

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 18.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN LAND OUT OF TOWN.

What is Going on in Commercial, Financial, Social and Sporting Circles.

The past week has not been so entirely destitute of local sensations as its predecessors, but at the best the sensation has been a poor one. On Sunday night it was noised about that a boat with blood-stains on various parts of her had been picked up in the harbor. Although the boat was found at a comparatively early hour in the forenoon the police were not informed of the find until late in the afternoon. The result of their investigation was the discovery that at an early hour on Sunday morning a stranger, and from his appearance a sailor had visited a West Side saloon and told a rather strange story of an adventure in the harbor with a sailor friend. Together they had started from Reed's Point in a stolen boat, one to go to his ship in the harbor and the other no one knows where. Whether the man who attempted to board the vessel ever got there or not is a question; even if he were ever in the boat is a matter of considerable doubt in the minds of many. The pilot states the crew of the brig Munson, which had sailed for New York before the police got to work was complete and the other fellow who was known under half a dozen assumed names, was also on his way to Liverpool. The story is therefore very imperfect and while the sailor may have told the truth it is more than probable that he lied. He had a fresh yarn for everybody he met with and which was the correct version must remain a matter of doubt. No amount of patchwork will make a complete story out of the yarns he told.

How many people go missing in St. John in the course of twelve months. Dozens of men have disappeared from St. John of whom not a solitary trace has ever been discovered, nor is any such discovery even likely to be made. When a man is lost in certain parts of the harbor his body is never found. In rare instances bodies lost overboard at Reed's Point have been picked up near Red Head, but several men who have gone overboard at the same locality have never again been heard of. Every now and then incoming vessels report having passed a dead body floating in the water. Who these unfortunates are has never been ascertained. Usually bodies afloat are so far decomposed as to be unrecognizable and whose identity could not possibly be discovered even if picked up and taken into some port. Men who have been well known have disappeared from the most public parts of the city and have never been heard of since. That they had got over the wharf is beyond question, but in one or two instances the men were well acquainted with the city and wharves and it is most pe-

culiar how they could possibly get over the wharves without assistance from some one. But how they came by their deaths remains as deep a mystery as whether there was two men in the boat when it left Reed's Point wharf on Sunday morning or only one. There is one thing that will set most people thinking now that the boat mystery has occurred. That is the lack of any find out of which the expenses of a search for the body of the murdered man, had any one been murdered, on that night, might come. There is no contingent account in connexion with the police of the city out of which the expenses of making such enquiry could be paid. There may have been no one murdered last Sunday night, but the discovery of a blood-stained boat in the harbor is sufficient to cause the police to make a search. At least the harbor should have been dragged, but because there is no fund out of which the expenses can be paid prevented such search being made, notwithstanding that, everybody will admit that such a search was justified by the facts. It is to be hoped that the authorities will see the necessity of establishing such a fund at an early date. It may be argued that a large amount of money might be wasted in useless searches by the police, but such an argument should hold. Surely the chief of police is to be trusted with the expenditure of a hundred dollars or so a year, and this sum would be ample for the present needs of the city.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has been in session in the city during the week. The ladies comprising this organization are filled with a zeal for doing good, and while at times they doubtless pursue shadows there is no denying that they accomplish a large amount of good. There is room in Saint John for coffee houses and for rescue work, not because St. John is any more wicked than other cities of equal size, but because there are many people in every city who can be benefited by such labors. If the ladies can do anything towards the establishment of a reformatory for youthful criminals or more properly speaking offenders they will have done the city and province a service it will not readily forget. It is to be hoped that they will be able to accomplish this and if they do they will have done a lasting good.

In sporting circles there has been no excitement whatever save the tennis tourney at the cricket grounds. Next week on the 17th the club announce their annual sports and there is very little doubt that they will be better this year than last. There is one thing the cricket club will have to do, if they wish to popularize athletic sports and that is to have competitions more frequently. It is useless to expect to maintain interest in sports that are only held at most twice a year. There should be a monthly meeting at least, were this done there is no doubt that the final competition would be worth seeing and if made worth seeing there is no doubt that they will be well attended.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS.

Several Items of Real Interest to the Fair Sex.

There has been an innovation in women's night-dresses within a short time. A number of ladies wear pajamas instead of the usual linen night-dress, with its embroidery and tucks. They are made of pretty patterns, and those who have tried them declare that they are much more comfortable than the night-dress prescribed by conventionality. They enjoy, they say, the freedom of limb obtained by the trouser arrangement, and are happy that they can wear this masculine-looking garment even in the retirement of their own bed-rooms. A New York lady who has travelled around the world, and has been some time in the tropics, has adopted the night-dress of Java. It is a pretty dress, but hardly comfortable, one would think. The lower part is made of a straight piece of calico some ten feet long, covered with the gayest kind of patterns, which is wrapped tightly around the waist and held together with pins. The upper part is simply a loose white sacque, buttoned at the throat, and with large flowing sleeves. The nights in Java are very hot, and out of every bedroom window there is usually a balcony. When the fair Javanese ladies are too hot to sleep, they leave their beds and sit bare-footed on their balconies. The peculiar nature of their night-dress, which really looks like a petticoat and a sacque, does not make their appearance on the balconies as conspicuous as it would be if they wore the regular night-dress of this part of the world.

When a woman begins to show her age, the first part to lose its firm, youthful contour is the face and chin, then the neck and bust, and no amount of alum-water washes nor "astringent pomades" will restore firmness to the flabby muscles, and it then becomes necessary to look about for some other beauty that nature spared a little longer. The upper part of the arms and the back keep their whiteness and delicacy long after the rest of the woman is passed. For that reason was the V-shaped back invented, and therefore were sleeveless waists made which leave the arm exposed up above the shoulder. Long gloves hide many a wrinkled hand and withered forearm, and the modestly high front of the waist veils the faded bust, while the black velvet ribbon tied tightly around the throat retains the loose flesh in its snug embrace, while it whitens the rest of the neck by contrast, and it also sustains the baggy double chin, together with the "wrinkle annihilator," which is made of alum, paraffine, and a little sweet almond oil.

A London correspondent writes that she has been much struck, when attending weddings and other afternoon entertainments at which smart costumes are the order, to observe that jewelry is being worn again on all occasions. The fashion has been running in this direc-

tion since the beginning of the season, and now that the Princess of Wales has announced her intention of encouraging it with a view of stimulating the manufacture of jewelry, the fashion will spread more rapidly. Ladies wear jewels literally morning, noon and night. For some time past the diamonds and pearls and other gems worn for personal adornment were only produced on state occasions. Now, however, at conventional dinners among the well-to-do classes one sees the ladies blazing in a glory of jewelry. The most notable incident of the new departure is the fashion of wearing costly brooches in bonnets and in dresses for morning wear, and jeweled rings at all times. From an old translation of Apuleius: "Knew ye that if you spoil and cut off the hair of any woman, though she were never so excellent in beauty, though she were thrown down from heaven, sprung of the seas, nourished of the floods, though she were Venus herself, though she were accompanied with the graces, though she were waited upon of all the court of Cupid, though she were girdled with her beautiful scarf of love, and though she smell of perfumes and myrrh, yet if she appeared bald, she could in no wise please; no, not her own Vulcanus. Oh, how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold it encounterth with the beames of the sunne, and pleasest the eye marvellously."

Women will be interested in hearing that the history of kissing shows that among primitive men this art is unappreciated. To the ancient civilized nations its charms were revealed; but, as usual in the intoxication of a new discovery, they hardly knew what to do with it, and applied it to all sorts of stupid ceremonial purposes. The tendency of civilization, however, has been to eliminate promiscuous kissing and restrict it more and more to its proper function as an expression of the affections. And even within this sphere the circle becomes gradually smaller. Although in some parts of Europe men still kiss one another as a token of relationship, friendship, or esteem, yet the habit is slowly dying out. The precedent having been set in England, where it was abandoned toward the close of the seventeenth century. The senseless custom which women to-day indulge in of kissing each other on the slightest provocation—often when they would rather slap one another in the face—is also doomed to extinction.

King Pomare V., the ruler of the Society Islands has instituted a divorce suit against his youthful Queen Johanna, aged fifteen. The queen went to Paris lately, and placed her case in the hands of an able lawyer. The king accuses the queen of having for a lover a sailor on board a French man-of-war. The queen, on the other hand, accuses the king of intemperance and cruelty. Admiral Sevrès, the French commander, had almost arranged a reconciliation when Johanna heard that Pomare was also unfaithful to her. Then she made up her mind to try her luck at Paris. But Pomare got his action in ahead of her, and the case will be tried in the Otaheite courts.

SEEN AT THE POST OFFICE

ROUNDER TELLS OF THE HAPPENINGS AT THE POST OFFICE.

The Queer People who Ask for Letters at the General Delivery Window—What they do when they get their Missives.

I like to go to the Post Office every evening. Since I was knee high the post office has always been a favorite place with me after the main portion of the labor of the day was over. My first recollections of the post office was when located on Canterbury street. Compared with the business done now-a-days I think more people went to the post office then than now. There is nothing so strong as the recollections of youth, and I can see that queer looking old building as plainly now as then. The floor had three different levels, and one could always detect a stranger as he invariably stumbled more or less when moving about the hall. Then there were the queer whirrigs through which box holders had to pass to get their mails. There were no lock boxes in those days, and the result was that everyone had to wait until one of the clerks came to the window and bawled out "All assorted." Then there was a grand rush for the window to get the mail. I think the post office was a better place for gossip then than now. All the merchants met there every evening, and the rule was to get there half an hour before the mail was assorted in order to learn the latest news of the town. The post office had also more female frequenters then than now. I have a distinct recollection of half a dozen young women who went there every night. It made no difference to them whether the night was cold or warm, wet or dry they were always there. I never saw either of them get a letter, but they went to the window and asked just the same. I very much fear that it was not letters these young women were after as much as some of the men who gathered at the post office every night. But whatever their mission may have been they were always there. Occasionally I meet a face I used to meet every night at the post office twelve or fifteen years ago but many of them have gone—where it would be difficult to say. Many are dead because I have attended scores of funerals of men who were prominent in St. John's social and business life fifteen years ago. Some who reckon of their wealth by thousands in those days are poor now, while a few who visited the post office for the sole purpose of saving the carrier's fee of two cents on their letters are now reckoned wealthy.

I still go to the post office every night—more from force of habit I think than for any real cause. The mails arrive earlier now than years ago and the lock box which admit of a man getting his mail immediately on its being assorted, have to some extent destroyed the old sociability of past times. But the place has a live interest yet. It affords a rare opportunity for the study of character, stand in such a position that you can watch the mirror near the general delivery window and observe the different faces that peer through the window in quest of some missive. Old and young alike pass before you and sometimes one can almost tell the contents of the letter that is handed out to them. Business men and others in the habit of receiving large numbers of letters rarely give any evidence of their contents in their faces. About the only thing that will move the muscles of a business man's countenance is a returned draft or the notice of a dishonored note. These things ruffle some men, but others take the matter as coolly as if everything had gone all right. But it is not so with those who are not in the habit of receiving letters daily. I have seen an old man humbly dressed ask for a letter and failing to get it display the most bitter disappointment. Who can tell what he expected. Perhaps it was intelligence of some wayward son or daughter who had gone away from home and failed to correspond regularly. I remember one feeble old woman who could be seen almost every evening at the general delivery window. For upwards of a month I saw her go there every evening. She never spoke as the clerk knew her name and address, but she always went away empty handed. The expected letter had not come, but bitter as was the disappointment she came again the following evening, and always about the same hour. I felt sorry for the poor old creature and fancied that she grew at least a year older every time she left the building. One night the clerk handed her a letter and she was so much surprised that she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. The handwriting on the envelope was that of a young girl and quickly tucking it under her shawl she went away. Her step which I thought had commenced to totter became more brisk as she left the building and her face wore something akin to a smile. I never saw the old woman again, nor could I learn what the con-

tents of the letter were, but I do not doubt that the old woman was the happier for getting the letter.

I also recall a very pathetic incident that happened a few years ago. Two girls neither of them twenty years of age, whose loud dress, careless demeanour and painted faces told but too plainly what they were, entered the post office. One of them asked for a letter, and in response the clerk handed her a black bordered envelope. The girl's face changed at once. All her gaudy departed as she broke the seal and unfolded the letter inside. The first few words told the story. The letter contained the information that the mother of the recipient had died a few days before. I have witnessed many painful scenes but none more so than the one which followed the opening of this letter. Before she received the letter this girl who had set the world at defiance, and left a plain but comfortable home that she might lead a life of shame, was careless and indifference apparently of the smiles of admirers or the sneers of her sex, broke out in tears, and cried as if her heart would break. There were but few loungers about to witness the tears and grief of this unfortunate one, and perhaps it was well that the number was so small. Her companion seeing the impossibility of calming her mervel friend succeeded in getting her into a coach and out of sight of those who would rather jibe at than sympathize with her.

What a tale of life would be unfolded if all the letters that pass through the post office in a year could be read by the one party. He would find that the friend he trusted most was his bitterest enemy. Perhaps he would ascertain that the girl he loved best sent missives quite as tender to some other fellow, that the man who deemed soundest financially was really hopelessly insolvent. He would learn of secret appointments, and that persons he had hitherto thought blameless were actually guiltiest, and that even wives and mothers were unfaithful. But evidence of this kind passes daily through the hands of the mail clerks. They do not know the contents of the envelopes they handle, and it is well that the secrets of the mails are faithfully guarded. The world is not bettered by a knowledge of its badness, and one only learns how very bad some people are when their affairs are exposed in a law court or some similar place.

It is a pleasure though to know something that is going on besides what is printed in the newspapers, and occasionally some obscure passage in the life of a worthy citizen is given to the public by accident. There are lots of interesting things that might be told by every experienced newspaper reporter did he but choose to tell all that he knows, and were the characters of some men as thoroughly exposed to the world as they often are to this class of men, there would be a large addition to the skeptical ones. But it is not well to test the faith of man in his kind too severely, and consequently the less that is said about many things we know the better.

ROUNDER.

For those who can afford only one silk dress for the summer the best and most economical purchase is a white China silk of good quality and heavy texture. Such a dress is suitable for all occasions in summer, and if arranged so as to be easily worn open at the throat, is sufficiently dressy for dinner parties and seaside dances. They are so soft that they fit and drape well and can be taken apart and washed half a dozen times without damage, though they are not so easily sea damp and dew, and do not so easily. White silk gloves and a Leghorn hat trimmed with white point d'esprit and daisies, white chrysanthemums or edelweiss, make the whole a suitable and pretty costume for church and calling.

FACTS.

- I. Saint John has cooler and more enjoyable summer than any other city in America. II. Fact I, combined with the elevated position and perfect ventilating facilities of the St. John Business College renders study, during the warmest weather, as agreeable as at any other time of the year. III. This combination of favorable circumstances is enjoyed by no similar institution. IV. We give no summer vacation. V. Students can enter at any time. VI. We give a fuller course of study than any other business college. VII. Telegraphy is a prominent specialty. VIII. Book-keeping mailed to any address for \$1.00. Circulars mailed free. S. KERR, Principal.

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