

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 24.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, BED AND CRIB SHEETING, RUBBER, SPRINGS, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIBS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS, RUBBER, LINEN AND COTTON ROPE, MACHINE OILS of all kinds; FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

WHERE WE MAY SELL.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF THE MARKETS THAT ARE OPEN AND OPENING.

Where the Goods that can be Produced in our Mills and Factories can be sold or offered for sale.

Business maxims that will apply to a single man, will apply to a community of men.

When a man proposes to go into business, it is well to ask: "What business am I best qualified, by nature and training, to conduct?" Having settled this question, it is naturally followed by another: "Have I—or can I command the requisite capital?" and this by still another: "Is there a sufficient market for the article or articles I propose to sell?"

England were not dependent upon outsiders, for flour, this could not be done. Competition among American flour makers for riddance of their surplus stock, sends the price down to the cost price; which they can well afford—since they have the home market to themselves.

No reciprocity with the United States is the true policy of the Dominion Government if anything more than potatoes and apples are to be exported.

Well, the United States and Mexico being counted out of your market for manufactured goods, to whom shall you turn—All the rest of mankind. What? to England. Yes, to England. An American mill, not long ago, to my knowledge, filled a London order, that took three hundred looms six months to complete. That looks like sending coals to Newcastle, but even that has been done. England, however, is a limited market for anything that is manufactured—they can, as a rule, produce cheaper than any one else, so retain the home market. But China belongs to no one but the Chinese, and is a comparatively open market. There are between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 people in China, the bulk of whom wear cotton goods. It is of no use to affirm that the English manufacturers have the control of that market for it is not true. Immense shipments of American-made goods are made for the Chinese market. According to a recently published item a Massachusetts mill corporation shipped 3,000 bales of cotton goods to China via the C. P. R. in one consignment. English manufacturers, greedy for gain, have over-stuffed their cotton goods with clay, and the Celestials are becoming dissatisfied with it; and are quite ready to buy a better article of anybody that has it for sale. In China there is a market for more cotton goods than St. John could possibly manufacture, by many fold. By means of the Pacific Railway St. John is a good twenty days nearer China than is Liverpool, via Suez Canal. But not only is China a vast market for cotton goods—India and Africa are open. Of India I need say nothing. Of Africa, with its probable 250,000,000 of people, the bulk of whom are just becoming known to the civilized world, it may be said that it is a new market. The inhabitants may now be half or wholly nude—ere long tentacles with civilization, will create tastes for dress that must be met. St. John may enter into competition with all the world, with favorable auspices of success, for this trade.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Western Assurance Company.

Fire Risks Taken at Lowest Current Rates.

E. J. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent. R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince William Street.

RIDING ON HORSE CARS.

BOUNDER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE HORSE CARS.

An Old Man Tells All About the Ways of Getting to Indiantown for the First Sixty Years—A Little Girl's Idea.

The greatest weakness I possess if for new things—I do not mean new clothes for every man who works like old clothes and when he casts off an old coat a feeling of sadness comes over him. He feels as if he had parted with a dear old friend. Besides tailors and shoemakers do not study their art well enough. Old clothes and old shoes are ever so much more comfortable than new ones. If I were a tailor or a shoemaker I would try to make new clothes and shoes fit the wearer just as well as old ones. I would do this because in my opinion men who now wear old clothes because they are the most comfortable would put on new ones. My affection for new things arises from a desire for change, and change generally means progress. Last Monday I took a ride on the new street railway. It was the first day of the railway and the majority of those who rode were invited guests consequently the ride was not nearly so interesting as the one I took the next day.

I have ridden a good deal on horse cars in other cities, and when the Peoples' street railway was running here, on its cars. But I found a great many people, particularly young girls and boys who were enjoying their first ride on a street car. It was amusing to watch the people who were trying the cars for the first time. They neither knew how to get on or off a car, and scarcely know how to sit down, and when they went to the upper end of the car to pay their fares or get change some of them narrowly escaped tumbling on their noses. It requires experience to get on and off a horse car and to walk up and down the aisle when the car is in motion. But there are people to whom no amount of experience seems to be of any service. Instead of grasping the rail on the body of the car when getting on or off they take hold of the dasher rail, and if the car starts up quickly only an acrobat can keep on his or her feet. There is nothing in this world so difficult to do as to step off the rear platform of a car with a hold on the dasher, and light square on one's heels. A good many people have tried it but the majority have come to grief.

I enjoyed myself during my second ride watching other people enjoying themselves. When I got in the car it had only two occupants an old man and a young girl. The former looked dreadfully in earnest as he sat in the middle of the car grasping a rough looking stick which he no doubt had cut for himself in the woods near the city said to me as I took a seat beside him, "Young man have you ever ridden in kyars before?" I owned up that I had been guilty and he went on. "They be great things they do, and I guess they'll fix the busses, mister," he continued "I am a pretty old rooster and I have lived most of my life in these parts (the car was passing through Portland) and I've seen a great many changes. I can remember as if it were only yesterday when the road connecting Indiantown with the city was so rough that it was risky to drive a horse over it. When the steamboats started to run on the river —"

"Hold on old chap" I ventured as I thought my voluble friend must be drawing to some extent on his imagination. You don't remember the first steamboats on the river. Why they commenced to run in the early part of the present century."

"Yes, I do though. The first trips I made to Fredericton I went in a sloop

and then there were no steamboats at all. I don't remember the steamboats don't I? Yes I do though, the first one was the old General Smyth and she made the first trip on April 11th 1819, and as I am 85 I don't see why I shouldn't remember it. Besides I steambooted on the river myself before I got old and stiff but I take an interest in the river. Well as I was sayin' down to 1840 or 50 the road between St. John and Fredericton was about as bad as it could be. Up as far as Parson Harrison's church it was pretty good but after you passed the church there was nothing but rocks and swamps. It was great fun I tell you getting a team of horses and a heavy load down Indian town hill. At some seasons of the year you might as well try to drive down the front of the rocks along the Narrows. But as business increased the road got better. George Williams, he's still alive used to drive a big wagon over to the foot every day she went over river but the boys who worked in the shops about town used to carry over all the small packages. I've seen as many as thirty boys all loaded down with parcels making their way over the rocks and through the swamps to Fredericton. They would get there in time to see the boat off and George would give them a lift back if the roads were not too bad. Anyhow he would let them ride down hill, and I tell you what it is these young fellows made thing mighty lively as they went home. The boys in those days were not so quiet as they are now; they were stirrin', very stirrin', a mighty sight too stirrin' some times.

"Well after a while we got a good road over to Indiantown and the big heavy old wagons were taken off, and since then everybody has been doin' the trucking over to the boats. Perhaps you don't remember the old fashioned busses. Well I do, they were queer heavy affairs and took half an hour to make the trip, and if they were full they took longer. There are some few of them in existence still, but the most of them went to pieces when the first street railway commenced running. Do I remember the first railway? of course I do. They had mighty fine cars at first, velvet cushions and a whole lot of fixtures. They had only one door, though, at first, the end furthest from the driver being rounded. This made the cars very heavy and long stops necessary when passengers wanted to get on or off, consequently they made very slow time. After a while—just before the cars stopped running, the rear end of the cars were squared and platforms built on them, so that they got along a little quicker, but not a great deal. In my opinion, young man, the cars would have been running yet had the line been properly managed. But it wasn't and so the boys had a good time last Monday afternoon at the openin', and from what I can learn they had a mighty fine time.

"After a while the old car got so badly played out and there was so little money coming in that the sheriff stepped in one day and sold the machine out. We came back again to 'busses, but such 'busses. The like was never seen anywhere before and it is not likely they will ever be anything quite as bad anywhere else. "I tell you my friend" said the old man with great earnestness. "I didn't mind those old fashioned heavy wagons of thirty years ago, for it was comfort to ride in one of them compared with the "things" that were used for some years after the street railway stopped. How my poor old bones used to suffer. But that is over now. I will be able to get to town often now than I used to. But bless my soul I've been talkin' to you until I have run past the place I was goin' to, I'll see you again young fellow and tell you more about what I know of old times around Indiantown. Good bye," and the old fellow was gone. While the old man had been relating his experiences the car had filled up until the young girl, who with the old man and myself were the

only passengers at the start had been shoved up against me. "Nice old man that!" she remarked as the old fellow stepped off the platform. "I meet him quite often. He's always talking about old times and what he has seen around Portland and Indiantown. I like to listen to such people talk. They make me feel as if the place was growing. Some people talk as if the place was going down hill all the time but when one hears an old man like that tell what the place was like twenty years ago it makes me, at least feel as if we were going ahead. But ain't these cars an improvement, why it is solid comfort to ride in them. Do I go to the city often? Oh yes, let me see I go on Tuesday and Thursday for my music, to see grandpa on Saturday and to take painting lessons on Wednesday." As she finished her list she smiled, and then went on. Before the cars started I used to go over in a buss when I could get one but the trouble was I never knew when to expect one, they were so irregular. Now I know just when to expect a car and can be all ready when I will get to town. Now ain't that nice. Besides my grandma lives in Lower Cove and the cars go down there so that I can make my visit now how wet it is. How easy the cars run to, and how quickly they go. Oh they are ever so nice, I'm sure I'll like 'em." And then she pulled the strap, smiled and blushed as she stepped out of the door and into the street.

She was gone and as there was no one else who seemed to be either particularly interested or interesting, I sat still and listened to the running fire of compliments that were being showered on the managers of the line. Everybody seemed pleased with the change excepting the bus drivers and they did not seem to have a single defender. They had incommenced, checked and overcharged the public for so long that no one sympathized with them. One passenger put it very well when he said, "No, I am not sorry for the 'bug' drivers; not a bit of it. They were too disobliging by half to suit me. Why, I have got into a bus at Market Square and been detained there for fifteen minutes, while he waited for the bus to fill up."

Every car that passed was full. I did not see a single empty one at all. Riding in the cars seemed to be the fashionable amusement for the time being. All the swells of the city took turns and in the evenings the young fellows took their best girls out for a drive. But I hardly think that the cars are good places for love making even under the most favorable circumstances. Personally I have never tried it but I have seen a young fellow squeezing his girl's hand in a corner and looking unutterable things at her, but while he seemed to enjoy the thing first rate there was a decided lack of sympathy on the part of the girl, and one sided love making isn't worth looking at. It is the one thing that a fellow needs a good deal of assistance in order to make it a success.

REVIEWS.

Fisk Jubilee Singers.

The Fisk University Jubilee Singers who are well known in St. John will appear at the Mechanics' Institute for three nights, commencing Thursday, Oct. 27. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers gave their second concert of their series at Chickering Hall, in the presence of a large and evidently well pleased audience. They all possess voices full of the sweetness and sweetness which are familiar features of the vocal work of their race, and when to the earnestness of their work is added the unflinching favor of the religious feeling which animates their singing, no one need be at a loss to fathom the secret of their strong hold upon a large portion of the public. —[New York Times.

WHAT FUNNY MEN WRITE.

Some Clippings from the Writings of Alleged Humorists.

When two women, who were school-mates together, meet after a separation of five years, there is a likelihood of a sudden lingual freshet and the organ grinder who would carry his instrument into their neighborhood expecting its music to be heard would get left.

SID DIDN'T WANT TO INSURE IT.

In a horsecar. Gentleman (rising from his seat to lady standing)—Pray take this seat, madam.

Lady—Thank you, sir, but I would rather stand.

Gent—You are quite welcome to the seat, I assure you.

Lady (impressed with his politeness)—You are very kind sir. (Then lowering her voice.) But the fact is I have just put on a new bustle and I don't want to run the risk of injuring it by sitting down.

Gent resumes his seat blushing deeply.

RECKLESSLY SOBBER.

Mrs. Pompano (time, 2 a. m.—Is that you, Adolphus?)

Pompano—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Pompano (alarmed)—What makes you act so strangely?

Pompano (with dignity)—I assure you, my dear, I have not touched a drop tonight. I am perfectly sober.

Mrs. Pompano—Oh, I see I knew something was the matter.

CHICAGO GO TO EASTERN YOUNG MAN.

"You are quite sure, George, that my wealth has not influenced you?"

George: "Ah, no, dear, it is love alone."

Chicago Girl: "And will you move to Chicago?"

George: "Move to Chicago? Why, I would move even to St. Louis for your love, my dear!"

After that she no longer doubted his devotion.

"Gentlemen," thundered the judge to the contending lawyers, "this case must be settled before the court adjourns. There has been dilly-dallying enough. Well, what is it?" he said, turning to a court attendant who had ventured to bespeak the judicial attention. "I am very busy."

"A couple of political friends of yours," whispered the attendant, "are outside waiting for you to join 'em."

"Upon further consideration," said his Honor, "I declare this court adjourned until to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

Stranger (to servant): "How is Mr. B. to-day?"

Servant: "He is very low, sir, and is not expected to live more than a few hours."

Stranger (in a startled tone): "Is that so? Then I must see him at once!"

Servant: "Are you an intimate personal friend?"

Stranger: "No, I'm the gas collector."

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl in a low, thoughtful, this-is-a-serious-matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until to-night?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."

AMONG THE INDIANS.

"While my husband was trading in furs he came across an Indian who was taken to his lodge to die. He had inward pains and pains in his limbs. He gave some Yellow Oil internally and applied it externally, and cured him. It also cured my husband of rheumatism, and I find it valuable for coughs and colds, sore throat, &c." Mrs. A. Besaw, Cook's Mills, Serpent River, Ont.

Moreover, South America is not to be despised as a market. There are 50,000,000 of people there to be clothed, and St. John may do as much as any city towards that desirable consumption. But only enumerate—the market at St. John's command for manufactured goods comprise at least 1,000,000,000 of people with safe and speedy transit across the continent, and connection with steamers for the Asiatic trade; with good ships and skillful seamen, to carry merchandise to Africa and South America. I do not see why St. John is not most advantageously located for entering into competition with any people for the trade of the world.

True, the protective duties on all articles of home production in the United States, practically shuts out the States as market. The same is largely true of Mexico; and in fact is true to some extent, of all nationalities. The doctrine of Free Trade is a mirage; and the government that should make Free trade the rule, with no exception that would protect the interests of its own people, would not be worthy of respect or support—it would be idiotic. The United States is protective in its policy, thanks to the prevalence of good sense, and thus retains a grand home market for its own manufactures; which enables the workman to obtain better pay than elsewhere on the globe. Under nominal free trade—or under the warcy of "Tariff for revenue only," by one of the political parties, labor was as cheap before the war as anywhere else; but with the cost of the war of rebellion, came the other and better policy: "Tariff for revenue, with incidental protection," under which, in twenty-six years, notwithstanding the devastations of a four years' war, the wealth of the country has quadrupled, chiefly from the enhanced value of labor.

Men are crying out here for free trade with the States. Suppose it to come—absolutely no tariff on either American or Canadian goods, for it will be that if any change be made, and in a very short time Canada will be reduced to a merely agricultural people. American manufacturers would send their surplus goods here, and sell at rates that would make it impossible to work at anything more than till the soil. They do the same thing in the states now. Massachusetts has the monopoly of the shoe business—they can sell in Chicago a Lynn made shoe cheaper than one of Chicago manufacture. You can buy Minneapolis flour cheaper in London than in Boston. If

Ladies' cloth is used for small girls' winter dresses; white, pale rose, salmon, ecru or sky blue cloth are for their dressy frocks, while the darker Gobiin blues, copper-scarlet and blue-greens are for general wear. Pretty and cheap cashmeres also come in the same shades and are scarcely less effective than the more costly materials.

The fancy for wearing black stockings with all colored costumes has in the case of children given way to the tendency to match each costume. For winter wear the heavy ribbed English wool hose are the best and most economical, because of their warmth and wearing qualities. Silk stockings are worn in the house in the evening with patent-leather low ties, but even these are ribbed and very heavy, many mothers knitting these themselves and getting thereby a better stocking than can possibly be bought.

Costs for girls are made of rough-finished check goods having the new-market pleats, a belt clasped with metal clasps and a silk-lined hood. These are made either long or short, and have also metal clasps at the throat. A new fancy for trimming for girls' coats, and even for the entire garment, is astrakhan cloth of rich dark red. When the entire jacket is made of this cloth, which almost perfectly imitates the real article, it is cut in plain jacket shape, with black frogs buttoning it down the front and trimming the sleeves.

Invariable indications. If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach, a choking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, then you have sure indications of Dyspepsia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure. It has cured the worst cases on record.

REVIEWS.

Fashion Notes.

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