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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

is published every evening (Sunday excepted) at No. 21 Canterbury street.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher.

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ADVERTISING.

We insert short condensed advertisements under the heads of Lost, For Sale, To Let, Found and Wants for **10** *CENTS each insertion or* **50** *CENTS a week, payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.*

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE PAVING CONTRACTS.

The contract for paving Dock, Mill and Main streets, from the Market square to Indiantown has been given to G. S. Fisher & Co at the rate of $1.10 per square yard. This does not include the cost of the blocks which will be provided by the city, and will cost about 35 cents per square yard, so that the total cost of the pavement will be about $1.45. The distance from Market square to Indiantown, as laid down on the plan of St. John is 2200 yards, but this does not include the hills, which are rather numerous, so that the entire distance may be put down at 2,500 yards. Assuming this distance to be correct, and taking the average width of the street at 45 feet, the total cost of the work would be 54,375, which is within the estimate orginally placed upon it. When this street is completed St. John will have a thoroughfare between its business centre and Indiantown second to none on this continent. Main street will become a great business street, full of handsome shops, and Dock street will experience a wonderful improvement. It is expected that only about 1000 lineal yards of this important work will be completed this year.

THE SCOTT ACT IN THE NORTH END.

After a long delay the people of the North end have at length succeeded in getting rid of the Scott Act which has been demoralizing that portion of our city for the past three years. The palpable and direct results of the infliction of the Scott Act on Portland have been unlimited rumselling at all hours of the day and night and all days in the year, a vast increase of drunken men, and the loss of thousands of dollars in revenue, which might have been collected for licenses. The indirect results have been a contempt for all laws in the North end and a state of feeling extremely unfavorable to the maintenance of law and order. The effects of the Scott Act regime will be felt for years to come, but all law abiding citizens in that part of the city should now join in an effort to minimize its bad consequences. The North end will now be placed under the license system which prevails in the rest of the city and probably about forty licenses will be issued which will yield a revenue of $6,000 a year. The sale of liquor will thus be confined to those establishments which are under the supervision of the police and which are bound by law to sell it at proper hours and in an orderly manner. We congratulate the people of the North end on their victory over free and unlicensed rum selling and beg to remind them that THE GAZETTE was the only newspaper published in St. John which assisted them to get rid of the Scott Act.

SAILING DIRECTIONS AGAIN.

Our remarks the other day in regard to the injustice done to St. John by "Sailing Directions" published by the Admiralty did not by any means exhaust the subject. Throughout every line of this book, so far as it applies to St. John the reader feels that this port is being placed in an unfavorable position before the world. The disadvantages of St. John are dwelt upon and exaggerated while its advantages are quietly ignored. Even the efforts made by the St. John Board of Trade to place St. John in a favorable position before the world are so dealt with as to do more harm than good. For instance, the special committee of the Board of Trade were at great pains to show that fog did not prevail to any extent in St. John during the winter months. By a return made by the keeper of the fog whistle at Partridge Island for 17 years from 1870 to 1886, both inclusive, it was shown that the fog average of the six winter months, from November to April inclusive, was 116 hours, 11 minutes or an average of 19 hours and 22 minutes per month. In other words out of 182 days there was less than five days fog. This was an exceedingly favorable showing too, for as able it would seem, to suit the British Admiralty. Instead of publishing this plain statement they give us the following:—

From observations taken from 1865 to 1885, it appears that the fog signal at the entrance to St. John harbor was sounded during a total average annual period of 120 hours in July, and the same time in August; during 144 hours in June, and 96 hours in September. In the winter months, from October to April, the average time the signal was in operation was about 70 hours for each month, including the time sounded during falling snow

The unfairness of this statement consists in the fact that the falling snow, which is common to all northern latitudes, is mixed up with the fog for which St. John is alleged to be distinguished, in such a way as to make it appear that there is four times as much fog in St. John during the winter months as is really the case. This is but one of the many ways in which St. John is made to appear to disadvantage in this official publication which is accepted everywhere as correct.

THE BENIFICENT INFLUENCES OF A RURAL LIFE.

Some one has been writing from the blue grass region of Kentucky that famous as it is for fertility and for its thoroughbred horses, it has never produced a statesman, soldier or scholar of the highest type. Henry Clay was born among the mountains of Virginia, and removed to Kentucky with his parents when quite young, and Abraham Lincoln, though a Kentuckian, was born in one of the most rugged regions of the state. Few of the great men of America, in which we include Canada, have been reared on its praries or in its cities. This is especially noticeable in the case of men of letters. And we have not far to look to find the reason why this is so. Physical development is hastened and perfected by exercise, by competition. The mind stagnates on the praries and grows artful, intriguing and flippant in the cities. As the world's tallest men are reared among the mountains, so the world's greatest minds have taken on the color of their surroundings. Our view in this matter might be confirmed by numberless examples. Fenimore Cooper, author of the Leather Stocking tales, was born in Otsego Co., New York, then regarded as the western border of American civilization; Bryant, the greatest of American poets, was nurtured among the rugged hills of Berkshire Co., Mass., the sunshine, shadows and odors of which permeate all his verse; Washington Irving first saw the light on the banks of the Hudson, whose placid beauty is reflected in all he has ever written; the Merrimac soothed the slumbers of the youthful Whittier, and the boy, Longfellow, dreamed his dreams in Deering's woods, on the outskirts of Portland, then a small seaport town.

'And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still;
A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

In Concord, one of the oldest settlements in New England, whose very atmosphere is full of philosophy and mysticism, and on the banks of the stately Concord river, America's great philosopher, mystic and naturalist, Emerson, Hawthorn and Thoreau, lived and wrote. They were a part of Concord and Concord was a part of them. We have all read of the early experiences of Bret Hart, Mark Twain and Bill Nye; those experiences colored their lives, formed a channel for their thoughts and made them what they are. Celia Thaxter was born and has spent most of her life on the Isle of Shoals and Sarah Orne Jewett, whose pictures of country life and of nature are among the most beautiful that were ever drawn by an American pencil, was born and reared in Berwick, thirty years ago one of the quietest hamlets in the state of Maine. Instances might be multiplied showing the beneficent influences of a rural life, and how largely they incorporate themselves in the character of those who enjoy them, but it seems unnecessary; we cannot refrain, however, from citing a few examples in our own provinces. No one who has visited the birthplace of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, the Musquodoboit, could have failed to see in it an index to his character; in the poetic flow of the river, in the fields, in the hills, and in the mountains they saw the man of many sides soft, strong, wayward, but ever aiming at the right, and full of energy to the last. The grandest of Nova Scotia's poets was "Vivian." She was born on Isle Madame, off the southern coast of Cape Breton, and her songs were an echo of the songs, triumphant, sad and solitary, of the waves that beat upon its shores. A hundred years hence, men will go on pilgrimages to Hernewood, the home of Hunter Duvar, and wonder that we who are his contemporaries, so little appreciated the tender beauty of his verse, which they will say owed its magic, in a large measure, to the mystic beauty of his surroundings.

Let us quote from his "Emigration of the Faries."

It was, in truth, a quiet shady place,
A nook apart from traffics toil and moil;
Nor fair, nor market, but unbroken face
Of bush green pastures on a fertile soil,
Well clothed with wealth of woods, by nature's bounty,
And known as Hernewood, all throughout the county.

For the blue herons there would build their nests,
High up on the tall tops of withered pines,
And sit there with their bills upon their breasts,
Or on one leg erect would stand in lines,
Fishing along the inlets' morish ledges,
Like sculptured ibises on old Nile's edges.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The dreadful accident which caused the deaths of so many persons in Halifax last evening seems to have been one that might have been prevented by proper precautions. The people of Halifax must be little accustomed to novelties when they rush in such crowds to see an old New York ferry boat. The town of Dartmouth might have built its own ferry steamers, as St. John has always done, and if this had been the case the accident would not have occurred. We regret that so many valuable lives should have been lost without any apparent necessity.

Provincial Points.

Alonzo Smiler, one of the late Scott Act prisoners, died very suddenly yesterday at Fredericton, it is supposed from the rupture of a blood vessel or heart disease.

Some days since, two sons of Joseph Osborne of St. Martins were badly injured by a rail falling on them at that place. Since then one of the young men died and the other is not expected to live.

Mr. George Hawkesworth's Jersey cow gave birth a few days ago, to two fine heifer calves which are both alive and doing well. This is a freak of nature only occasionally seen.—Annapolis Spectator.

A colored woman, one of the many who came from Amherst to-day on an excursion, stopped a horse car on Barrington street this afternoon and asked the driver if the car was engaged.—Halifax Mail.

Mrs. Armour, wife of George A. Armour, of the firm of Armour & Co., the well known millionaire pork packers, of Chicago, and Mrs. Bellas, her sister, have arranged to spend the summer season at Bedford, Nova Scotia.

A twelve year old son of Michael Kennedy, of Woodstock, was drowned in Davis' mill-pond on Mondaylast. His body was recovered yesterday. It is supposed that while fishing he was taken with a fit and fell in the water.

While workmen were excavating a gutter underneath the sidewalk on Main street, Bridgewater, N. S. the other day, a number of old coins were found about two feet from the surface, Nova Scotia ½ pennies, stivers and a Duke of Wellington penny.

A down town tonsorial artist was presented at an early hour yesterday morning, by a man from Albert county, with a $50 bill to make change for a shave. The d. t. t. a. thought it was a game of block but he was up to snuff. A financial friend near at hand quickly converted it into smaller currency.—Moncton Times.

An unusually large crowd gathered in the vicinity of the morgue last evening to see what was thought to be a corpse. A young man named Burke drank too much whiskey yesterday. The liquor together with the heat, caused him to collapse. He was picked up by a truckman, who, thinking him dead, took him to the morgue. When about to take the 'corpse' from the truck the dead came to life, and wanted to fight any man in the crowd.—Halifax Mail.

A Miss Armstrong living at W. A. Porter's, Windsor, N. S., carelessly left the trap door up, which is over a big water cistern, and soon after, in passing walked in, and down. There being no one in the house at the time, her cries for help were not heard for nearly half an hour. In the meantime she kept from drowning by placing her arms over a board within reach. It took three men to lift her out, her weight being about 180 lbs., and it was some days before she fully recovered.

BILL GOES TO SEE JAY.

HE DESCRIBES HOW THE LATER DOES HIS HAYING.

Some of the Beauties of Irvington—A Visit to the Hornets and a Search for Better Things—Mr. Gould's Little Piece.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

Every summer I like to ride up to Irvington and spend a couple of days with Jay Gould. He treats me well while there at his house, and though nothing is said about it at the time there is a tacit understanding that I am to write a piece about him for the papers when I get home.

It is the pleasantest time always to go up during the haying season, which begins in June and rages with more or less violence for two days.

HELPING GOULD MAKE HAY.

Irvington is a beautiful little nest of well to do farmers like Jay Gould, Cy Field and such thrifty grangers as Hank Villard, whose place is a little lower down the river at Dobb's ferry. Hank and Cy Field change workers in haying, but Jay keeps help enough to put in all of his grass himself. Sometimes he used to help Bob Hoe in haying and Bob would help him in stacking, but since the death of Mr. Hoe Jay doesn't depend much on the neighbors.

Mr. Gould's place sits back from the main road quite a piece and has an ell to it. As you drive in you see four or five men with sheep shears trimming off the side whiskers on the mall. He has quite a good lot of illtable land around the house and he has a conservatory about the size of the Paris exposition. In this he grows quite a quantity of rare exotics, such as four o'clocks, marigolds, bachelor's buttons, "sturshions" morning glories and Johnny-Jump-ups (or Johnny-jumps-up, rather). Mr. Gould is a great floraculturist and raises his own seeds rather than trust to the gaudy but prevaricating catalogue of the professional seedsman.

Across the main road from the house is the hay lot. It covers about five and three-fourths acres, perhaps, and so with twenty-seven men, all willing to pitch right in with enthusiasm, Mr. Gould is able to get his haying out of the way in time to give him a week in town. This year he was drawn on the jury in New York just as he was going into the hay field. For quite a while he didn't know whether to go down and make sure of his little old $2 a day or stick to the haying and save the crop; but finally he threw his scythe over his shoulder and said, "Come on boys. They can get other jurymen but you would be a long while getting another man to take my place in the hayfield."

Later I saw by the paper that Mr. Gould was fined $100 for non-appearance when his name was called.

"Is it true," I asked him yesterday at an equestrian lunch counter, "That the judge fined you $100 for contempt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gould, removing a filet Winerwurst from his whiskers and speaking in deep interest bearing notes, "I was found $100 by the judge, as you say, but I proved by one of my hired hands that I was a member of the Tarrytown Hook and Ladder campany, and so the judge remitted the fine."

On a bright June morning, when the wood bird wakes the echoes along the Hudson and the wren and the thrush come down to bathe their little beaks in the beautiful brook which sings along past the door of Washington Irvine's quaint and queer old home, the quick ear catches the sound of voices out behind Mr. Gould's barn. Following this sound one comes to a merry group of 'hands' clustered about a large grindstone which has bacon rinds under the bearings. A small boy, reeking with perspiration, is turning the stone, while Mr. Gould with an old scythe may be seen riding on the top of it. There are other men about who could turn the grindstone easier than the small boy who is turning it, but no one is hopeful enough to turn a grindstone but a boy. It discourages a man, so it is customary to secure a boy to do this heart breaking job, and generally a boy who is about to go fishing is selected. He grinds on hour after hour, while his worms are baking in the sun and his heart is slowly dying in his little bosom.

Later on the merry work hands go joyously afield. A jug containing spring water and a small straddle bug is taken to the lot and concealed under a swath of green grass. Mr. Gould, wearing a pair of brown linen trowsers and blue Wammus, together with a chip hat, rolls up his sleeves so as to reveal the raven pin feathers now slowly turning iron gray which adorn his brawny arms. He then stands his scythe and snath up where he can get at it, and pulling a large, four pound whetstone from his pistol pocket proceeds to put a keen wire edge on his weapon.

It is quite interesting to see Mr. Gould and twenty-seven willing husbandmen turn loose on a little bunch of grass and wipe it out in two days. The to hay is a mixture of red top, timothy and red clover, with ornamental hornets' nests made of papier mache in the three corners.

In his conversation Mr. Gould uses a good many railroad terms of course, together with his farm slang, and most of his orders are given to a bald headed Spaniard with an ecru plastron of Magenta whiskers, whose name is Terrance McCluskey.

"Terrance," said Mr. Gould the other morning, as he swung the jug over his arm and took a drink. "I do not know but it would be cheaper next season to fix up the old mower. You see, it costs $108 now to mow this grass. Then new scythes and snaths each year, $84 more; $3 for whetstones, $8 for ornamental hornets' nests, and say $55 for board of hands. That is $228, or $38 per acre, say $40 per ton for our grass, and last year the stock would not eat it. Now, the mower only needs new countersunk washers on the reverse shaft bearing, new tender frame centre pieces, new oil cups on waist bearer knees and new hinge on whistle shaft arm. Am I right?"

"Dade you air, Muster Cool."

"Well, that will not cost over $35 or $40 and will give all the mowing hands two days which they serely need for rest. My coachman could drive the mower, I think, and the hands could rest or prune the sheep."

HORNETS AT THE COUNTRY SEAT.

"Yes, we laundry the shape on the 15th, and we could shear them on the 16th and 17th, I'm thinkin'; and Muster Cool, ye should get another shape to associate wid the wan ye have or it'll be lonesome and die wid the augwe, as ye call it."

"All right, Terrance; and I wish you would see what repairs the hay rake needs. Then you can couple on to it and take it to the machine shop. My idea is that it only needs new crosshead babbiting, water gauge ferrules, pet cock rod handles, steam chest gland bushing and goose neck ring eyes."

It is said that much of the hard earned money which Mr. Gould gets every month for his railroading is spent on his farm at Irvington. He hasn't so much ground as Cy Field has, but it is under a higher state of cultivation. Mr. Gould likes to encourage crops, whilst Mr. Field prefers to see his grounds grow up kind of wild, as they do in England. Jay has a peculiar weakness. It is for having real hornets on his country seat. He says he thinks it promotes activity, and induces one to make gigantic strides toward something better.

Mr. Field has quite a lodge or toll gate at the entrance of his grounds, where the lodge keeper's wife hangs out her clean clothes on Monday morning to scare the horses of the gentry.

Mr Gould goes up at about 4 o'clock on the New York Central road, riding on an annual pass, and it is very rare that he is recognized by anybody. Quite often a large railroad hog occupies the seat with Mr. Gould, and almost squats the life out of the man who has squeezed other people so much all his life. Mr. Gould stands it like a little man, however, and rarely squeals.

The great financier seems quite old this summer, but he says he is looking forward with hope to a bright immortality. He said that he was glad to see me, for he wanted to tell me about a kind act which he did a year ago in secret, hoping that it would get into the papers before this, but it had not. He said that other folks could do kind acts in secret somehow, and in forty-eight hours it would be in the papers, but he never could do it.

He then gave me a roll of soiled manuscript in his own well known hand, which had evidently been returned by a good many editors during the past year, as it had certain blue marks of disapproval all over the back. It read as follows:

"As the cold weather set in this year Mr. Gould began to do his butchering at Irvington. He generally kills three beef creatures and nine shotes in the fall with his own hand. He begins early in the morning to heat the water for scalding his hogs, and by sundown he is all through, and ready to cut up the meat as soon as it cools off.

"Yesterday was a gala day for Dobbs Ferry, Irvington and Tarrytown, for Mr. Gould gave out word in the morning to all the neighbors' boys that they would be welcome at the killing, and could help themselves to their choice of the various internal organs of the animals killed. Many poor people got their winter's tripe in this way, and as far even as Yonkers and Nyack people were supplied with sausage wrappers free.

"It was a beautiful scene, in the midst of which Mr. Gould might have been seen cheerily skipping about, and ever and anon opening up a fresh creature. It was an occasion which will be long remembered by the young people of Irvington, and fully illustrates the generosity and innate goodness of Mr. Gould. We trust that he may live long to give yet more delights and other such things to the young of the country."

I hope that the editor of this paper will see his way clear to print the enclosed, for it will not in any way compromise the paper, and I know it will do Mr. Gould much good.

Yours truly,
Bill Nye.

P. S.—Mr. Gould would like two extra copies of the paper also.
B. N.

Letter From a Methodist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE:—

Sir.—Refering to the letter of the Rev. Henry W. Little in last evening's Gazette: At a recent meeting of the Synod in this city the above named gentleman speaking on the temperance question made use of the following expressions.—

"Because Wesleyans, Baptists, Mormons and other sects have taken certain action there is no reason that the Church of England should become clogged in the wheels of these smaller bodies and be carried along with them;" and again, "If you scratch a tetotaller you will find that he is simply a manikin."

I felt that I could not allow such extraordinary language to go by unnoticed and I reminded the above gentleman that the day had gone by when the clergymen of that denomination unrebuked could utter in public such language in reference to the great leading Protestant denominations, and I further went to show that in point of numbers in the Dominion of Canada the Episcopal church only comes fourth viz:—

Roman Catholic	1,781,982
Methodist	742,981
Presbyterian	676,165
Episcopalian	574,818
Baptist	295,525

And I further suggest that if the Episcopal church is going to come out as a temperance leader it would be well to begin with her work at home, it only being a short time ago since we read the announcement that the Archbishop of Canterbury had applied to the British Government for a license to sell spiritous liquor to Episcopal clergymen and I further mentioned the fact that the majority of positions of importance in the Episcopal churches in this city, are held by gentlemen who have accumulated their wealth through the sale of intoxicating drinks.

In answer, the Rev. Mr. Little writes, that if I will publish my name he will be happy to reply, I do not intend to publish my name nor do I care whether Mr. Little replies or not.

If Mr. Little can refute any one of the above statements he is at liberty to do so but if unable there is no necessity for a reply, as I have neither time nor the inclination to go into an Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum discussion.

I remain,
St. John, July 11. A METHODIST.

Telegraphic Flashes.

Monsignor Langevin, Bishop of Rimouski, is seriously ill. Sir Hector is coming from Quebec to-day, to see him.

Dunn and Russell report 22 Canadian failures the last seven days; the corresponding week last year there were 18.

Three members of the Ottawa field battery were heavily fined in the police court at Ottawa yesterday for disobeying orders.

Postmaster general Raikes of London has informed a delegation of letter carriers that he will seek to rectify any grievances which may be found to exist.

The election in Gaspe takes place today. The power of the Mercier Government is concentrated there against Hon. Mr. Flynn the Conservative candidate.

A compromise has been effected between the Louisville, Ky. and Nashville railway and its striking switchmen. The men will return to work at the old rates.

Geo. B. Shaw, of Eau Claire, Wis., was elected Supreme Chancellor and W. W. Blackwell of Kentucky, Supreme Vice Chancellor of the Pythian Supreme Lodge at Milwaukee, yesterday.

La Patrie at Montreal asks that a writ of capias issue against General Middleton for Bremner's furs and says: 'Should General Middleton be allowed to leave this country before it is decided who is to pay for Bremner's furs?

Edwin Holt of Nashua, N. H. suddenly became violently insane yesterday morning. He inflicted serious injuries on his mother and murdered his sick father, Warren Holt, by dashing his brains out in the fire place. Holt is 40 years old, He told his mother on Sunday he felt strangely and thought something should be done with him before he harmed members of the family. He was sent to the Concord insane asylum.

As a gentleman was riding along the road between Mill Village and Liverpool, on Friday evening a large bear walked out of the bush and trotted along side the horse for a few yards, but at the crack of the gentleman's whip, stopped and raised himself on his hind feet as if in astonishment, and then disappeared into the bushes.—Lunenburg Argus.

N. B. Medical Society.

The tenth annual session of the N. B. Medical society will be held at Moncton, on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The first session will open at 11 a. m. The papers which will be read are as follows: Dr. Edmund Moore, The Public Status of the Medical Profession. Dr. J. W. Daniel, Contractions of Palmar Fascia. Dr. G. R. F. Crawford, Suppurative Disease of the Middle Ear. Dr, Henry Lunam, Surgery Notes. Dr. J. H. Gray, Complication of Scarlet Fever. Dr. J. W. Bridges, Women as Medical Practitioners. Dr. D. B. Myrshall, Pharmacology from a Medical Aspect. The officers for the year 1889-90 are: President, Geo. M. Duncan, M. D.; 1st vice-president, L. C. Allison, M. D.; 2nd vice-president, B. S. Thorne, M. D.; treasurer, M. F. Bruce, M. D.; secretary, A. F. Emery M. D.

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Yours truly,
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N. B.—A Choice Line of Confectionery always on hand.

Tremendous Bargains.
Yearly mark down sale,
On and after July 1st and
Until further notice.
Now is the time for Bargains,
Great reductions in Ready Made
Clothing Department.
Lowest prices ever quoted in the city.
All our stock of clothing at cost.
Unprecedented cut in Gent's Furnishings
So as to make room for future importations.
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T. YOUNGCLAUS,
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First-Class Work at the lowest possible prices. Copies Carefully Made.
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IF you have not examined the new illustrated monthly, (COSMOPOLITAN), which had so phenomenal a success during the past year, it is worth your while to do so. (*Fac-Simile* circulars sent to any address). An increase in circulation from 16000 to 50000 copies in 12 months means that there must be some attractive features about the
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OysterHouse,
No. 5 North Side King Square.
Oyster Chowder, Clam Chowder, Served Daily at 10 cts. a Bowl.
Fresh Oysters received daily from our own Beds and served to order.
C. H. JACKSON.

Fishing Tackle.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Flies, Fly Books, Casting Lines, Combination Rods.
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LATEST IMPORTED CIGAR.
—AT—
Central Cigar Store.
S. H. HART, Proprietor.

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16, 32, 64 and upwards,
Candle Power Lamps.
THE Saint John Gas Light Company are prepared to contract and furnish the above lamps in any quantity on the Thomson-Houston system which leads all others both in number of installations and successful operation. Absolutely safe. Only 52 volts. pressure used inside buildings. Edison three wire system use 220 volts. Wiring done at cost. For terms, &c., apply at the office of the company. By order,
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The lights can be seen in operation in the Union Club building, Market Square, and Murray's dry goods store and several other places.

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The Calkin Electric Light Co.
ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the
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at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.
We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.
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Manager.
Room 2, Pugsley Building.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
WHISKY,
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VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
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Native Strawberries,
Tomatoes, Water Melons,
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FRESH CREAM EVERY DAY.

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Dried Beef.
Pressed Beef.
Pine Apples.
Bananas.
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Oranges.
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STRAWBERRIES
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SWEET CREAM every day.
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Onions.
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,
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only 10 cents per can at
JOHN E. DEAN'S GROCERY,
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Molasses.
480 Casks, 30 Tierces, 30 Barrels, New Crop Barbados Molasses.
Arrived per bark "Thorgney" from Barbados to-day.
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160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.
In the Matter of The Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada and the Winding Up of the Same under the Winding-Up Act:
UPON the application of the Liquidators of the above Bank, the twentieth day of September, 1890, is hereby fixed as the day on or within which creditors of the said Bank and others who have claims thereon may send in their claims, such claims to be sent to the Liquidators of the said Bank at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.
This order is made under the fifty-ninth section of the Winding-Up Act of the Dominion of Canada.
Dated at Fredericton in the Province of New Brunswick, the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1890.
JOHN C. ALLEN,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

H. STEVENS.
Merchant Tailor,
has now in stock a fine line of
CLOTHS
suitable for Spring and Summer Wear. Having received his spring stock he is prepared to suit any taste, no matter how fastidious, as his stock is complete.
Old Police Building,
Main street, North End.

YOUR CHANCE.
Custom Tailoring.
NEW CLOTHS.
During Remainder of Season we will Make to Order
SUITS OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS,
SUMMER WEAR,
at Greatly Reduced Prices. These Goods are Genuine.
WE WILL NOT CARRY THEM OVER!
Please see Our Stock if you are going to have a Summer Suit. Fit and Finish first-class
SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

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Robert C. Bourke & Co.
We have now in stock our Spring Styles in all the latest novelties in
Soft and Hard Felt Hats,
Spring Style Silk Hats,
Ladies and Misses Travelling Caps,
Also a full assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES &c.
GENTS' KID GLOVES,
Best value in the market. An inspection respectfully solicited. Lowest Prices.
Robert C. Bourke & Co.,
61 Charlotte Street.

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—AND—
RUSSEL'S FRICTIONLESS PUMP
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HOT WATER HEATING
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GURNEY'S BOILER & NEW RADIATOR.
Buildings can be heated by *our system cheaper* than by any other.
Over 400 boilers in use in the "Lower Provinces." Lots of testimonials can be furnished if required.
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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
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