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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

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JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE MCKINLEY TARIFF BILL.

The McKinley tariff bill is to be taken up by the senate on Monday as reported by the finance committee. A great many changes have been made in the bill from the measure as it originally reached the senate, but unfortunately very few of these changes are in favor of the Canadian exporter. The duty on sawed lumber is reduced from $1.50 to $1 per 1000 feet, the duty on fish from one cent to half a cent per lb, and the duty on barley reduced from 30 cts to 25 cts. per bushel, and these comprise nearly all the changes which make the senate bill better for the people of Canada than the original McKinley bill. On the other hand there is duty of $1 a ton placed upon gypsum which was in the free list of the McKinly bill, an impost which would go far to destroy the export trade in gypsum from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Our good friends, the people of the United States, are evidently bent on ruining our trade so far as they can do so by a hostile tariff, but it will be our own fault if they succeed. We must so order our business as to be no longer dependent on their market, and as they seem to be resolved that we shall not sell to them, we must no longer buy from them. We are in a position to meet their products in the European markets and to undersell them there, and this must be our policy for the future.

UNFERMENTED WINE.

Yesterday in the General Assembly at Ottawa the memorial of the Women's Christian Temperance Union asking that fermented wine be not used in the sacrament of the Lord's supper was received. It was stated that action had already been taken in this direction by a resolution adopted in connection with the report on temperance. The resolution is as follows:

That in view of the acknowledged fact that much of the wine of commerce is exceedingly impure, we strongly urge on all the sessions of the church the duty of securing as far as possible the "pure fruit of the vine" for use in the sacrament."

We do not understand whether it is intended by this deliverance that unfermented wine should be used in the sacraments of the Presbyterian church, but certainly the resolution has that appearance. Unfortunately the pure juice of the grape, which is designated in this resolution, is not wine in the ordinary acceptation of the term, because it is an essential condition of wine that it should be fermented. No one, we believe, except a few cranks, pretends to hold that the wine which was used in Palestine and which was drunk by the Saviour and his disciples at the Last Supper was the unfermented juice of the grape or anything else but the wine which it purported to be. It appears, however, that the modern temperance advocate has reached a point of strictness in his views which the Saviour of the world never dreamed of, and which, when it is considered that many temperance men have no other claim to be regarded as moralists except the single fact that they do not get drunk, savors very much of impiety. Perhaps it would be as well for the temperance cranks in the general assembly and elsewhere to abolish the sacrament of the Lord's Supper altogether as unnecessary, seeing that it cannot be celebrated in their view without an infraction of their temperance principles.

A DISGRACEFUL SURRENDER.

"A disgraceful surrender" is the term which some of the English newspapers apply to the giving up of the island of Heligoland to Germany in return for some shadowy rights in east Africa. The strictly party papers who support the British government are of course delighted and justify the Marquis of Salisbury's surrender just as they would justify the surrender of the Isle of Wight if it became necessary to the salvation of their party. But to independent newspapers and to voters who are not too deeply tinged with political prejudice, the giving up of the island seems very ominous and very shocking. It is quite natural that the Sun of St. John, which knows nothing about the matter and which thinks it necessary to applaud everything the Marquis of Salisbury does, should endeavor to show that Heligoland is of no use to Great Britain, and never has been, and never will be. In doing so, however, the Sun only displays its own ignorance of history, which is painfully apparent in its columns on many occasions. Heligoland, during the last eight years of the Napoleonic wars, was of the greatest value to the British, because it mitigated to a large extent the restrictions against the importation of British goods into the continent of Europe, which were the result of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees. Heligoland became the depot for British products from which they could be conveniently shipped into continental ports, and although this has been termed smuggling it was only so because Napoleon had endeavored to prevent ano British goods from entering continental Europe. Should any future war arise between Germany and Great Britain, Heligoland would be of the utmost value as a depot for the blockading vessels which would naturally lie at the mouth of the Elbe for the purpose of stopping the trade of Hamburg, Bremen and other German ports. That England and Germany will never be at war with each other cannot be affirmed with any degree of certainty, because both nations are now rivals in the trade of many half civilized regions, and a conflict might arise out of their contact in these distant parts of the world. For a long time the Germans have been extremely anxious to obtain Heligoland, which would hardly have been the case if they had considered its possession of no value to Great Britain. When a tory journal like the St. James Gazette denounces the surrender as a bad business, and says that it will be the duty of parliament to reject the bill providing for it, we may be certain that Lord Salisbury's government is likely to lose a vast amount of popularity by its truckling to Germany.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Sun seems to think that yesterday was the anniversary of the Queen's coronation. This is an absurd blunder, for the Queen was not crowned until she had reigned more than a year. Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne June 20th, 1837, and her coronation took place June 28th 1838.

The Montreal Herald is engaged in denouncing the Chignecto ship railway as a "fraud" and an "indefensible job." The Herald is the organ of Hon. Peter Mitchell the absentee member for Northumberland. No one minds what the honorable Peter says, either in print or out of it, and if the ship railway is as big a "fraud" as Peter is himself, it is certainly in a bad way.

The entertainment of the Pan-American Congress cost $42,000 more than the appropriation, and now Secretary Blaine is trying to get the appropriation committee of the Senate to put that amount in the diplomatic appropriation bill. The American papers are wondering what the Pan-Americans would have cost them if there had been a southern tour as originally intended.

It is satisfactory to know that the Dominion Government has taken due precautions to prevent the introduction of Asiatic cholera into Canada. This disease is now prevalent in Spain and, having reached the western extremity of Europe, it might very easily be carried to America. It is fortunate that modern science has enabled us to deal with cholera much more effectually than was possible when it first visited the continent.

The electors of St. Lawrence division, Montreal, chose Ald. Clendinning as their representative at the recent election. Ald. Clendinning is the person who disgraced Montreal two or three years ago, when acting mayor, by appearing drunk in public when he had to receive Lieut. Governor Angers. Any constituency ought to feel ashamed of electing such a man as Clendinning and the electors of St. Lawrence ward are now wondering why they gave him a majority over a respectable and reputable citizen like Mr. Geo. W. Stephens. They are wondering also on what side Clen. is for it seems this model member, if he carries out his pledges, will have to support both sides.

The True Test.

[Ottawa Citizen.]

A correspondent writes in reply to some criticisms upon Mr. Costigan M. P., Minister of Inland Revenue, which appeared recenty from the pen of Mr. John Ewan. The Citizen by no means endorses sentiments expressed in the article, considering them not only undeserved, but utterly inapplicable to Mr. Costigan whose practical and credible administration of his department, is admitted even by his political opponents. Our esteemed correspondent does justice to a worthy man when writing as follows:

"Mr. Costigan, like Mr. Foster, Mr. Tupper, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Chapleau, Sir John Thompson, Sir A. Caron, Sir H. Langevin, is by birth a Canadian. Nevertheless, I feel assured, he will shrink from none of the aims and responsibility of his lineage. His race have no cause to blush at the mention of his name. His abilities are, to say the least, far above mediocrity. But he possesses other qualities—honesty and fidelity—which are infinitely better than the highest ability. Change of social position has wrought no change in his manners. He is as easily approached to-day as when he was plain John Costigan, if not more so. Such a figure, in a democratic community, should be held up high like a beacon, instead of being sneered at."

This is true, indeed, for few enjoy to a greater extent the confidence of all classes. Mr. Costigan is a self-made man; he has worked from the bottom of the ladder, and preaching the top, ever displayed a willingness to help others up, instead of pulling them down. Too proud and too patriotic to be a demagogue, he may not meet the views of some, but a vast majority of the people recognize in him a man of honor, integrity and public spirit. He has a natural contempt for the glitter and tinsel and gaudy show which finds votaries in the ranks of weak natures, but surely that is no discredit to him, and certainly jeopardises no legitimate interest in any portion of the Dominion.

A New Stock Farm.

Mr. John Hickman, jr., is about to erect on his farm at Dorchester one of the finest horse barns in the province and will engage in the breeding and rearing of fine carriage and driving horses. The barn will be a double storied one, 95 x 43 feet with a stone basement. The basement will contain accommodation for a large number of cattle, a large capacious root celler and several box stalls for horses. The 1st floor will be used solely for horses, and will have 6 boxes, each measuring 12x12, and 6 ordinary stalls. In all the barn when completed will have room for 25 horses. Mr Hickman will not make a specialty of any particular breed, but will use those sires whose get are in demand for driving and general carriage and draft work. At present Mr. Hickman enjoys the distinction of being the owner of the first pure bred Shire colt ever dropped in this province. It is out of the mare Star, by "What's Wanted Again," imported by the N. B. Government and by Honest Lincoln of P. E. Island, the horse which took first prize at the Moncton exhibition last fall. At 3 weeks old this colt weighed 250 pounds. He has also fine colts by Grandee and by Peter Blair.

In York and Thereabouts.

(Fredericton Gleaner)

It is rumored that the building of a Methodist church at Blackville will be commenced in the near future. Preparations are being made for the erection of an Episcopal church at the Rapids settlement.

All with one accord say there will not be much going on in Penniac this summer, but I cannot see any reason for such gloomy prognostications. Judging from appearances I think that before long business will be at its best especially in the matrimonial line.

The people of Nerepis deserve great praise for the masterly way in which they have fixed up the old kirk. It is now as good as new. Special thanks are due to Miss Maggie Henderson and Mr. Fred Nase.

Mr. Albert Logan, baggage master of the Northern & Western Railway, was married last Wednesday morning to Miss Nora McKay, at the presbyterian church at Portage, the Rev. J. S. Mullin, officiating.

Messrs. W. S. Butler & Sons have a schooner of about 100 tons in frame at Sypher's Cove, Grand Lake. Messrs. Greene & McMann have another of 60 tons in frame at Newcastle Cove, and Mr. John Haux has a schooner of 109 tons nearly finished at Newcastle Creek, which he expects to launch in about three weeks. Mr. G. G. King launched a woodboat of 56 tons last week, intended to carry lumber between his mills, and St. John.

Last Thursday evening while setting lobster pots at Ketch Harbor, N. S., Henry Flaherty, aged about 60, was drowned, it is supposed by the upsetting of his flat. He had a boy with him named Kelly, an orphan whom he was bringing up. The latter was found on the beach next morning insensible, but alive. He had been washed ashore, the flat had drifted away. Flaherty leaves a widow and several children.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

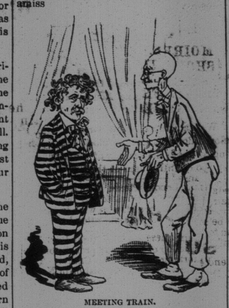
BILL NYE UNBOSOMS HIMSELF ABOUT A FEW NOTABLES.

He Writes of Globe Trotter Train, His Close Friend the Prince of Wales, Remington from Rochelle and a Man Who Was Known as Rob Ingersoll.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

HATTERTOWN, CONN.

It has occurred to me that this letter may be pardoned for being a trifle personal. In the past eleven months I have traveled a little over 24,000 miles, and, so quietly stranded here in the beautiful trout country, where, as soon as you get out of hearing of a one babbling brook, you immediately get into the diocese of another one, it seemed to me that a chapter made up this week of brief personals regarding some of the well known people who during the past year or two have taken my little hand in theirn and looked into my massive face would not be amiss



MEETING TRAIN.

I happened to be in Boston last winter when George Francis Train was liberated from jail. He was sitting in a hotel office "suffering himself to be admired." His recent trip around the world brings him once more to our notice. At that time he was just getting out after an agreeable and successful confinment in the Boston Bastile, during which he succeeded in attracting a good deal of attention in one way and another. He had tried on being liberated to purchase a suit of convict stripes, which he might wear upon debuting; but Boston does not keep an assortment of this kind of goods; so George, who has lived in New York for a long time, where you can run around the corner anywhere almost and get a suit of striped clothes, with a Waterbury watch as a premium, was disappointed. He therefore had to buy a suit of broad stripe seersucker, and with a carnation in his buttonhole he broke forth on the winter air like a lily of the valley in search of an open polar sea. He wrote a verse of poetry for me with red, blue, and green pencils. It is not good poetry, but it is bright and cheerful to look at. Mr. Train is never so bright and chipper as when he is occupying the public eye. But it is rather irritating to the public eye sometimes, I think. George would also like the eye of the speaker most all of the time if he could have it. I do not think he is really crazy, but at times I think that a little disinfectant would help his poetic feet.

In Danbury, Conn., there stands a modest two story brick building, across the front of which in golden script you read

THE DANBURY NEWS.

The paper was the pioneer in its line of household humor. Every day a handsome, thoughtful man, with iron gray hair, comes down to this building and manages the paper. He does not try to be funny. He knew when he had enough. This is James M. Bailey, who made his mark upon the current literature of his time and then quietly resumed the business of publishing an evening paper with no features to it, just as though he had always done so. Mr. Bailey is an unwilling victim of the baseball scourge, for he is one of the local board, I think, or something of that kind, and owns stock in a club, while he doesn't really know how many strikes a side has before it is out, and still thinks that you have got to raise a blood blister on a player with the ball when he is off the "c" in order to get him. Mr. Bailey claims yet that a player simply disabled by the ball is not out. He held no later than last season, while umpiring a game at Bridgeport, that in order to put a out man who is running the bases the ball should strike him in a vital spot.

The Prince of Wales in the past year is looking more thoughtful, I think than formerly. When I ran in upon him last summer I found him reading a long table of statistics regarding the longevity of stout people. He was looking a little haggard, I thought, and so I tried to chirp him up. "To be frank with you," said he, "I think that mother is holding out pretty well, Bill, don't you?" I said, "Yes, she seemed real rugged for a person that hired all her work done." "Well" said he with a sigh, "it seems a little tough, I think, for that young German rooster to be running a whole empire at his age, whilst I'm liable to become a grandfather soon and don't know even what a throne feels like. I think," said he, thoughtfully, as he disengaged a golden hair (evidently off the sunny head of his chief typewriter) from the fringe of his epaulet, where it had in some way become entangled, "that the chief charm about a successful reign is to know when to quit. I've seen monarchs that meant well and did well enough, but who held on to the throne like a pup to a root, as you so chastely put it in one of your letters which I was reading to Alick at the breakfast table."

"Alick?" said I, "Who the royal highness is Alick?"

"Oh, Alick is the princess. But don't you think yourself, as between man and man, monarching, like everything else, can be overdone?"

I said it could, and that if I could have my way there wouldn't be any of it. "A nice little nincompoop can always be found ready to rule over a nation," says I, "and it's just as well for the people to choose him and then change him when they get tired of him. People like to have even their nincompoops changed once in a while."

The prince when he dresses up wears a short tail scarlet coat with a white leather Sinch to it, and looks like a rib roast with a twine string around it.

William Lightfoot Visscher is a newspaper man about 45 years of age, and though I am not reminded of him, especially by the Prince of Wales, yet Visscher is so generally known among newspaper men from New York to Puget sound that I venture to speak of him here as a popular candidate for prince as soon as Russell Harrison's term expires. Visscher is peculiarly sensitive about his nose, and that is why I do not speak of it here. It is a bright, Italian sunset nose, which does him a cruel injustice, for it is really not an alcoholic bugle, though frequently mistaken for one by strangers. It has done him much injury among temperance societies and weakened his influence with them where otherwise he could have done them much good. A mining nabob of San Francisco for whom Visscher had done a great favor, as he is mighty apt to do for most anybody, once gave him a pointer by which he was able to make several thousand dollars. Mr. Visscher had long desired to astonish southern California with a meritorious drama and thoroughly great company. So he bought a fine team or two, and getting some nice new scenery painted he started due south from San Francisco as the crow flies. In seeking to elevate the stage of southern California, however, the pry seemed to slip out and catch the enterprising elevator by the fingers. So, gradually he sold one diamond stud after another, and instead of driving them tandem he drove them single, and finally had nothing left but his other team.

First he sold his scenery.
Then his t under and lightning machinery.

And so, finally, as autumn stole down from her great laboratory and paint shop and began to decorate the woods with her beautiful dyes, Mr. Visscher's leading man secured a job in a barber shop, his leading lady began to wait on the table at the Henn house, in southern California; the low comedian got a job "off bearing" in a brick yard, and Visscher thoughtfully felt his way back to San Francisco as a phrenologist.

He is now rapidly becoming very wealthy as one of the principal owners of Fairhaven, a beautiful and booming town on the coast, where they blow out a dozen or so pine trees today and tomorrow there is an opera house on the ground.

Everybody who knows anything about western life, and even those who do not, have admired and praised the spirited pictures of the plains by Frederick Remington. Naturally you would expect to find the talented artist a man about 50 years of age, but he is apparently under 30, with a round, jolly face and a general boyish look. He is the first cowboy and bronco and Texas steer artist who has put vitality into those wild denizens of the plains and eliminated that pasteboard, Noah's ark style of animal which, as Emerson used to so terrely put it, tends towards giving one a pain. Remington lives at New Rochelle, where the Rochelle salts are made, and regards himself as one of the Rochelle salts of the earth, no doubt. For brain fag he comes down to New York and fishes off the dock.

Walter Hoboken McDougall, who has earned a world wide reputation by drawing a terse but grossly libelous caricature of the writer, is a slight blonde with a white flannel suit. He has the air of a man about town, and though openly abusing the English toady he frequently rolls up his flannel panties at the bottom as he reads the London weatlier reports. He dresses very beautifully and may be seen tripping gaily to his work at half-past six in the morning, trudging up to The World office with an armful of choice sketches and a bright new dinner pail containing homemade bread and molasses, doughnuts with agraratures in them and a small flask of milk. He attributes much of his success to his wise choice of good subjects for illustration, industry, patience and the use of fine cut tobacco as a gentle tonic.

ROCHELLE REMINGTON.

Frederick Burlingame Opper, the brilliant and versatile artist of Puck, is a young man, and also a small blonde, who parts his pleasant hair in the middle and pokes fun at people in a profitable manner. He also writes a funny letter when he tries. On a pleasant day, when the toil of the morning is over, one may occasionally meet the evangelical Bunner, Opper and Taylor at a drug store up near Houston and Broadway, where they are drinking flavored wind and conversing freely with the tradespeople who pass in and out, giving them a pleasant nod of recognition ever and anon.

Kemble, who makes the characteristic jays and coons of The Century, is young and good looking, with a dark mustache and a bright Pan-American look of keen observation and the air of one who isn't going to let any point get away.

De Grimm is older and more distingue with a slight mustache and a quick, nervous way. He makes a very clear, good portrait and works very rapidly. But I didn't intend to dwell so long on the artists.

When I first came to New York a friend of mine who is in the furniture business asked me if I had ever met Bob Ingersoll. I said I had not, though I had read quite a number of his pieces in the paper, from which I had gathered that he was a little bit inclined to liberality in religious matters and quite an iconoclast in regard to a self-supporting hell.

I had never heard him lecture or even seen him in my life, so I was anxious to see him and hear him talk. My friend said he would take pleasure in introducing me some time, for Bob would like real well to see me also, as he had so expressed himself.

So one day, on a street car, my friend rose up suddenly and said, "There he is now, and he is going to get aboard!" Sure enough the man got on our car, and it was but the work of a moment to introduce us to each other. We rode from away up on Madison avenue to near Canal street, where he got off, and we talked freely on various matters during that time. I asked him if he had seen any reason to change or modify his religious views during the past year or so, and he said he certainly had not. He was still, he hoped, a consistent Presbyterian and living up to the best of his lights. I inquired if he still retained his belief as to the impracticability of maintaining a paying system of international and eternal punishment. He said he had never had any fears or doubts concerning the profitable and permanent existence of such an institution, and saw no reason for changing his belief regarding it.

He was rather crisp and tart in his replies, I thought, and so I apologized for speaking to him so plainly, but said I hoped I had given him no offense, as I had always understood that he was extremely liberal regarding a hell.

"I am," said he. "Liberal is no name for it. No one can ever charge me with having been parsimonious in this matter. I have no shadow of a doubt about the existence of a place of eternal punishment, and I am that liberal regarding it that no disbeliever has ever been turned empty handed away from my door."

"And are you still a radical and rabid Republican, first, last and all the time?" I inquired.

"No, sir. I am a Mugwump, if you please," he said, with fine scorn. "I don't care if all the other Mugwumps go to Canada, or change their names, or turn over their property to their wives; I shall live and die a Mugwump, pure and simple. I do not care for office, and I do not care for political preferment, but I can put my hand on my heart and say truthfully that I have been politically pure. My record would not soil the finest fabric. We held a mass meeting of Mugwumps only last week in a hall bedroom up town, and we decided that come what might we would cast our ballots in the direction of reform."

Just then we got to his street and he got off. He gave me his card as he left us, and a few days after I called on him at his place of business, just off the Bowery, to get him to explain his conversation and peculiar views. I found that he was a small tradesman down town, and not the Bob Ingersoll who cherishes doubts on the subject of infant damnation. His name is Robert Ingersoll, it seems but he had never written pieces criticising Moses or lectured on "The Magnificence of Divine Wrath."

He was a simple minded, plain American citizen of limited information, and I had to spend some considerable time explaining to him who I was!

Bill Nye

Provincial Points.

Between 400 and 500 men are in the employ of the Fredericton Boom Co.

The foundry of the Lloyd manufacturing Co., at Kentville N. S. was burned last Thursday night. It will be rebuilt.

J. Miller & Co, of Economy, N.S. have thus far, this spring, sawed 2,000,000 feet of lumber, deal cut, and have 5,000,000 in the boom to saw.

Divers are at work blasting and removing the remains of the tugboat "Lion" which lies sunk near the cant buoy.—Richibucto Review.

James Dady, while roofing in Halifax, yesterday, fell from the top of a building to the ground, and broke his spine. He is still living. He is 25 years of age.

The Fourchu, Cape Breton, people think there is good opening in the vicinity for a medical practitioner. The district is large and the nearest doctor resides at a distance of forty miles.

A huge political meeting was held at St. Mary's Sunday last; as we do not approve of Sunday political meetings our reporter was not present.—Richibucto Review.

A quarry has been opened up by S. L. Chapman on his property on the Petitcodiac river. About ten men are at work and a large quantity of stone is being shipped to Moncton for building purposes. The quarry is of olive freestone and of splendid texture.

The foliage on a great many trees in Kent Co., has been frost bitten by the recent heavy frosts. Many gardens have suffered, some people being compelled to replant.

Mr. Joshua F. Black, of Richibucto, who picked some one hundred and thirty bushels of cranberries from his plantation last season, is already receiving orders for this season's crop.

The following is a copy of a receipt handed to the editor of the Richibucto Review a few days since:—Received from Mr. George Beattie one penny; being in full of all demands to date. James Sutherland. Richibucto, Sept. 9, 1858.

The telephone line from Summerside to Centerville was completed on Tuesday evening last, and on the following morning all the coils in the instruments at Centerville and some of those at Summerside were injured by the lightning.

The fishing schooner Daring was caught off Herring Cove, near Halifax, in the storm Wednesday night. The lightning struck the vessel near the main hatch, ripping it open; then ran along the mainmast, splitting it and making its exit near the bow. The crew experienced difficulty in preventing the vessel from foundering and were kept constantly at the pumps.

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PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING.

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Dear Sir—Please send as soon as possible 1 dozen of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have been using your preparation in my practice for some time past, and I have had wonderful results from its use, so much so that I have no hesitation in stating that it is the most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil that I ever saw. The elegant manner in which it is prepared combined with its pleasant taste commend it to both physician and patient.

Yours truly,
F. X. COMEAU, M. D.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Phillips' Phospho-Muriate of Quinine Compound. THE TONIC OF THE DAY.

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FOR THE HAIR,

Restores the color, beauty and softness to Grey Hair, and

IS NOT A DYE.

AT ALL CHEMISTS. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE

Always Clear, Never Musty.

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Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and at the leading hotels.

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