

A GREAT SERIAL THIS WEEK SHIRLEY CARSTONE BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART IV LIFE IN ST. JOHN In the GAZETTE. THIS WEEK.

VOL. I--No. 50.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

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HOUSE HUNTING.

WHY PEOPLE GIVE UP ONE HOUSE AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER.

A Glance at the Difficulties and Advantages of House Hunting--What new house.

At this season of the year when old King Sol is rapidly transforming snow into slush, and ice into water, and humanity and horses by mixing the sun's products with mother earth make most delicious mud, the householder turns his mind to moving. His landlord--the one he contemplates leaving--presented him with a printed slip of paper on February 1st morning, notifying him in legal, but nevertheless plain language, to quit and deliver up on the first day of May next the premises east now occupied by him, etc., etc., and an affectionate note to the effect that the rent for the ensuing year would be ten, twenty, or fifty dollars more. I know some landlords who make it a practice to raise the rent of their tenements every year a tenant remains, and tenants who invariably offer to remain if the landlord will make the rent a few dollars lower for the next year.

When the man of the house gets the warning, and the note increasing the rent, he generally gets mad, rushes out to see the landlord, and tells him he wouldn't live in his house another year if he gave him the darned old barn for nothing a year and paid the coal bill. He had caught cold from the draught which came in under the parlor door, and his wife from another that proceeded from some mysterious crack in the ceiling. "Give you more rent, indeed," this fiery tenant will say. "Not much, your house isn't worth more, it's defective in many ways, has no double windows in the first place, no hot and cold water, no furnace in the cellar, and then the water froze four times in one day during that cold snap last winter. And now you have the gall to ask me to pay \$10 a year more rent. Again I say no sir, I will move. I only hope you will get as good a tenant as I have been, but I guess the repairs will cost you a good deal more than \$10.

The landlord generally smiles at these statements and suggestions of mad tenants. He is not surprised at them because he has met a great many tenants who have talked precisely as this one does, and then made up their minds and remained. "Well," he will say as he bids the angry tenant adieu, "I will not rent the house until I hear from you again. I think you will most likely change your mind. There is one thing, however, that you must remember--you only pay \$100 a year for that house, and you can't expect a four story grand mansion with red granite trimmings for the modest sum of two dollars a week. I can supply you with all the conveniences, but I will have to double the rent. If we want luxury we must pay for it my friend--we must pay. Good morning sir, I will keep my offer open for a month, and after that I will raise it ten more."

The tenant is now more indignant than ever. He goes home and tells his wife of the conversation he had with that blanky, blank, old fool who talked as if there weren't another house in town except his. He would blank soon show him that he wasn't a chump, and could find a house. He would move--they would move, but where. She wanted to go out on the edge of the town. He wanted to get nearer business. This had been the trouble before when they moved. The house they had decided to leave had been a compromise when they looked it, and was about the only one of its kind in the neighborhood, and they couldn't afford to pay a much higher rent. But that old Graball had insulted their intelligence, and both husband and wife had decided to leave. They would hunt up a house somewhere. They would go from street to street, door to door, put up with every inconvenience, but they would leave old Graball's house if they had to go somewhere up an alley.

When in this state of mind men and women will tramp up and down streets in search of vacant houses suitable for them. The first thing persons who are house hunting do in the morning is to read the "To let" columns of the morning papers making copious extracts of the announcements therein contained. As they cannot inspect the houses advertised during the morning, they spend the time vis-

LANCASTER HEIGHTS.

A WALK AND A TALK.

A Lounge in the Fields, and a Word About the Martello Tower.

Such days as these bring out the hibernating animals. The woodchuck creeps from his hole and casts an eye over his clover field. He sees little prospect of an early dinner, yet he does not despair. His eyes are dazzled by the unaccustomed sunlight, and he knows how quickly his roots will respond to the influence of the hour and send forth their crisp and tender leaves. So he retires to his hole, and spends a few days in meditation, not a whit troubled about the future.

We do not hibernate like the woodchuck, but I presume that many of us are as glad as he is when the snow has disappeared with the exception of an occasional drift in some shaded hollow or on the northern side of some fence or hedge, and that we look as eagerly for budding orchards and green fields as he looks for his clover.

I believe it is claimed by our copper headed brethren that the trees and all kinds of wild animals and fish, in fact all the spontaneous products of land and water, are common property, the gift of the great father of all, who children, from whom they cannot be alienated by human ordinances. In this respect the philosophy of the red man is by no means fallacious. The philosophy of our friend, the woodchuck, is the same; he surrenders his clover patch when he surrenders his life, but under no other conditions.

As another has said, this is the time of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plough is started upon the hill, and at each bout we see its lighted and gleaming board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snowdrift lingered yesterday the plough breaks the soil to-day. Along upon the turf is reversed, until the broad landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or the breasts of the broad hills glow like the breasts of the robins.

How much more inspiring is the look of the plough that the farmer follows than that of the snow plough. The former, or something that answered its purpose, was used by Adam, the latter is an offspring of modern civilization. This suggests the thought that were it not for railroads and steamboats, populations would be more widely scattered, for men could not exist in great cities, and the world would be much better off. Every individual would be a producer, would depend upon the soil, in some degree, for his existence, and many of the harassments that prevail among crowded populations would be obviated.

PRECIOUS CHILDREN.

Many of the weekly and Sunday papers devote space to the smart, bright and witty sayings of young children. These sayings of children can be divided into two classes. One class is manufactured from whole cloth (like the campaign lies) by the newspaper men. The other kind is contained in the press by the proud parents of the smart, bright and witty children. This last is the genuine, the really childish kind. The first is a base imitation. Yet some people prefer the imitation and favor the suppression of real natural child humor and smartness. But some people have little love for children, humor or smartness. The two letters received this week and printed below go to prove, if proof is needed, that parents would be at least selfish in withholding from an appreciative public the pearls that occasionally fall from the lips of their precious little ones. As a rule, however, parents are not selfish in this respect. The first letter is from a lady reader. The letter speaks for itself and for the lady--

On reading a small piece in the paper last evening which said that Marshal Van Molke is 97 years old I remarked to my husband that it was a good age for a soldier to reach and an age they seldom arrived at. My boy Leo aged seven years and one month who was present and studying his school books at the time spoke up and said: "It might be a good age nowadays, mamma, but in my history it says they had centurions in the Roman army and a centurion is a hundred years old isn't he, mamma?"

Accompanied by my son Horace, just six years old, I called at the house of a friend of mine, a customs inspector, and the snowdrift blew, the snowdrift threw me and I was out. On hearing this Horace convulsed me by at once saying: "Papa an inspector ought to be in all the time." Besides being witty, as shown, Horace is also a close observer. When I came home the other day he was looking over a newspaper but on seeing me he looked up with a puzzled expression and asked: "Which is right, Papa, Jim or Jim?" He then showed me the names printed both ways in the paper and it was my turn to look puzzled. I could not answer--can any of your readers? J. A. Y. St. John, April 11.

While we were discussing an event of considerable importance a waiter entered and got a bottle of champagne leaving instructions to have another pint on ice. This occurrence would not have had much interest to me if I had not heard the laughter of a couple of girls proceeding apparently from the room the waiter had just left. My curiosity was aroused, but I could not ask mine host any questions as to who his guests were, but the information came without asking. "See that wine?" the proprietor asked. Well it is going to a party of dudes and their girls who have come out here for a little time. They drink about two bottles of wine and have supper and then go home. I would just as lief they didn't come though as the papa of one of the interesting young ladies sometimes drives out himself and if they should meet, well, I will leave the rest to your imagination.

Later on I heard the revels of the party in an adjoining room as they took their

supper, but later, when I overtook them on the road to town, they looked as demure as Sunday school teachers at a picnic. They might have a revel in the parlor of an hotel, but it would not pay to be anything but strictly proper in public.

Literary Notes. Literary men who are engaged in the pleasant though expensive pastime of enlarging and extra-illustrating famous books, will be glad to know that Mr. Samuel Holley is publishing a set of etchings of the leading literary lights of the age. There will be twelve portraits in each series. The first includes such men as Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Swinburne and Ruskin. General D. H. Strother, "Tort Crayon" of Charleston, West Va., is dead at the age of seventy-one. The magazine readers of to-day are not so familiar with his nom de plume as were those of a generation ago, when his crayon sketches and delightful description of southern life were a feature of Harper's Magazine.

The April issue of Woman is full of entertaining and instructive matter. Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "A Demoralizing Marriage," is continued through several chapters. Florence Percival contributes a lively sketch, entitled "An April Fool," the denouement of which leaves one in a condition of delicious mystification. "Lesbia's Fancy Work," by Grace Winthrop, is a graceful love story. In "An Island and an Idyll," which is fully illustrated, H. L. Spencer relates a romantic episode connected with the island of Grand Manan at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. Laura Clay discusses "The Responsibility of Women to Society." Anna Cloutt McConnell describes some women's clubs, with a retrospective glance at the history of clubs from earliest times. Under the title of "Our Woman's Idea," Eleanor Corbet imparts some excellent notions relative to tasteful apparel. There is, of course, the usual amount of useful information in the several "departments" of the magazine, which are attracting universal attention by the masterly manner in which they are handled and sustained. The foregoing is only a partial list of the contents of the April issue, which, like each of its predecessors, is superior in quality to all that have gone before. The illustrated features of this number are especially deserving of commendation. Sold by D. McArthur.

For the first in its history, the United States Court in Massachusetts was opened on Tuesday last without prayer. The reason was stated to be that the funds had given out and there was no money to pay the person. Strikes seem to be the order of the day in these times. A man in Friendship, Me., writes the Rockland Opinion that there are several things which he would like to see and hear, out of sheer curiosity. One of these is a "good looking editor," and another is some church music that would not injure the nervous system for life. When Price Webber was at Caribou, Me., he took several of his company Sunday night, and called upon the editor of the Republican, and gave a fine concert for the entertainment of the family. During the last sixteen years 25,000 sailors on British ships have been lost at sea. The "assets" left behind by State Treasurer Tate of Kentucky are very curious and a little "racy of the soil." One item is \$75,000 in due bills from friends to whom he had lent the State money. Another, and the best, is 600 barrels of fine old whiskey, estimated at \$60,000. That a man harassed as he must have been with pecuniary cares, should lay up so much whiskey, shows what a place this product holds in the Kentucky mind. It evidently stands where diamonds stand in other countries, as the thing to put money into for a rainy day. Theodore Saroney Lambert, President of the Canadian Democratic Club and of the Caglianion Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, died March 23 of dropsy of the heart. Mr. Lambert was in the forty-fifth year of his age and was a nephew of the photographer Saroney. Deceased was born at Nicolet province in the forty-fifth year of his age and was one of the most prominent French Canadian residents in this city. He graduated from Nicolet College in 1864, and since then has been an active promoter of Canadian interests, and was meeting with greatest success. Appropriate action will be taken by the various societies of which he was a member, and arrangements for the funeral will be made at the same time.--N. Y. World. The Charlottetown Examiner records the death, at Souris, of Mary McIntyre, aged 99 years, and at Murray Harbor, of Mary McDonald, aged 90 years. The two deaths occurred on the 24th ult.,

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT DISCUSSES OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Society in St. John Quiet and Clean--The Past Set and What They Do.

It has been said that there is no society in St. John. Such is not the fact. One has but to live in St. John a short time to ascertain that the social lines are drawn with quite as much distinctness in St. John as in London. As in all American cities excepting Halifax the basis of society is money, though one who has had a grandfather always possesses the inside track. In other words the man with money and a pedigree is at an advantage over the man possessing money alone. But after all St. John is a democratic city and if a man has a clean character, good manners and comes well introduced the doors of the most exclusive houses are soon opened to him.

There is one thing to be said in favor of St. John society. It is clean. Scandals are of rare occurrence and generally of small moment. Occasionally one hears of an indiscreet girl who by her acts makes her name a byword in the months of all the men about town. The punishment for indiscretion comes swift in a community such as that of St. John. It is impossible to lead a double life long without discovery. I have heard of a married woman whose beauty of form and features was greater than her strength of character who succeeded in eluding the gossip for a few years and lived a double life, but she was discovered in the end. Her husband was devotedly attached to her and refused to believe the stories told him by friends of his wife's unfaithfulness. It was different, however, with her lady friends. They refused to return her calls and the misguided woman was left practically without a friend amongst those who before the breach of scandal touched her were proud to do her homage. Her social downfall was complete, but the husband still remained obdurate and finding himself and his wife shut out from the social life of the city sold out his business and removed to one of the large cities of the adjoining republic, where his wife regained her social prominence without, however, reforming her weaknesses.

St. John society is very temperate also in its eating and drinking. It is not an uncommon thing in large cities to hear of the younger men becoming so far gone from the effects of the wine cup that they have had to be sent home in cabs. Men and women too have sometimes got into this condition, but of late years the indulgence in the flowing bowl in public places has been so greatly discouraged that one rarely hears of or sees an inebriated person at a public gathering. Indeed at the most prominent public balls of the season no wine is obtainable excepting at some place outside the supper room.

It must not be assumed from what I have written that all the men and women in St. John are virtuous. Such is not the fact. Like all other cities St. John has its fast set, but the number is small. They are mostly young men with a sprinkling of young women. These young people are obliged to keep very quiet and when they have any of what they call "fun" it is generally out of town. I remember some years ago falling in with a party of gay young girls and their escorts at a roadside inn a few miles out of town. I had driven out to look into some business matters and was returning home late in the evening surprised. The friendly light of the hotel attracted me and I drove up to the door, handed my horse over to the tender mercies of the hostler and stepped inside. Supper was over, but a party from town had just arrived and ordered supper. If I would wait half an hour I could be served. This was what the proprietor told me and in the condition I was in at the time I would have waited an hour for a good supper. For want of a better place I lingered in the bar talking with the proprietor.

While we were discussing an event of considerable importance a waiter entered and got a bottle of champagne leaving instructions to have another pint on ice. This occurrence would not have had much interest to me if I had not heard the laughter of a couple of girls proceeding apparently from the room the waiter had just left. My curiosity was aroused, but I could not ask mine host any questions as to who his guests were, but the information came without asking. "See that wine?" the proprietor asked. Well it is going to a party of dudes and their girls who have come out here for a little time. They drink about two bottles of wine and have supper and then go home. I would just as lief they didn't come though as the papa of one of the interesting young ladies sometimes drives out himself and if they should meet, well, I will leave the rest to your imagination.

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