

The Saturday Gazette.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

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OYSTER HOUSES.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF WHAT THEY ARE. Rounder Promises to tell the Readers of the Gazette Who and What They Are.

The oyster season has opened in earnest and any one who has ten cents may enjoy half a dozen raw or if finances are better he may indulge his appetite to his heart's content. Oyster eating is a custom which prevails throughout the known world. It is not limited to any particular class. The wealthy take half a dozen on the shell for an appetizer to commence dinner on. The working man partakes of his weekly wages. There is no article of diet which is made so great a specialty of by merchants as oysters. In every city, town and village there is an oyster house or as it is generally designated a dining saloon. Large cities have chop houses and dining places which make specialties of beefsteaks, Welsh rare bits, roast beef and roasted pork, but as I before remarked oyster saloons are found in every place of more than 100 inhabitants.

People who profess to understand human nature say that mankind must have some safety valve through which the surplus energy may disappear. All men are more or less dissipated, and eating oysters is one of the mildest and safest kinds of dissipation. The man who drinks whiskey for relaxation is in danger of getting too much occasionally. He smokes too many cigars or pipes of tobacco and unsettles his nervous system. Neither is his digestion safe if he indulges too freely in his private cup of coffee, and even too much tea is harmful. But there is yet to be reported a case wherein a man has hurt himself or his digestion by indulging too freely in oysters. Everything taken into consideration oyster eating is the safest thing a man can dissipate in if he must dissipate.

St. John is well provided with oyster houses, where the delicious bivalve is served in every imaginable style, and at a sufficient variety of prices to suit all tastes. But it is not with the oyster houses I propose to deal, but with the characters one meets in them during the day, evening and late at night. In common with mankind generally, I have a liking for oysters, and being also somewhat cosmopolitan I go into all kinds of places to purchase a dozen or half a dozen of them. Oyster houses bear some resemblance to drinking places, in so far as the fact that different classes of saloons have varying classes of customers. It has always seemed strange to me that there are but few bar-rooms in the city where one meets two or more classes of people. With the exception of after night places where all classes from the man about town to the genuine tough are occasionally to be met, the wealthiest people select a half dozen bars as their favorite resorts when thirsty, and the poorer people have their own places. I class them as wealthier and poorer as in this country all people are of the working class. There are a few who do not work but are idle, but the larger proportion because they are too lazy or too dissipated.

There is no clear or distinct reason why people should take their drinks in terms as they do, but any man about town knows that I state the exact truth when I say that they do. It is probably accounted for by the fact that like attracts like. The poorly dressed man—if he is also poor in spirit and purse, and the latter is the natural result of the former, is not at home in the company of better dressed and better educated persons. He has little in common with them—indeed in these days of differences between employers and employed—the two classes, in the vast majority of instances, have nothing whatever in common. It didn't used to be so in the old days when there were but few taverns, and in these all congregated to discuss the views of the day; but in those days it was also true that there were no such disparity of wealth between men. Money is the gulf which now separates the working man from his employer. How it will be bridged time alone can tell.

So much in the way of introduction. The people whom one meets in the different oyster places of the city will be taken up next week and described. BOSTON.

Genevieve Lytton is the newest stage beauty. She was first taken up by the New York press when she appeared in Steele Mackaye's "Anarchy" in Buffalo a few months ago, and now she has been engaged as Mrs. Brenda Patry's leading support. She is not a new addition to the theatrical ranks however, she was here with Modjeska not long ago, and would have been considered a very pretty woman had she not been so painfully aware of her charms.

Bernhardt will appear in "La Tosca" next week, and will play a year in Paris at the Porte St. Martin.

Theatrical Notes.

Augusta Raymond, a handsome and pleasing actress, now supporting Lotta at the Park Theatre, Boston, is the wife of Mr. E. E. Kidder, the poet and dramatist.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard of Toronto has just made a five years' contract with Mr. J. W. Herbert, and will star him in an English comedy called "The Pickpocket."

Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld has completed a three-act comedy, "A Doubtful Question," and has arranged with the Lyceum Theatre, New York, for its production at an early date.

Friday, which is Abbey & Schoeffel's lucky day, Mr. Gran, the third partner of the big firm, signed a contract with a great European attraction, the name of which is yet a secret.

What Goodwin has played to the capacity of the Chestnut Street Theatre the past week, and on its opening night was compelled to make a speech before he could check the enthusiastic expressions of appreciation which followed the fall of the curtain on one of his funniest acts.

It is said that Gillette's dramatization of Haggard's "She," shortly to be produced at Niblo's, New York, will eclipse in spectacular effects anything seen of years on the stage. Two comedy characters, not in the novel, will be introduced by Mr. Gillette.

Mr. Henry Irving gave a performance of "Faust" on Tuesday, the 24th inst., the entire proceeds of which were contributed to the Beecher statue fund. Miss Terry and all the members of Mr. Irving's company gave their services for that occasion free, and Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Gran allowed the use of the Star Theatre without charge. Mr. Irving was a close friend of the great preacher, and he took this means of showing regard for his memory.

Like most actors, Frank Mayo is sick and tired of the play that brought him fame and fortune, and he has declared that he will never play "Davy Crockett" until compelled by financial stress. He began an indefinite season of that play at the Grand Opera House a fortnight ago, and now announces the present week is his last there. Evidently "Davy Crockett" in Mayo's hands, is as good as a long bank account.

A POOR LOT.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

Sir,—I think that we, the druggists of the city of St. John are a poor lot. Time and again we have tried to introduce improvements in our style of doing business and up to the present time have failed to accomplish anything. True we have succeeded in forming a Pharmaceutical Society, but it always is a dead letter and fails to carry out what it was intended to do. Some short time ago fourteen of the leading druggists of this city signed an agreement to close their stores at certain hours, and I am sorry to say that this last attempt to do something, is likely to prove abortive as all former movements. Every day or two we hear of some petty violation of the agreement, and last Monday night one of the parties to the agreement had his store open till after ten o'clock, and his excuse is, that a doctor asked him to wait for him. Well I think that any druggist has the right to wait all night if he wishes, for the accommodation of a doctor, but he has no right to keep his store open after the hour named in the agreement and deal out general sundries to any one who may be inclined to go in, seeing the store open. If a man signs an agreement he ought to have principle enough to try to carry out what he agrees to do, even at a small sacrifice to himself.

In this movement of the druggists of this city a bad one, and not worthy of the encouragement and support of the right thinking portion of our citizens? I am almost led to believe that it is a move in the wrong direction, from the fact that the daily press of our city which has been appealed to to support the movement, have failed to express an opinion pro or con, and have treated the matter with silent contempt. Now I appeal to you, sir, as being the only free, outspoken, and independent journal in the city, to give your opinion in the matter and say something for or against, this last great movement of our honorable, noble and self-sacrificing druggists.

ONE OF THE FOURTEENS.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

(St. Paul Minn. Globe.)

H. Ackly Sackett, the silhouettist, who has been going around the country seeking whom he might silhouette, turned up at St. Paul yesterday, fresh from Duluth. While there he caught several prominent citizens. Among them was the Mayor of that city, the Hon. J. B. Sutphin, who, Mr. Sackett said, seemed to be more popular in his own town than any other man he had met in the Northwest. Mr. Sutphin, it has been given out by citizens of Duluth, has been prevailed upon to accept the Mayorality of that place for the next 20 years. This was done at the instance of prominent real estate men, who do not like the interruption to business incident to an election for Mayor, and because it was a recognized fact that no one can successfully run for that office while the present incumbent wants it. The committee wanted to make the term 40 years, but his Honor refused, as he said he knew when he had enough.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN OF COSMOS TALKS WITH THE GAZETTE MAN.

The Richest Man in the World and the Greatest Philosopher of the Age—Sketch of His Career.

The ideal man—the philosopher of Madison Square—the friend of the down-trodden—the most picturesque character of to-day—in the United States—the greatest—the original—George Francis Train—Citizen Train—has been doing St. John and its surroundings in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Hotel during the past few days. He arrived here on Saturday night last after a disastrous lecture tour in Maine "the only time" said Citizen Train to the GAZETTE man "that I ever talked to empty benches anywhere. Think of it, George Francis Train, Cosmos—the greatest man in the world—the man whom every one wishes to hear when he speaks, talking to empty benches. "Maise, sir," he continued grasping a handful of snowy locks, "his dead. Dealer than Julius Cesar. But I have expatriated myself from the Republic forever and cease to mourn. I have left the United States myself, but a part of my property is there still. Ah, ha! did you hear about my watch. You did. Good isn't it. Really good. But have you heard the right story—the whole story. No! Well, I'll tell you. Man travels with \$50 in his pocket and spends it trying to instruct a dead people. I had left the Republic—was leaving the country I had once aspired to be the President of—but ah, that is but a memory now," and Citizen Train laughed. "Got off the train at Bangor—was asked to lecture and lectured in the resting place of the petrified Hannibal Hamila to sixteen people. Before leaving I said to the clerk of the hotel that my checks had been sent to St. John; that I was out of money and wanted a matter of ten dollars. A small amount, but I saw from the manner of the young man that he was doubtful of me. He would see the manager he said. I drew out my watch—my presidential watch and handed it to him remarking: "Young man this watch is worth \$150. Is there a pawnbroker in Bangor. No. Then give me \$10 on this watch and I will send you a check when I reach St. John. He did and I gave him an I. O. U. for \$10.50—fifty cents for commission you know, and here I am.

But that is not all. The best is to come. I got here. Wrote the clerk asking him to send the watch back by express C. O. D. He wrote me that if he sent the watch C. O. D. by express I would have to pay \$50 duty on it, but he would send it on to me by a friend if I would send him a check. Here was a conundrum. Commercial Union is a fraud—from trade is a delusion, but here I was in St. John, my watch in Bangor—\$10.50 due on it which I was willing to pay, but before I could pay it and get back my property I would also have to pay \$50 duty. Rather a high rate of interest you say, well, yes, rather. But I had an alternative. But that alternative would make me a smuggler. And picture to yourself if you can the ideal man, Cosmos if you will—a smuggler? and Citizen Train laughed once again.

"But we have met before" said Citizen Train, continuing as he carefully studied the physiognomy of the GAZETTE man. "Study Psychology my young friend. That's what you need. It tells me we have met before. Where, in the Tombs. Yes, I remember perfectly. A pleasant Sunday we spent very pleasant. The warden was kind that day, very kind. We were the privileged guests. And then on Madison Square. I miss the birds and the children. They call me back, but I have expatriated myself forever. They had almost forgotten me—and thought that when I was sitting on the benches on Madison Square that I was accumulating nothing. But Mr. GAZETTE, it is not so. I am to-day the richest man in the world. Yes the richest. You know of my Omaha property—and Oakley Hall, you know him also, old friend. He has written me from London that my Train-way patent holds good. This entitles me to a royalty of \$500 a mile a year on all the tramways in operation in Great Britain. There is a hundred millions alone—A hundred millions—pounds, not dollars. Money that has been piling up

all the time, I was sitting in Madison Square with the birds and the children. Why, a banker wrote me the other day that I could have twenty-five millions anytime I wanted it. Strange that I of all men—I who never sought money should become the richest man in the world," and the philosopher sighed.

"Then there is the Omaha property. You know of that too. I was out there the other day and with my private secretary we drove over the city. We passed scores of brown stone houses, hundreds of cottages and as he pointed them out to me he said, "they are all yours, Mr. Train, all yours." I offered the property you know to the city council for a park; they laughed at me, said I was a lunatic—a lunatic because I wanted to give away my property, but they sold the property for taxes—sold the property of a lunatic for taxes. A violation of the constitution of the United States. They should have had a commission in lunacy appointed and then after a proper hearing escheated and sold the property. They didn't. All wrong. What fools to sell the property of a lunatic. They couldn't do it under the constitution" and Citizen Train laughed again.

"George Francis Train; everybody knows the name and thousands the man. For the benefit of those who don't know him a brief sketch of his career is appended.

"His public career extending over half a century is crowded with interesting events, many of them national and international in their importance. He was born in 1829 in Boston, where his father, Oliver E. Train, was a successful merchant of considerable fortune. His grandfather was Rev. George Pickering, who became famous in the first quarter of this century for emancipating his slaves and declining a Methodist bishopric. At the age of four years Train was taken to New Orleans by his father, who went to the Crescent city to engage in business, but he had not been there long before yellow fever attacked the city. Train's mother and three sisters were among the first to succumb to the scourge, and Train himself was only saved from it by his father's prompt action in sending him to Boston in charge of the captain of a clipper ship that departed from New Orleans. When young Train reached his native city he was informed of his father's death, which occurred within a week after his own departure from New Orleans.

After a long career at academies and colleges young Train entered a mercantile office at Cambridgeport as a clerk and remained there two years, when, growing dissatisfied, he went to Boston and entered the employ of Enoch Train & Co. His marked ability soon became obvious to the members of the firm and his advancement was so rapid that in 1853 he was sent to London and Liverpool as the English correspondent and manager of the house. In 1857 he was married in Louisville and made a considerable tour of the country with his bride, and two years later he went to Australia, where he founded a mercantile house that afterwards became famous. It established connections with all the famous merchants of Europe and America, and was besides the agent of the White Star line of clipper ships that was then controlled by Pilkington & Wilson of Liverpool.

During his residence in Australia he was one of the central figures of the revolution and the republic, and was tendered the presidency of that ephemeral government, but declined it. Shortly after that he became famous for his letters from Asia, Africa and Australia. During a second residence in Europe he completely revolutionized the business methods of the entire world by establishing a prepaid passenger business and introducing small bills of exchange. Then he conceived the idea of building street railways in London and Liverpool; or tramway lines, as Englishmen persist in calling them. The English public didn't want the improvement. The English public never wants any improvements, in fact. It fought Mr. Train's scheme with an ardor that was nearly the death of it, but he was so persistent that he was at last successful. Another great financial enterprise he manoeuvred was the sale of the bonds of the Atlantic and Great Western railway, and he conducted it so successfully that he at once jumped into the front ranks of financiers of the world. During the days before the war, when the slavery question was un-

der discussion, Train was frequently on the platform in favor of abolition. His trial in 1862 for manslaughter, which resulted in his acquittal was followed by his agitation of the Union Pacific railroad scheme. He advocated the construction of a transcontinental road with its eastern terminus at Omaha, and his advocacy was conducted with so much vigor that he was at last successful. The celebrated credit mobiler was another of his conceptions, and he was the central figure of it throughout."

In 1868 he began his now historic campaign for the presidency. He made the last speech of the campaign in 1872 in Wall street to an immense throng of people, and when the meeting was over he made a public defence of Clafin and Woodhull, who were conspicuous at that time for their advocacy of free love doctrines.

It will be remembered that "Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly" published the full details of the great Beecher-Tilton scandal.

"Blackmail," "libel," "slander" and obscenity were the various charges used as a pretext for the assaulting these two fearless and independent women to hush up and suppress from the public the details of the greatest scandal of the age.

Mr. Train, then, as now, with his usual characteristic disregard for public opinion defended Mrs. Woodhull and her sister, and as all the hells and theatres were closed against him he issued a paper called the Train Ligue. As a result of his bold and free expression of opinion he was arrested on the charge of publishing and circulating obscene literature, and he capped the climax by pleading guilty and demanding sentence.

He was remanded to the Tombs by the judge, and an inquiry of lunacy was held before Judge Davis, when, on the evidence of Surgeon General Hammond of Blackwell's Insane Asylum he was adjudged insane, and a writ was issued committing him to an asylum. Upon this, Mr. Train's friends in New York, notwithstanding Mr. Train protested against any interference, went before Judge Fancher, and swore out a habeas corpus, demanding he should have a fair trial before a jury of his countrymen. This was done, and at the end of seventeen days, after about 40 of Mr. Train's 300 witnesses had been examined, the foreman arose and protested against the calling of any more witnesses, as he and his fellow jurymen had long ago made up their minds as to Mr. Train's sanity, and were quite ready to render a verdict. After this he made many excursions to Europe, and just before the fall of the last Empire in France he made a treasonable speech from the balcony of a hotel in Toulon, and a party of police agents undertook to arrest him. Train saw them coming, and drawing a silken flag—the stars and stripes—from beneath his coat, he wrapped it round his body, and defied the officers. They did not undertake his arrest, fearing international complications.

Mr. Train declares that he expects to live 200 years and be a hale and hearty young man at the next centennial. Notwithstanding his eccentricities he has been a success as a financier and has accumulated a big fortune. At the present time he is worth not less than \$2,000,000, his property in Omaha alone reaching half that figure.

Mr. Train lectured here on Thursday night and left for Moncton Friday noon "to escape a snow storm or get into a bigger one."

BRIDAL ROBES AND BALL DRESSES.

Long and Short Vails—The Train—Orange Blossoms—The Short Dancing Frock.

A bride may wear what she chooses nowadays for the materials of her dress, always provided the stuff be white, or cream or ivory tinted. The bride wears a trained robe of ivory satin, that exquisite bridal satin which can only be woven on the banks of the Lake of Como, where no coal smoke defiles the blue sky and fine air of Italy. The purest white satins come from Como, and the wealthiest brides always choose Como satins for their dresses. The veil is short, and of rare old point d'Alecon. It is a deeper tint of yellow than the dress. So are the other laces of the gown. The embroideries that enrich the gown are in silk, pearls, and silver. The ornaments are diamonds. Orange blossoms and buds form the corsage bouquet. The hand bouquet, of huge dimensions, is formed of bridal roses, white tea roses, and lilies of the valley. A film of tulle covers it. It is tied with a white satin ribbon, and long brides of the same fabric tie under a diamond buckle on the left of the corsage. A diamond parure or spray fastens the veil to the high collure. All evening coiffures are high in the ears, at the throat, and on the arms of the bride. All bridal robes are made high in the neck, and with long, half long, or elbow sleeves. The shoes are of white satin, and decorated with diamond buckles. The handkerchief is a tiny filmy square of sheer linen batiste and lace.

White or ivory corded silk, bengaline moire, and peau de soire are also used for bridal robes when white satin is not preferred or cannot be afforded. Even white or cream veiling, light diagonal, or other white woollen stuffs of light weight and soft plant texture are sometimes used for brides' dresses. An abundance of lace, perfect fit, and no train, or a very short one, are the features in these inexpensive bridal frocks. Few long trains are seen, even on the costliest bridal robes of late years, but this is a matter of choice, fashion allowing the widest liberty in this particular. The three-year-long train is not yet exploded, but is no longer de rigueur.

Bridesmaids' dresses may be as dressy or as plain as they choose, but there must be uniformity in the group of young girls that accept this position. Their frocks must all be short and of the same material. Their laces, hair, flowers, shoes, gloves, and the general make-up of their gowns must correspond. If there are more than one or two bridesmaids the dresses may or rather should be in colors—two in rose, two in blue, two in heliotrope, and so on. One very small girl sometimes leads the bridal procession, bearing the bride's bouquet or a basket of flowers. Her dress is generally white, of silk and lace, and trimmed with ribbon and lace cascades and jabots. Her long hair falls on her shoulders in wavy masses, and she wears jewelry if she has them.

Bridesmaids' dresses are generally trimmed with flowers, but this is not an arbitrary rule. They may be high or low in the neck, short sleeved, half long, long sleeved, or if the wedding is at the bride's house and in the evening, no sleeves at all may be adopted, with strands of pearls or flower bands for spanglettes on the shoulders. No dances in a trained gown nowadays—that is to say, no one dances through an entire evening in such a dress. A stately dame in a trained robe may be called on by etiquette to open a ball with a first set, but she announces by wearing a train that she has not come to dance. The dancers at a ball, a German, a cotillon, or the dantesque dancing (say) year short frocks, and the preferred materials are net or tulle over surah of thin, gauze, crepe, and lace, and also used for these ball dresses, but tulle not is the favorite fabric. It is generally preferred plain, but dotted and beaded tulle are also used for these dancing dresses. It comes in all the loveliest shades of color, and the beads—when it is beaded—generally mock pearls, are tinted to match the color of the tulle. Flots of ribbon and sometimes cascades of lace adorn the tulle dancing frock. It is generally cut low in the peasant waist or V shaped. Sometimes a peasant waist of velvet, satin, faille, or moire is laced over the full bodice of tulle. Sometimes exquisite jackets or decorative yokes and epaulettes of lace and beads are added to its filmy dressiness. These same accessories, whether of lace, passementerie, or bead nets and fringes, are used to convert other dresses into evening toilets, or to make one gown do duty on several occasions.

While Charles A. Davis ("Alvin Kefauver") was in Butte City, Montana, a gentlemanly appearing man called upon him, and evinced great interest in his famous diamonds. Davis impressed him thoroughly with their value, and felt almost indignant when the stranger said he thought they were worth only about eighty-two thousand dollars. But his emotions became very complicated when the stranger declared himself the city assessor, and demanded one hundred and ninety dollars for local taxes. Davis had to pay, but he has appealed to the Supreme Court for redress.