

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 25.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

Surely business enterprise could go no further than as exemplified in the following advertisement taken from a New York paper: "A lady, who is a favorite with a large speculator in the mining-stock market, wishes to form a pool with ladies and gentlemen who have two hundred dollars or more cash, and are willing to invest the same at par in a stock which will have one of the grandest booms ever known in New York. Address, appointing interview, etc."

The Paris correspondent of London Truth writes thus of the much maligned Jersey. Of the low kind I have this week been shown a specimen. It is in salmon silk. The upper edge is trimmed with a ruche of travelled silk set on an elastic band, which is fastened on at short distances. Nothing can be softer or more fluffy. One would think that with the first seephyr the whole thing would fly off like thistle-down, which in texture it resembles. There are no sleeves, but the ruche forms a shoulder band, and a pair of downy tassels fall from the middle of this part. The meagre chested should not wear the low jersey; but the plump, should adopt and cling to it obstinately. What, you see, is so objectionable to the modest persons in a hall-room, is not the stripping of busts, but the forcing up of roundness toward the neck. That front line which Miss Rose Cleveland spoke of in her letter about low-cut waists, and which, unfortunately, she did not define, is displaced in the sense of upheaval. This is done not by the corset; if it be at all well made, but by the corsage. A jersey, low or high, forces nothing and lends itself to every undulation. For this reason the stent and unstatelike should wear it both in and out of the ballroom. The jersey does not require, either, much room in a trunk, and the trimming destined for the upper edge may be put on and taken off at will and kept in a little cardboard box. This lessens impediments when one is going on visits to great country houses. The low jersey is charming with a short and full skirt of the texture worn by members of the corps de ballet, and it does as well with a long skirt made to mould the figure and to fall into a train.

It is said that years ago Mrs. Scott Siddons's dressmaker advised her to leave off her corsets. "What, lose me stage figure?" she cried. "Impossible!" The dressmaker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and that the only means of saving it was to take radical measures at once. "Well, here go me stays," said the actress, and the milliner proceeded to fit her a twenty-five inch waist. At the end of the season she came back again. "Make me a twenty-seven inch waist," she demanded, but in the meantime her figure below and above the waist had resumed their normal proportions, her skin had grown two shades fairer and clearer, and she looked younger. Since then she has never worn a stay, and she says that whereas before she abandoned them it was all she could do to drag through the last act, after she had dispensed with them she was so fresh and vigorous that she could have done a six act and not mind it. She still continues to wear very gorgeous gowns.

Prof. Barron is a man who attempted a practical joke on the girls of "our best society." He failed. He sent out circulars telling that, at a place in Fifth avenue, he had opened an esthetic gymnasium, where the belles of the town might get exercise by means of a ma-

chine of his own invention. He adopted the high flow methods of announcement, used several influential names, and at one time seemed likely to get many pupils. But a fatal mistake was his. When investigators called they saw an apparatus, with handles and weights so arranged that a girl could work up her muscles rapidly, no doubt. "You will observe," he would say, "that the exercise is precisely that of a woman at a wash-tub, and I assure you that a half an hour a day at this delightful work will give you a health and bloom second to no washerwoman in the land." Did that commend it to modify favor? Not at all. It condemned it instantly. Fifth avenue's belles would prefer even the blush of rouge to that of a washerwoman's labor.—[New York Sun.

Two American beauties—Miss Adele Grant and Miss Eleanor Winslow—add much to the keen zest of fashionable life (says a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat). For languor, rather than zest or interest in anything, has hitherto pervaded Newport. It was not good form to take any interest in anything. To be blasé was the mode. Miss Winslow was a Boston girl, the family living on Boylston street, near the public library—a part of the city now given up to the trade. She went abroad with her mother some ten or twelve years ago, when she was a young girl in her early teens. The father was a moderately successful tradesman, making a little fortune of two hundred or three hundred thousand dollars, but finally became insane, and died in the McLean Lunatic Asylum here. The mother, I am told, was very ambitious for social honors. She was herself beautiful, and her portrait was painted by Mr. B. C. Porter, the fashionable portrait-painter. She was not, however, I believe, exactly what may be termed "in society" here, but better fortune—or what appeals to a woman of such social ideals as better fortune—awaited her in London, and the daughter became recognized as a reigning beauty. Many people who knew both Miss Winslow and Miss Grant are inclined to be a little disparaging regarding the former, seeming to have the impression that she has sacrificed dignity and delicacy in "running after" society, rather than to have had society pursue her. Miss Grant is quite the reverse, a woman truly womanly, noble, delicate, exquisite. If she was a reigning belle, it was because society enthroned her, not because she made any efforts to be enthroned. A slight, delicate, dark-eyed girl, rather in the world than of it—a woman holding her own pure ideals of life above all this gleam and glitter—this is Adele Grant. Her conge, given to the Earl of Cairns when she discovered his unworthy character, is its own interpretation of her dignity and strength.

Dame Fashion (says the New York World) has decreed that the ladies' hats for fall and winter wear be lower—not in price, but in altitude. Some of the latest importations, not yet placed on public view, will go quite to the other extreme from those in vogue last winter and will fit quite snugly to the head. This will be good news to theatre and opera goers of the male persuasion, who, much as they admire the ladies, and all their artistic finery, do love to get a sight at what goes on the stage when they pay to witness a play. It will likewise be a welcome relief to the ladies themselves. For the essence of politeness is consideration for the rights and feelings of others; and it must have been a real trouble to know that conformity to fashion in the matter of hats deprived those behind them of the pleasure to which they were entitled, by shutting off the view of the stage. Tall hats are still seen in the theatres, but they are presumably of the "left over" variety. And while the motives of economy that dictate their re-

tention may be commendable, a conformity to fashion in lowering head-gear will soon mark all the women who desire to be thought familiar with the mode, and possessed of money enough to follow it. Fashion is a fickle jade and given to extremes, but this time her mandate is in the line of good sense.

Fashion Notes.

Himalaya cloth is one of the new fabrics used this season. It is soft and fleecy. It is generally used for trimmings to modern low cut frocks and is put on in bands a quarter of a yard wide.

Old gold or, better, antique gold is seen in the newest passmenteries and is exceedingly stylish on young ladies' gimpuses of colored silks, the passmenterie being used as collar and cuff pieces.

Bernhardt has again set the fashion in matters of picturesque costumes and her Theodora gowns so graceful and loosely flowing have become the mode for afternoon tea gowns of an artistic character.

Old lace collars in the round shape worn twenty years ago are to be revived this season and Worth already has introduced a low cut frock in his new models for afternoon gowns.

Bear skin, which is always so becoming in its fineness, is particularly adapted for coats, the black and brown being the favorite, while the silvery grizzly is reserved for those who like something elegant but showy.

A favorite Paris fashion is to trim seal garments with black astrakhan, and some of the most elegant are finished in this fur down the front and about the collars and sleeves of dolmans and Russian circulars.

Heavy braiding is much used on the most stylish wraps seen this season, the wide heavy bands being preferred to any other, but where the finer braids is used it is set on the edge instead of being put on flat.

The tailor made jacket is now accompanied by a shoulder cape of fur in order to be at all comfortable, and these invaluable garments are to be found in the greatest possible variety this season, trimmed and untrimmed.

Short waisted gowns are both picturesque and attractive for some slender graceful figures while for any others it is awkward and ungainly in the extreme. It should only be worn by youthful persons either in morning or tea gowns.

A pretty fashion in morning gowns is to have the waist line shirred with perhaps four or five rows bringing it well up under the arms, the tops of the sleeves have a full puff with several rows of shirring below.

Tartans in Irish poplin are very attractive for kilts and draperies to be worn with cloth basques of one color in the same manner as the lighter plaids for autumn wear which have been so popular of late. Gold buttons are used in fastening these basques.

The prettiest possible silken fabrics and the richest are the figured moires on which are brocaded figures in colors. These make the most beautiful evening dresses which are shown this season. The corsage and train are of the figured material while the petticoat is of lace or some diaphanous fabric such as spangled net or crepe de chine worked in gold threads or old silver, or both.

Pretty gimpuses for children's low-necked dresses are made with a puff gathered to a high standing collar, the lower edge gathered out of sight below the round neck of the dress. The sleeves are tucked lengthwise at the top to make them flat under the short dress sleeves, and form a single puff at the elbow, being gathered into wristbands. These gimpuses may be made of nainsook or of white Indian silk. The latter are more expensive at first, but as they can be washed many times without losing their beauty they are the cheapest in the long run.

The happiest men in the world, just now, are those who are getting ready to play star parts in autumn weddings.

About Garters.

(Annie Jenness Miller in Dress.)

Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation, this spiral arrangement having no relation to nerve and muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature; and must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spiral garters, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments recommended as "improved and hygienic."

We were seeking truth in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal to find just the right thing at last. One after another of these harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of these attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where it ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury.

Our advice to women is to have a good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern made, since the silver will wear for years and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive.

An Old Comet Reappears at Naples.

(From the London Daily News.)

The reappearance of Olber's comet at Naples is observed with the greatest interest. It is visible in the eastern sky just before sunrise. The ephemeris of this comet, which is now returning towards the sun after a course of seventy-two years, was fixed by the celebrated astronomer Bessel (the calculations of F. K. Gusein in Berlin showed an uncertainty of from one to six years), who discovered the curve in which the comet was to be looked for.

When the well known comet discoverer Brooks, in North America, announced a new comet on the 24th of August last, observations were immediately made at Strasburg, Vienna, Geneva, and Konigsberg, which soon proved the identity of the so-called new comet with that of Olber's.

As far as can be seen the comet will reach its perihelion on the 14th October, and be late by only 0.8 years instead of the above named uncertainty of from one to six years. At present the comet is near the constellation Lion, which agrees with Gusein's calculations, and is about as bright as a star of the seventh magnitude, but its lustre will gradually increase.

Art Notes.

Mr. John C. Miles the well known artist, has a number of well executed sketches on exhibition in Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s window.

Miss Jessie W. Barbour, daughter of Mr. Robert Barbour, painter of this city, has also two finely executed paintings in Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s window. One is entitled The Old Willows and the other is a scene on the Caboose Stream, Maine. Miss Barbour who was formerly a pupil with Mr. John C. Miles is now studying with Mr. Wesley Webber, a well known Boston artist. Miss Barbour's pictures now on exhibition display great talent and Mr. Webber pronounces her one of his most apt pupils.

Mr. Douglas McArthur the King street bookseller, has received Harper's Magazine for November. It is the best issue of that excellent periodical so far this year.

A TRIP UP THE RIVER.

ROUNDER TAKES A TRIP UP RIVER.

He Tells the Truth to Several People and Gets Into Trouble.—The Easiest Way to Get Along.

I have heard men and women dilate for hours on the beauties of the Hudson River and talk until all was blue about the magnificence of the Rhine. Of this majestic river of Europe I know nothing save its history and some of its thousands of legends, but I have travelled up and down the Hudson a score of times or more. It is a grand river it is true, perhaps the most interesting though neither the longest nor the broadest in the United States. But admitting this I feel justified in asserting that its scenery is no grander than our own St. John and does not possess half its diversity. There are lots of people who will laugh at this assertion. They would also laugh if the statement was made that Canadians (save their valuable selves) possessed as much brains as our neighbours the Yankee's. These people always see better at a distance than near at hand. Canada to their minds is a good place to leave, but they never go, notwithstanding that they "never would be missed."

I was enjoying a sail up our majestic St. John one day last summer when chance threw an individual of this class into my way. The steamer was just shoving out from Indiantown wharf when the gentleman I have referred to edged his way up to where I was standing on the bow of the steamer remarking as he got alongside me "I see that big mill is closed down" at the same time pointing to a mill that had been shut down for a few days to permit some necessary repairs to be made, "Yes" I replied, but others are all running.

This was too much for my pessimistic friend. He then commenced telling me what the lumber business was forty years ago. I asked him how many mills run at the mouth of the St. John, and how many men they employed. He did not know but he was sure there were twice as many as now. He was wrong but that made no difference inasmuch as he was quite certain the place was going to the devil anyway, and that very soon. He was a well dressed man and looked as if he enjoyed three meals a day, and they did him quite as much good as does if he ate the genital proprietor of the Royal. Twenty years ago he wasn't worth a cent. Yet, in the time that intervened he had made enough out of the trade to live comfortably on for the remainder of his life. He had moved from a flat in a poor neighborhood into a large self-contained dwelling, and everything about him gave evidence of prosperity. Yet he believed that the place he had come to with a capital stock of only brains and muscle, and in few years had earned a competence, was going to pot; and if it were he would not raise a hand to prevent it. My interesting friend lost two hours endeavouring to convince me that New Brunswick could not grow and must go to the wall, and finally, when I utterly refused to be convinced he got angry, and to my intense relief went away to another part of the boat. As he went away I wondered what manner of man he was. All he owned was invested in St. John, and if he lost his investments here he would be beggared. Yet he went about spreading dissatisfaction, and doing no end of injury to the city by the doleful story he was always repeating. I told my thoughts to an old fellow who had taken a seat beside me, and he said without a change of countenance: "His liver I tell you, it's his liver. I wonder if he ever tried the vegetable cure."

"Great heavens," I muttered, under my breath, "have I met another crank?" It proved only too true. Those of the old citizens of St. John who have been tackled by Jo Bogbean will appreciate my position. It wasn't Jo though for he long ago hid himself to the spirit land, leaving behind him only his tin can and a recipe for his bitter—the bitters that cured all things and which hundreds bought and drank just to see old Jo smile that sly smile as he enumerated the many virtues of his own genuine bogbean.

The old man after he delivered himself of the remarks quoted above eyed me all over and then, as if sure of his victim he launched out on his theme by informing me that the doctors were all wrong in their treatment of the various diseases to which flesh is heir. Nature, he said, had provided for every ailment of man, some vegetable remedy, Carrots would cure one thing and catnip another. The only real difficulty was to discover the proper remedy for the disease. For years medical men who had thrown over some of the teachings of their profession had been endeavouring to solve the vegetable cure problem and they were succeeding gradually. There was still much to be learned, but after a few more years experimenting the "cure" would be perfected, and mankind would have remedies for all diseases. My friend

talked with apparent earnestness and so rapidly that what at first I determined not to listen to gradually interested me and if it had not been for an unfortunate query I put to him I might have learned more of his somewhat peculiar theory. The question I asked that caused the old man to stop was if people did not die occasionally while the experimenting was going on. I did not think my valuable friend would take the question so hard, but he became so excited that I was glad to retreat to the engine room to cool off. "Just like all the rest of the bigots he said as I left him. Never willing to admit that but a man who writes M. D. after his name knows how to cure diseases, and besides one would think that an M. D. never had a patient die on his hands while he is experimenting with his tinctures or salves.

As I sat in the engine room watching the engineer oiling the machinery I thought I hadn't done too bad for one morning. Two men who would have been friends had been transformed into enemies. I left the engine room with the intention of making no more enemies that day, but to be as cheerful as circumstances would permit.

In the saloon I found a number of ladies, with whom I was acquainted, and bethought me that it would be a good scheme to remain in their society, lest I met some more daring and muscular than those I had already talked to, and was thrown overboard. One lady I had talked with for a while, told me how much she detested evening dresses; indeed she were positively indecent. I agreed with her, and told her I thought no woman should so far forget herself, as to go into a ball room exposing half her bust to a hundred men. Another lady thought the evening dresses were the most becoming to a woman. I agreed with her too, and got along first rate.

As I left the boat later in the day, it occurred to me that the fellow who goes along smoothly, and agrees with everybody may never be a great man, but he won't receive many hard knocks.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Alderman Polydore de Keyser, the First Catholic Elected Since 1655.

Alderman Polydore de Keyser, who on the 9th of November next will be definitely sworn into office as Lord Mayor of the city of London by the Lord Chief Justice of England, is a Belgian by birth and was naturalized as a subject of Queen Victoria about twenty-two years ago. He will be the first Roman Catholic who has been elected to the dignity of Chief Magistrate of the metropolis, and when it is borne in mind that even during Queen Victoria's reign there have been "no Popery" riots in England, and that up to the year 1828 Catholics were debarred from most of the civil and military offices of the state, it must be admitted that the nation has become less insular and more broadminded in its views. It is, however, only fair to add that the Catholicity of the Lord Mayor is tempered by the rather remarkable fact of his being a Freemason. It is very rare indeed that a Roman Catholic belongs to the craft. Moreover, at the time of his election a fortnight ago he set the minds of all unhappy zealots at rest by declaring: "In my official capacity I recognize but one Church—the Established Church of this country—and as such shall attend the three great state religious ceremonies which all Lord Mayors of the city of London have hitherto attended. It is significant likewise that he enjoys the support of the City Press, the staunchest Protestant newspaper in the Kingdom.

As one of the principal duties of the Lord Mayor consists in entertaining and in maintaining the traditional hospitality of the Mansion House, Alderman de Keyser's experience as landlord and manager of the well-known Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, is likely to be of considerable use to him. In politics he is a Liberal Unionist, but it is reported that he intends to adhere to the example of some of the most popular of his predecessors in refraining from taking any part in the politics of the day. An excellent speaker, an accomplished musician, a member of some half a dozen learned societies and of about fifteen city guilds, Mr. de Keyser may truly be called a many-sided man. It requires, however, somebody of that sort to fulfill the multifarious duties and dignities of a Lord Mayor of the city of London. These include the office of a general militia, an admiral of the port of London, a chief judge of the city, a conservator of the River Thames, and many others too numerous to mention.

In conclusion it may be stated that he has filled various minor municipal positions of trust during the past fifteen years and that he has served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. The salary of the Lord Mayor amounts to £50,000 and includes a princely residence at the Mansion House. He is expected, however, to spend at least as much more out of his own pocket in entertainments during his term.