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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE HAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and about a Great Number of Subjects.

The Bowdoin, Me. Orient reports that a woman in his room by locking it while he went to breakfast. On his return she was found calmly smoking his pipe and reading "Leaves of Grass" with apparent relish.

A young wife can be a good house-keeper without bothering to polish up the spare change in her husband's pocket every time she cleans up the rest of the silver in the house.

"So you've been fishing this afternoon instead of going to school, I hear," said the old man, as he seated himself at the table and glanced hither and thither at the boy. "Never mind, sir, you just wait until after supper. What have we here, wif? 'Tis hungry as a wolf." "Brook trout, pa," hastily exclaimed the boy; "I caught 'em." "That's so," said the old man, as he helped himself liberally; "but you mustn't neglect your education, my dear little boy; that will never do, you know."

"Death is a sad thing," he said to a man who stood weeping at a grave. "Ah, yes," was the broken reply. "Are you sorrowing over the death of a very dear friend?" "I am, sir, over my wife's first husband."

At a Summer resort: "Belle—Oh, dear! What are we to do to-day, without a man on the grounds?" "Carrie—Let's get a boat and row around the buoy."—Burlington Free Press.

"Has your sister many talents?" asked a friend of the family of the fifteen-year-old brother. "I guess you think so if you felt them in your hair as often as I do," answered the youngster, merrily.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you notice Mr. Languid in church this morning, dear? He seemed very much touched by our dear pastor's sermon."

"Touched by our pastor's sermon?" Rabbiah! He was touched about fifty times by Mrs. Languid's parrot to keep him from being hypnotized by the sermon, that's the fit of it."—Yonkers Gazette.

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.

"George treated me very coldly last night, mother," said Ethel, waving her fan at a vagrant fly. "Way, Ethel, I'm sorry to hear that. In what way was his treatment cold?" "Ice cream."

"Oh, for a look and a shady nook, With the green leaves whispering over head, Where I may read all at my ease, Both of the new and the old, For a little good book where to look, Is better to me than gold."

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the streets."

"You didn't cripple the boy, did you?"

"No, I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy."

And the proud father wept bitterly.

"Naomi," he said softly, as they gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies through my mind on a night like this. Every rephry seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."

Last night I saw her at the ball, A beauty's circle proudly gay, A stately figure, grand and tall, She was the belle, I heard them say.

To-day I see her as she stands, The fresh wind blowing from the south, With yellow-queens in her hands, And several choropleths in her mouth.

Yet she's as fair to me to-day, As winsome, beautiful and bright, As when among the ball last night, I saw her at the ball last night.

An old gentleman came into an Augusta marble shop last autumn with the marks of affliction on his countenance, says the Journal, and after explaining that one of his sons had just died, sorrowfully inquired the price of a tombstone. After looking over the various styles and endeavoring to beat down the dealer, he remarked confidentially with a glance at his consumptive looking wife who sat on the luncheon outside, that he didn't think Marthy would "winter," and he guessed he'd wait and buy two stones at once, so as to get a reduction.

Marthy "wintered" but she didn't "spring," and a few days ago the old man appeared again, shipped a cargo of tombstones and went on his way rejoicing.

"Hostess—"Mr. Highcollar, do you know whether Mr. Tomandjerry dances the reel?" Mr. Highcollar—"Cavert say—know he walks it considerable."

A leaky barrel will get tight if soaked in water, but you have to soak a man in whiskey; water won't do it.

Bald-headed Indians are now far more numerous than they were in former times. Marriage has also increased among them.

Bishop (on his semi-annual round)—And you do remember me, Bobby?

Bobby—Oh, yes, sir; you are the gentleman who scolded me about because you smoked in the parlor and nearly ruined the curtains.

"Are you afraid of ghosts and ghouls?" inquired a lady of a little boy.

"Ghouls," was the equivocal reply.

MARITIME HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From all Sources.

An excursion and tea from Summerside to Cape Traverse last week realized fifteen hundred dollars, of which about three-fourths was profit.

No other town of its size in the Maritime Provinces has a larger number of young men, pretty young women and neatly dressed children than Moncton.—Moncton Times.

Caledonia mine, C. B. beats the record. On Sunday morning S. S. Wylo arrived from Montreal and went under the drop at 7 a. m. At 6 p. m. she sailed for Montreal with 2000 tons of coal, which she received inside of twelve hours. This is one of the largest shipments of coal in one day ever made in this country.

Workmen on the bridge railway track, when excavating for the foundation of a culvert at the base of college hill, came across an old beaver dam. They dug up many logs and billets of wood which had been cut down years ago by these industrious animals. The form of the dam could be easily traced.—Pion Capital.

The Mic Mac Indian missionary, Rev. S. T. Rand, has issued a prospectus of a proposed volume of Latin hymns which he will publish, as soon as he receives sufficient encouragement to warrant his doing so. The hymns are chiefly translations of the most popular hymns. The English and Latin will be printed side by side.

There was high festival on Sunday afternoon at the Indian church at L'Anse-au-Loup, Quebec, the occasion being the blessing of a new bell for the church. The Indians turned out in full aboriginal costumes with paint and feathers, and a large concourse of people was in attendance. Among those present was Sir A. P. Caron, M. P., Minister of Militia, and Mr. T. Cope Casgrain, M. P. P.

Rev. J. E. Bent, of Tupperville, is the oldest minister in the Nova Scotia Methodist Conference, his name standing on the minutes since 1828; and though for many years holding a supernumerary relation, has always been efficient and acceptable in the pulpit. He is now beyond the line of four-score years, but takes regular appointments still, driving once a month a distance of fourteen miles, besides acting as chaplain at the Annapolis county almshouse, where he holds service once a fortnight.

We much regret to learn that Rev. D. Chappell, A. M., has been transferred from Summerside to Campbellton, N. B. During his pastorate in Summerside, Mr. Chappell has made many warm friends among all denominations, his genial and gentlemanly characteristics making him a general favorite. The congregation over which he was placed will be sorry to lose him, but will be glad to congratulate him on securing a pastorate gentleman of broad liberal views, of culture and ability.—Summerside Journal.

Melville Archibald, a native of Pictou, N. S., who did business in Newfoundland in the boot and shoe trade, and made \$20,000 in five years, removed to California about seven years ago and bought an orange grove. The big real estate boom came on, he cut up his grove into town lots and sold out, clearing \$50,000. Mr. Archibald has also figured in the divorce courts of Nova Scotia lately, and married a second wife in his new home.

On Wednesday afternoon there occurred at Newrick one of those interesting events that give a spice to life, when Miss Etta, second daughter of George Dickinson of Charlottetown. The bride, who was attended by Miss Alma Bird, was dressed in pure white, and looked as pretty as a picture, and so did the groom, notwithstanding he only wore a suit of clothes with a very large and very wide collar.

Mr. Alexander Wilson the well known steamboat engineer died at his son's residence, Charleston, South Carolina, one day last week, at the venerable age of 70 years. Mr. Wilson was a native of Dundee, Scotland, but had resided in Fredericton for over half a century. He was probably the best known marine engineer in the Maritime Provinces, or perhaps in any of the Canadian provinces. For years he was superintendent engineer for Messrs. Hatheway & Small, and was employed both in the bay and the river. He was also a long time in the employ of Mr. D. D. Glasier on the river.

The Lunenburg, N. S., Progress says: Chester has had during the past week a genuine all balance-of-the-year sensation. There has been weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. About six weeks ago there arrived from parts unknown a white haired old patriarch and three very magnificent and vivacious young ladies. One was introduced as his better half, the others as his wife's sisters. For five weeks all went lovely and the goose barked high. The ladies were invited everywhere and when not accompanied by the old man had a boss old time. About a week ago the youngest of the two became infatuated with one of our bloods and in a moment of confidence, backed up with about a pint of the O. B. joyful usquebaugh, disclosed the fact that the old patriarch was a Mormon bishop, a refugee from Salt Lake, Utah, and that all the women were, according to the rites of the Mormon church, his wives.

The latest craze to take the place of postage and rubber stamp collections, which have died a slow death, is the "bow" mania, says the Utica Observer. A boy is requested to bow to a girl, who writes his autograph in a small book. When she receives fifty bows, the boy giving her the fiftieth one is said to be her future husband. When the girl collects 100 bows she buries the book containing the names and makes a wish. Her wish, it is claimed, will come to pass inside of a month. Cigarette pictures are also another craze among the boys. A young lad in East Utica has already received a collection of 2,000 cigarette pictures, including actresses, ball players, officers and representatives of other classes of people.

A Fact Worth Remembering. Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old was so bad with summer complaint that under doctors' treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her. She is now fat and hearty.

Horse Talk.

In the Territory of Wyoming lies the largest horse farm in the world. It is situated a little more than thirteen miles northeast of Cheyenne, and is composed of 150,000 acres of land. The fencing of this vast area requires over 500 miles of wire. The real size of this immense property cannot readily be imagined by Eastern people. On entering the gate to the home ranch, one has still a distance of three miles to cover before reaching the manager's house. From the home ranch to the fifth outpost it is nearly nine miles. So large, indeed, is this place, that very often horses have been lost for weeks within its boundaries.

Only two thousand acres of this immense area, however, are under cultivation; but this task, in addition to the tending of water in a chain of eight artificial lakes, requires the maintenance of nine miles of ditches and the necessary materials.

The ranch is owned by Pittsburgh and Brooklyn capitalists, who have now about five thousand horses there, all in the best condition. The mare stock is made up principally of Wyoming animals, and besides these there are about 1,500 mares from Oregon, and 1,000 Canadian and Eastern mares.

The stud comprises forty-nine imported stallions of royal lineage. Forty-seven of them are full-blooded Percherons, the pedigree of which are accompanied by certificates of genuineness from the French government under the seal of the republic. Two stallions are the highest bred coaches from France. Each member of the stud is a prize winner, and several are historical animals. Six of the get of brilliant, the horse reproduced on canvas by Rosa Bonheur as the most perfect representative of the equine kingdom, occupy box stalls in the home ranch stable. It was from this place that an absolutely wild horse—a beautiful and symmetrical savage—was exported to Miss Bonheur two years ago. It required the concerted efforts of nine experienced men to drive the horse from the range to the railway.

Some very good mile and a half tracks have been made on the ranch, so that animals developing speed may receive a thorough training as racers or trotters. The tracks are supplied with hurdles, and a few of the horses are taught to jump. Many excellent hunters have been made on these tracks, and several New York prize jumpers received their first instruction here.

The "breaking in" of the horses is an exciting part of the work at this ranch. Such experienced men as are employed to do it, however, that it is got through with in very short order. Mr. W. H. Force, the manager of the place, personally superintends this work, while an experienced broncho breaker, Charlie Hall, acts as foreman. Four men are engaged at all times in taming semi-wild animals. Each man breaks four saddle horses every hour, and work horses are trained in much less time. The horses are driven in a chute, where they are saddled or harnessed. Then the exciting work of breaking them takes place.

The horses on this ranch as a rule are remarkably gentle and good-natured, and allow themselves to be patted and caressed by the many visitors to the farm with unusual grace. Persons may even enter the stalls in which the fine stallions are kept without the least danger of receiving injury from the animals.

One of the best horses on the ranch is such a good natured fellow, that he is a fine looking two-year-old, and already easily tames any animal about the place.

By the method of breeding entirely by hand instead of allowing the stallions to roam at will on the range, Mr. Force, the manager, at first greatly horrified the horsemen of Wyoming; but with it he has been able to raise at least fifty per cent more colts from a given number of mares than any of his predecessors.

The arrangements on this large farm are being unexcelled in the West. Everything has been fitted up in the best possible manner for the comfort of the great force of men required to take charge of it. In the home building is a large library containing a valuable collection of books on the horse, among which are the latest American, English and French stud books.

HOWING FOR A HUSBAND.

Central New York Girls Find a New Fad for Their Amusement.

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Daily Trips Between St. John and Fredericton (each way).

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Commenced about June 1st, and until further notice, presumably until October 1st.

THE SUNDAY STEAMERS "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA," alternately for St. John (departing) for Fredericton, and Fredericton for St. John.

EVERY MORNING, Sunday Excepted, AT NINE O'CLOCK, Local Time.

Calling at intermediate stops.

Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, &c.; with Montreal & Western Railway for Montserrat, Grand Falls, &c.; and with Steamer "Friscoville," when water high, for St. John, Woodstock, &c.

ROBUST TRIP TICKETS to Fredericton, also to Woodstock and Grand Falls, good for return by N. B. Railway via McAdam, issued at special reduced rates.

On THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to St. John's, Kingston, Oak Point, and Palmer's Wharves, good to return on day of issue, for 50 CENTS to HALIFAX and RETURN, 50 CENTS.

For accommodation of business men and others, Steamer "ACADIA" will leave St. John's every SATURDAY EVENING, for HALIFAX, calling at intermediate stops, returning, with Leave Halif. at 6 o'clock, Monday Morning, to arrive at St. John's at 9 a. m., thus affording an opportunity to spend a day of rest and change in the country without encroaching on business hours.

FARE—Halifax to St. John's, etc., and return, 50 CENTS.

N. B.—This service begins on June 8th, and, if sufficiently encouraged, will continue up to 1st October.

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We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

Try a pair upon our guarantee that they WILL WEAR WELL and NOT BREAK AWAY in the season.

PRICE 64 CENTS.

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A STEAM LAUNDRY

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