

A GREAT SERIAL THIS WEEK SHIRLEY GARSTONE BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART V LIFE IN ST. JOHN THIS WEEK.

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MAX O'RELL.

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR TALKS TO A GAZETTE REPORTER, and Tells Him the Story of His Life.

"Good morning, Mr. Ivory." "Good morning, Max." That's the way the GAZETTE meets our distinguished visitors.

M. Paul Blouet, Rider Haggard and Dr. Gunther, have been wonderfully fortunate in the world of letters, gaining fame and competence in a day, while Goldsmith, and Johnson, and Chatterton, and Savage, and hundreds of their conferees were intimate with prisons and poverty all their lives; but they laughed meanwhile, as they could well afford to, at the aristocracy of gold.

"Good morning, Mr. Ivory." "Good morning, Max." M. Paul Blouet, known by the initials Max O'Rell, reminds me, in stature, manner and speech, of Count de Bary, and is, as we form our opinions from outward appearances, one of the happiest of men.

Said he, "I suppose you want I should talk to you, and I'll talk to you as I have talked to no other man in America."

The reporter was pleased, for it is rare that any distinguished foreigner that visits this continent is not squeezed, as you would squeeze an orange, before he reaches Saint John.

Said M. Blouet, "The newspaper men of Europe and America don't seem to belong to the same family. The Figaro, of Paris, talks about people intelligently; so does the Pall Mall Gazette; in America the newspapers have everything in their own hands. Such papers as the New York Herald and New York World elect presidents, convict criminals, (or acquit them, as the fancy strikes them), and are above all divins and human laws."

Said the reporter, "THE GAZETTE—'I just like the Herald and the World,' interrupted M. Blouet, 'and I like to talk with the representative of an independent publication. You want to hear about myself? I was born in Normandy, on the border of Brittany, and my father was a tanner. I was called a very good boy by people who didn't know me intimately. My people were good, commonplace people—and M. Blouet's eyes grew misty as he spoke—'good commonplace people—not given to money getting—not given to literature—good commonplace people, such as you and I love to meet, and such as we would like to have come to one's graves, a pleasant afternoon, and talk about us when we are gone. It is very sure that qualities of mind are not generally transmitted from generation to generation. But one instance has come under my observation—that of Dumas, père, and Dumas, fils."

M. Blouet lit a cigarette and continued, "I studied in Paris, prepared for military service in the Polytechnic school, and received my commission some months before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. I was taken a prisoner at the battle of Sedan, and was confined five months in the Prussian fortress of Wespell."

"Then," continued M. Blouet, "peace was signed and I was sent to Paris, and just then the communc trouble broke out; I went to the front and at the attack on the bridge at Neuilly, on the 14th of April, 1871, I got a wound in my arm which disabled me for life. I lay in the hospital at Neuilly eight months, and then was discharged and pensioned."

"Then," said M. Blouet, and his eyes twinkled as he spoke, "I became a journalist, and they thought I was a fair writer; I wrote in the Gaulois and the Journal Des Debats, and in 1873, I went to London as the correspondent of the Debats. I had been in London but a short time when I was elected head master in the French school of St. Paul's, which position I occupied eight years, and during the time, I edited several classics and books on philology—all the time keeping my eyes to the right and left, and taking notes. I showed those notes to some of my friends and they thought I viewed things in an original light, so, during a holiday, I took them to Paris where they were published under the title of John Bull and his Island. You know how successful the book has been. It was translated into

English by Madame Blouet, (she is an English lady) and I consider the translation an excellent one."

M. Blouet's books are, French Oratory, 2 vols., published by the University of Oxford, in 1882; John Bull and his Island, published in 1883; John Bull's Daughters, (the American adaptation of which M. Blouet disowns) published in 1884; The Dear Neighbors, a study of the relations between France and England, published in 1885; John Bull, Jr., or French as she is traduced; a faithful translation of which has just been issued by Cassell & Co., and is for sale by J. & A. McMillan and Friend Macdonald.

M. Blouet's works are read in French, English, American, (as he says satirically) German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Bengalese, and Marhattee.

Grand Manan.

Interesting as are all parts of this picturesque island, the name of solitary wildness and grandeur is only found in the great cliffs at Southern Head. These cliffs rise sheer from the water to a height of two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet, and against their base the waves of the Atlantic have beaten with all their force for centuries in vain. About these cliffs thousand of sea gulls circle and scream, and in their fissures they rear their young. One is rendered speechless by the sublimity of the scene, which is enhanced when, stepping a short distance to the right, the Southern Cross is revealed to view. Out of the waste of water it rises to a height of eighty feet, as modelled in form and proportions as if projected by one of the world's most famous sculptors instead of by Nature herself.

The Southern Cross! It stood here when they were toiling to erect the pyramids, when Rome was founded, when Shakespeare played his plays, and when Columbus set out on his solitary voyage across the western sea. And here it will remain until some unprecedented confluence of nature shall wreck continents and islands. It is a peculiarity of the Southern Cross that from one point of view, the figure of a cross is lost and that it is a woman's face. The resemblance of the one is just as perfect as that of the other. One of the first pictures ever made of this great piece of nature's handiwork, forms a part of a famous art collection in Melbourne, Australia, and another by J. C. Miles, A. R. C. A., is considered the masterpiece of that artist.

The woods of Grand Manan are infested by the deer and the fox, his lakes and streams are well stocked with trout, and in its bays and coves one may amuse himself with the seals, shooting aquatic birds, or in the company of the fishermen.

From "An Island and An Idyl" by H. L. SPENCER, in Woman, April, 1888.

The Owl.

A gray owl dwelt in a gray old tower, And he woke at the stroke of the midnight hour, For so brightly shone the harvest moon, He hardly knew if 'twere night or noon. He looked in the sky that best he could— "Of my kinsmen thousands are there," he said; "And they look out with their great round eyes— Those happy owls in the upper sky."

Dreams.

Dreams come to cheer, to soothe, to warn The heart of man, while here below; And visions, that are heaven born, Make man, his Lord, to better know. The dream, that Pharaoh dreamed, of old Brought sleep from the prison cell; And when he had it meaning told To rule the land, his lot befell. "Two warring nations, that saved our Lord From here's his wretched purpose cruel; When he w, his servants at his word."

Without a Doubt.

There is no doubt that Haggard's Yellow Oil is the best remedy for Sprains, Bruises, New Throat, Colds, Rheumatism, Cramp and all Aches, Pains, Lameness and Soreness. It is used externally, and should always be kept in the house.

LANGUAGE.

THESE ARE A THIRTIETH LANGUAGES SPOKEN THAT WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

Let us know something about the Language of our Neighbors.

We spend a great deal of time in the acquisition of dead and foreign languages. Just as we studied Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, and French, and German, and Spanish, our children study those idioms, while there are a hundred different languages spoken in our hearing every day, with which we take little care to make ourselves familiar.

I think that of all God's creatures, only the fish are speechless. And without doubt they have some means of communication among themselves with which we are unacquainted. We don't hear the butterfly talk to his sister butterfly, but it is impossible that he cannot make himself understood. We are too grossly material, to understand, or even hear his ethereal language. Flitting from flower to flower, coquetting with the gay young butterflies of a summer's day, I have no doubt but that his language is just as impassioned—just as tender as ours. M. Blouet's works are read in French, English, American, (as he says satirically) German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Bengalese, and Marhattee.

I suppose that life was first developed in the water which surrounded the globe, for thousands, perhaps millions, of centuries. When the frog came out into the air he began to croak, and each of his notes, as each of the notes of the birds, had a meaning, well understood by their fellows, which we have failed to translate into our own language.

Says a well known writer—"The student of nature comprehends that the morning songs of birds is a wholly integral affair, differing from their evening songs as well as from the notes uttered during love-making and during the work of nest-building. There are also distinct show-songs welcoming the refreshings of nature. There are songs of victory, songs of love, and equally the notes of querulous dissatisfaction, as well as cries of anger and pain. These notes evidently are understood, not merely within the limits of a single species, but the robin comprehends his neighbors. This is certain, because not seldom the tribes make common cause of joy or of battle. By common consent the robin has the earliest hour of dawn for his roundelay—other birds either keeping silent or following in an undertone. After his song is ended the cat-bird begins, and takes the hour mainly to himself—wherever he is an undisturbed dweller. My horse comprehends a sound of caution, one of reproach, another for speed, and another one of approbation. The dog is specially capable in this direction; he is seldom allowed by us to show itself. I have no doubt that a cat really gets the drift of what we say to her, and at times our full meaning. "In the way of language," says Popular Science, "monkeys manifest their passions, fears, desires, by cries and gestures emphasized by significant accents. The alphabets of some of the Melanesian races are not much richer. Some monkeys have a noisy and explosive laughing analogous to ours." Abbott insists that birds not only sing but talk, and that their song bears the same relation to speech as our own. "Crows have two distinct cries or utterances, each readily distinguishable from the others. These utterances, as in all birds, are only expressed when the bird is occupied, showing that birds sing from pleasure and talk from necessity. He adds concerning fishes: I have been led to believe that certain sounds made by fishes are really vocal efforts, and that their utterances are for the purpose of expressing an idea."

All animals can talk if you but deign to learn their language—not ask their tongues to croak to yours. Ton's are speechless, not artificial words that bear your language as a barrow wheels your own.

It is more and more clear to an intelligent observer that language is absolutely universal wherever there is sensation. All life more or less is inter-communicative. Animals in our company, if dealt

with as capable of development, soon adapt their sounds to our requirements. I have owned a horse that could call me with distinct sounds of caution, and others of affection, and still others indicating more abstruse ideas to my accustomed ear. On one occasion she distinctly informed me of trouble in the stables—calling to me when 100 rods away, and expressing the utmost satisfaction when I reached the yard. The cows had broken down a door and let loose some calves.

Are we not equally certain that some animals, if they had the third convolution and the genital tubercle, would now develop speech, and that right rapidly? I never feel so sad as when standing beside my noble, large-brained horse. By all possible means he endeavors to communicate with me. Marvellously well he succeeds too, but his language is yet one of gestures and simple sounds. Assent, disapproval, joy, antipathy, desire and ambition, as well as personal affection, are in the range of the horse's language. Imagine with what speed this picture would progress if ever the genital tubercle were possible. However, man's position was secured not by means of language alone, but by means of freed hands and an erect posture. The limits to language correlate to the limits in the power of tool-making. The horse needs no extended speech without hands to increase his relation to things.

My horse modulates her tones with almost human inflection. In the sheep I hear from all sides ba ba, while near by the calves are crying ma ma. I am at least surprised to find that babies also begin life with ba ba, and ma ma. My boy does not at first call me pa pa, but ma ma. Even after his sounds have become cerebral he continues these inherited utterances. Through a large range of mammals this elemental speech is common. The lower races of savages cry ma ma, mama, when terrified or suffering. They are babies grown up. On the other hand the hog family, and the bear, have only a guttural range of sounds, combined with a cick.

Exceedingly interesting is the process of language development in a babe. No study in anthropology is more fertile. The babe's first cries are purely instinctive and therefore purely animal. Its consonants are m and b, labials and liquids,—used with the open vowels. It does not use the general mercer; not for many weeks the frontal brain. Its second list of sounds move farther back, and are g, go, gutterals of the simplest sort. Next observe the babe as it watches your mouth and laughs at your cooing and baby talk. It finally sets its own articulating organs in motion, and imitates you. The consequence soon is the simple use of the frontal brain and the genital tubercle. The goo goo is followed by eh eh and the che che; and soon after by modulation. These are not only the first use of truly human organs, but the first cerebral sounds, as distinct from instinctive and inherited utterances. The steps toward a highly cerebral language are thereafter rapidly taken.

We have to bear in mind that the babe organically follows historic evolution, and is an epitome of past progress. So also in his speech he moves on and over the pathway of the past, and reviews it all in an intelligent child expresses appreciation by the same sounds that are used by adult monkeys. The savage hardly uses cerebral sounds at all. The refinement of language has ever consisted in eliminating the animal inheritance. The child's use of gestures is also inherited. I do not need to learn to use his hands; only to secure muscular strength direct them. His play is at first purely animal frolic, rejecting in shouts and yells his later he does not find necessity to his enjoyment. His laughing is crying can only be understood as language, as they surely are also in its. The evolution of laughter would be a delightful branch of our topic, but it is too much by itself.

Genus of Thought.

Without adversity grace withers—Mason.

Light cares speak, great ones are dumb. The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.—Bossuet.

Thanksgiving is good, thanks living is better.—Henry.

Is death the last sleep? No, it is the final awakening.—Walter Scott.

Nothing is old enough in religion that is not 1500 years old.—Ruskin.

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT DISCUSSES OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Church Workers, Young and Old—How They Amuse Themselves and Promote the Spread of Righteousness.

The average young man and young woman in St. John take a great interest in church work. In fact I know of no place on the continent where the young folk take such a deep interest in this particular kind of life as they do in Saint John. So far as I know, or am capable of judging, everybody who aims at respectability, goes to church and is interested in some particular branch of church work. The older people have the finances to look after and the majority of churches are in debt there is often a good deal of genuine financial work to do in order that the pastor's salary and the other expenses will be met with regularity. Another portion assist the minister in one way or another in his pastoral duties, visiting the sick, looking after those who have strayed from the fold and in various other ways making themselves of service to the church. They lead in the prayer meetings, conduct services in out of town missions and devote the major portion of their spare time to furthering the cause of the gospel. There are more men interested in this class of work than anyone would suppose who has not an intimate acquaintance with what is going on about town. I know more than one merchant who devotes three or four evenings every week to doing some of the things I have enumerated above.

Every church has also an organization of its older women or matrons who look after the more serious portion of the church work. They assist in raising money by means of personal calls, or the holding of entertainments of one kind or another. There are now in St. John upwards of 40 churches, representing all the different denominations of christians. In each of these are at least 100 persons who take an active part in helping the church or the pastor, whichever they choose. This would give 4,000 persons out of a population of say 50,000 who are engaged in some branch of church work. Over 700 entertainments are held every year for the purpose of raising money for one or another church scheme. These entertainments as I have said are very largely organized and worked up by the older women of the different churches. They are, however, largely dependent on the younger people for help and patronage.

It is assisting either by patronage or with a song, a reading or simply sitting on a table that the young people do most of their church work. Some of them assist in other ways. There are in St. John over 1,000 Sunday school teachers and half of these are what might be called young. Then many of them go to the prayer meetings, the class meetings or other devotional meetings, largely dependent on the younger people for help and patronage.

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The church entertainments held in St. John are as various as the colors of the rainbow. In olden times the entertainment was called either a sociable, a bazaar or a tea meeting or soiree, but in these days of lightning trains, fast steamships and telegraphs, new names had to be procured, but the entertainment itself does not differ materially from those of the old time. If it is a concert or dime readings nowadays, it is not very much different from the old fashioned sociable. A soiree would be quite as old as the name as Mikado tea, pink tea or any other high sounding title. But novelty is what the people look for and novelty they are bound to have if in name only. Thousands of persons never dissipate beyond the limits of church tea. The fun there is fast and furious enough for them. It is a pleasant sight to go to one of these entertainments and watch the young people. They mostly know each other, because so many entertainments are held by churches in the course of a year. The patronage of the majority is limited to the congregation of the church in aid of which it is held. Knowing each other there is not that restraint which one notices at the theatre or opera. The church also is a democratic institution recognizing in theory no difference between the rich and poor man. Some people may smile at this statement, but if they will take the trouble to examine into the truth of what I say they will find that in nine churches out of ten there is not much disparity of wealth or position. The people who form the congregation move all in the one circle. Some of course are completely in the swim while others are only hovering on the outside edge.

At all events the young people do not recognize any great differences between each other. If a girl is good looking and neatly and nicely dressed she will have

no occasion to lament that she has no beauty at the church fair. She will have lots of admirers if only for the time being.

Church life in St. John is active, unusually so. In some cases if one is a member of all the organizations in the church he will be there every evening. Perhaps though the young people are as well there as somewhere else, and they would be pretty sure to be somewhere else if not at church, as it is not fashionable in these days to spend too much time at home.

A FORMER RESIDENT.

Some of the Irish Grievances—The Land Trouble—The Lack of Manufacturers' Felt.

To the editor of the SATURDAY GAZETTE: Sir—On a recent visit to Ireland, my native land, after spending a short time very pleasantly among my relatives and friends, I met an old acquaintance, Dr. Kinneary, an ex-M. P., who had been one of the representatives for the Co. Donegal for some six years in the House of Commons, during which time he took a deep interest in the welfare of Ireland generally, as well as the county he had the honor of representing. I obtained a great deal of valuable information from him concerning the state of the country as I found him very friendly and sociable and well up on every subject we had time to touch on, and anxious to give me all the information he could. He gave me a printed copy of a speech delivered in the House of Commons, on the 16th May, 1881, of the second reading of the Land Law (Ireland) Bill, published at the request of some of the members of Parliament and other gentlemen, as well as copies of other speeches he delivered on subjects of importance concerning the interest of Ireland, etc. I travelled from Londonderry, that old historic city, to Markethill via the Great Northern Railway, and along the route I perceived that the soil was impoverished from want of good cultivation and here and there the ruins of a house appeared, showing that the farming class has suffered and decreased. They find it difficult to obtain servants, even at high wages, as the laborers have largely disappeared and many of their sons have emigrated, seeing it was impossible to provide homes for their own. The land question lies at the root of Irish grievances, for it is chiefly by agriculture that the Irish live, and though the rents have been reduced they are still too high in most places. But there is another cause of Ireland's poverty, namely, the want of manufacturing industries. The linen business is no doubt still useful in Ulster, but it is not so extensive and profitable as it was some years ago owing to capitalists fearing to invest in the present unsettled state of the country, while in the south and west there are few factories for any kind. There is a growing desire among farmers for peasant proprietorship and if it were granted on reasonable terms it would go far to settle the Irish question which has so vexed the legislature.

Markethill is a village between Armagh and Newry, and situated in a fertile district. There is a large and beautiful demesne adjoining it, which is enclosed by a stone wall over nine feet high, and almost three miles in length, built at a cost of about \$700,000. There is a magnificent castle within the walls, which cost over \$2,000,000. This building, which is in the Norman style of architecture, was commenced in the year 1810, on St. Patrick's day, and for several years many of the tenants on the estate paid their rents in labor. The castle is the seat of the Earl of Gosford (the family name is Archibald), the grandfather of the present owner. The gardens and conservatories attached to it had at present a neglected look, few hands being employed in them, and no skilled gardener kept to superintend the work. This is partly due to the fact that the estate is heavily encumbered, and to another fact that Lord Gosford is an absentee landlord; like many other Irish noblemen he lives in London. Thus the rents that are collected are spent in another country, which helps to keep Ireland poor and discontented. The old castle was in another part of the demesne, near the farm house, and one small barn is still standing in which the celebrated Dean Swift lodged for some time. The demesne itself abounds in ornamental trees and ferns, small lakes and shady walks, and there is a large open park in the centre stretching away in the front of the castle. It is a pity to see such a splendid mansion unoccupied (as it is at present). Leaving Markethill, I crossed over to England by Greenore and Holyhead, where I left for London, and after transacting my business there, I was shown some of the different places of interest by the cleverest guide I have ever seen my good fortune to have met. After visiting other large cities in England, I took passage at Liverpool for home, sweet home.

Costly Dog Collars.

A dealer in sporting goods was shown the Philadelphia Dispatch in which the bills of the Baroness Blane figure, one item being a dog collar, and the statement being made that these articles frequently cost \$100. "Yes," he said in reply to a question, "there are many expensive dog collars sold in C. cleary, but I have handled none quite so expensive as that mentioned in the Dispatch. Last fall I furnished one for a Frisian woman which cost \$80, and a little later a lady living on a North Side avenue invested \$65 in one of these fancy arrangements to encircle the neck of her favorite pug. I sell a great many at prices ranging from \$25 to \$50."