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POOR DOCUMENT

Do not fail to Read the opening chapters of BRETON MILLS, the Greatest of Serials commenced last week.

The Saturday Gazette.

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Vol. I.--No. 40.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

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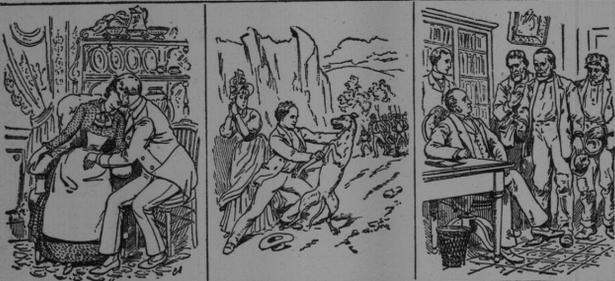
AN AMERICAN SERIAL!

THE BRETON MILLS.

A Romance of New England Life.

BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY,

Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Daily News.



The above sketches, taken from among the pictures appearing in the story, will sufficiently indicate the character of the illustrations.

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This paper will shortly begin the publication of a Serial Story with the above title, and of intense interest. Each chapter is alive with excitement and the plot moves on with a power and spirit which will, we believe, make this one of the most acceptable serials we have ever offered in these columns.

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Is a story that will satisfy the popular demand for intense interest in each installment. The scene is laid in a New England factory village. Both the employing class and the class of the employed furnish actors in the thrilling romance, and the reader's interest will be closely held all through the changing scenes of the story. While not taking sides on the questions interesting working people, which are touched upon in the story, the author dissects the pathetic elements of the life of the poor with fearless hand. Still his romance, after all, is a romance of love, and all else in the story is only introduced to solve the problem of one man's devoted and faithful nature.

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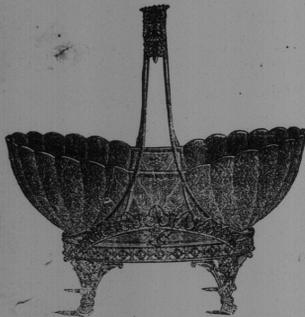
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THE GRAND LAKE.

THREE DAYS IN THE HEART OF THE PROVINCE.

The Resources, Scenery and Industries of a Contented and Happy People.

When Acadia was in the occupation of the French, in the latter part of the 17th century, Seigneur Villebon erected a fort on the north bank of the Jemseg, through which the waters of Grand Lake are poured into those of the Saint John; he garrisoned the place, formed an alliance with the Indians, and strove, vainly, to hold the river against the encroachments of the English. It is no wonder that Villebon was so strenuous to keep possession of the Saint John. The French had selected the most beautiful sites and most fertile territory in the province for their occupation. The country about the Jemseg and Gasqueton on the opposite bank of the main river, and at Indian Point, near the foot of Grand Lake, and at Nashwaak, opposite the city of Fredericton, rivalled in picturesqueness and pastoral advantages the most favored districts of old France. The settlement in the vicinity of Indian Point was made by Sieur de Preneuse, a young Parisian from whom it took its name, and the lake was christened Lac Preneuse in his honor. At the domain that so long since passed from the occupation of this adventurer, relics of his time are not unrequently unearthed, as well as of the Indians that preceded him, in the form of stone arrow heads, hatchets, chisels and tomahawks. Almost on the very site of Sieur Preneuse's stronghold there is standing to-day the first frame house ever erected on these shores, but for many years it has been unoccupied. By a channel two miles in length, which is cut through the swamp, through which vessels of light draught are able to pass, and which is shaded by stately elms, birches and maples, entrance is effected from near Indian Point to Maquisit Lake, five miles long and two to three miles wide, which is likewise connected by a thoroughfare with French Lake which is hardly inferior in size. These lakes have most romantic surroundings and teem with all the varieties of fish known in the St. John.

The straits between Maquisit and French Lakes abound in surprises, while in the wilderness which stretch back from the beautiful farms that skirt their shores and in the open fields, the sportsman never fails to secure an abundance of such game as partridges, hares, woodcock and snipe, while those in pursuit of larger game have, not unrequently the satisfaction of bringing down a caribou, a bear, or even a moose, all of which, in spite of the encroachments of civilization are still found in many parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Grand Lake is thirty miles in length and three to nine miles in width. Its shores are indented with many beautiful coves and bays, some of which penetrate far inland. Douglas Harbor, a few miles above Indian Point, and its neighborhood, have been sketched time and again by artists of the highest celebrity. The old "Gimlet Tavern," near by, has furnished themes for many a traveller's tale. (It has supplied entertainment for man and horse for near three quarters of a century) and its doors are still open to the passing guest. To-day it is known as the Lakeside, and is one of the pleasantest of country hostries, but as we lounge in its flower perfumed rooms we are haunted by the ghosts of their occupants of decades ago. Leaving the Lakeside, and proceeding toward the head of the lake, the Ke "hole" is passed—a bridged channel, thirty feet wide, through which Keyhole Lake, about two miles long, one mile wide and swarming with eel and pickerel, has its outlet to the larger body of water at the right. Thence the road winds along for miles on a sea wall from ten to thirty feet in height above the lake to Sypher's Cove where, on a high bluff overlooking the broad expanse of water is situated one of the first burial grounds ever opened in this romantic region. How and when the sea wall to which reference has been made, was formed is a matter of speculation. It has neither increased nor diminished since the country was first explored and it is overgrown with gnarled and knotted oaks, birches and maples of

an apparent growth of two or three centuries. A few miles above Sypher's Cove the tourist comes to Newcastle, the principal shipping point of the neighboring coal region, which is 40 miles square. Near by the head of the lake is reached, where its principal feeder is Salmon River, which is navigable by large steamers to Chipman, fifteen miles from its mouth. Salmon River has many tributaries which abound in trout and in the bordering wilderness there are many sylvan lakes thickly populated with the same species of fish ranging in weight from one to six pounds each. In some of the Salmon River marshes black ducks are so abundant, it is creditably reported that not unrequently as many as a dozen are brought down by a single shot returning from Chipman by the eastern shore of the lake, the tourist passes Cox's Point, with its lighthouse blinking over the water at the Gimlet tavern, Cumberland Bay. Young's Cove, (where Brigham Young first saw the light) Robert's Point, one of the most picturesque localities in British America, Jemseg, sacred to the memory of William Lloyd Garrison, who abode here for a time, and thence to Macdonald's Point, on the Washademoak Lake. One of the peculiar industries of Grand Lake is the capture and cultivation of eels. Great tanks are built at Indian Point, the Keyhole and Newcastle, in which the eels are kept alive and allowed to grow. The catch of each season ranges from twenty to fifty tons. Early in the winter they are taken from the tanks, frozen, and shipped to the Boston and New York markets where remunerative prices are obtained. The dead and weak fish are dipped from the tanks every morning by means of landing nets, and it is while this is going on that the fish are seen to the best advantage, for every fin and tail is in motion moving upward and downward in one great mass. By means of poles stretched from one opening in the ice to another tons of pickerel are caught every winter in Grand Lake, which are likewise frozen and marketed in Boston and New York.

THE BRETON MILLS.

Summary of the Preceding Chapters.

Three laborers stand on the sidewalk in front of the fine residence of Ezekiel Breton, the wealthy mill-owner, gazing enviously through the wide-open windows into the brilliantly lighted parlors, where stands Mr. Breton, leaning against the mantel, near the silver chandeliers, in earnest conversation with a tall, elegantly formed gentleman, whose daughter sits at the piano, while the son of Mr. Breton whispers to her that he has something of a startling nature to communicate to her. The young people retire to the cosy study, whereupon Philip Breton informs his fair companion that he intends to go in the disguise of a laborer, to a labor meeting to be held that evening. Philip runs away to his room, and a few minutes reappears in his disguise—the rough, ill-fitting clothes of a laborer, and is rather coldly received by the young lady, who, as she tells him pretty plainly, "likes pretty things and graceful manners and elegant surroundings."

Philip Breton found about sixty men assembled when he reached the hall where the meeting was to be held. Philip's disguise was so perfect that his father's workmen failed to recognize him, and in the course of a conversation with one of them he learned some hard truths concerning the relations between capital and labor. At the close of the meeting, Graves, the man with whom Philip has been conversing, invites Philip to his cottage for the night, thinking that he is in search of work, and, to Philip's intense chagrin and uneasiness, will take no refusal, but taking him by the arm, walks him off to his cottage, where Mr. Philip is introduced to Graves' daughter Jennie.

While the family are asleep, Philip makes his escape from his uncomfortable predicament, not however, without danger, as he is almost discovered by Jennie, on his way down the stairs. (For the continuation of Breton Mills see page two.)

The Queen has sent to Lady Morell Mackenzie an Indian shawl, accompanied by a letter in which she says: "The services which your husband renders to my son-in-law separate him often from you, and in order to show how high value the sacrifice he brings us, I send you this token of my regard."

Some details are given of the Queen's approaching Continental visit. The Court Journal says that the expense of her visit, including all her outlays, will foot up £220 a day.

An unpleasant incident which has greatly affected the Pope, occurred at the Vatican the other day. As the Grand Master of the household of Prince Colonna was advancing to the throne of His Holiness to present a magnificent diamond jubilee gift on behalf of his master, he suddenly fell forward on his face, and when raised was found to be dead.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

Things the European Correspondents Think Worth Citing.

London World.—I learn that Mr. Jos. Nolan, M. P., has been subpoenaed as a witness for the Crown in the dynamite conspiracy case, to be tried at the Old Bailey this month. It will be remembered that last season Mr. Nolan brought Hartkins, one of the prisoners, into the House of Commons, together with John J. Maroney, alias Joseph Melville, who is "wanted" by the police. He not only passed these men into the gallery, but entertained them as his guests in the smoking-room of the House. He will now have an opportunity of explaining on oath his acquaintance with them, and his explanation will be awaited with interest. He is by no means an insignificant member of the Parnellite party, the Irish leader having personally assisted him in his election campaign, an honor which, I believe, was not extended to any other member of the phalanx. The reason Mr. Farrell gave for taking part personally in the contest in Louth was that he had received signal help during his visit to America through the valuable introductions given him by Mr. Nolan.

The Prince of Wales is back for a few days preparing for his departure for Cannes, or rather for Monte Carlo, where it is expected that he will spend more of his time. The testimony of Herr Fuchs in the recent suit in Vienna, where he said that he lost 100,000 thalers to the Prince of Wales last season, gives a considerable point to the stories about the Prince's fondness for a heavy game when he is away on the Continent. All that is left of fashionable London will go South when the Prince goes—at the latter part of the coming week. The Prince will return in time to hold his first levee on the 9th of next March. The Queen will hold a drawing-room on the 24th of next month, before her departure for Italy.

The Empress of Austria is present by the advice of her physician exercising herself in fencing, and for this purpose a fencing gallery has been prepared at the Castle of Genouille. Sometimes the Archduchess Marie Valerie also joins in the pastime.

Miss Curtin, whose brave conduct at the Moonlighting attack in which her father lost his life will be remembered, was married on Wednesday at Limerick. Mr. Justice O'Brien sent her a gold cross, as a token of appreciation, so it is presumed, of her behaviour during the terrible attack.

An extraordinary case of bargaining between two women, by which one relinquished in favour of the other, upon a monetary consideration, all claim upon her lawful husband, has taken place at Sheffield. The husband in question being out of work a few months ago, went out to Australia, and on his way out made the acquaintance of a young woman, who appeared to have formed a strong attachment for him. Finding that he was already in the bonds of matrimony, she suggested, it is said, that possibly the wife left at home would sell him to her, and he, jokingly, advised her to "write and ask." However, she did write, and the wife, possibly thinking that the value of a husband 10,000 miles away was not incalculable, and being of a frugal mind, not only wrote that she was willing to sell, but named her price, £100. This figure was too high for the fair colonist—for her purse at least, not for her affections—and she replied by a bid of £20, which was at length accepted. The money was sent, and with it a document drawn up in legal form, setting forth that for the sum named the wife relinquished all future claim to her husband. This was signed by the wife, and sent back to Australia. The latest report is that the man and the woman have since been married.

Says the London World.—Plain signs are manifest to discerning eyes that the "game of the National League is almost played out in Ireland, and that the complete supremacy of law and order is nearly achieved, thanks to the admirably vigorous administration of Mr. Bailefour. I suppose it is because the Parnellite cause is languishing that Henry exhorts the finest peasantry in the world "to walk in the old ways," which, however, are admitted to be "rough and nasty ways," and to "keep hold of the blackthorn stick," which simply means the bullet and the knife which have played so important a part in the agitation of the last six years. I should have more belief in Henry's sincerity, had he thus incited the Irish to murder an outrage, if he armed himself with "a blackthorn stick," and proceeded into Connaught to lead the peasants in person.

In another instance the Queen has just afforded fresh proof of her self-sacrificing liberality. After paying the cost of the statue of Prince Albert, the Women's Jubilee Offering was left with some £70,000 to the good. This belonged absolutely to her Majesty; it was subscribed as a personal gift to herself. But she declines to touch a single farthing, at her direction, the entire sum will be devoted to the support of an institution for the training and maintenance of nurses to attend the sick poor in their own homes.