

The Saturday Gazette.

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THE HARBOR COMMISSION.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF AN IMPORTANT SCHEME.

How It Would Affect the City Debt—It Would Clear of Nearly One-Half of the Present Encumbrance.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

The committee of the common council to whom the harbor commission question was referred have entered on their labors. In order that this important question may be better understood we present a brief synopsis of the scheme in this week's GAZETTE. To the few who have gone into the question carefully the facts presented will not be new, but to those who have not investigated them the greater portion of what is given here will prove of interest.

The question of placing the harbor in commission was first raised in 1874 and after a long discussion in the common council it was decided to apply to the legislature for an act authorizing the council to dispose of its property and privileges in the harbor at any time by a third vote. At first the project met with very little opposition, but as the scheme developed opposition to it also developed. The only progress made up to 1878 was to have a valuation set upon the harbor properties and privileges which were estimated to be worth then \$315,753. This valuation was agreed to by the Liberal government, then in power, and an offer was made by them to buy and pay the purchase money in government bonds. Several delegations had gone to Ottawa and a large sum of money had been spent in endeavoring to forward and perfect the scheme, but the opposition of the board of trade was so powerful that the government declined to act until such time as the council and board of trade were agreed as to a basis on which the harbor could be put in commission. Such an arrangement was not at the time possible and the question was dropped.

In 1882 the question was again brought before the public and for two or three months the scheme was the most prominent subject of discussion. Committees of the council and board of trade met and after a great deal of dickering finally agreed to a basis upon which the harbor could be put in commission and it is worth remembering that the basis finally accepted did not differ in any material points from that originally brought forward by the council. There had been a shrinkage in the valuation of the property, and as a result the city agreed to take \$500,000 for its property, the money to be divided as follows: East Side \$400,000 West Side \$90,000

At first the scheme seemed to meet with general approval but when it became evident that there was to be a general election opposition of the bitterest kind was immediately raised. Par-tizans of the opposition carried petitions about from door to door asking the people not to dispose of their bright but to hold the harbor as their own. The scheme was misrepresented in every way. It was charged that the harbor under Dominion control would become a waste place, and that the sole object of the commission was to make a few more offices for place hunters. These arguments had their weight with the government in 1882, just as they had in 1878. The same thing had been done in 1878 by the opposition supporters as was done in 1882—the only difference was that the opposition party of 1878 was the government party of 1882. Then the legal question was raised, and the result was that the scheme was hung up for another period. Now it is up again. There is no appearance of a general election anywhere near, and it is to be hoped that the project will this time meet with a fair and dispassionate discussion.

As to the disposal of the moneys received from the government for the harbor. It was understood between the committee who went to Ottawa and Sir Leonard Tilley that the price for the harbor would be paid in cash instead of bonds, thus giving the city an opportunity to make its own investments. The act of 1878 provides that the money received for the harbor shall be used first in paying off special issues of debentures and loans on harbor account, and that the remainder shall be applied to the reduction of the old city debt so far as it will go. The large Sinking funds at present held on account of the special issues of debentures would enable the city with the money paid for the harbor to wipe out the entire old city debt. The special loans on harbor account amount at the present time to \$108,696, to meet which, there is a sinking fund of \$114,154 leaving only \$55,536 to be provided to meet the bonds. Deducing the amount due on the old city debt by the West side the total which the East side is liable for is \$336,852. Thus, if the harbor were put in commission, and \$400,000 paid the city for East side properties there would be

sufficient to pay off all the special issues of bonds and the entire old city debt and then leave a surplus of \$10,412. This can be seen at a glance by examining the following statements.

Table with financial data: Harbor Debt \$108,696, Old City Debt \$336,852, Harbor Purchase \$400,000, Sinking Fund \$114,154, Leaving a surplus of \$10,412.

THE BALLET IN MISSOURI.

By a Vote of Ten to One St. Louis Decides in Favor of the Airy Dance.

[St. Louis Republican.] At the opening of the doors, before the performance, a card was presented to every lady and gentleman as they passed in, gotten up by the Republican, to test public sentiment on the subject. The card read:

PLEASE FAVOR THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN By voting upon the following question: Should the Ballet be Retained? Ushers will collect ballots after the second act. Name: Remarks: YES.

There were two blank spaces, one marked "Yes" (in favor of the ballet), and a space for remarks; the other marked "No" and the same space.

Many a hand, as it reached for the card carelessly, was clinched tightly as the owner read the face, and a determined look overspread the anchorite features of the deacon or pastor. This sternness presently gave place to a grim smile, as the thought came, "Now I shall get revenge; I can abuse the ballet." The soiliquizer stayed through the ballet, and at its close, the slip marked "Yes" stole quietly into the hat, and the owner surrendered.

THE RESULT. The ballots were collected by the ushers, only about half the audience availing themselves of the voting privilege. The result was:

Table with voting results: Total votes 2,114, Yes 1,823, No 291.

This was a triumph, and Manager Locks was delighted, regarding it as a vindication. The comments were rich, rare, and racy. A few are appended.

No. Also low neck dress should go. No. Demoralizes the young men and gives an air of respect to show of forms. Not unless they can wear pants. Its effects on the opera are degrading, and it should be eliminated.

No. It seems to lead old men astray more than the young, since they are always in front. No, not in the style given this evening. No. It is too suggestive. No. Because it is indecent. No, most emphatically no.

No. It is against the good generation. No. Not because it is immoral as the length of a woman's dress does not measure her chastity, but because the ballet shows in not worth what it costs. I think it neither adds to the music nor artistic effect.

No. But objectors would render themselves ridiculous. Beautiful in itself, but has no relation to the opera. No. Because I think it but little improvement on the Garden of Eden, and we really should be advancing.

It has a demoralizing effect on the minds of most men. No. If it could be confined to grand opera and first-class work it might do. But it can't.

It is against my religious principles. Demoralizing in the extreme. No. Utterly condemn. I think it horrid. Yes. If the dress is in good taste and no effort made at immodest suggestion. Yes. To the pure everything is pure.

Yes. When properly clad, but not in bathing costumes. Yes. If ladies would not keep up their hats. Yes. Don't abolish, 't would be cruelty to bald heads. Yes. It comes high, but we must have it. Yes. The opera is worthless without the ballet.

Yes. By all means, thereby affording recreation for the bald heads. Yes. But think of the risk we run; Herodias danced before Pharaoh and John lost his head; if our girls dance before us we will surely lose our heads. Yes. Because it makes my husband go. Yes. The ballet should be retained and restrained. Yes. I have travelled 140 miles to see it, it would walk the distance to see it again.

Yes. It pleases the masses and offends only a few. Yes. But the girls a chance. Yes. A ballet gives a pleasing effect to an opera. Yes. Let the opera go and retain the ballet.

Yes. It is a beautiful combination of nature and art. Give me the ballet every time. An opera without it is unlike a circus without a clown. Let us have it by all means. I can see nothing improper about the ballet. If I did, I shouldn't attend opera with a ballet.

Inasmuch as the ballet is admired by the ladies, I see no reason for excluding it from the grand opera. A leading St. John Merchant has imported for this market an unusually high grade of tea. Connoisseurs pronounce it the finest that has ever been brought here. No doubt a ready sale will be found for this tea as, St. John people appreciate a good article as well as the people of the larger cities of the West and foreign countries. His enterprise certainly deserves to be rewarded.

The Providence Art Club kept its exhibition open a week longer than was originally proposed. The total number of visitors was 566. There were 13 sales of pictures in the exhibition, which is considered very satisfactory.

Melancholia.

Prof. Goldwin Smith—it is said—is engaged in work that is to bring him enduring fame. Taking lessons in slugging, we presume, or practising for a grand quail-eating saturnalia.

"I was to an entertainment lately," said Jhoanes, "that was pretty fair, but the jokes fell rather flat. They should have been properly rehearsed before the performance." "Rehearsed?" said Week-boane, "Well, yes, I should say so—rehearsed and carried back to the cemetery."

They tell a story of the early steam-boating days on the noble St. John that is worth narrating. It appears that in these days the boats were rather torpid in arriving at their ultimate destination, which delay caused frequent mutterings from the travelling public. Upon one occasion a "down-easter" was a passenger on board the "Heather Bell" bound for Fredericton. The paddles had been pounding water steadily since 9 a. m., and along about 8 o'clock in the evening—pardon me, I mean 20 o'clock—the restive passenger approached the captain and inquired, "What hour do we have now, captain?" "Well," responded the wealthy-beaten mariner, "we must be in Vancouver, or we must be in Paris, but we ain't, we're at Oromocto." "Well, haow far's that from Fredericton?" "Oh, only about eleven miles." "Well," responded the passenger, "I guess I'll get out here'n walk the rest of the way." "But, my dear sir, you've paid your two dollars, and you may as well stay till we get there." "No, sirree, I'm no hog. I'll walk. I ain't goin' to impose on you any longer. Here I am nigh onto fifty year old and I'll be dinged if I ever got as much riding on a steamboat for \$200 in my life before! Say, stop your old caravan and drop me off here. I'll walk!"

Two friends were discussing the feasibility of leaving the paternal presidies, with all the cherished ties and kindly associations that cluster around the old homes wherein they have grown from happy, innocent childhood, free from care and sorrow, to young manhood, and starting out to take a tilt with outrageous fortune upon life's broad battle-field. One of the young men is a drug-clerk, while it will eventually devolve upon the other to explain to St. Peter why he should have spread the flamboyant dazle of his genius before the world through the medium of the humorous (?) press of this, our fair land.

They had not settled upon what avocations they would pursue when they reached the golden shores of the Pacific, when A. said to B., "Well, I'll tell you what we can do. You can get on some paper as contributor, and then the wounded can be brought to my drug-store."

Art and Artists. John Donoghue, the sculptor, whose large "Nympha" has just received a special place in the Paris Salon, and whose splendid statue of the "Young Sophocles" attracted so much attention at the recent Academy of Design exhibition in New York, is at present in Boston engaged on a portrait bust of a lady. This is said, by those who have seen the incomplete work, to be a rare piece of artistic portraiture.

S. H. Morse of Boston is modelling a bust of President Cleveland. The American exhibition in London is to have a grand cyclorama of New York city and harbor prepared by Bartholdi. Samuel Cousins, E. A., the late engraver, was born in 1801, and for a while was the best of English engravers. He worked faithfully and lived sparsely, so that one day he was able to draw a check for \$75,000 to the order of the Royal Academy for the purpose of founding scholarships for poor artists. Seven artists now receive \$400 apiece from this fund. Cousins retired from the Academy in 1880.

William Cooper, a Tennessee artist, gives the Legislature of his State notice that he will "deny his nativity" and go and live elsewhere unless the odious tax on artists is repealed. The Nashville American clamors for the name of the legislator who suggested the \$87,500 tax on Tennessee artists.

W. A. J. Claus of Boston, who has been in India for two years past, has received a commission to paint a full-length, life-size portrait of the Rajah of Dornzon, which will defer his departure for home one month.

The Art Association building, Brooklyn, narrowly escaped serious damage by fire last week. In it collections of paintings belonging to George I. Seney and S. V. White's portrait of the late Henry Ward Beecher Mr. White values the portrait of Beecher at many thousands of dollars. It was painted by A. J. Conant. Mr. Seney's collection contains 136 pictures of many celebrated artists, and the value is estimated at \$250,000.

IDAHO'S HEROINE.

Her Name is Theresa Tallert and She is Death to Thieves and Robbers.

[San Francisco Examiner.] A year ago a wonderful story of the gallant fight of Theresa Tallert with her flock of Angora goats on the Little Lost River was circulated far and wide in American and even French papers. The story set forth how, late one evening in her cabin in the foothills of Eastern Idaho, she was awakened by animals racing round in the stockade adjoining, how she arose, and with a hand axe and her dog Bager, she stole out in the moonlight to find the lions in pursuit of her goats; how, nothing daunted, she attacked them and out one to the bone with her axe, injured others, and caused the whole, some six in all, to flee over the stockade wall. But the next morning the brave girl discovered that the throats of many of the dead had been cut, for fifty of them lay dead on the ground.

"Well, our girl's been making another record," said A. J. Bruner of Honston, Idaho, to an Examiner man, "and she got in her work in fine style, the usual way with her. She never lets up on a job until it's completed artistically."

"What's she been doing now?" "Had another fight with mountain lions. You see, a year ago after Theresa's fight with them, O. B. Hawley and other raisers of Angora goats, those who had suffered losses, put their heads together and organized a posse to kill them off. They killed a great many and pretty well cleaned them out, it was thought. For some months thereafter there were very few of them seen around, and these were very wary. Lately, however, the lions have come to the front. The foothills have seemed to be swarming with them. They again invaded the stockades and sucked the blood of the goats whose throats they cut. Miss Tallert, who had lost some more of her flock, and knew that the lions came around there quite often at night, got a couple of Winchester's and loaded them with buckshot a few nights ago. Then she dug out the chinking between the logs on the side of her cabin next to the stockade, and at this port-hole she took up her station. Well, in five nights in this way she killed thirteen mountain lions, and she says she is not through with them yet. Her end of goats comprises some 600 in all, and perhaps thirty or fifty of these have been killed in the last month or two.

Miss Tallert is a German girl who has been ranching on the Little Lost River for three or four years. The country round there is good for Angora goats, and she got her start by working first for wages for A. J. Bruner, who is the biggest grower in that region.

THE OLD MAN DID THE SQUARE THING. So Did the Young Lawyer, and the Boys Menwhile Hanged the Prisoner.

[Chicago Tribune.] A Chicago attorney went West in the fifties, and settled in a little town in Oregon. Being the only lawyer there he was something of a wonder, and was regarded with considerable reverence as the only man who could make a speech. He was called upon one day to defend a notorious horse thief, and found court in session in a shanty that was court room in one end and saloon in the other. The judge was a niner, and the jury consisted of a half-dozen rough ranchmen. "Well, boss," said the judge, "since yer here I 'spose we might as well begin. This yer cuss has been stealin' hosses, hain't he, pard?" a grunt of assent convicted the prisoner, and he was sentenced to stretch before the lawyer could say a word. He finally cut in, "demanded a formal trial, and, on this being refused, asked to make a plea for the fellow's life to this the justice said: 'Well, do yer talkin' to me, an' boys you jest take this cuss an' hain't him an' I'll listen to the other one.'

The lawyer, not thinking that the sentence would be executed at once, pleaded with the judge, who solemnly heard it all, and finally said: "That's a damnation fine speech, but I'm gettin' a little dry, an' I propose we 'ourn court and take a drink, an' then see what the boys have been a-doin'."

They did so, and on going a short distance from the shanty saw the defendant dangling in the air and not a soul in sight, the jury having adjourned to a saloon after serving as executioners. "He's done fur," said the court, "now you jest come along with me an' we'll see that cussed old man he sent fur you to do the talkin', an' sort o' break it to him."

The father of the defendant was found at his slack smoking a pipe, and the court said: "This is the fellow as made the speech fur the young 'un. Gave him a good send off."

"Give me your hand, pard," said the old man, "so yer spoke right up for the kid, did yer?" "Yer bet he did; talked right to me while the rest was a-stringing the young fellow up."

"Mighty glad to hear 't. Put the boy through all right?" "Yer bet."

"Said he was a terror?" "Shore."

"Said he'd stole forty hosses?" "Mor'n a hundred."

"Talk long?" "Bet. Didn't give me no chance to see the fun. Made a jimminy crackin' speech."

"Course 't didn't save him?" "O, no. They wuz hangin' him while I wuz list'nin'."

"Gimme your hand, pard," said the old man. "I swan I gave him a big trial; better'n any man ever had afore in these parts. Here's the dust," and the young lawyer got his first fee.