

THIS WEEK Another new Story THE PRICE SHE PAID, BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART II. LIFE IN ST. JOHN Will be in THE GAZETTE THIS WEEK.

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PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, BED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SPRINGERS, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIRDS, 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, MACHINERY OILS of all kinds; FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

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LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

What A Former Resident Thinks of the People and Customs of St. John.

He Discourses this Week on the Business and Business Men of Saint John.

St. John is a business city, and St. John men attend to business first. They may go in for pleasure, but not before business. The man who takes this course is sure to get left at the end of the race. In times past money was made easily, and rapidly in St. John. Men became rich almost before they knew it. They commenced in business mostly in a small way, but as profits were large and the business of the city constantly extending, they accumulated money, and as a rule, invested in shipping property. Shipping in those days—before the steamer trade got into the hands of the steamers—paid like smoke. It was no unrequited thing for a large ship to pay for herself in one or two long voyages. It is impossible to tell how much money St. John has invested in shipping, but the amount must be very large when it is taken into consideration that St. John, a city of say 40,000 people, is the sixth ship-owning port of the world. The large profits pouring into the city as a result of the earnings of this vast mercantile marine was largely reinvested in the same class of property. It was in this way that St. John people became such large proprietors in shipping. The property paid, and they reinvested their profits almost wholly in business again. Few persons when the merchant marine of St. John was almost entirely dependent wholly upon it for a living. Most of them were in some other business, and as a consequence, they could afford to reinvest their profits.

that they are men of enterprise. They have fought like an array of veterans. As fast as one was shot down another stepped into the breach, gathering up the threads of trade and holding them against other cities. The reason for this is that St. John has a good reputation amongst outside dealers. Her merchants are not tricky. They do not send out travellers with instructions to sell goods at 90 days, and then draw on a bill of lading, a trick quite too frequently played by dealers in the West. What they represent their goods to be they are. They do not sell shoddy for tweed or sand for sugar. They do business honestly, squarely, and promptly, and it has been these things which enabled the city to hold its trade against the odds above mentioned. A merchant in St. John is obliged to attend strictly to business. He must be at his office at an early hour in the morning and he is expected to be there until late in the afternoon. Should one merchant call upon another and fail to find him in at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he would most likely ask "Is Mr. So and so out of town?" If he would avoid talk about his habits he must not go to frequently to see a man. The greatest weakness of the people of St. John is to talk about each other's affairs. And there is nothing they will reckon up so quickly as the number of drinks another fellow consumes in addition to giving him the exact locality where he got every drink. This weakness of the St. John people makes it very dangerous for a merchant to take more than his regular number of drinks—if he is a drinker. I have known the fact that Mr. A took four drinks instead of three, his usual number, after four o'clock. But the majority of St. John merchants do not drink at all and those who do are rarely seen about town in daylight. His evenings the merchant spends at home, the club or in the hotel offices. It is part of his creed to visit the post office every evening for his mail and to find out what is going on. Very few merchants are social lions. They are neither party given nor do they attend parties very frequently. They give themselves up to business almost entirely, reading being their chief recreation. A FORMER RESIDENT.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

Things the European Correspondents Think Worth Cabling.

The Crown Prince has so fallen off in flesh that his clothes are much too large for his shrunken frame. Last summer, in London, he weighed 204 pounds—recently only 152. His beard, moreover, has become quite white. During the last two days the Prince has written out his will and a so a political testament for his son Wilhelm. The cheery good humor and patience with which at first he bore his sufferings are now exhausted, and weary, worn and harassed he sighs for the end. I hear, writes a correspondent, that in parting with the Prince of Wales, the late Emperor, speaking of death, said: "I had always hoped that the 'silent messenger' would not take a thief in the night." But he is coming as slowly as a London bus, full up, bound for New York.

New York, only worse. "Sweating" dens are set up everywhere by greedy contractors. The working people are herded in them like cattle in stock-yards, and the government inspection is made impossible. It would require an army of inspectors to suffice efficiently the provisions of the law, and even if the inspectors were quadrupled, so wretched is the condition of the workers that in many cases they themselves would aid the taskmasters in evading the official efforts at discovery and detection. The "sweaters" are practically slaves—glad of any opportunity to toil seven and eighteen hours a day for a mere subsistence. Many of them are out of work shop months of the year. The ventilation of all this wretchedness of poverty in the House of Lords is due to Lord Curzon, ever well known in America, who has been studying the reports of the Labor Inspectors of the Board of Trade. He made a capital speech on the subject, and succeeded in getting a committee appointed to inquire into the grievance.



THE UNION QUESTION. His Worship—Come along little fellow we want you. Don't squeal so. His other Worship—Cap let go my foot and attend to the City Council. They need your services more than I do.

The imprudent eye. The original Jacobs. In this wicked world the human eye is subject to frequent mishaps, and seems to be the object of much unrelenting enmity. This may be because it so frequently goes about prying into other people's affairs, or it may be because it has no legs or wings of its own with which to run or fly from danger. A discolored optic feels bad and looks worse, and is diligent in its endeavors to hide itself from the cold glance of an unimpaired and skeptical world. For when an eye gets into trouble, the world wags its head, and doubts the integrity of the eye when it lucidly explains the cause of its grief. Not unrequently the gilded youth who sees "out the road" comes back with a languished and dependent eye. He would gladly leave the eye behind him for recuperation and repose, but the eye positively refuses to accede to any such arrangement. So the gilded youth comes back to town with his moaning peeper, and at once seeks the studio of the eye painter, who relieves the eye of its shame by hiding the evidences of its disaster. Does the gilded youth remember the artist? It may be, in his prayers, but seldom in a substantial way for the eye is more likely to get into trouble when the purse is flat than when it is round.

The Dog Knows More Than His Master. Milkish, in Kings County, has added another spig to its wreath of laurel. It has a bull terrier that has taken charge of a brood of ducks which it drives to the creek every morning, and it sees that they are properly housed in the evening. A month ago it brought in its charge at respondent of the Manchester Guardian tells the following story—It is not always safe to lay hands on titles which have figured in history, as Lord Cranbrook discovered to his cost. When he determined to have the House of Commons choose the title of Lord Oxford—in point of association, antiquity, and euphony one of the most splendid which could be borne by an English subject. The selection was "kept dark" until a day or two before the irrevocable patent was to be signed, when it leaked out through an evening paper. The moment the news travelled down to Lincolnshire and reached the venerable Baroness Wilphyl de Enshay in her secluded seat Bourne, she promptly wrote a letter Queen and another to Lord Beauchamp, setting forth that she was a heir and representative of the De, Earle of Oxford, and that her son, a name, was entitled to the revival of an ancient title.

Aristocratic circles in St. Petersburg are just now smitten with a new form of amusement to pass away the dull winter. Ladies (over twenty years of age and less than forty, by the way) are to conduct sledge races. The female jockeys, who will be called along from the ranks of the upper ten, are to wear distinguishing colors, and will drive their own sledges to the winning post. The prizes are to consist of mainly diamond ornaments, and some of these have been ordered by the Empress herself.

It is rumored that a block of buildings, extending from the Portland Police Station to the Fort Howe road, is to be erected in the spring for mercantile purposes. A somewhat peculiar accident happened at the household of a man named Winslow, who lives on the Pushaw road, says the Oldtown Herald. It seems that the old gentleman was stretched out on the floor, when his wife, a matron of stout build, who was busy about the room, stumbled and fell upon him, breaking two of his ribs.—Bangor Commercial.

Sup't. Ellis.

The suspension of Mr. Ellis, Sup't. of the Street Railway Co., to which currency was given on Thursday, occasions no little regret, and is the subject of considerable comment. He has, since the construction of the road was commenced, discharged his duties in a most efficient manner, and has made many friends here by the courteousness of his demeanour and his unflinching energy in forwarding the interests of his company and the comfort of their patrons. If Mr. Ellis is the victim of a "combine" between some of the company's inferior employees and meddlesome outsiders, the facts will doubtless reach the ears of the directors, and his reinstatement will follow. The matter is one in which the public have an interest and the Gazette trusts it will not be allowed to drop without a thorough investigation.

A Fine Picture.

Mr. Miles painting, Early Morning on the St. John, near Sheffield, is one of his most pleasing productions. A group of cattle is shown on the bank and in the water of a creek running into the distance, on the right bank of which is a cluster of trees which are characteristic of the locality. The sun, just rising above the horizon, tints the clouds and spreads its light to the zenith, and with the shadows of the trees and the cattle, gives the water a very limpid appearance. The picture is low in tone, yet brilliant in color, and is very carefully painted.