

The Saturday Gazette.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

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ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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.

Much mischief has been done in New York (says Harper's Bazar) by the willingness some hostesses have shown in introducing the more plausible of adventurers, those who travel with a handle to their names. Nothing is so hard as to doubt a prince, a lord, or a marquis, yet a prince picked a pocket at a lady's reception in New York, and his minister said afterward that he was the worst villain in Russia, which is saying a great deal. But the lady was deceived by the name. When obliged to send for a policeman, at least to frighten her high-born pick-pocket, she was sympathized with by all her guests, not blamed. An adventurer sometimes comes well introduced by his talents. He may be a painter of merit, an artist, a musician. We owe him much for the lively work. Genius excuses a great deal. We even forgive a bad-mannered, incorrigible snob, pretentious and under-bred, if he has talents that delight us. There is a large double-breasted, wide-sleeved capote, called the Eccentricities of Genius, in which we too often wrap even a clerical sinner, an ill-mannered adventurer, a "dead-beat."

DARWIN NOT AN ATHEIST.

His Turbulent and Dissipated Youth—Extremely Fond of Music.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes lengthy extracts from a new book, entitled "Darwin's Life," which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appears that Darwin as a child was naughty, and as a boy he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury school after seven years very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that his father was wrong because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of a doctor, but his horror of the sight of blood and his repugnance to dissection prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel and paid the choir boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839 Darwin became a deist and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God."

THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE.

I tried to kiss the lovely maid, But she resisted; I was not the least afraid And so, I lasted.

She said, "You're missing all my hair, Likewise my collar." I promptly said, "I do not care!" She said, "I'll holler!"

The hand with which the maiden sweet He red lips shielded I caught—the victory was complete: She sweetly yielded.

LILY LANGTRY'S BELONGINGS.

Some of the Features of Her Home and Her Costumes.

When the contents of the little Langtry house in Park Lane were sold and the social career of the famous Jersey beauty came to an end all the fashionable London world gathered to the auction of her effects, and were considerably surprised at the revelations of the luxury within that modest little domicile. The house was small, but everything in it was of the very finest and most expensive quality. The damask was as thick and shining as white satin, all the beautiful Belfast bed linen was embroidered with a double "L," and many of the sheets and pillow-slips were edged with lace. The hangings, rugs, embroideries and furnishings were of the richest and all the domestic appointments exquisitely dainty and costly. This passion for luxury is an integral quality of the beauty's nature. She cannot exist without it and will have it at any cost. The moment she settles down anywhere it begins in three days to show itself in all sorts of charming adjuncts, and her house on Twenty-third street was a perfect marvel of costly liveliness. Her piano was draped with an India shawl, the card-trays and ash-receivers were richly enamelled, the rugs were of the most expensive furs, the candlesticks of solid silver. Every detail, every appearance, had an intrinsic money value apart from what beauty it possessed, and as for her personal appointments they were fitted for the use of an empress. All the fittings of her travelling dressing case are in gold and the heaviest crystal, and ivory, shell, silver and porcelain, made into the dainty and luxurious toilet devices that only Parisians can manufacture, furnish forth her bath-room and dressing-table. The same brilliancy and splendor extend themselves to her wardrobe. Mrs. Langtry never wears silk undergarments; but has an unlimited supply made of the finest and sheest of batiste. An order that was sent home to her from a big importing house the other day contained two dozen of everything made of batiste, in all the delicate shades of blue, lilac, pink and cream, trimmed lavishly with crisp laces and tied with tiny ribbon bows of the same or of contrasting colors. The petticoats were many of them in white, also, though the majority were white, and were flounced nearly up to the waist with many ruffles of lace and fine hand embroidery. With this order, which included night-dresses, dressing gowns and underwaists, were eighteen pairs of corsets. These were of shades to match the underclothes, and while not very much trimmed, were of the thickest silk and filled around the top with lace. They are all made to order, and are to wear with special dresses, giving different effects in the length of the waist, etc. Mrs. Langtry is, as she grows older, just a little inclined to bonapartism, a consummation she dreads, and her corsets are made just now with extra care to conceal the tendency. She has measured her waist, just so many centimetres, and her corsets are always laced to come within that measurement every time she puts them on. She looks very charming in her morning negligee, which consists of a slate-gray Chinese robe of China silk, lined, with white crepe. It is embroidered heavily with gold, and has the hanging square sleeves and broad girle of the Chinese woman's garb. She wears a little white and gold "kerchief" folded about her throat, and over this lies the robe showing a little of the white beneath. She sticks a pearl tipped dagger-pin in the breast of the dress, twists her hair in a loose knot on top of her head and impales it with a golden shaft tipped like the pin in her bosom. In this she does not look a day over twenty-five.

Nelson's New Quarters.

(London Daily Telegraph.)

Mme. Christine Nilsson, now the Comtesse de Miranda, has just taken on lease a double apartment, which she will keep as a pied a terre in Paris. It consists of a ground floor and entree in the Place Vendome, and being shut off from the rest of the house, it is of the class described here as a hotel. The apartment was formerly inhabited by Dr. Pratt, a well-known American doctor. Mme. Nilsson says that, having now a house in London, a place in Madrid, and an apart-

AN INTERESTING CHURCH CASE.

A Man Fined for Irreverence in Kneeling on Only One Knee Goes to Recover.

(Boston Herald.) OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 1.—One of the most extraordinary cases that has ever come up before the Supreme Court of the Dominion has just been argued here, and is likely to be carried to the imperial Privy Council of Great Britain, the highest tribunal in the realm, before it is finally disposed of. It involves the question of right of the Roman Catholic Church to exact or collect fines from members of the congregation who have failed to conform to the rules of the Church. The case at issue is that of Poitras agt. Lebeau. The suit arose out of the refusal of the appellant to kneel on both knees during high mass in the Church of St. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, near Montreal. The action for \$2,000 was brought against the respondent for having investigated proceedings charging the appellant with having ingemmed in said church an irreverent act, for which he (the appellant) had to pay the sum of \$8.20 penalty. The case was tried by a jury, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the respondent. This verdict was moved against before the court of review, when a new trial was granted on the ground that the evidence was contradictory and that the plaintiff had suffered damage. The Court of Appeal reversed this judgment and confirmed the verdict. Appeal was then made to the Supreme Court here. In laying his case before the six Judges of the Supreme Court, Poitras stated that on Sunday, Aug. 9, 1885, he was rowed across the river to St. Anne church, being too weak after a recent illness to drive. Finding no vacant seat when he entered the church, he remained near the door, and when kneeling time came attempted to fall on both knees, but, on account of the pain which the effort caused him, could only kneel on one knee. The respondent, who was constable of the church, ordered him to kneel on both knees, to which Poitras replied that he was too ill. After service the respondent called him a blackguard and said he would fix him. During the afternoon of the same day Poitras was arrested on a warrant charging him with having committed in the Church of St. Anne an act of irreverence in kneeling on one knee only, the other being slightly bent. At the solicitation of his friends, to avoid scandal, he paid the amount demanded, \$8.20, under protest. In his defence the respondent argues that a by-law which is explained from the pulpit every year insists on the Church ordering people to kneel on both knees, and notifying sick persons to attend mass in the sanctuary. The case is being made a test of the right of the Church to exact a penalty imposed, and there is no lack of money on both sides to carry it to the highest tribunal. The Judges of the Supreme Court, two of whom are Roman Catholics and four Protestants, have reserved judgement, which is waited with great interest.

FOR MUSICIANS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

It is strange how some people will mix up sporting with musical matters—and yet the following would seem to be quite appropriate.— Bass Ball Magnate.—"Want a job as umpire, eh?" Applicant.—"That's what I'm after." "Ever umpire before?" "No." "Play ball?" "Never." "Then what are your qualifications?" "I have been leader of a church choir for ten years." "Why didn't you say so before? you're just the man we've been looking for; consider yourself engaged." A very interesting concert, the opening

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITES.

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

Daughter.—Papa, don't you know it bad manners to put your hands in your pockets? Papa.—No, my dear, I am only practising. Daughter.—Practising what? Papa.—To put my hands in my pockets for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married the duke you are engaged to.—Judge. Citizen.—From Chicago, I believe? Stranger.—You bet. Citizen.—What seems to be the sentiment there concerning the hanging of those fellows? Stranger.—Got to hang. Everybody says so. Whole nine ought to swing in a row. Citizen.—Nine? I thought there were only seven. Stranger.—Don't you heathen out here know that it takes nine men to play ball?—Omaha World.

THE HAPPY CANDIDATE.

The candidate to victory on the way Concerning whom the parties all unite. In saying just about election day "Oh, he's all right."

YOUNG AMERICA.

A Boston letter was putting a little one to bed and said: "I think, Flossie, you are old enough to learn an evening prayer. I'm going to say it for you, and you will repeat it after me." "Yeth'm," lisped the little one. "Well, we'll begin. Are you ready?" "Yeth'm. Let er go, Gallagher!"—Boston Courier.

HOW IS MY BOY GETTING ON?

"How is my boy getting on?" inquired an anxious father of the principal of a boarding-school. "Wonderfully, wonderfully," replied the pompous pedagogue. "He is making rapid strides in everything but penmanship. I'm sorry to say he's the worst writer in the school."

"PAHAW!"

"Pahaw!" returned the father, "don't trouble yourself on that account. I intend to make a doctor of him."—Judge.

I IMAGINED MARY HAD THOUSANDS SAID UP IN STRONG WALLS; I WEDDED, AND FIND SHE HAS MILLIONS—OF FAULTS.

"Shall I sing for you, George, some simple ballad, dear, attuned to the deathless love we bear each other?" she asked, and her manner indicated how gladly she would do anything for George. "Yes, sweetheart," replied George, in a low, sweet tone, "sing 'Darling, I am growing old.'"

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER TO TEXAS HARDLY A DEALER.

"How's your stock of rope, Mr. Sharpedge?" "Mr. Sharpedge: 'We've got a pretty fair stock left; things have been rather quiet round here lately.'"

BOBBY; MA, CAN I STAY HOME FROM SCHOOL TO-DAY?

Mother: "Yes, Bobby, your father wants you to help him up the parlor stove?" Bobby: "Well, ma, why cant I go to school?"

FIRST CITIZEN: "I SEE THERE IS A RED FLAG OUT JUST AROUND THE CORNER OF YOUR HOUSE."

Second citizen (alarmed): "What a red flag?" First citizen: "Yes; a case of small-pox, I hear." Second citizen (relieved): "Oh, small-pox. My wife has just got back from the country and I was afraid it might be an action."

PATIENT: "I SPOSE, DOCTOR, YOU MAKE OUT YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN SO THAT YOUR PATIENTS WON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS?"

Doctor: "Possibly." Patient: "And you make out your bills in English so that your patients will know what it is?" Doctor: "Exactly."

THE KHEDEVI OF EGYPT IS A STRICT MONOGAMIST.

He lives with his one wife and children at his palace at Ismailia, near the Nile Bridge. Every morning he rises between four and five and takes two hours exercise. Between seven and eight he drives to the Abdin Palace, where he holds state receptions, receiving telegrams and attends to the affairs of State.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

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"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT EVERY MAN HAS A CONSCIENCE?"

"Do you believe that every man has a conscience?" asked a young lady of a gentleman who had been spending the Summer at a resort hotel. "I used to think so," he replied, "but after a brief acquaintance with the proprietor of the Hotel Extortion I changed my mind."—Hotel Mail.

"D'YE KNOW WHAT PA CALLS YOU?"

"D'ye know what pa calls you?" she said to enter the d'forewar. And er he'd time to answer, came He's christened you 'dull care.' "Dull care?" said he, "and won't you tell me why I'm called that, pray?" "Of course," she answered, "cause he likes to drive 'dull care' away."—Yonkers Gazette.

WHY THEY NO LONGER SPEAK.

"I'm going to take riding lessons," she said, as she leaned her head against his shoulder. "Indeed?" "Yes, and my father is going to buy me a horse."

"AH!"

"Ah!" he murmured as he fondled one of her re-aurun tresses, "a white one, of course?" "Two minutes later he was wending his way home a sad and solitary man."

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