

## 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.

I observe that the newspapers in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada are denouncing the bucket shops. There is no question that the average bucket shop is nothing but a gambling place. The proprietors affirm that they place their orders in New York and thereby do a legitimate business. This may be so but there are a great many of the patrons of the bucket shops who believe otherwise. But whether they do or do not make little difference. Speculating in stocks, wheat or oil, on a margin is gambling. Nothing more, nothing less, and the small operator who does business through the bucket shop is not any better nor any worse than the Wall Street operator who does his business on the floor of the Stock Exchange. There is legitimate business done in stock exchanges but the legitimate portion of the entire stock speculating business is but a drop in the bucket as compared with that which is better designated by the words stock gambling. The bucket shop is a menace to society and the sooner it is wiped out of existence the better for its patrons, as men who make money in bucket shops are as scarce as straw berries in January. I could give a very interesting list of St. John men who have lost money through dabbling in stocks on margin if I felt so inclined. But such a list would be neither edifying nor amusing.

In the early part of the winter I heard a great many people say that the climate of New Brunswick was changing. There has been a change in the snow fall in the last few years—that is—there has been no sleighing to speak of until after the middle of January. But there has been about the same average snow fall each year. It will surprise most persons to know that there has practically been no change in our climate for the past thirty years, which is the period of which we have reliable statistics. Some winters are colder, some summers warmer than others, but this same thing occurred twenty years ago just the same as it does now-days. The number of people who can tell what kind of weather we had years ago is very few indeed.

I have long been of the opinion that the majority of our people are too easily discouraged. When they hear of a failure they immediately prophesy the failure of every other house in the same line of trade. The other day a business man said to me while discussing this subject: "There never was a more genuine display of want of confidence than that which prompted the creditors of Macellan & Co. to close up that business. Results have shown that the business was in an excellent condition. Already, within eight months a dividend of fifty per cent has been paid the creditors, and the certainty of further dividends of thirty per cent still to be paid. Had this business been allowed to go on, there is not the slightest doubt that dollar for dollar would have been paid. But immediately after the Maritime Bank closed its doors the depositors in Macellan & Co. commenced to check out their balances thus paralyzing the business and rendering it impossible for the concern to go along. Had the creditors remained calm and not got into a panic when there was no absolute necessity for it, the business could have been pulled through all right without loss to any but the proprietors." As it was with Macellan & Co., so it is with every other business. Let a report be put in circulation that any concern is shaky, and immediately a whole band of creditors swarm around and make the most unreasonable demands. The most solvent business in the world could not meet all obligations if called upon to do so within a week. What our people want is greater confidence in themselves and in their fellow citizens. If they had only this quality there would be fewer failures and less of miserable street reports.

There is another thing about the people of St. John that should be amended. There is altogether too much of a disposition to sneer at every new enterprise, to point out its numerous difficulties, and if a man gets down to keep him down. Some men glory in the downfall of a fellow man, and have nothing for him but a kick. This is fleshly the most cowardly and meanest trait in human nature, and St. John has a great many, too many mean men among its population. It is when a man is down that he wants sympathy, but how few men there are who have even a kindly word for a friend, who has either failed in business, or violated some social rule. I do not believe in extending sympathy to vagabonds. Such people are beyond sympathy altogether, and justly merit the punishment their wrong acts have called down upon them. But there should be more of investigation before a man is finally condemned. There are but few lives that have not very large flaws. I know some thing of the lives of a great many men, and I am certain there are many acts in all of them that would scarcely bear investigation.

As it happened, there that Ald. Woodburn does not utter. At a meeting of the Free Alliance the other day he would speak with the business while he was present. As it happened,

there were no reporters around to take Ald. Woodburn's hint and leave. Had any been present they possibly would have remained. As a rule reporters get the news they want. This somewhat important fact Ald. Woodburn has evidently not learned as yet. Some day he may appreciate the force of this remark.

St. Andrews is being boomed just at present. Imagine sleepy old St. Andrews waking up and putting on modern ideas. I remember being in that festive town a few years ago and seeing the bellman going around announcing an auction. St. Andrews is the only place on the continent that still supports a bellman and I don't think any other place cares to divide the honors with her in this respect. But joking aside, St. Andrews is the most desirable watering place in the province and I hope some day to see this prettily situated town become to Canada what Newport is to the United States. Energy and enterprise on the part of her townspeople will accomplish this and the people of St. Andrews are not lacking in these qualities.

The fishery treaty has been signed, and published. It is a good treaty and ought to be ratified by Congress and the Dominion and British parliaments. So far as I can learn about town it gives satisfaction to all right minded persons. There are a few people who object to it. But they object to anything the government does so matter how advantageous to our interests it is.

An effort is being made to extinguish the debt on the Mechanical Institute and place it on its feet again. About \$4,000 will have to be raised and I am informed that the subscription to pay off the debt has already been quite largely signed and there is every reason to hope that the subscription with the proceeds from the sale of the library will be sufficient to pay off the debt on the building. The Institute has done a great deal for St. John and its people. There is still scope for its efforts and I earnestly hope that the subscription will have success as for one I would like to see the Institute perpetuated.

There is one change however, I would like to see made. The change is simple one, and in brief it is this. That after local talent only be employed for the lectures and the concerts in the future. The proper scope of the Institute is the development of our own local talent. There is plenty of it. All it wants is stirring up.

## THE SAUNTERS.

## Literary Notes.

The new volume of Bret Harte's, which Broughton, Mifflin & Co. have nearly ready, contains his recent "Phyllis of the Sierra" and "A Drift from Redwood Camp."

Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet, has, it is said, been commissioned by the publishers of the Theatre to translate "King Lear" for performance in Paris during the Exhibition of 1889.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., will publish shortly "Little Sam at Home," in which an Englishman, who has taken up his residence here, gives his views of the United States, socially, politically, and financially. The book will be illustrated.

Mr. George Meredith, the novelist, does all his work in a little chalet which he has built in his garden, and sleeps in a hammock swung there, among his books, with the windows open. When he is asleep he wanders out into the woods.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnall bring out a photographic fac-simile of the folio edition of Shakespeare (1623), nine hundred and twenty-six pages, price \$2.50. An imperfect copy of this rare edition fetched five hundred dollars a few days ago in England.

Miss Wormley's next translation from Balzac is to be the "Lys dans la Vallée." The philosophical novel, "Le Peuple de Chagrins," "Louis Lambert," and "Serpente" will follow. The publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will also bring out next the English translation of Renan's "History of Israel."

Messrs. Griffith & Farron will shortly publish the letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, with an introduction and notes by Mr. Edward Abbott Perry. Of these letters, which tell a very interesting old-world love story, Macaulay said that he would gladly purchase equally interesting billets-doux with ten times their weight in state papers taken at random.

The Villa Trollope, in Florence, which was built by the mother of Anthony and T. Adolphus Trollope from the money earned by her pen, is now doing duty as a high-class pension kept by an American lady. Among her guests at present are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and her two boys, Lionel and Vivian. Mrs. Burnett is busily engaged upon a new story of child-life.

Lord Brassey, who arrived recently in England, is now engaged in preparing for the press the last of his "Diary of a Lady Brassey," whose sad death at sea on her way home was chronicled a few months ago. The work will contain illustrations and some supplementary chapters by Lord Brassey, as has been said, and will thus "complete the literary history of the voyages of the Sunbeam."

The very latest and not the least curious experiment in English journalism is a paper entitled the Reflector, published weekly by Mr. James Stephen, at Lady Chambers, 27 Chancery Lane. Mr. Stephen is a barrister, son to Sir James Stephen, the ablest criminal lawyer on the English bench. Mr. Herbert Stephen, another son, also a barrister, and a writer in the St. James Gazette, helps his brother in the editing. The first article in its profession of faith is never to publish news, and not to express an opinion on news till it has ceased to be news. There are to be stories, poems, and literary compositions, but no news. The paper lacks liveliness, opening with a leading article ten columns long.

## FOR RIVALS.

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

Rehearsing music I could ever sit Beside them, listening 'till I'd to my tones, Now silvery sweet as brook or rill, And then ear-piercing as the sharpest wit. From throat of bird (as I have heard) Those sweetest notes that might awake a drone To rise with ear-stent. Sometimes in means Thy melodies our hearts now closely knit. If earthly music can enchant us so, How must those higher chords from heavenly choirs.

The Ontario Band of Singers who appear almost nightly at Centenary church are worth listening to. The singing is accompanied by a banjo and guitar, and Miss Hiea renders additional attraction by her sweet singing. It is worth while spending an evening with them, as the singing is very fine.

The Arion Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Farmer who played the piano, Miss Hiea, and others, drove to Hampton on Friday evening, where they gave a concert to the delight of a large and appreciative audience. There was a very fine programme, which was well carried out.

Now that the engagement with the Boston Cemetery Co. has ended, Harrison's orchestra will settle down to practice for its annual concert, which is to take place next month. As usual, the concert will be of a high order, and the selections to be prepared by the orchestra will be the best and latest published.

On Thursday evening last the Willow Grove Singers gave one of their unique entertainments in the schoolroom of the Brussels street Baptist church. The concert given by these people are always looked forward to with pleasure, and this was no exception to the general rule.

On account of the inability of Mr. R. F. Quigley to deliver his lecture in the Portland W. C. T. U. course, on Tuesday evening, a concert was given in the Portland Hall in its stead. A good programme was prepared, and the several numbers were well rendered.

On Monday evening the Father Mathew Association of the city paid a fraternal visit to the St. Rose Society of Fairville. During the evening, besides readings, speeches, etc., the following musical programme was rendered: John Lee, song; Frank Monahan, violin solo; E. O'Connor, song; Jas. McIlrath, song; John Gallivan, song; James Maloney, violin solo. After an address by the President of the visiting society songs were given by Ald. McCarthy and J. T. Kelley, and Wm. Carson rendered a harmonica solo. Altogether the evening was very pleasantly spent, and the party returned home about 10.30 well pleased with their visit.

The Young People's Association of St. David's church gave another of their fine concerts in the schoolroom of the church on Thursday evening. The following programme was well carried out and the audience went away well pleased:

1. Chorus "The Iron Foundry,"—Pearson By the choir and others.
2. Reading, "Anonymous."
3. Song, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
4. Ladies' quartet, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
5. Reading, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
6. Song, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
7. Glee, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
8. Song, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
9. Reading, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
10. Song, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
11. Glee, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.
12. Glee, "The Song of the Sowers,"—Terry Miss Elmer J. Sanborn.

A concert was given in the Portland Methodist church on Tuesday evening, which was well attended and passed off very pleasantly. One interesting part of the programme was the presentation by the pastor on behalf of the congregation, of a handsome gold watch to Miss Bertha Holder, who was taking leave of her friends here to make her home in Boston.

"Are we going to hear Patti?" asked young Sypher's young lady somewhat anxiously, as he was saying good night. "I don't think we better," young Sypher candidly replied. "They say, you know, that when she came over from Europe the cholera was raging there, and she never has been vaccinated; and, what's more, neither have you and I. I'd like to hear Patti; but I'm afraid she's got microbes, and I don't think I ought to expose you to them. Do you?" And the little girl looked down into the folds of truth that lied—that lay, we mean—in his eyes, and declared that she'd rather not hear Patti a dozen times than have the cholera once. "P'f!" chuckled young Sypher, as he tripped gaily homeward, "that's what I call a mighty smart opera-shun."

The City Cornet Band has undergone another affliction in the death of one more of their number. Only a short time ago they performed the sad rite of burial to one of their players, John Quirk; and now another tenor has been taken away

—Mr. L. Hourihan who died on Thursday last. The deceased was a young man and a printer by trade. His funeral will take place from his late residence North street, to-morrow at 2.30.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis, who lectured on music recently in this country, appeared lately in the police court on a charge of keeping a crowing cock which annoyed his neighbors. The rooster had to be sacrificed.

Julius Sachs, one of the most celebrated pianoforte teachers in Germany, has just died in Frankfurt.

## A FLAT.

The Evil Effects of Pessimism.

"A few days ago," says the New York World, Mr. Berth, a young New Yorker, committed suicide in a hotel at St. Paul, Minn. The explanation given for his rash act is that constant study of pessimistic literature had affected his mind. Among his books was found a melancholy tale by Edgar Saltus in which Berth had marked many depressing passages. About eighty years ago fashionable society in London affected great admiration for Addison's tragedy of "Cato." After one of the stage renditions of the play a man named Budgett, impressed by the closing scene of the play, in which the hero commits suicide, left the theatre and, plunging into the Thames, was drowned. On his body was found this couplet:

What Cato did and Addison approves Must needs be right.

No doubt such tragic results as these two suicides, which may be said to be directly due to the pessimism which is so unfortunately prevalent in modern literature, especially since Schopenhauer first started the world with his "doctrines of despair," are rare; it is not every man who has the questionable courage to "chase a bullet through a weary brain," simply because he finds the times out of joint, or life not altogether what his youthful dreams had portrayed it. Still it is undoubtedly true that much evil has been wrought by the pessimism and cynicism of modern fiction and poetry.

Edmund Yates, in one of his novels makes a laudible, blasé man of fashion put a bullet in his brain (if such creatures have brains) simply because, having dressed himself, eaten his breakfast, and got through the day somehow, day after day for thirty years, he "had got so tired of it all!" and we are all familiar with the Parisian suicide club so graphically described by Charles Dickens.

Surely in this "age of all possible worlds," this—the life of the nineteenth century—with its boundless possibilities, its glorious opportunities—with the developments of modern science holding before us such enchanting promises of the realization of hitherto undreamed-of conditions of life—surely such a life is worth preserving. Look backward at the "fairy tales of science," that have become accomplished facts within the last century, and then look forward at any ray of realization of what day-dreams of the scientific men of to-day may be accomplished facts by the time the present century comes to a close!

Instead of the "gospel of despair," let us have more of the gospel of hope—instead of dying of despair and ennui, let every man set vigorously to work, and do his utmost towards the realization of every plan that has for its aim the benefit or the improvement of mankind. Hard work is the infallible cure for despair. A busy man has no time for pessimism. This life is worth living and this world is worth living in, and staying in, as long as possible, if a man will only do that fully and honestly perform the duty faithless before him, and do his best, that when his time comes to die, he may leave the world, in some way or other, better than he found it.

There are however a few pessimists in St. John whose funerals no one would particularly object to attending.

## Matches.

A reporter while passing down Smyth street a day or two since, was asked to estimate the number of matches in a load that was being discharged in front of the office of Messrs. G. & G. Flawelling. The load consisted of 460 cases, each containing 144 half gross bundles: 103,680 matches. The contents of the 60 cases were 6,220,800 matches. The car which brought the matches from the factory at Hampton, contained 450 cases, 46,080,000 matches. Supposing a man to use five matches a day it would take him about 3,400 years to consume the load, or 25,500 years to consume the car load.

## Beautiful Flowers.

Show me a man who does not love flowers and children and I will show you a man without a conscience, and all that its absence implies. Mr. Cruikshank's greenhouse in the old burial ground was never so beautiful or so fragrant at this season as it is at present. Roses, Carnations, Hyacinths, Tulips, Chinese Primroses, Camellias, and many other flowers are at the height of their beauty, and his stock of later blooming flowers and foliage plants is in superb condition.

In the new periodical, Baby, Mrs. Vaquelin says that French children keep very bad hours, feed irregularly, eat everything, and are washed but once a week.

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