

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 17.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

What is Going on in Commercial, Financial, Social and Sporting Circles.

Another week of general quiet has just passed. St. John seems destitute of sensation of any kind just at present. This season of the year is always flat, so far as business is concerned, and so many people are out of town that there is no chance of anything unusual happening. As the season approaches for fall trade to commerce, the merchants become even more hopeful than they were a few weeks ago. Reports from all sections of the country are more encouraging than had been expected, and the prospect is that business, if it does not boom, will be very much better than it has been since 1883. The improved feeling in the city is based on the reports of excellent crops of every kind in all parts of the country. Money still remains scarce in St. John, and owing to the limited circulation will remain so for some months to come. It is a matter of general comment that while business is even better than last year money is much scarcer. This is probably due to the banks refusing to take new accounts thus compelling the small dealers who formerly kept their accounts with Macellan & Co. to pay out the cash they receive as rapidly as they get it. There is plenty of employment in St. John and no one who really wants to work need be long without it. The most exciting event of the week has been the alleged departure from the city of Mr. Charles Olive, clerk in the custom house. Mr. Olive has been for a number of years clerk in the long room of the custom house, and was noted for his geniality. He was quite popular, but according to report was not a good manager of his financial affairs. He made a trip to Boston recently, and as a result got into trouble with one of his creditors. On Thursday morning he did not report for duty and was not at work yesterday. It is reported that he has gone to the land of the free and the home of the brave. He vacated an excellent position, for which no doubt there are numerous applicants. The majority of horsemen of the province went to Bangor last week to attend the fair and horse races now held annually at that place. It is a great pity we could not have some such institution in St. John. Something that would attract people to this city every year and cause the circulation of a large amount of money. There is no such fair in the Maritime Provinces and St. John might as well have it as not. Our exhibitions have always paid well and if they were held often would pay quite as well. We have the buildings now, and all that would have to be

TIPS FOR THE GIRLS.

Some of the Newest Wrinkles in the Latest Fashions.

The most admired bathing dress that has appeared at Long Branch this year was brought out on the pretty figure of a Philadelphia girl. It was of cream-white boating flannel, scalloped out at the bottom in the shape of grape-leaves, above which were bunches of grapes, tendrils, and stems in embroidery. The leaves were shaded green, the grapes were purple, and the skeleton leaves were veined with threads. The stockings were cream white, with ankles of shaded violet, dark at the foot and getting paler as they went up. A straw hat had grape leaves and grapes twined around it. She had given to the artificial leaves and fruit three coats of copal varnish and could go into the water all summer without shedding the dye. As a sample specimen of a single lady's—or rather of one married lady's—wardrobe, a correspondent refers to that credited to Mrs. William Laytin, of New York, who, with her husband, has recently arrived at Saratoga. It is rumored that the wardrobe of this pretty demi-monde consists of two hundred costly and elegant toiles. Seventy-five are for out-door wear, with parasols, haws fans, gloves, and boots to correspond. Some of these costumes are said to have cost the fabulous sum of fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars each—real old black and white thread laces, real round point, duchesse, and Irish point laces. Her jewels are also pronounced superb. Apropos of the hops at Saratoga, the most remarkable feature of them is the magnificent, wonderful display of priceless jewels. Diamonds prevail, and diamonds you see everywhere. They glitter and dazzle the eyes at every turn. In the hair, all over the necks, ears, arms and fingers, on the corsages, even as buttons on sleeves they are to be seen. Many millions would not be too extravagant a figure at which to value the collection of diamonds at some of the hops in the most fashionable of the hotels. It is useless to wear jewels there, unless one be a plutocrat. The ordinary five hundred dollar affair seems as penny and commonplace compared with the average stone worn, as a rhinestone would compare with it. There was a quadrille set at the hop at the States the other night in which there were four young ladies representing the comfortable sum of twenty millions of dollars. All young and charming girls, and not one engaged! Add there are many more there like them. Rather a rich field for the professional fortune hunter, one would think. Fat that species of mankind seems to meet little encouragement at Saratoga. The newest tennis freak is for a number of girls, who are in the habit of playing in the same party, or who expect to spend any part of the summer at the same hotel or mountain house, to have their gowns made in the same style and in harmonious though different colors.

Base Ball.

That base ball has a firm hold on the people of St. John was clearly proved by the large, fashionable and enthusiastic attendance at the games of Monday and Tuesday last between the Socials of Halifax and Nationals. Our people like good ball and will pay to see it every time. They are liberal in their applause for every good play, whether made by a visitor or one of the home club. There is one thing, however, they do not like, and that is "funny business" in the field. They pay to see good, earnest ball playing, and as long as the club plays a hard game they will be perfectly satisfied whether the club wins or loses, but careless, indifferent playing they will not tolerate. The games were full of brilliant plays on both sides, the visitors on the second day doing some splendid work in the field. There is no doubt that the Socials have fine a battery in Davidson and Grierson, while their weak point is probably their batting. The Nationals have improved in their coaching and base running, but there is still lots of room for improvement. Where all played so well it would be wrong to make particular mention of any one player, but there is no doubt about Warlock being a genuine acquisition to the team, increasing in a marked degree the vim and snap so necessary to success. It is a pleasure to see him hunt the ball and then put it to rest. The games were marked by the best of friendly feeling and it is safe to say that there is no club the Nationals would lose a game to with as little regret as the Socials. M. KELLY.

God's Rain.

Softly falls the gentle rain On the sun-parched ground, Striking on the ripening grain Up vegetation's sound; Bidding every golden ear Raise its drooping head— Bringing back the beauty Of flowers almost dead! Soon again Dame Nature's face Wears its happy smile For her children now revived. That were dead the while. See! The clouds begin to break, The blue sky shines tonight, And the flowers lift their heads The bright sun to view! So where sorrow, like the rain, Falls upon the pain, All its fibres throbb with pain, While the tear-drops start; But, as when the rain is o'er The flowers lift their face, So does sorrow train the heart In its walk in grace. And the Son of Righteousness Rising after rain, Gathers from the ripened heart Holy, heavenly grain For his garner in the skies; Where, with all the blest, We, his waiting children, hope Soon to be at rest. ALICE OAKLEY.

ABOUT THE MARKET.

ROUNDER TAKES IN THE COUNTRY MARKET.

He Has Not Much to Say this Time, But Will Have More on Another Occasion.

Why is it that so many young people visit the country market on Saturday nights? Go in there any Saturday evening and you will find the aisles crowded with a lot of young men and women who seem to have nothing better to do than to jostle each other and crowd actual purchasers into a corner or against the tables. About one-tenth of the people who visit the market are there merely for the purpose of seeing who else is there besides themselves. They buy nothing; do not even look at the produce offered for sale, save when the crush is so great they are compelled to halt and look about them. Besides those who walk through there is a constant crowd of loungers who seem to enjoy the odors of stale cabbage united to that of meat too long hung. I often go into the market on Saturday nights to buy something for my Sunday dinner, and I have become accustomed to seeing the same faces there every Saturday night. There are two girls in whom I am particularly interested; not because I know who they are, for I do not, but because of the manner in which they walk down the main aisle. They invariably have hold of each other's arm, sometimes looking ahead, at others over their shoulders, and always commenting on what they see and hear. Any peculiarity of dress on the part of some one they pass is criticized in language more forcible than elegant. They swear occasionally when some clumsy pedestrian treads on the tails of their dresses or jostles them too hard. What these girls do for a living I cannot say, but that they have some employment is beyond question, as they are never visible in their day time. Saturday night is the only time I see them on the streets, and then they remain out quite late, often until midnight. There are numerous other queer people who frequent the market on the same nights, but my interesting couple of girls, to use a strong phrase, take the whole bakery for cheek. They are not bad looking, either, and as they are still young they may improve through the market, the jostling and crowding to the contrary notwithstanding. One sees a strange gathering of peculiar characters, and if he knows the province at all can easily distinguish between a Kings County man and a Jemsegger. They all possess peculiarities of language which enables the travelled man to tell exactly from what district the men who are selling peas, beans, cabbages and mutton come from. Besides, the goods they offer for sale are another index of the nativity of the seller. Every man who does business in the market has some queer way of telling the merits of the articles he has for sale. Now-a-days dress does not count for much in deciding where a man comes from. Formerly the cut of the homespun jumper was as sure an index of the locality in which it was made as a photograph of the school house on the hill or the church in the valley would be. Farmers now though wear store clothes and come to town as well dressed as the city folks one meets in the market Saturday night are. I think the Saturday night markets are declining from what they were. Saturday used to be the great pay day in St. John, and every working man went to the market to buy his meats and vegetables. Now many of the concerns employing a large number of work people, pay on Monday, Thursday and Friday so that instead of the evening being the great market time the family buying is done in the mornings. But enough people are still paid late on Saturday to make a large trade in the market, and in consequence hundreds of buyers go there to make their purchases. I do not know nor can I form any idea of how much money changes hands on a Saturday night in the market alone, but I should imagine that it would total up to over \$1,000, and if the whole days sales were made up it would be often twice that amount. The people who know the ins and outs of the trade of the market have a monetary interest in keeping their knowledge to themselves, and consequently it is difficult to obtain exact information. The market is one of the sights of the city. Indeed, it is one of the greatest attractions, and should be visited by everybody who cares to know all the peculiarities of a people. We have many queer ways in little things, and these are brought out more prominently in the market than elsewhere. At some future time when I have more space at my disposal I will have something to add to what has been said on the market. ROUNDER.

An American Adventurer in London.

(Mrs. Lucy Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph.)

There was an American adventurer in London during the present season who avenged some of the wrongs inflicted by the English traveller on long-suffering American society. The lady in question was young and handsome and presumably wealthy. She came to London early in the spring, accompanied by a lovely young sister, and also, it was said, by an invalid husband. Nobody ever saw the latter. He was said to be in such wretched health that he never left his own room, even to take his meals. The lady took a house in the most fashionable quarter of London, entertaining superbly, and was very much admired. The pretty sister became engaged to a young American gentleman, who was a resident of London. Then the wife, with her invalid and invisible husband, went off to the continent for the benefit, it was said, of the gentleman's health. From that trip the lady returned shrouded in crape and overwhelmed with grief. The dear sufferer, she declared, had expired soon after they had started on their travels. The impeccable wife-hunters of England were beginning to look with interest on the fair and wealthy widow when—something happened. Nobody knew exactly what, but the house in Belgravia was given up and the young sister's betrothed broke off his engagement and the ladies disappeared like snowflakes beneath the sunshine. Then the true solution of the riddle was whispered about the London clubs and drawing rooms. The sisters were two accomplished and daring adventuresses. The invalid husband had never existed. Neither of the ladies had ever been legally married, and the wealth of the elder one had sprung from a source easier to imagine than to describe. Peculiar Actions of Drowning Persons. [From the Detroit Tribune.] "I believe I can tell just by the clutch how many times a drowning person has been down," musingly remarked Edward Horn, of the ferry company, and the man who has saved sixty-four lives. "The first trip down they go for you with a firm, decided clutch that means they still know what they are about. The second immersion causes a shaky, uncertain grip, which can be easily broken if you so choose. It is the last time down that the grasp becomes a convulsive, bewildered one, and but few swimmers can save a person after the unfortunate man has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the drowning man on his final journey below the water will seize his preserver by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save a whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands if she can get hold of one or both of them. A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily. Yes, I saw one person die of strangulation while we were under water together. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating as he stared helplessly at me. You may not believe it, but they shone like two balls of fire. In a Nut Shell. Some men get down on their neighbors when they find they can't come up to them. Domestic sketches are usually made up of bones of contention. Rider Haggard, the novelist, speaks of "a cold gleam of happiness." Does he mean ice cream on a hot August night? A farmer at a circus is like one of his own products, he is specked tatar. Military titles are common in the South, but no young man can obtain a higher appellation than captain until he is over twenty-one. It is impossible to make a major out of a minor. The fisherman has no difficulty in making both ends meet when he catches an eel. It must be very hard on a man who has been a toper all his life, to find a watery grave. Carl says, "A man who sings at his work is a good man." Maybe so. But we have noticed in the case of the mosquito, that when he sings a serenade to you at night, it is after your blood. NEGLECTFUL TEACHERS. "It is so strange," remarked a Western girl who was visiting Boston. "I notice that even some of the little children say 'cawn't' and 'shawn't,' and 'eyether' and 'neyether.' Don't they have public schools in Boston?" "Certainly." "Well, I should think the teachers would tell them better." Look out for next week's Saturday Gazette.