

## THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

Quite a number of important railway projects are being brought to the notice of the people of St. John. Although we have an indirect interest in all of them, the one most directly affecting us is the completion of the Central Railway system from the head of Grand Lake to connect with the Northern and Western to Chatham and the extension of the Moncton and Bucktonche road from Moncton through Albert and St. John counties to Quaco then following the St. Martin's and Upham Railroad to Barnville, from which point it will be connected with St. John by the completion of the Northern and Eastern Railroad. The chief importance of this line is that it opens up to St. John the entire trade of Albert County and gives us greater advantages than we now have in a large portion of the North Shore trade. Not only this, but it makes Quaco the best situated and most delightful watering place on the Bay of Fundy, a sub-port of St. John—an hour's ride only separating the two places. The shores of Loch Lomond 11 miles from the city will some day be the site of a suburban town, and there is no prettier spot in the whole province. All along this line of railway there are streams and rivers which would afford the best sites procurable for mills and factories of every kind.

It is also whispered on the streets and in the hotel lobbies that the same syndicate which has on hand this extension has also an eye on the Grand Southern. If this road is acquired by lease or purchase and the Princeton, Me. road extended from Calais to Bangor would divert the lion's share of the trade of the North Shore through St. John besides making St. John the depot of the entire trade of the province, and the chief railroad centre of the Maritime Provinces. To some extent it would undo the harm that has been done the City of St. John by railroad building in other parts of the province. Too many of our provincial railroads have been built in the wrong direction to aid the trade of St. John. It may be remarked in passing that about all the harm that can be done has been done, and the completion of the roads which must be built make all existing roads in the province tributary to the trade of our city.

I wonder if people ever stop and think how rapidly the railroad system of this province is being extended. There are scores of men who remember when there was not a mile of railway in New Brunswick, hundreds who recollect the beginning of the New Brunswick and Canada line from St. Andrews, thousands who can tell of the days when the farmers along the Kennebecasis valley brought their produce to town by teams. Two decades are not much in the life of an ordinary man, but that time has witnessed a marvellous development in railway building in this province. We have the Intercolonial giving us connection at present with the Upper Provinces and Nova Scotia. The New Brunswick extending up the fertile valleys of the Nerepis and St. John, giving us connection with Fredericton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston, the two latter growing and in the centre of fine agricultural districts. The recently completed Temiscouata Railway brings us 200 miles nearer the West than the Intercolonial. The Northern and Western divides the province in the centre and connects Fredericton with the North Shore. The Central makes a half moon around Grand Lake striking Fredericton on the one side and eventually will form another crescent to take in Chatham on the other. The Intercolonial has branch lines striking into Havelock, Kings County, Elgin and Albert in Albert counties, Buctouche and Richibucto in Kent County, Chatham in Northumberland, Dalhousie in Bastion and Carleton Place in Gloucester, Cape Tormentine in Westmorland. The St. John valley road from Fredericton to Woodstock, the Tobique valley road following the banks of this fertile stream up to the finest land of the province. In less than five years we will have another road across the Northern part of the province to connect with the Carleton Railway while the Central is almost certain to be extended northward to connect with it. When this is done we will have three railroads running up and down the province with three more running across to which, of course, must be added the branch lines of which there are now several with the prospect of still more. All this in a quarter of a century, and still there are those who insist that we are making no progress.

I hear rather a good story at the expense of the agent of the R. P. C. A. For some time Mr. Wetmore has been endeavoring to have the very thin horses on the Loch Lomond route put out of the way. He has succeeded so well that but few remain. A short time ago he spied a very thin specimen of horse flesh being driven along Union street by a sleek looking darkey. He hailed the fellow who stopped, but when the agent pulled out his book and informed the unfortunate colored party that he was liable to a fine, the gentleman from the Lake woke up and said, "Boss, I doan own dis horse, Liza Taylor owns it, I've drivin for Liza Taylor."

"What is your name?" the agent inquired.

"What for you want my name? I doan own dis horse, boss, Liza Taylor owns dis horse and I'm drivin for her. You want to go to her, boss."

"Yes," the agent responded, "but I want your name."

"Now look here, boss, I tell you I doan own dis horse. It belongs to Liza Taylor and you go to her. Truff, boss she owns dis horse."

"It don't make any difference who owns the horse; you are liable to a fine for driving it just the same."

"My name's Johnson. But, boss, I doan own dis horse. Liza Taylor own it and you go to her."

"What's your Christian name?" the agent further queried.

"Christian name?" and the gentleman from the Lake thought a while. "Now, boss, I allers told my old grandfather that he'd get me into trouble sometime. You see boss, I was never christened. I allers told my grandfather that his neglect to get me into trouble and now de trouble's come."

Mr. Wetmore left but the horse hasn't been to town since.

I heard another very good one from the colored colony the other day. Since the sad eyed horses have departed the good people beyond the lake have gone back to oxen as of old. Not long since one of the natives of the lake district came to town behind a cow which was harnessed to an apology for a wagon. Reaching the city the two ladies who had accompanied the cow and wagon to town went into a shop to make some purchases. The cow and the wagon were left outside while the owners inspected the fashions inside. The cow got tired waiting and had just started off when one of the shoppers started the store with the remark "Good Lawd, Liza, that mare's a runnin' away."

It would seem that the custom of sending valentines on St. Valentine's day is falling into disuse. When I was some years younger I can remember seeing hundreds of valentines to come now-a-days. Some young fellows used to spend entire months preparing effusions to send to their mistresses, while others lavished a whole week's salary to procure a suitable token of esteem for their lady love. But now-a-days St. Valentine is comparatively forgotten.

Wallace Ross has won a race in England and with it the championship of the mother country. Wallace, like Artemus Ward's mule, is an unreliable cuss. No one expected him to win—but he did just the same, defeating his adversary by six lengths. A London correspondent cabled a day or two before the race as follows:—

The many mighty men of our age met last evening at the Star and Garter Richmond, to witness the final deposit in the Buear-Ross sculling match, which was one of Monday afternoon over the well-known championship course from Putney New Bridge to the Slip at Mortlake. Editor Allison, of the Sportsman, read the articles of final agreement, and then both men posted the money. I have never seen Ross looking better. He says that whether he is winner or loser, this will be the finest race of his life. Buear looked somewhat drawn and his friends are not quite as confident as they were three weeks ago. He looks over-trained, and in fact several times during the past month has been compelled to let up on his regular work. Still the betting is two to one in the English champion's favor. A few years ago Ross gave Buear on seconds and he beat him. But the book-makers seem to think time has changed the men. For some as yet unknown reason Carr, from Tyne, the latest marvel, has withdrawn his challenge to the winner of the match.

I am sorry to say that Wallace hasn't many believers in him in St. John. He is unquestionably one of the best if not the best sculler in the world, but he has failed to come to the front so often that his former friends have lost confidence in him. It is hoped by all who know him that this is only the first link in a chain of victories.

Mr. W. F. Bunting is writing an interesting series of papers for the Sun on the early history of St. John city. No man is better able to do this than Mr. Bunting as he has made a close study of civic affairs for the past twenty years. He has also an intimate personal acquaintance with the happenings in St. John for the past forty years, besides possessing an intimate acquaintance with the chief actors in all our important events. A very interesting sketch of the volunteer fire department, from Mr. Bunting's pen, appeared in the Globe's special issue of last year.

Mr. George Robertson is proving himself an active wide-awake citizen by the interest he is taking in opening up a trade between Canada and the Argentine Republic. It is beyond question that there is a reciprocal trade between the two countries, and all that it requires is developing. For one I wish Mr. Robertson every success in his enterprise which is distinctly his own. It is to be hoped manufacturers and others here and elsewhere will respond to the call for sample shipments.

Mayor Thorne was right when he said at the Board of Trade meeting Wednesday night that the citizens of St. John and Portland should not be asked to vote on the bare question of union. The majority on both sides of the dividing

line are favorable to union, but they would like to know on what basis they are to unite. It would be worse than useless to attempt by committees of the respective councils to settle the question. That has been attempted already and the result is a waste of the minds of all. The suggestion of Mr. Thorne is a commendable one. The minds of all should be appointed by the legislature to devise a scheme of union is a good one, the only objection to it being that the commission should be appointed before instead of after the vote is taken.

It is passing strange that there has not been a report of any one falling for two weeks. Since the first of the year the name of nearly every business man in St. John has been paraded on the streets by malicious or mischievous persons. Very few of the rumors had even an element of truth in them. But some persons are so industriously engaged handling the business of others, and so full of self-presentation that they cannot be still. Wait till the fourth of the month, and then see what will happen. The fourth came and passed without special incident. When this day was over he postponed the evil day to the 15th, but then his prophecy failed of fulfillment. This prophet of evil will keep right along until somebody does fall and then he will go around among his friends with a wise look on his countenance and ask "didn't I tell you so?" Such characters should be ridden on a rail outside the city limits.

Mr. Herbert C. Creed has a son. The public would most likely have remained in blissful ignorance of this very important fact if Mr. Creed's son had not been entered as a student at the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Creed's son, it seems violated the established etiquette of the University thus calling down upon the head of Mr. Creed's son the vengeance of his fellow students. Had Mr. Creed's son been the son of Mr. Smith, Mr. Break-jaw or Mr. anybody else the result would have been the same. Mr. Creed came to the rescue of his son who seems to be a no account young man, and several columns of valuable newspaper space have been wasted discussing some very unimportant and ridiculous rules enforced by the college boys. It is quite evident from the discussion that has been going on that the college boys were right in prohibiting Mr. Creed's son from carrying a cane. He might have lost it, had he continued to carry it. It would commend to Mr. Creed's son the study of Captain Mayrath's interesting work, "Japhet in Search of a Father." Mr. Creed one expected him to win—but he did just the same, defeating his adversary by six lengths. A London correspondent cabled a day or two before the race as follows:—

There are plenty of men who can handle money well and efficiently during their lives, but it is given to very few to spend it well by it. If their fortune is left to a charitable institution it is generally hampered with such conditions as to be invaluable. Dr. De Bevoise was not a rich man but what he had he disposed of in a manner which secured an equal distribution of his wealth among the organizations he sought to benefit.

So the Mechanics' Institute is to be sold. I never existed of half a century it has become antiquated and its members believe useless. Now, here is a chance for the Historical and Natural History Societies. The independence of the Institute building is not great and might easily be arranged so as to be burdensome. If these societies could get possession of the building they could easily pay the ground rent from rentals of the hall and besides have ample accommodations for themselves. The building although not exceeding well adapted to their purposes would be much more suitable than their present quarters.

The February number of WOMAN contains illustrated articles by Beatrice Presswood, Julian Hawthorne and Frederick Schwatka, admirable departments devoted to The Household, The Table, Our Daughters, Our Society, What to Wear, and Events of the Month, and a variety of short tales and poems, including among the latter some characteristic verses by Mr. H. L. Spencer, of this city. The March number will contain a paper on The Island of Grand Manan, by Mr. Spencer, illustrated with engravings from sketches by J. C. Miles and numerous photographs. Woman has now a monthly circulation of 65,000 copies and is one of the best home magazines published in America. The Woman Publishing Co., 122 Nassau St., New York. Sold by D. McArthur.

"King Solomon's Mines" made the name of Rider Haggard famous all over the world in a very short time after its publication, and Mr. Gunter was equally fortunate with "Mr. Barnes of New York," of which more than 200,000 copies have been sold during the past two months. "Mr. Potter of Texas," by the same author, is said to be a work of still more engrossing interest. The Canadian copyright edition will be on sale to-day at the store of D. McArthur.

## Sir Ho Ho's Dream.

A FANTASY.

From a sky that was as clear and cold as a sea of ice, the moon looked down upon the roofs and spires of the city. Where during the day men had been incessantly toiling and toiling, pursuing and pursued, the one with the other, the other with the skeleton of disaster at his heels, then reigned the quiet of an uninhabited world.

When Adam was alone what glorious opportunities were his for observation and reflection. Plant life and animal life, geology and astronomy; how familiar he might have become with them, if the hours that elapsed between his creation and the creation of Eve were equal in duration to the period that we call years, as many suppose. It is passing strange. Was Adam created in the possession of unlimited knowledge, or did he acquire that which he possessed by the slow and cautious process which it would be necessary for us to pursue without books or instructors in these later days? Was he a barbarian, who divided his time between eating and sleeping, seeing no more beauty in a rose than in a potato, or, like pleased with the song of the nightingale and the croak of the raven, and with a taste that was as well satisfied by the flavor of a turnip as that of the world's first and most delicious fruits? To us the correctness of the latter assumption seems most probable. Without culture the man of to-day occupies the lowest place in the animal creation.

Why should his place have been different six thousand years ago? It was his destiny to rise by culture above his fellows, and by culture he has done so. Sir Ho Ho dreamed. He reclined on a cushioned couch that occupied an unfrequented corner in a vast hall, from the lofty ceiling of which depended great chandeliers of bronze, the lights burning in which through globes of many tinted glass dimly revealed the quaint figures with which the floor was inlaid, the statues of translucent marble that were grouped here and there, the old armor, the pictures and the hangings that adorned the walls, and the great pillars of soft gray stone, by which the roof was supported, and their number was very great for the hall seemed of interminable length. An organ, invisible to the dreamer, filled the great hall with melody, at times triumphant, at times despairing, at times as soft as the whisper of the winds in the tree-tops, and again as deafening as the roar of the sea when it is lashed by a tempest. And the great doors at the distant end of the hall were thrown open, and there poured in a great concourse of the young of both sexes, each of whom wore garlands of flowers on their breasts, and in their countenances the dreamer saw what seemed to be the states of immortal youth and happiness. Their features were unfamiliar, for such are not the familiar features of this world of sin and sorrow and their voices and their laughter as they whirled hither and thither in the dance were not the voices and laughter that we often hear on earth, even among those that we look upon as the most innocent. Sometimes they would approach the couch whereon the dreamer reclined, and after peering in his face a moment, would turn away with a light laugh and the remark, "he is not of us," and would again join in the dance, forgetting that one so widely separated from themselves had intruded his presence among them.

Now close by the couch that the dreamer occupied a great mirror was suspended, which was concealed by heavy folds of drapery, and from time to time one of the throng would approach it, turn aside the folds and look within, and as they did so they saw their cheeks pale, their brows contract, their teeth flash, and with faltering steps they turned away and went into the darkness unrecognized and, apparently, unnoticed by their companions. And this continued until the number of the revellers had dwindled to six, and then to five, and then to four, and then to three, and then to two, and then to one. She approached the mirror, glanced within and vanished in the darkness.

Then the organ pealed forth again and again the doors flew open, and the company reappeared, but they were younger and more beautiful than they were at first, and they were accompanied by many that the dreamer had known in his youth, and who had long been dead, save in his memory.

Of the dear dead faces that show no trace of sin or sorrow, of time or pain! How the heart rejoices to see you, to hear you, again, again.

It is a wonder, From the dainties under, The molasses, and the pitiless rain, Ye come to meet me, Ye come to meet me, In this world of tempest again, again.

They rushed to the couch where the dreamer was lying and led him to the mirror. Lifting the drapery he beheld, not Sir Ho Ho, but a flaxen haired boy who at his mother's knee had learned the prayers which for years had never escaped his lips.

Sir Ho Ho awoke.

Wait Whitman says: It is as great to be a woman as it is to be a man. Many a hempen husband thinks it is greater. Reading is said to make a full man, but if a man stays home nights and reads he won't get half as full as the man who spends his nights in the bar-room.

An old but excellent motto for leap year—Look before you leap.

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