

NEXT WEEK
Another new Story
APPLIED SCIENCE.
BY CHARLES BARNARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART III.
LIFE IN ST. JOHN
Will be in THE GAZETTE
NEXT WEEK.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

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THE COTTON INDUSTRY.

CANADA'S FIRST COTTON MILL.

The New Brunswick and St. John Mills.

Herodotus, who lived more than four
hundred years before the Christian era,
noticed distinctly the cotton fabrics of
India; and says that a species of plant in
that country bears a fruit full of wool
superior to that of the sheep, with which
the natives make cloth for their gar-
ments. Pliny describes the cotton
plant as growing in Upper Egypt, pro-
ducing a fruit like a walnut, which con-
tains a woolly down, that may be spun
into yarn. The cloth is made into beau-
tiful robes which the priests of Egypt de-
light to wear. Virgil has said, "hail I
sing of the groves of Ethiopia, hoary
with soft wool, and how the Seeres comb
out the delicate fleeces from among the
leaves." Marco Polo told how cotton
grew abundantly in Persia, on trees six
yards high. When the Mexicans were
invaded by their European conquerors
they had no sheep's wool, nor common
silk, nor linen, nor hemp, but they sup-
plied the want of wool with cotton, that
of silk with feathers and with the hair of
the rabbit. Dr. Ure says, "This singular
class of plants has been largely distrib-
uted all over the world, a conspicuous
gift of Providence to its inhabitants, de-
signed to afford them, in its fleecy down,
a spontaneous and inexhaustible supply
of the clothing material best adapted to
screen their swarthy bodies from the
scorching sunbeam, and to favor the cool-
ing influence of the breeze, as well as
cutaneous exhalation." The cotton wool
imported into England a century and a
half ago amounted to only about 1,500,000
pounds per annum; a century ago the
amount was 22,000,000 pounds, and
in 1850 the import considerably exceeded
1,000,000,000 pounds.

The first cotton mill ever put in opera-
tion in the provinces which now form
the Dominion of Canada was erected in
1861, by Messrs. William Parks & Son.
The senior member of the firm had spent
considerable time in Lancashire, and
while there became impressed with the
idea that the manufacture of cotton
goods might be introduced here with suc-
cess, and on his return the subject was
carefully considered by himself and his
son, Mr. John H. Parks, by whom a civil
engineer, and engaged in the rail-
way service. It was finally decided to
embark in the undertaking, and young
Mr. Parks sailed for England in January,
1861, proceeding on his arrival direct to
Lancashire where he spent six months
among the factories and machine shops,
fitting himself for the management of
the mill at home, the construction of
which in the meanwhile had been pushed
forward by his father. In July, Mr.
Parks returned from England with the
machinery required for the mill and a
competent and experienced foreman, but
some months elapsed before everything
was in readiness for operations. This,
the New Brunswick Cotton Mill, the first
to start in Canada, had 1,250 spindles
and 24 looms and employed about 50
hands. During the first years of its ex-
istence the value of its products rarely, if
ever, exceeded \$50,000 per annum.

The American War broke out in 1861,
and raw cotton went up to high figures,
and prices became so fluctuating that
Messrs. Parks & Son resolved to discon-
tinue work for a year. But it was soon
found that the war was not likely to
terminate so abruptly as had been antici-
pated, and work was resumed, since
which time it has never been discontinued.
To start a mill at the time the New
Brunswick Cotton Mill was started, was
a mistake. The market was too limited
to support even one small mill or, in
other words, one large enough to work
to advantage. The duty exacted on goods
going from one province to another pre-
vented the export of a dollar's worth of
Messrs. Parks & Son's products, whose
business was prosecuted at a loss until
1867, when confederation took place. But
for the confederation of the provinces the
business of this firm would long since
have been suspended. The act of union
gave them an opportunity to enlarge
their mill and the sum of their products,
which was taken advantage of, and a
market was found in the western provin-
ces for all the goods that were not re-
quired for home consumption. Since then

FIELD SPORTS.

A SUMMARY OF THE DOINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

What the Gosps' Find to Talk About in the World of Sport.

The races between McCormick, David
and Black demonstrated to the satisfac-
tion of all that McCormick is able to do
with any skater now in Canada, and for
the matter of that in the world. Mc-
Cormick never in his life was in better
condition than this year and never skated
so fast. He has been thoroughly trained
and in every race he has run this season
he has left the track as he went on with-
out a sign of exhaustion. David on the
other hand, who is undoubtedly a re-
markable skater was out of condition all
together—worse than last year. David
never trains, a fact clearly established by
the poor showing he made. Had he been
in the condition of McCormick he would
have made a much better showing in the
race. Few people will believe that David
is not much over twenty years of age, but
that is about his age. He first visited
St. John three years ago, and he was then
but seventeen years of age. I would not
be surprised if next season David made a
better showing than this.

The recent horse races at Montreal, so
says a St. John man who attended them,
were nothing but a skin game from be-
ginning to end. The greater number of
horse races taking part in the races were
entered under assumed names, the majority
being well known racers with records
away down in the twenties. Such sport
may not be the bookmakers. In fact such
race meetings are generally arranged by
bookmakers in order that they may have
but few victims. Such racing has not been
tried in St. John and is not likely to be
as St. John people object seriously to be-
ing played for suckers.

It is rather early to talk cricket this
season, but there is every prospect that
the St. John club will have a better sea-
son with more playing than ever before.
The matches already arranged include
one with the Longwoods of Boston, a
British team, and all the leading clubs
of the three lower provinces. The club
grounds at the close of last fall were in
splendid condition, and when the neces-
sary repairs have been made after the
winter frosts, St. John will have one of
the finest cricket grounds on the contin-
ent. It is a pity that the club does not
give more attention than it does to gen-
eral athletics. There is room in St.
John for a good athletic club, but such
an organization would require a gymna-
sium in winter and grounds in the
summer.

I hear very encouraging reports con-
cerning the approaching opening of the
Tennis club and have no doubt when the
season does open the membership of the
club will be found to have largely in-
creased, and that the interest in the
game will be much more wide-spread,
with numerous accessions to the ranks of
lady players.

The sons of Neptune are beginning to
talk of the summer campaign, but as
nothing can be done until the boat house
comes over after the freshest subsidies, it
is no use talking about them.

Guests From The Stable.

The coming Derby is now attracting all
the attention in England.
Very little betting has, as yet, taken
place on the Suburban, the great specu-
lative race of the season. Last year's
business was brisk in the pool and book-
makers' rooms at this time in March, but
now there is a lull. Declarations from
the great handicappers now include Hanover,
Favor, Exile, Bivdovre, Baseland, Sir
Dixon, Lady Primrose, Glenmoord,
Frank Ward and the Sensation—India
Col.

Beaugard, record 2:21 1-2, the sensa-
tional grand circuit trotter of 1885, is
about to come to the front this year as a
fast side-wheel. Like the black gelding
Jewett, Beaugard was a converted trot-
ter, but now that the weights have been
taken off his feet it would be no surprise
if the chestnut son of Mohican goes to
pacing like a whirlwind.
Match races between the pacers Argyle,
record 2:14 3-4, and Gossip, Jr., record 2:14,
and the trotters Favonia, record 2:19 and
Rosaline Wilkes, record 2:18 1-2, are
being talked of.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHALES—A PRAYER MEETING AT SEA—THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY FOR ME.

Commodore Brickley Spins a Yarn.

Commodore Brickley is a walking en-
cyclopaedia, a dictionary of dates, a 100
pound record of events that have come
under his personal observation. He has
on the tablets of his memory a variety of
incidents that have escaped the notice of
other statisticians, and hence his recitals
are more than ordinarily interesting.
The Commodore occupied his usual post
at the end of Turnbull's wharf the other
evening when he was approached by
Gassner representative. Nothing escap-
ed his observation. He noted the move-
ments of every vessel within the scope
of his vision, and his gaze lingered long
and lovingly on the swan like outlines of
the ferry-boat, Western Extension, and
the gracefulness of her movements. The
queen-like movements of the Western
Extension are hardly ever equalled, even
in the brilliantly lighted hall.

—where youth and beauty meet
To do the house work with Spine
The Commodore was abstracted, but, as
it were, he pulled himself together short-
ly. Said he, "Forty—yes, forty years
ago I was working in a shipyard near
the head of the Basin of Minas. The tide
comes in there with a rush—sixty miles
an hour—and goes out just as impetu-
ously as it comes in. One day about two
dozen whales came in with the tide, and
when it turned, the whaling, except three,
were left stranded in about four feet of
water, behind a bar that runs out into the
bay. Well, we who were working in the
shipyard turned in with our axes, and
adzes, and crowbars, and hatchets, and
we slaughtered those whales. And the
farmers came in with their pitchforks,
and pickaxes, and scythes, and they
slaughtered those whales, and we tried
out the oil—thousands and thousands of
barrels—I suppose in some of the neigh-
boring farm houses that is still kept on
tap."

The Commodore paused, watched the
Western Extension a few moments with
admiring eyes, and continued—"Of the
three whales that escaped, one took pos-
session of a creek that empties into the
bay near Grandstone Island, and wintered
there. Navigation of the creek was
suspended for he occupied the channel to
the exclusion of all comers and no one
cared to attack him. The second, through
some imprudence, got into difficulty at
Black River, and was used for lighting
purposes. The third put into Quaco
creek, but just above the bridge he con-
cluded he had lost his reckoning, backed
out and started for St. John. But before
he left he gobbled up a meeting house."

SEAMEN'S HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From All Seascapes.

The News office has been brightened
by the appearance in it of the first may-
flowers of the season, presented by Mr.
James Brown. They are not mere buds
but those common wooden meeting houses
they built in the above villages forty or
fifty years ago! They were having a
prayer meeting in that meeting house at
the time the incident occurred. There
were only four present; they were deacon
Delong, deacon James Delong, deacon
Fowles, and deacon Bradshaw. The
small attendance is accounted for by the
fact that the house had been used for
many years as a barn, and the people
of Quaco were not eminently religious
forty or fifty years ago. Capt. McLean
was on his way to Quaco with a cargo
of general merchandise, and as he passed
Cape Spencer he was started, for just
then the whale shot by him like an arrow
and at the same time there rung out on
the air the words of that old familiar
hymn, "There's a light in the valley for
me." Several of our merchants were
then engaged in the whaling fishery, and
their boats were kept at Long Wharf.
When the whale with the meeting house
came into the harbor, several of the boats
put out and the men succeeded with little
difficulty in harpooning the sacrificial
brute, and towed him ashore at Lower
Cove. Just as they did so deacon Fowles
was making his closing prayer. They
cut open the whale, and lifted the meet-
ing house onto dry land. The good
deacons were greatly surprised to find
themselves in St. John; they were totally
unaware that anything unusual had occurred.
The weather was bitterly cold and
through. They built a house over the
carcass and kept it on exhibition for
several days, admission sixpence, and
then decided to tow it to Dipper Harbor
and set up an oil factory. As might
have been expected, the whale thawed
out before he had been in the water two
hours, came to life, towed the vessel
several miles out to sea, broke the cable by
which he was supposed to be secured,
and escaped."

Hoisting his spunkier jib, the commo-
dore asked—
"Does Mr. Lawrence make any men-
tion of these incidents in his Footprints?"
"No."

Home Made Humor.

In Baltimore recently a saw-mill was
shaken. Here in St. John the other day
a valuable vacant lot—on which the
owner was about to build was broken
into.

In the prize-ring battle the man who
gets knocked down always comes up
smiling. In the battle of life it is much
the same. When we "smile" it is gen-
erally at our own expense.

Mr. Florid (to his best girl)—"I have
a proposal to make to you Clara. This
privilege by right, though, justly belongs,
in this year of '88, to the gentle sex of
which you are the brightest and sweetest
representative. Still on this occasion,
with your permission, I will put aside
all restrictions and propose, now that the
sleighing party season is over, that we
join."

Clara (faintly)—"Go on, George."

Mr. Florid—"That we join the church
choir. There is to be two practice nights
a week besides—"

Clara (very coldly)—"I will think of it,
but George if you have any wish to please
me never speak to me again in this
trifling and indirect manner. You re-
mind me of those medicine advertise-
ments—you begin so—here a sob escap-
ed her—so interesting."

The annex to the Portland Police
Station is fully completed. The annex
is quite small—just the size and height
of a street car. The cost of the structure
though, is more imposing—over double,
it is said, the price it would cost a pri-
vate citizen. A well and unforworn
known character looked the annex over
yesterday. On being told the price he
remarked somewhat bitterly: "I was
arrested over here once for robbing a
taxpayer."

Enormous Cargoes of Opium.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Opium smuggling along the St. Law-
rence came in after the opening of the
Canadian Pacific Railway. The town of
Victoria, on Vancouver Island, is sup-
ported largely from the profits realized
by importing opium that is owned by
professional smugglers. The merchants
of that town do not disguise their busi-
ness relations, but boast that they can
hoopwink United States Custom House
officers without any risk. One week I
saw three ships arrive at Victoria loaded
with nothing but opium. You may im-
agine the value of such a cargo when a
piece of prepared opium only the size of
a pea is sufficient to satisfy the hardest
pipe hitter. The stuff is treated by the
Chinese, and then sent out to differ-
ent points along the American line. It
goes up Puget Sound on fishing smacks,
and then across Washington Territory
down to San Francisco. New York,
Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities
are supplied indirectly through agents
who are stationed at points from Duluth
down to Ogdenburgh. These frontier
receivers are known to the trade, but the
magnitude of the business cannot be ex-
aggerated.

Jekyll and Hyde in Real Life.

A curious case, resembling that of "Dr.
Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has just turned
up in San Francisco. Henry Stays, for
this is the subject's name, possesses a
wonderful peculiarity. For whole weeks
his complexion is of a light yellow, re-
sembling that of an ordinary Spaniard.
Then suddenly his skin will turn to an
Ethiopian black, so that his friends can-
not recognize him, except by his clothes.
It has been noticed that when wearing
the light complexion he is jovial and
fond of society, but when black he pulls
his hat down over his eyes, becomes mor-
ose and seeks to avoid recognition by
his friends. The doctors are puzzled over
this strange phenomenon.—[Fittsburg
Post.

Baby Bunting Again.

One of the greatest literary hits of the
season is the story of "Baby Bunting," of
the Alphabet of Love," by Laura Jean
Libbey, which is at present being pub-
lished in the columns of The New York
FAMILY STORY PAPER. The paper con-
taining the opening chapters of this won-
derfully popular romance appeared on
the news stands recently. The tremen-
dous rush for that paper by the young
ladies of town shows clearly that the
publishers have struck a bonanza. The
FAMILY STORY PAPER is for sale by all
newsdealers, or will be sent to any ad-
dress four months, postage free, for \$1.00.
Norman L. Munro, Publisher, 24 and 25
Vanderwater Street, New York.

When Eve opened the first of man
The apple pressed with specious cant,
O, what a thousand pines then
That Adam was not Adamant.