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POOR DOCUMENT

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

The Saturday Gazette.

Our Great Copyright Story, BRETON MILLS, is commenced this week.

Vol. I.—No. 39.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1888.

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BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, RED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SYRINGES, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIBS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

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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.

THE BRETON MILLS

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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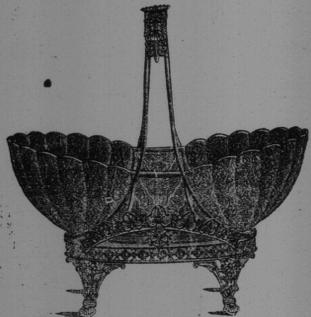
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A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

FIRST MEETING OF THE ANTI-TEA-DRINKING SOCIETY.

The President's Inaugural Address—Starting Speech of Mr. Dow the Great Reformers.

The inaugural meeting of the "Anti-tea-drinking Society" was held last evening in the large parlour at the back of Terry Oldknow's billiard saloon. The room was well filled, much interest having been evinced in the new movement.

The notice convening the meeting having been read, Mr. J. T. Harleok was unanimously voted to the chair, and, having fortified himself with a long pull at a black square bottle on the table, proceeded to address the meeting as follows: "Gentlemen!—We are called together at a momentous epoch of the history of our country—a crisis, which I may say, without fear of exaggeration, affects not only the living members of the community, but even the babe unborn. Yes, Gentlemen, the effects of the movement we are met together this evening to inaugurate will be felt not only by the present generation, but away onward through the dim, distant future, down the most cherished habits of society—a question which has come down to us from our great grandmothers and which has done more mischief to mankind than all the wars—all the epidemics, all the earthquakes, cyclones or tornadoes, of centuries. Gentlemen, I allude to the baneful, pernicious, health-destroying custom of drinking tea! If war has slain her thousands, tea has counted her victims by tens of thousands. That poison—deadly poison, lurks in the leaves of this vile foreign plant, no man of ordinary education or common sense will attempt to deny. Look at home, gentlemen—the evil is entrenched at our own firesides. Look at your nervous, dyspeptic, hysterical wives and daughters, and if you are men—men worthy of the name—proclaim, trumpet-tongued, over the length and breadth of the land, the cause—the true cause of all this sorrow and suffering. Tea, gentlemen! It is all the fruit of this poisonous plant, with which (in addition to cheap labor) China is slowly but surely working the ruin of our great and glorious republic. Let us arise in our millions, and as one man set our foot on the neck of this foreign invader, which is not only not the less surely draining the life out of our wives and children, as well as injuring with its baneful competition, our home manufactures.

For is not every word of tea that is brought into this country from abroad a direct injury to our vineyards, our hop-growers, our barley and corn raisers? I appeal to you gentlemen—I ask you, in the full certainty of what your answer will be—able as we are, to produce the best of wine, whiskey and beer that this fair earth can afford—what on earth do we want with this wretched Chinaman's deception called Tea?" Tremendous applause, during which the chairman took another pull at the black bottle and resumed his seat.

The next item on the programme was a hymn, but owing to nearly every member of the meeting having his own private ideas as to time and tune, the reporter failed to catch the words—verse, however, sounded something like this: "If wine is poison, so is tea, though it is not clear whether I be killed, by drinking it, or by not drinking it."

At the conclusion of the hymn Mr. Asa F. Dow arose, and having duly paid his devotions to the aforesaid black bottle, said: "Gentlemen—I do not pretend to be a practical orator, like our worthy and respected chairman; but as a man, as a husband and father, as a citizen of our glorious country, I feel that I must say a word upon this all-important subject. Our chairman has depicted, in burning words that strike home to the heart of every man in this assembly, the terrible effects of this poisonous deception, the use of which by our wives and daughters is filling the coffers of a foreign nation with our hard-earned dollars. But gentlemen, there is another aspect of this most momentous question, which has not yet been considered—I mean, gentlemen, its medical and scientific aspect, and, qualified, as I think I may say I am, from my early experience as errand boy in a drug store, I propose to say a few words upon this pernicious habit of tea-drinking, from a medical point of view. Gentlemen, the active principle of this outlandish, heathenish deception which is insidiously stealing the roses from the fair cheeks of our wives and daughters is a villainous stuff called "Tannin"—and this tannin has the property of turning the food with which it comes in contact in the human stomach, into leather! Think of it, gentlemen! At this moment, when we men are encouraging and upholding to the best of our ability our home products and manufactures—our home products and manufactures—here the speaker reverently raised the black bottle to his lips—"our wives and daughters at home are turning their stomachs into Tanneries! Gentlemen!" But the already highly strung nerves of the assembly. With a universal howl of dismay the members broke, as one man, for the bar in the billiard saloon, and the meeting terminated, without the doxology.

The pledge of the society will be found at the usual places for signature. All who are desirous of stopping the great waste resulting from indulgence in the noxious tea plant, and who have at heart the interests of the rising generation are invited to sign and by example and precept endeavor to stay the evil which is spreading like a quill of death dealing snags all over the land.

Annexation. Is it Practicable? To the editor of the SATURDAY GAZETTE: Sir,—Will you allow a stranger the privilege of a word upon a subject that is attracting a large share of public attention in St. John? At the present moment—the question of the Annexation of the Maritime Provinces to the United States. I restrict the argument to the Maritime Provinces for the reason that, as far I can see, the question of annexation has not one that the direct issues involved in these Maritime Provinces, but is confined to those, on the Atlantic seaboard. It has been said that a looker on sometimes sees more of a game than those who are playing, and it certainly seems to me that the direct issues involved in the question of annexation have never been looked in the face or discussed by either party. In the first place let us, for the sake of argument, assume that the feeling in favor of annexation is one that the direct issues involved in these Maritime Provinces continue to increase until a majority of the inhabitants decide to abandon the old flag and place themselves under the government of the neighbouring Republic. What then? The Dominion Parliament would almost certainly refuse to allow the confederation to be broken up, and the British Government would certainly back up the Canadian Parliament in their refusal. That would place the annexationist in a very awkward position—submission, or war. Would the Americans declare war on England for the sake of a majority of New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians who wished to become American citizens? Not likely! What then? Simply a return to the "status quo ante," but with diminished prestige and diminished influence in the councils of the Dominion. That is one issue which the promoters of annexation have to face.

On the other hand, suppose this hypothetical majority, having, as I said before, declared in favor of annexation, in some miraculous manner, succeed in obtaining the consent of the Dominion Parliament and the Home Government to the annexation. What then? The United States Government accept the offer, and a new state is added to the Union. Would the people benefit by the change? Would the new state be more prosperous than the old Provinces? British trade would, as usual, follow the flag—the chances of St. John and Halifax as winter ports would be gone for ever—for the United States require no winter ports; they are already fully supplied in that line. Would our cotton mills, our factories stand under the competition with those of the United States? Last year, in the northern part of New Brunswick, close to the boundary line, I saw Mr. Gibson's cotton mill on the New Brunswick side, for 8 and 10 cents a yard, at a rather short, a couple of miles away, on the American side, the same kind of goods (United States manufacture) sold at 4 and 5 cents. Given annexation, would not the Gibson cotton have to come down to the same figure?

It seems to me that a brighter future is in store for Canada. The time will come when, owing to enormously increased populations, both Canada and Australia will become too large, and of too much importance in the world to longer remain British colonies. Then, as independent and powerful nations, it may be as members of the same vast British confederation, a Zollverein of English-speaking nations encircling the world and monopolizing the trade of the world, Canada will have worked out her destiny—surely a higher and nobler fate than to sink into a petty state; under the government of the national assembly at Washington. I am sir yours faithfully, ST. GEORGE.

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EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

Things the European Correspondents Think Worth Cabling.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—The wonderful exhibition of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery comprises a large loan collection representing a century of British art. It is chiefly valuable on account of its giving the public an opportunity of examining examples of the leading artists of the British school of the early part of this century which have for a long time been in private hands. The most interesting pictures are by Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the landscapes those of John Constable, who died in 1837. One of the Hogarths was lent by the Queen. Her Hogarth represents a view of the Mall in St. James's Park. This is a faithful study of the park in the time of Hogarth, while the dense crowds walking upon the Mall are made of representatives of all classes of society of that time—gentlemen, ladies, soldiers and workmen. There is even a waterman, wearing the badge of the last century. It was formerly the property of the Prince Regent. The most interesting of the Hogarths are the portraits of Peg Woffington. It is astonishing to witness the difference between the three portraits exhibited as those of Woffington. Two of them are quite ugly; the third, which I am prepared to believe must be the best portrait, represents a handsome and brilliant woman. The most striking of the character pictures is that of "The Lady's Last Stake." This picture represents an interior of Hogarth's house at Chiswick. It was painted for Lord Charlemont, who paid Hogarth £100 for it. It represents a young and handsome married woman, dressed in the height of fashion, who has been gambling with a young officer in her drawing-room until 1 o'clock in the morning. He has won from her a necklace, her diamonds, her husband's miniature, set in diamonds, all of her loose gold and a note for £500. The scene of the picture is at the time when the officer has offered all he has won in return for her virtue. This picture is as full of striking character to-day as when first painted. The wall of the room and all is very similar to the ordinary English drawing-room interior of the day. The color is bright and the general condition of the picture most excellent. It brought at the sale of Lord Charlemont's pictures in 1874, £1,250. It is the property of Louis Huth. There is also exhibited in this collection of Hogarth a celebrated painting of the sleeping congregation. This is the property of R. Rankine, Esq. It was originally purchased by Sir Edward Wallpole. It was sold in 1875 for £24 10s. Echoings of this picture have been sold almost from the day it was first completed.

The Jockey Club this week has declined to renew the license of three jockeys—Wood, George Barrett, and Glover. The first for suspicious riding, the second for foul riding, and the third for disobedience. The most sensational case is that against the premier jockey, Wood, who is accused of having twice pulled a horse named Success last year. Wood was threatened with suspension at the time, and it was then only averted by his assertion that legal proceedings would be taken against the author of the statement, but this appears to have been only a bluff. Wood earns about twice as much as President Cleveland is paid in salary by fair work, and if he pulls his horses and bets against them occasionally the extent to which he can increase his income has no limit. But now he can only wait until the wrath of the Jockey Club has subsided or in France for some French stable, the general refuge for England's detected and ejected jockeys. He has no chance of riding anything in England until his Jockey Club license is renewed. The Jockey Club have certainly enough on their hands just now, but it is quite time they began to bestir themselves. Sir George Chetwynd, for some reason or other, dreads going into the law courts, and asks the Jockey Club to investigate the charge of swindling the public, by running his horses to suit his betting book, which Lord Durham has brought against him. So far the racing public have been with Lord Durham, and the feeling in his favor has been strengthened since Chetwynd has declined to go into the law courts. Wood is one of the jockeys who is alleged to have pulled Chetwynd's horses to order.

Jack Wannop, the heavy-weight wrestler and boxer, leaves England early next month for the United States, where he will wrestle Evan Lewis of Chicago. Wannop says he will fight or wrestle any man in America. Wannop is a clever wrestler, but is only ordinary at boxing, though he has a long reach. He has never done any fighting worth speaking of here, so that he is to some extent an untried man. Wannop is a good-tempered opponent and whether he wins or loses he is a ways friendly with his antagonist.

A story is being revived in diplomatic circles of the Czar's intention to have himself proclaimed Emperor of Asia, and, it is said, the ceremony is to take place shortly at Merv. The friends of this rumor declare it is with this end in view that the Czar has lately cultivated Germany so assiduously, in order to have a strong alliance somewhere with which to offset the burst of rage which might be expected from England and from England's Queen should the Czar take title which would include that of the Empress of India, Victoria's most cherished pride and joy.