinks that in the future a man will be able to breakfast in New York and take lunch in London. All that Pierce needs to establish his invention, so he says, is money. But we regret to note in the pictures of inventor Pierce a slight resemblance to Charles J. Guiteau.

**Love's Work.**

[Toronto Truth.]

Only yesterday the fields  
Looked so commonplace and bare;  
Now they are so fresh and green,  
Starred with daisies everywhere.  
Only yesterday the woods  
Were but beach and elm trees;  
They are vocal now with song,  
Full of tender mysteries.

What has changed the fields and woods,  
Made the sky so blue above,  
Filled the ambient air with song?  
It was all the work of love.  
Mary through the fields and woods  
Walked along last night with me;  
Heard my vows, while thrushes sang,  
"Sweet! oh sweet!" from every tree.

Only yesterday my work  
Seemed so wearisome and dull,  
As the hours went slowly by  
Each useless labor full;  
But to-day I do not fear  
With the hardest task to cope,  
For the worker's hand is strong  
When his heart is full of hope.

Love this morning sent me off  
To my work with willing feet,  
Love passed every hour away,  
To a measure quick and sweet:  
Fields and woods and my own heart  
Are with song and music rife;  
Work is easy for a home,  
Work is pleasure for a wife.

Love can fill the hardest day  
With a sense of light and song;  
Love can make the gloomy gay;  
Love can make the weary strong;  
Love can make the fields a-bloom,  
Fill the woods with melody;  
Love is merry in her smile,  
Life is sweet and good to me.

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TRIPOD KASELS, BRASS KASELS,  
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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,  
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I have for sale at Low Rates to Cash Customers

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In one pound Tins,

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Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street,  
Opp. King Square.

**Nerve and Stomach Tonic.**  
IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

**W. HAWKER,**  
Druggist, St. John,  
110 PRINCE WM. ST.

**W. HAWKER, Esq., Druggist,**  
etc., St. John, N. B.:

DEAR Sir,—Last year I came home from a fishing trip with a fearful Cough and Cold, and took all the medicine I could think of, to no purpose. I was told that I had Bronchitis, and was done for. A friend came to see me, and said he would send to St. John for your Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry, which he had great faith in. After taking a dose or two the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since. It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several lots. I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it.

Yours truly,  
C. E. DORRMAN,  
Millbrook, St. Stephen, N. B.

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