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A GREAT SERIAL
THIS WEEK
SHIRLEY CARSTONE
—BY—
ELIZA ARCHARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART III
—OF—
LIFE IN ST. JOHN
Is in THE GAZETTE
THIS WEEK.

VOL. I.—No. 49. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888. PRICE 2 CENTS.

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FOR MUSICIANS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

A concert, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was given in St. Peter's Hall, Portland, on Wednesday evening, the proceeds to be devoted to the care of the poor. There was a good array of local talent, and the St. Peter's Band rendered valuable service in the performance of several selections in a very creditable manner. The large audience was highly pleased with the entertainment, which was exceedingly fine.

* * *

On Monday evening, April 16th, the members of St. Cecilia Choral Society propose giving a concert in the Mechanics' Institute. The programme will be made up of sacred and secular music and judging from the late rehearsals of the Society, the concert will be an excellent one, and should be well patronized.

* * *

On Monday evening last the Institute was packed with a select audience, who attended to listen to the splendid programme provided by Victoria Division, Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias. Everything went off without a "hitch," and if it had not been expressly stipulated on the programme that no encores would be allowed many of the performers would have been obliged to appear the second time. As it was, however, the programme was a long one, and all who were present were satisfied at the close that they had got their money's worth. The 62nd Band rendered two selections—"Il Trovatore," and "Minstrel Overture"—in a very clever manner, and they also accompanied Mr. Stratton in his clarionet solo, and Mr. Hammond in his piccolo solo with very fine effect. Miss Farmer's piano solo was a very fine performance and elicited much applause. Master John Seaton very effectively rendered De-Beriot's 6th air and variations, and Prof. White showed himself to advantage in his performance of the "Transcendtal" Polka on the cornet. Mr. Cleveland read "Parrhasius," Mr. E. N. S. Stewart sang "Man the Life Boat," "Remember now thy Creator," was beautifully rendered by the Orpheus Quartette, and Miss Clara Quinton, in her usual rich voice, sang "Camelia and Rose." Messrs. Smith and Lindsay gave "Love and War." Mrs. D. H. Nase read "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and a quartette composed of Miss Halliday and Mrs. Caritte and Messrs. Smith and Wilson sang the "Bee and the Dove." "Who's at my Window" was excellently rendered by Mrs. S. Girvan, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Horn sang "Moonlight on the Rhine." Mr. Christie gave "Afton Water." But the gems of the evening were rendered by Mrs. W. F. Shaw of Bangor, the pieces being a "Staccato Polka" by Mulde, and DeLara's "Only Once More," the latter peice particularly showing that lady's ability to interpret the mysteries of song so that the audience appeared to be held by a spell until the singer's voice had entirely died away and the lady herself had disappeared from the stage. Misses Farmer, Hea and Whitebone and Mr. Ewing rendered valuable service as accompanists. The Knights have reason to be proud of this their first endeavor to cater to the public; and they were present in force, handsomely uniformed, their shining ornaments and swords almost outshining the gay decorations of the large number of ladies present.

* * *

An excellent organ recital was given in St. Stephen's church, on Friday evening, by Prof. Morley, organist of St. John the Baptist church. The programme embraced compositions from some of the leading authors.

A FLAT.

Making Sure.

There are many people who adopt health and diet rules when attacked by disease of the stomach, liver or bowels, this is quite right, but those who add to this treatment the use of B. B. B. according to directions, make sure of being quickly and easily cured.

To keep knives and forks in good condition when not in use, dust the blades and prongs with finely powdered quicklime, and keep them wrapped in flannel.

See this week's Gazette for the opening chapters of the new Serial SHIRLEY CARSTONE, by Eliza Archard.

Home Made Humor.

In New York last week a thief, who made the plundering of physicians offices a specialty, was captured red handed by one of the M. D.'s and given up to the police. On finding that he would have to meet charges from a score of physicians the poor fellow promptly suicided. His was a sad end, but then, when a man is once given up by a doctor death usually follows quickly.

Mr. Geo. DeLaze has courted Miss Clara Goodyear long and faithfully. George means business evidently, still he is slow in declaring his intentions. He has made Clara his first present and fondly taking her hand he speaks with her about it:

"That wrist watch I sent you yesterday, Clara—I thought it suitable and nice, but you do not wear it?"

Clara—"No, George, papa thinks it is not proper for me to accept it and I will return it. Papa is odd and strict, you know. He says I have little need to keep a watch over my hand as no one seems to —— to want it, George."

But George did want it and this speech landed him.

A big countryman boarded car 14 of the street railway at the foot of King street, Thursday. He was going over to Portland and, judged in the light of after events, this was evidently his first experience with a street car. On entering he stooped low, but inside he stood erect and looked pleased and surprised to find that there was room enough for him. He did not long remain standing, though, for as the car started up briskly he sat down with a jolt that made the windows rattle. He was also a little rattled himself, but at once set about paying his fare. In this simple financial transaction I was able to be of assistance to him, we being seated together. On my recommendation he refrained from dropping his quarter in the box in which I deposited my nimble five cent piece. I told him to procure change from the driver through the door slide and he again took my advice. He was promptly handed back the printed and sealed envelope containing his twenty-five cents in small silver. Merely glancing at it he thrust the little envelope into his coat pocket already bulging out with printed matter in the shape of business cards, dodgers and circulars of many kinds. In explanation of this strange proceeding and still waiting at the door he said to me: "Every place I've been to-day they've trotted out these here advertisements and as readin' matter is kind of scarce up my way I take 'em all in. But, I guess, this teamster don't intend to give back 'eny change, eh?" Here the bell rang sharply for his missing fare, and to end his troubles, I got him to search his pocket library and give me the envelope. I tore it open, dropped his fare in the box and returned to him the balance. Some of the passengers smiled audibly and the countryman, no doubt thinking I was too smart or too obliging to be honest, moved from me to the other end of the car.

WM. SWEET.

A Poem in Silk, Satin and Pearls.

The United States Consul General and Mrs. Rathbone gave on Saturday last a very handsome dinner party of fourteen covers, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. Mrs. John Harjes, who was one of the guests, wore on the occasion a very superb toilet in white satin and lace and watered silk. The train was in watered silk, looped back very far from the side panels in flat folds of satin. These parted in front over a narrow-pointed skirt front in pearl embroidery, and had wide curved ruffles of point lace set up the left side. At the right was a series of bows in narrow watered ribbon, having long ends.

The corsage was in white satin, with wide frontage in pearl embroidery finished with a pearl fringe. The sleeves were in white silk network, closely worked with pearls. A spray of diamonds in the hair, diamond solitaire earrings, and a brooch in rubies and diamonds completed the costume.

The Sporting and Dramatic News is the title of a new weekly publication issued this week in Fredericton. The idea of the publishers is to give the latest and most reliable sporting and dramatic news. The new venture starts out well and has the GAZETTE's best wishes for its future success.

THE MONTH OF APRIL.

SHE IS A CAPRICIOUS JADE.

How Nature Arouses Herself and How the Spring Poets Sing.

April is the most wayward of all the months, yet John Burroughs, who was born in April, says, "I think it is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to enter the first train which is made up his month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out of your hibernaculum too early or too late. The time it ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season." It was not necessary for John Burroughs to tell his readers that he was born in April. They all feel that he awoke with nature and has been her dutiful and observant pupil ever since. But he was not born on the first of April, I am sure, though had he been, it is not likely that his intellect would have been less clear or his heart less in unison with the great mother of us all. A tradition once existed in some parts of the country, and it may still exist for aught I know, that every boy should be whipped on his birthday. Was it because they felt that boys had no business to be born at all? I don't know; this would be a curious world without boys, says a little girl at my elbow, and without doubt she gives expression to a deep seated conviction. Why it was I am unaware, but when I was a boy we were all whipped on our birthdays. One of my earliest recollections is of a boy who wished he had been born on the 29th of February; then his birthday would have come only once in four years, and his life would have equalled four ordinary lives. It was a matter of grave speculation with us whether such an extension of life could be depended upon.

April is a most capricious month. She begins her work something like a boy who sets out to take a dose of castor oil. He eyes the bottle for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then fills a spoon with the detested liquid. After a while he puts the spoon to his lips, makes a wry face, withdraws it, and declares that life isn't worth living. At last he swallows the draught and goes about his business. It is just so with April. Last Sunday morning the sun wheeled up into a bright blue sky. Here and there floated a white and translucent cloud. Then the heavens grew gray and the air was filled with great flakes of snow that melted the moment they touched the ground. Then the sun came out again and the clouds, like great white ships went sailing southward, pursued by a piratical looking fleet from the north, from which fell another flurry of snow. Thus the day passed, but after a time April will sit down to her work, and she'll tell the birds that they need exile themselves no longer, and she'll rouse the mayflowers and violets and the grass on the sunny slopes of the hills, and she'll send the bees skirmishing about for the pussy willows and dandelions.

The alleged humorists have cast a good deal of alleged ridicule upon the alleged spring poets. I have been in and out of a newspaper office a good many springs, and the few spring poets that I have encountered are far from being contemptible. Thomson was quite a poet in his day; so was Gray, and Milton and Coleridge and Wordsworth, and Scott and Burns. Bryant gained somthing of a reputation; so did Longfellow. They were all spring poets, and so are all good men, in their hearts. The first day of April should be celebrated as the birthday of leaves, flowers, birds and bees instead of being commemorated by the perpetration of senseless jokes. And so it is celebrated by the spring poets. Longfellow has written:—

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed:
Nor shall they fail, till to its Autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

And again:—

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallow soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue brid prophecying spring.

Tennyson says, in In Memoriam:—

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovlier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Elizabeth Akers thus expresses herself:—

Where in the fields the melted snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet.

Wordsworth says:—

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

There are spring sounds and tokens in Emerson's May Day.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple keys betray
What potent blood with modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealths of forms, the flush of hues;
Joy shed in rosy waves abroad
Flows from the heart of love, the Lord.

In prose that is as musical as poetry, John Burroughs says of April. "Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses, sight, hearing, smell, are as hnngry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one, and makes him both glad and sad! The voice of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees,—how these things, and others like them are noticed by the eager eye and ear."

First Impressions of Boston by a Tramp

I arrived at Boston late at night, and on leaving the wharf my "first impressions" of the Hub city may be best described by the words, "foot and mouth disease"; for I was at once attacked at both extremities:—a strong, pervading odor of fish attacked my olfactory organs, and my feet sunk two inches deep in a kind of alluvial deposit of soft black mud. But after a tedious struggle, "upward and onward," I at length emerged into what appeared to be Lord Street, Liverpool, but which on enquiry turned out to be Hanover Street, Boston. After securing quarters for the night I struck out on an exploring tour, and at the first corner stumbled on a klothing establishment! Be particular with that "K" please:—remember it comes from the Hub, the centre of the intellect and scholarship of the Universe! Remember Harvard is close by, where probably Cicero and Hercules are reverently spoken of as Kikero and Herakles, and possibly the sign painter was a Harvard man in reduced circumstances.

Well, I went to bed at last, to be awakened long, long before daylight by the terrible rumble of wheels, "rattling o'er the stony street." Thinking there must be a fire somewhere I jumped up and threw open the window, but it was simply a string of vans and wagons. It appears that the Boston folk are in the habit of beginning their day's work in the middle of the night.

Yesterday, being Easter Sunday, and a fine day, the whole population seemed to be in the streets—the street cars were full—and running over on to the platforms, the restaurants and soda fountains were doing a roaring business—but alas! never a drop of whiskey! At least so I feared, as the saloons were closed and still as death, but upon further and diligent examination I found it was practicable to register (for the day) at a hotel and then—well, drink yourself under the table if you chose. And I think that is as much as you will care to to hear at present from

Yours truly,

TRAMP.

March.

Oh! this is the month of the year
When Nature says to the snow:
"It is time that you disappear;
You must take yourself off, you know,
Just get yourself ready and go;
Pack up your drifts and March."

She says to the icicles: "Come,
Have you fallen into line?
Then hark for the sound of my drum,
And watch till I give you a sign;
When, bright little soldiers of mine,
Shoulder your arms and March."

But the winter winds and the sleet
That never to April belong,
She chases and hunts through the street,
She hurries and drives them along;
And with clarion voices and strong
She orders them to March!

Then she quickens the violet's heart,
And says to the daffodil, "Dear,
Are you getting ready to start?
Let me whisper in your ear
That the Springtime is almost here,
It is now on the March!"

New York Tribune.

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT'S SKETCH OF OUR PROFESSIONALS.

They are as a Rule More Social Than the Mercantile Classes, But Busy Men Also.

Professional life in St. John is limited to two classes—medical practitioners and lawyers. It would be difficult to say which are the most numerous. In the regions down town, one is met everywhere with the sign Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, etc., while even in the remotest bye-way the signs of the Surgeon or Dentist are not unfrequently met. There is none of what might be called literary life in St. John, not that the people do not read books, but because there are few among this population who write them. I could count on my fingers all the books that have been written in St. John in the last twenty years that are remembered today. There are plenty of musical people, however, and social entertainments, which have music as their chief attractions, are growing more numerous all the time. The piano and organ are not a miscellaneous collection of chords with which te produce discord to the majority. While the male portion of the community who keep the business of the city alive know little of the fine art of music, they have had their sons and daughters instructed in its mysteries, and one frequently finds young men and women who can perform very creditably on the piano or violin. The banjo made itself heard in the land for a brief period, but its reign was a brief one. There are not as many pianos in St. John in comparison to population, as in New York or Boston, but this is rather fortunate than unfortunate as dwellers in boarding-house districts of those cities would testify if their evidence were asked.

The leading professional men of St. John are busy men like her merchants, but they are all more sociable—that is they are more frequently met in society, They are in almost every instance men of independent means, who maintain fine residences, and unlike the merchants, live in them. I do not mean that St. John merchants are unsociable, but they are dovoted to business, leaving their wives to attend to the social side of life. The professional man mainly, I presume, because he can leave his business as a rule, at an earlier hour in the day, spends more of his time at home, and instead of spending a few hours late in the evening at one of his wife's dances will do the dutiful and remain by the side of his better half assisting her in the entertainment of her guests throughout the evening. The average professional man does not dislike a good dinner, which is the chief entertainment patronized by merchants, but has not the same autipathy to five hours of dancing that the man of business has.

As before stated the professional men who give most attention to social matters are physicians and lawyers—this order ought perhaps to be reversed, the lawyers having first place. But if banking is put down as a profession rather than a trade, the palm will be taken by the bankers, who are by far the most social set in the city. Literary men, that is men who earn their living by the pen, and the class is largely, if not wholly represented by newspaper writers, are very seldom in society. They may attend a small gathering for a few hours of an evening, but they are never met with at the large entertainments, except where the general public are admitted. In fact "litterary fellers" are not yet fully recognized in St. John.

A FORMER RESIDENT.

[In Part IV. of Life in St. John, which will be published next week, the social side of St. John life will be discussed.—ED. GAZETTE.]

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The entire dairy interest of the United States represents a capital five times as large as the entire bank capital of the country, of $3,000,000,000.

It was Polonius who said: "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Many lenders are of the opinion that it also dulls the edge of memory.

The Saguenay river is believed to be the deepest stream in the world. The general depth is from 600 to 900 feet, and the bottom of the river at its mouth is 600 below the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 men in America who get shaved three times a week. That means an expenditure of thirty cents a week or $15.60 a year for each man, or for the 3,000,000, $45,600,000 annually.

Albert Frazer escaped from the Michigan penitentiary and then induced his wife, who was having a hard time, to deliver him up and secure the reward offered for his capture. She done so, and Frazer had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done something to provide for his family.

The leading woman physician of England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, is said to make $50,000 a year from the practice of her profession.

The cathedral at Ulm, on the Danube, is the finest and the largest of the Lutheran churches; it can seat 25,000 worshippers. The spire was never finished, but the work of completion has been carried on so vigorously that the capping stone of the magnificent spire may be placed at the height of 534 feet in 1889. The corner stone of the minster was laid in 1877.

Some seeds are enormously expensive. Some pansy seeds cost at the rate of $75 per ounce. Fuschia seeds of the finest quality bring $100 an ounce, and others—such as those of the gloxina, cinneraria, coleus and echeveria—bring yet higher prices, equal to many times their weight in gold. A few are so valuable that they have actually to be counted out at so much apiece.

A white slave is a strange sight in the South, and yet one was seen on the streets of Atlanta a few days ago. John S. Hughes, a white man of good character, owed Gus Kaglemacher a sum of money which he was unable to pay. He met Kaglemacher, and jokingly asked him if he would accept a bill of sale for himself as pay for the debt. Kaglemacher agreed. A lawyer was called in, the bill of sale drawn up and properly signed in which Hughes sold himself, "and his body after death to Gus Kaglemacher, the said Kaglemacher to have control of said Hughes as long as he might live to have the right to convey him to others if he chose to do so." A copy of the contract was given each party. After the contract was handed him, Hughes began to think more seriously of the matter and consulted a lawyer as to its validity. Upon being informed that it was good in the corts he got drunk and was arrested. He was fined in the Police Court, and his owner, who was on hand, paid the fine and took him out to his farm, where he says he shall work for him the balance of his life.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway told the women assembled in Washington last week that editors are the nicest men on the face of the earth. It is needless to say that the charming Mrs. Holloway's remarks awakened the wildest enthusiasm.

It is a curious fact that while Queen Victoria speaks German in her home circle, the present German Empress disregards it in hers and uses English as much as possible. English is the fireside tongue of the Greek, Danish and Russian royal famllies.

Miss Nichols, of Peterboro, Ontario, is the largest lady holder of bank shares, owning $150,000 in the Bank of Montreal; $25,000 in the Bank of Commerce; $25,000 in the Dominion; $26,100 in the Ontario, and $20,000 in the Merchants. This lady may be considered the Lady Burdett-Coutts of Canada and uses her wealth with great generosity. One of her benefactions is the Nichols hospital, given to the rising town of Peterboro, where she resides.

Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sara Orne Jewett, who have been staying at Lakewood, N. J., for a few weeks have gone to Aiken, S. C.

It is said that Joseph Willard of Willard's Hotel in Washington is worth $13,000,000, and that his other two brothers ars also very wealthy.

A boy in Augusta, Me., was fined $5 and costs in the Municipal Court at that place recently for repeatedly saying "Rats" to an old gentleman.

S. M. Bishop, widely known as the "fattest man in the world," died at St. Petersburg, Va., March 20. of intermittent fever. He was 25 years of age, and weighed 550 pounds. He had been on exhibition since infancy.

Mrs. J. W. Frederick, of Belfast, Maine, claims to be the first, this season, with flowers that bloomed in the open air. Friday, the 16th, she had crocuses and snowdrops in full bloom. Within two feet of the blossoms were snow drifts several feet deep.

In 1868, Canada exported of raw fruit to Great Britain, nearly $44,400 worth, while last year the exports aggregated $652,007. Thus the trade of last year was fourteen times greater than is 1868.

Ouida is to return to her native land, settle down in London, and give over writing fiction. The author of "Friendship" says she has exhausted the world, and the wicked world replies in the same strain. It says Ouida now makes it very weary.

As Henry Mills, a commercial traveller for a Lynn (Mass.) house, stepped off a train at Omaha, Neb., on the 20th ult., an English sparrow flew blindly into his right eye, and, the sharp bill penetrating the eyeball, ruined the optic.

John Finnucan stole a coat in Detroit, and the Free Press chronicled the fact spelling the name Finnegan. Thereupon John Finnegan sued the paper for libel and recovered $1500 damages. And now the Free Press is very satirical on the law of libel in general and on that of Michigan in particular.

A Manchester (Eng.) girl telephoned to her father's office asking if her dog was there. Curley was there, and his mistress asked the man to hold him up to the telephone. She whistled and spoke, and told him to come home. Curley pricked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor started for home.

The Czarina went to a private ball recently escorted by a bouquet consisting of 100 Marshal Neil roses. The posy was too big for her to carry, so an imperial page held it for her majesty. During the night the youth fainted with fatigue, and the Marshal Neils were then transferred to the keeping of a giant guard. They do some things queerly in Russia.

W. H. H. Murray is at Quebec overseeing the bringing out of a Canadian edition of "The Doom of Mamelons." This edition will contain some 50 pages of guide book matter, giving practical detailed information of the celebrated Lake St. John region and a large and accurate map of the country. This map is the first one of this character ever made of this region, and it will be indispensable for sportsmen and tourists.

The little farm house in which Horace Greeley was born, together with 129 acres of farm land, is to be sold at Amherst, N. H., for taxes amounting to $20.25.