

NEXT WEEK
Another new Story
THE PRICE SHE PAID
BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Saturday Gazette.

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

Vol. I.—No. 44.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

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LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

What A Former Resident Thinks of the People and Customs of St. John.

He Discourses this Week on Hotels and Hotel Life—St. John Men do not Imbibe any More Frequently than their Neighbors.

INTRODUCTION.
A short time ago a cultured gentleman who has been resident in St. John for several years and in that time seen life in all the phases it presents called at the GAZETTE office and handed the editor a manuscript in which he said...

I had heard it said of St. John men that they always carried a corkscrew on their watch chains, that a St. John man could not more be separated from his favorite corkscrew than he could from his shadow. This may have been so when lumber was king, but from my observation the men of St. John do not drink heavier or more frequently than men elsewhere.

I like St. John. This statement is made among her people. It was eight years. It seems only like yesterday since I got a note from the large home employing me to hold myself in readiness to leave for St. John, N. B., in two days.

Before entering upon a discussion of the business life of St. John, I would like to remark upon hotel life as it presented itself to me. The hotels of St. John are the chief resorts of the men about town. There being but one club, and its growth only beginning, the hotel offices are the chief meeting places of leading citizens.

Of tuff-hunting, in the modern sense of the word, there was none. The noblemen had special places in chapel, but this made no difference. We were all boys together in a genuine and honest English way. When we came back at the beginning of one half there appeared at my father's smart boy dressed in a light-blue jacket, faced with velvet, white trousers and waistcoat, with a turned-down collar and ruffs. I spotted him and at once put the question: "What's your name?" and "Who's your father?"

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

The Servians still cherish some peculiar superstitions, one of which is that when a man dies suddenly his spirit returns as a vampire, and preys on his relatives and friends. Here is a case arising out of that superstition. The other morning a man was found lying in the street at Bridge-street, stiff and cold, and apparently dead. Efforts to revive him failing, his identity was established, the body was placed in a coffin, and the funeral obsequies moved towards the cemetery, some distance away.

It is said of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, that when she was once studying for a new play in which she was to die of consumption, she frequented the consumption wards of the Paris hospital.

A Word With Commodore Brickley.
A GAZETTE representative met Commodore Brickley on Water Street, a day or two since. There is nothing fresh about the bluff old veteran: he carries with him an odor of the salt sea waves, and an eye as keen as an admiral's.

"The situation?" inquired the reporter. "Dead as a herring," replied the commodore, shot away—crew idle, and the last junk of salt horse blizz in the cook room." It is supposed the commodore meant to intimate that business about the wharves was somewhat depressed.

The boxing boom, says the London correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Gazette, is still being everywhere. Included in draw-room entertainments of the season in certain social circles are sparring engagements. Amateur or professional light-weights or heavy-weights, as the case may be, are engaged now in the person of Mr. Corney Grain, or Mr. George Grossmith, or Mr. Bertram, the conjuror, to entertain the assembled guests.

Curing Snobbery at Eden.
(St. James's Gazette.)

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The Paris Figaro states that the Emperor of Austria, being interviewed a day or two since by M. de Matschko, said there will be no one seems to feel certain about it.

IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN HEARS FROM THE UNSEEN.

The Goods—The Auctioneers—The Buyers and the Gossip.

The auction room in which "sundry lots of household furniture, wearing apparel, &c.," are displayed for sale, and are finally knocked down to the highest bidder, has attractions for the meditative as well as for the bargain hunter. It is haunted by ghosts who jostle the man whose thoughts are with the yesterdays, but who are unseen and unfit by its regular frequenters. For the auction rooms have their habits who are recognized by the knight of the hammer the moment they pass his portal and they belong to every class of society, but if of the male sex, they are generally sharp featured, quick eyed, grey bearded and restless in motion.

At the drawing-room last week the Queen wore a train and bodies of black broadened silk, trimmed with jet. Her veil was of white tulle, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. Her necklace and earrings were diamonds, and she wore the Kohinoor diamond as a brooch. The Princesses of Wales wore a train of a lovely shade of mignonette and gold brocade over a dress of a darker shade of Lyons velvet and brocade, with a volants of beautiful Irish point lace looped with plumes of feathers and bows of gold ribbon, corsage to correspond. Head-dresses, tiaras of diamonds, feathers and veil ornaments, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds.

Perhaps the luckiest man in the world is Lord Dufferin, who is soon to come back from India, where he has been playing King as the Viceroy of 300,000,000 people. It is not known exactly whether Dufferin wanted to come back or had to, but it is certain he is to be made happy if possible.

A Paris correspondent says that silks for evening as well as for morning wear are to be much worn this spring, and that a desperate campaign is to be undertaken for the suppression, or at least the partial suppression, of bangs and Grecian curls. Nevertheless the latter bid fair to hold their ground for some time longer.

John L. Sullivan is in the best of health, and continues to work hard. It is said that Mitchell is also doing well at Dorchester, the pretty little town in Surrey. He trains very easily, and is being "looked after" by Kilrain. Sullivan has been backed this week to beat Mitchell at \$2,000 to \$1,000.

Perhaps the saddest element in the Doncaster election was the total lack of reverence displayed by the sender of the following telegram which was received by Mr. Gladstone in House of Commons the other night.

Doncaster has liked you into fits, WILLIAM.

The name of the triumphant Tory was Fitzwilliam, and it is safe to say that Mr. Gladstone, who never jokes, did not relish the pun.

Well Worth Trying.
A medicine which has stood the test of time for many years and always gave the satisfaction as has Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is certainly well worth trying for Coughs, colds, Hoarseness and all throat troubles for which it is so highly recommended.

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