

THE SATURDAY, GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 21, 1887.

5

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FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.**WHAT THE SAE-ETED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE****Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.****HE KNEW HER.**

Wife—I'll run into this store a minute. Husband—What do you want to get? Wife—Oh, only half a yard of white ribbon.

A HEART WORTH WINNING.

(New York Sun.)

"And do you love me so devotedly, dear," he said, "that you will give up home and friends and all that makes your young life bright and happy to become my wife and go with me to the uttermost ends of the world if necessary?" "Yes, George," she whispered softly, "when I am your wife your thoughts shall be my thoughts, your hopes my hopes, your religion my religion; and if you should want me to go to the uttermost ends of the world with you I will go, oh, so gladly, George. I do so love to travel."

SHE WOULD KEEP.

(Puck.)

Young man (to sexton, at church door)—Isn't the sermon nearly done?

Sexton—About an hour yet. He is only on his "Lastly."

Young man—Will it take him an hour to get through his "Lastly"?

Sexton—No; but there's the "One word more and I am done," and the "Finally," and the "In conclusion" to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man. Your girl won't spoil!

LITTLE PITCHES.

"Ma," said baby at the supper table, "I know why this cake is called angel cake."

"Do you?" replied his mother without much interest.

"Yes, it's because it's made by an angel. That's what pa told the cook."

A RUSHING BUSINESS.

Druggist (to customer)—There you are, sir, a two-cent stamp. Can I do anything else for you, sir?

Customer—Well—would you cash a small check? Save me the trouble of going to the bank.

Druggist—With pleasure. Anything else, sir?

Customer—I believe I will put one of these almanacs in my pocket and that is all, I think, this morning.

Druggist—Thanks. Won't you have a glass of soda water with me?

IT FRIGHTENED HER.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Old Man (reading report of baseball game)—They got onto Clarkson early in the game and pounded him all over the field. He succeeded in striking out two men, after a hot grounder had come right through Burns, and a man been given a life on first, and the visitors wielded the willow in earnest and knocked the unfortunate twirler clear out of the box.

Old Lady—Don't read any more of that fight, please, Josiah. It's too dreadful. Dear me! Dear me! Where could the constable have been? And they call this a Christian country.

AN APPROPRIATE RELECTION.

"I see that old Dr. Feltlox has been appointed visiting physician to the Old Soldiers' Home. How on earth did they come to choose him?"

"Why, don't you know he's the most renowned veteran-ary surgeon in the country?"

"Indeed, you surprise me. I thought he was a horse doctor."—[Life.]

A TRIFLE UNREASONABLE.

"Why didn't you stop?" said the fat passenger as he clambered onto the car.

"Ye didn't signal," replied the driver.

"I stood on the corner."

"Well, I'm no mind reader," said the driver, lashing his horses.—[N. Y. Sun.]

A DOCTOR'S GIRL'S AMBITION.

Boston Father (to newly graduated daughter): I am glad that your mind has taken such a turn toward art, for you know that more is expected of you than if you lived in Chicago.

Daughter, Yes, father.

Father, And I hope you will distinguish yourself in more than one way.

Daughter, Yes, father.

Father, I particularly desire that you become an essayist.

Daughter, Yes, father.

Father, I have spared neither pains nor expense in your education thus far, but notwithstanding this immense outlay of time and money, if you can think of anything which you believe will add to your equipment for the career which you are about to begin—if you can suggest some new way of refining your taste, please do so. Do you know of anything else?

Daughter, Yes, father.

Father, What is it? Speak out, never mind the expense.

Daughter, Well, father, I'd like to go this afternoon and see Professor Sullivan thump that rascal from the country.—[Arkansas Traveller.]

GOSSIP ABOUT LOCAL EVENTS.

Editor McCready of the Telegraph was suffering from a severe bilious attack on Sunday last. When in this state Mr. McCready always evinces a desire to smash things generally. Monday's leader proves this assertion. Mr. McCready has now recovered I am happy to say.

I wonder if the taking of duty off anthracite coal will decrease the cost of that commodity in Canada? More than likely the only people who will profit by it will be the Pennsylvania coal rings.

The man who conceived the overhead bridge at Dorchester street is worthy of a statue. The bridge as a thoroughfare is entirely useless, and ought never to have been built. It was the fact, however, that it was raised on Sunday rather than its utter uselessness that seems to have attracted most attention.

The Salvation Army had a grand parade on Sunday last in celebration of the anniversary of their arrival in Saint John. These street parades are a nuisance, and at times a great annoyance, but from what I can learn the army has accomplished a large amount of good in the city. There are many whom I know personally in the ranks, and some of these were the worst reprobates the city knew. With a few slight modifications the Salvation army will probably settle down into a recognized denomination one of these days.

The clergymen of Portland talk very vigorously about enforcing the Scott Act. Every place the act has been introduced the same vigorous language has been indulged in, but the act is still violated in all places, while in many it simply means free run and unlicensed ginshops of the very worst kind.

There has been nothing but sounds of music on the streets for the past few days. First we had an organ grinder whose machine made half as much noise as a brass band. Then an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company with a street parade trotted around town, to be followed a few days afterwards by the Salvation Army in full war paint. Last but not least, in point of noise, a minstrel show with a brass band accompaniment invaded the town and paraded everywhere.

I observe that Mr. D. W. McCormick who has been in the hotel business all his life, and in St. John for the past nine or ten years, has leased the Waverley. Dan is a good hotel man—none better, and he will make the Waverley boom this summer.

Mayor Thorne tells me that the licenses have been paid quite promptly this year. The liquor men knowing that the number of licenses are to be reduced under last year's local act are coming up with their hundreds with great promptitude.

The first rain during the month of May fell on the 18th, and it was only a shower at that. Lucky people they are who live along the river St. John. Had there been a heavy rain during the flood most of the up river farmers would have been hunting for tenements in St. John.

That brutal father who so ill-treated his family in Nova Scotia should be found and—well tared and feathered and then ridden out of town on a rail after the most approved ancient custom.

I am very much afraid that I will no longer be able to smoke a ten cent Havana. The increase of duty has made Havana cigars a luxury which only cabinet ministers and railroad magnates can afford. We of the common herd will have to choose between a pipe and a domestic cigar hereafter. The duty now amounts to prohibition.

A very pleasant way to spend the Queen's birthday will be to make a trip up river in the steamer May Queen. The water still remains very high and a view of the flooded intervals will be a novelty to most St. John people.

The first fog of the season came only to hand on Thursday last. It was a good old-fashioned fog—none of your cheap affairs, but thick enough to eat.

There has been an increase in the number of pretty girls in St. John of late. It is a great pity that our girls always walk on the level as if they were climbing a hill.

Yesterday was arbor day in the city schools and the youngsters of both sexes amused themselves setting out a number of trees. I hope they may all grow. Would it not be a good scheme now to do something towards protecting the trees we now have in our forests. One forest is more than a hundred can be overcombed by the arbor days of twenty years.

The Daily Sun is getting ready to put

on a new suit which will greatly improve its appearance. The Sun I am pleased to say is in a prosperous condition. In fact all the St. John newspapers seem to be thriving.

I heard a good story about a young man who, anxious to distinguish himself, put a billiard ball in his mouth. It went in easily enough but it required the services of two doctors to take it out again.

"Well, who has failed to-day?" is about the first question one is asked on the streets now-a-days.

A goodly number of people went up river on Thursday in the Union Line Steamers to see the freshest. Manager Humphrey is fully alive to the times and never lets an opportunity for an excursion slip him.

Chief of Police Marshall thinks the damage by the people will not be less than a quarter of a million of dollars. I hope the chief's estimate is too high.

Will somebody kindly rise and explain whether we are to have a band at the square this summer or not. It is verging on the time when the girls and their fellows want an excuse for staying out after ten o'clock at night and they ought to be informed immediately as to the bands.

Editor Scott must be having a good time at Ottawa. He has not confided to the public recently if he has had any more big turkeys with Minister Foster or not. I fear he has not recovered from the effects of the last one yet.

We are likely to have a good season's sport in St. John this year. That is if present arrangements hold out.

Theatrical Talk.

People who never patronize any other variety of entertainment—with the exception of an occasional tea-light—go to see Uncle Tom's Cabin. I presume that is the reason why the so-called "Abbey" company packed the Institute, Saturday. I cannot account, on any other hypothesis, for the unlimited patronage which was extended to such an ineffably vile show.

I beg to respectfully comment to the attention of my friends of the theatrical papers the fact that aggregation of hain-factors is billing a half dozen actors and actresses who are not in the company. This sort of thing may be enterprising, but it is just a little bit risky; and St. John is not so far in the backwoods that the trick can be played more than once.

The "enterprising local management" (vide the city dailies) will please N. B.

Barlow Bros. & Frost's minstrels presented a good olio, but—with the exception of Billy Barlow's work—a bad first part, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The company is not a superior one but there are people in it who are always worth seeing and hearing.

I am exceedingly sorry that the Claire Scott company has disbanded, but I sorrow as one not without hope, for I expect to see it under more auspicious conditions, next season. The star has the energy and the brains to command success and she will achieve it.

Leson, Neville and the rest of the boys left for home by Wednesday's boat. They have conceived an ardent affection for St. John—and here's to our next merry meeting with them!

My friend Neville, that excellent comedian and prince of good fellows, is considering an offer from Frank Sanger to go out with the Harbor Light company, next season. Sanger could not easily find a more capable man.

Since the Claire Scott company has disbanded, there seems to be no theatrical attraction at hand for the Queen's birthday; but Clara Louise Kellogg returns Thursday, in grand opera, and she is good enough to make up for the emptiness of the rest of the week.

Chair About Actors and Actresses.

An item is going the rounds to the effect that Edwin Booth will net this season the enormous sum of \$300,000. This is doubtless exaggerated by \$200,000. The fact remains, however, that Booth draws great houses on a basis of his histrionic ability which is extremely meagre. His father was a popular actor in his time, and there was a period when Edwin Booth himself gave promise of making a good tragedian. But carelessness, lack of industry and other faults have so prevailed with him that today he does not even dress a part satisfactorily—much less does he act it with any credit to himself and his name.

Coquelin has concluded not to come to America, and his contract has been officially dissolved. Coquelin's admirers on both sides of the water will be glad to learn of his decision, as it was feared that disaster and humiliation awaited him, the average American audience being not yet quite up to Coquelin.

Fred. Ward, who has become the popular legitimate actor of America, always after Booth, has invested a lot of his money in Los Angeles, where he played a remarkably fine engagement. He expects it to be almost ready to double itself by the time he gets back there, in which case he will be able to act during the remainder of his life for ambition and pleasure rather than for profit.

Madame Gerster is in excellent health this spring, in Paris, receiving callers, driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and devoting herself with characteristic charm to her duties as wife and mother. Her children, Linda and Bertha, bright little girls of five and two years respectively, give her more pleasure than she ever received during her triumphs on the lyric stage. But Anna in "La Sonnambula" is still her favourite role, and she expects are long to resume it.

May Days.

(Life.)

The base ball now is whizzing and a swinging is the past.

The maiden bloometh forth in a forty-dollar hat; The dude doth walk abroad with his legs done up in bagging.

And the dog doth bark in sunlight with his little tail a-wagging.

Spring lamb is on the market, and some grass is on the soil.

The silence of the city is broken by the sweet, melodious sound of "Stre-r-roar-bys" from hucksters on the street.

And from the mansions of the proud a rich, resounding thwack.

Tells tales of carpet beating in the little yard a-buck.

Oh, yes!

'Tis May!

The Circus as Entree.

We kinder calkulated—that's Bill, an' Ike, an' me. We'd all go down to Seaside, Buxton, and have a sort o' spree.

The day the Greatest Show on Earth were thar in one big tent.

We judged 'twere something in our line, so naturally we went.

Inside we struck a table with a curious sort o' creeter.

An' a sign, as said his name was Pharaoh Salt.

An' first he was a 'Gyptian king as long ergo went he—

The show had got the mummy at stupendous expense.

We stood an' reeled it up erwhile, when Ike turned 'round and said:

"It peers ter look about ter me 'sif this gentleman were dead."

An' as 'twas 'bout 'er 'er without no farther fuss, We'd better stop an' kinder see what killed the errary cuss!"

Then Bill remark: "I reckon it 'ud be a good idee."

An' I chimes in with: "Ainquest would jist about hit me?"

An' then we sot upon the corpse of Pharaoh Salt Peter.

An' first he was a regular veridick in surprisingly short metre!

"Whereas, this P. S. Peter, bein' thar layin' as dead's a stone,

Therefore, this jury finds he croaked up causes unknown!"

We 'lowed that fifty dollars were what the job were worth.

An' collected from the treat'ner at the Greatest Show on Earth.

The widow of William Boylan a wealthy resident of New Brunswick, N. J., recently married James Ryan, her late husband's grandson by a former marriage.

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Messrs. HANINGTON BROS.: Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Minsent's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system and shifted from one site to the other, in fact it permeated by whole being. For more than two months, I was unable to get so my room or retire without assistance. I chanced to see an advertisement of your "Sciatine" offering wonderful cures. I procured a packet and when I received it my limbs were numb swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. After four days of the internal medicine and three applications of the liniment, the swelling about supple as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having gone, could walk the autumn and winter to the date January 24, 1886, with its climate changes. I can recommend your "Sciatine" and hope that all who are effected with that most painful disease Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give "Sciatine" a trial. Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or doubting this statement given can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information. MRS. W. H. MOORE, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.