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WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ST. JOHN GRAMMAR SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 1st, 1882.

No. 2.

EDITORS :

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A. W. MACRAE. W. G. KNOWLTON.

A GLIMPSE FROM CARLETON TOWER.

(St. John, N. B., 1873.)

Would you with ravish'd eye behold
Fair nature's ample stores unroll'd,
And feel beneath her magic spell
Your heart with adoration swell
To Him who stamped on sea and sky
The impress of His Majesty?
Go! take your stand some leisure hour
On Carleton's gray embattled tower,
That casts its lengthened shadow down
O'er ragged rock and silent town,
And seaward shows its frowning form
Through half a century of storm.
There, as you gaze with throbbing breast
From proud Ben Lomond's wooded crest,
(Once proud, but now in Autumn's prime
Flushed with the memory of crime!)
To where the dying sunbeams kiss
The mountains of Annapolis;
Or mark the faithless billows smile
'Round philanthropic "Partridge Isle"
(That lifts above the southern wave
Her torch, the mariner to save),
Or catch the torrents muttered tone
As 'neath "the bridge" it rushes on
To lave the busy city's feet
And the "Wollestock" waters meet,
Methinks your soul will drop her care
On yonder turret's winding stair,
And whisper "what can grander be,
New Brunswick, than thy scenery."

* In the original it is "Ouangoody's."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Suez Canal is one of the most remarkable engineering works of modern times; but, though it is called a canal, it bears little resemblance to the works commonly known as canals, for it has neither locks, gates reservoirs, or pumping engines, nor has it indeed anything in common with canals except that it forms a short route for sea-borne ships. It is in fact, correctly speaking, an artificial strait or arm of the sea connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, from both of which it derives its water supply; and the fact that the two seas are nearly on the same level and the rise of the tide very small, allowed this construction to be adopted.

The idea of forming this connecting link between sea and sea is of very ancient origin and its author is unknown. It is understood, however, that a water communication for small vessels between the two seas was formed as early as six hundred years before the christian era, and existed for a period of about fourteen hundred years, after which it was allowed to fall into disuse. Baron DeTrott in his memoirs of the Turks and Tartars, written in 1758, after giving

quotations from the historian Diodrus as to the existence of portions of the early work and its having been abandoned in consequence of the supposed difference of level between the two seas, and the threatened inundation of Egypt, says there still exist these early traces of work "*qu'au lever de l'aube rendrait navigable sans y employer d'ouvrages et sans menacer l'Egypte d'inondations.*" DeTrott's opinion expressed in 1785, has certainly been carried out, but on a scale and at an expenditure of labor and money far beyond the conception of the French diplomatist. It is indeed a great achievement to reduce the distance between western Europe and India from 11,379 to 7628 miles, equal, according to Admiral Richards and Colonel Clarke, R. E., to a saving of thirty-six days on the voyage. The whole length of the navigation through the canal is eighty-eight geographical miles. Of this distance sixty-six miles are actual canal formed by cuttings, fourteen miles are made by dredging through the lakes, and eight miles required no works, the natural depth being equal to that of the canal. The cost of the whole undertaking, including the harbors, is stated to have been about £20,000,000.

A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

Charleston market is ~~very much~~ being; it is a long, low building, extending through two blocks. Dozens of turkey-buzzards may be seen at almost any hour of the day roosting along the eaves and watching for any scraps that may be thrown out. There is a heavy fine for shooting one of these birds as they serve the purpose of scavengers. The scene in the market is a good deal the same as in our own country market, except that nearly all the sellers are colored people, the women adorned with bright bandana handkerchiefs and quantities of brass jewelry. There are numerous points of interest in the harbour, made memorable by the many and stubborn conflicts between the Confederates and the forces of the Federal army and navy, but as my time was limited I was not able to visit them. We left Charleston at a quarter to nine on Friday morning, the 27th January, and as the weather was delightful and the sea calm, we reached the bar of the river St. John's at half past twelve the same night, but just as we were preparing to cross the bar a dense fog came up and we were obliged to anchor until the next high tide. When I awoke next morning there was not a trace of fog to be seen, and there was only a slight swell on the water, but all across the mouth of the river a line of breakers, sometimes dashing from eight to fifteen feet into the air, barred our further progress and rendered the river and Florida for the time inaccessible to us, so we were obliged to content ourselves with a distant view of the beautiful scenery. The white sand was totally different from anything I had ever seen, it looked almost as pure as snow and was quite dazzling to the eyes. All the glasses and telescopes on board were in great demand, as most of the passengers, like myself, had never visited the land about

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which we had heard so much and which was at that time "so near and yet so far."

At about one o'clock we hoisted the anchor and prepared to cross the bar. The captain stood in front of the wheel-house giving his orders, and the second mate hove the lead. There was only about two feet of water under the vessel's keel when we crossed. Once across all went well, and there were no more stops until we reached Jacksonville, where we stopped to land some machinery and iron water pipe at four o'clock. As we had fully two hours and a half to spare, I took a walk about the place with an acquaintance whom I had picked up somewhere on the journey, and who having visited the place before knew all there was to be seen. The first sight that met my eyes as I stepped on the wharf was about three dozen green turtles, weighing from two hundred to five hundred pounds each, lying on their backs with their fins tied together. My first impression as I turned from the wharf into the town was a feeling of disappointment and disgust. The sun was scorching, there was not a cloud in the sky, there were very few awnings in front of the shops, the streets were filled with men and women, black and white, filled with regular yankee curiosity, standing about in groups talking, and seemingly trying to bar the progress of those who wished to move on, and to crown all the thermometer was about 90°, and at every step you sank up to your ankles in the sandy loam. The squares were filled with squalling brats and loud talking nurses. But when we got more into the suburbs my feelings changed, the live-oak trees covered with the beautiful hanging Spanish moss, the orange groves with their golden fruit, the magnolias and the royal palms, gave an inexpressible charm to the scene, and I returned to the steamer highly delighted with my first glimpse of Florida. We left Jacksonville at half past six the same evening, and at half past twelve we reached Palatka, just one week and eight hours from the time we left New York. It was, we thought, the end of our journey, and here in the midst of oranges and alligators we hoped to settle down for the winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE editors have much pleasure in announcing that at the end of the year, dating from the issue of our first number, they will give to the person who has been most successful in discovering the answers to the questions which appear in this column, a handsomely bound copy of "Hannay's History of Acadia." The answers to be legibly written and sent, together with post office address of solver, to W. G., P. O. box 223 St. John, N. B.

N. B.—We will during October receive answers to both September and October questions, as we did not in our first number give this notice to the public.

7. In what year was the St. John Grammar School opened, and where was it located?

8. Where was the first town clock, and when was it put up?

9. When did the first mayor of St. John die, and where was he buried?

10. When was the beacon at the mouth of the St. John River put in its place?

11. What was the first weekly paper issued in New Brun-

swick? By whom was it published, and what was the date of the first number?

12. When and by whom was the Martello Tower on Carleton Heights built?

THE BIG WORDS OF SCIENCE.

MONSTROSITIES of diction are not confined to chemical science, but are to be found in physics as well as metaphysics. We give the following choice specimen of imagery (from a paper by Sir William Thomson) to illustrate the grand style in modern natural philosophy: "The stream-lines," says the distinguished Glasgow physicist, "are as represented in the diagram, in which the region of translational velocity greater than wave propagational velocity is separated from the region of translational velocity less than wave propagational velocity by a cat's-eye border pattern of elliptic whirls." Its obscurity is, however, surpassed by Mr. Herbert Spencer's famous "Formula of Evolution," which runs: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," which being interpreted into plain English by Mr. Kirkman, the mathematician, means: "Evolution is change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness, by continuous something-elsesifications and sticktogetherations."

As a clever tragedy on the above cacophonous mystifications of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which, like the language of diplomacy, conceals the meaning it ought to express, we have Mr. Kirkman's "Formula of Universal Change," which is: "Change is a perichoretical synechism of panparalagmatic and poroteroporeumatical differentiations and integrations." After such pedantry as this, the clown in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" who "did impetuous thy gratellity" is nowhere.—*Exchange*.

L. C. B.—One of the editors attended a meeting of this club, which was proposed and brought about by Mrs. E. D. Jewett, at whose residence they hold their weekly meetings. The meaning of the mysterious letters, L. C. B., is "Lancaster Excelsior Club." The Society now numbers about twenty, and was first started in order that those members of the G. S. D. S. who reside in Carleton might have the same amusement without having to walk so far for it. The first portion of the evening was devoted to readings, debates, etc., and the latter to amusements. We wish the club every success.

At the regular meeting of the Grammar School Debating Society, during the first week in September, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, W. Knowlton; Vice-president, J. Kee; Secretary, D. R. Jack; Treasurer, J. W. Gallivan; Assistant Secretary, H. Robertson; Financial Secretary, A. W. Macrae.

PLATEAU, the French Naturalist, has been making experiments as to the strength of insects, and finds that, in proportion to its size, a June bug is as powerful as a locomotive.

A HOLIDAY TOUR.

Early in July I obtained two weeks leave of absence from my employers. I determined to make the most of my time by paying a visit to "papa's country residence," which lies in Nova Scotia, about fifty miles up the bay. At ten o'clock, Monday morning, I was seated on a pile of shingles on board a noble ship of about thirty tons burthen. I wanted to start at once. Want, however, was my master. We got under way about eleven o'clock, and, once started, drifted slowly out, passing on our way many heavily laden woodboats and schooners. After danger of more than one collision with the moving craft that barred our progress, we cleared the harbor and were soon leaving it behind in gallant style (at the rate of one and one third miles per hour). The day was very fine and calm, too calm in fact, and we moved very slowly and evenly along. I soon tired of looking at the scenery near St. John, magnificent though it is, and turned my attention to companions. They were three in number, comprising the captain, the steward, and a passenger—a country lad of about my own age. While the latter perused a newspaper, the two former settled down into "yarn spinning." They had reduced the art to a science, and I listened with amazement and delight, thoroughly convinced that Grey was right when he said, concerning the sleepers in a country churchyard, "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest." I cannot pretend to be able to place even one yarn before you in the original, but the dry substance of two were as follows: No. 1.—Two years ago the captain had come across a man whom he pronounced the "sinarrest man I had ever seen." He could perform all the "circus tricks," and could "fight his weight in wild cats." Nevertheless the captain tackled him. They fought, and the captain assured me, in confidence, that all he left of that man was a little bald spot on the top of the head, a pair of boots and one false tooth (which last he showed and offered to sell for fifty cents.) No. 2.—The steward had had a dream continued three nights in succession. In it he was told to go to a place called LaHaute, and find a certain spot, which was described to him in the dream. There he was to dig for one hour. He went, found the very place, and dug for thirty-five minutes, when his spade struck metal, and soon he had uncovered a bar of solid gold. He put out his hands to take it, but suddenly it sank down from him. He continued digging for fifteen minutes, and again uncovered it. Again he stooped to seize it, but it again eluded his grasp. He was now convinced that there was something besides gold in the spot, and too much frightened to continue operations, made the best of his way homewards. In after times when he visited the place, resolved "to do or die," he was unable to find the spot. So much for the stories which beguiled part of the time spent on board the schooner. In the meantime a little wind came up and tossed us about considerably. Suddenly my fellow passenger made a rush towards the side of the vessel, where he remained for nearly half an hour looking intently down at something in the water. When he at last changed his position, his face bore the look of a man who had lost *all* his friends, and this too, although I had endeavoured to cheer him up by praising his benevolence to the fishes, and had assured him that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." You understand that I was feeling very pleasant just then, and thought to remain

so, but alas for the fallacy of our mortal expectations, scarcely had he quitted the side of the vessel, when I made a move toward it. In five minutes I had disbursed over two dollars worth of family groceries among the denizens of the deep. For the next few minutes I felt as if life had no charm for me. Mermaids could not have distracted my attention; whales would have been passed by unheeded; humbly bees could not have moved me, because—sea-sickness had sat down upon me. However, I came out of it after awhile. The trip is usually made in twelve hours, but on this occasion it took a day and a half. On Tuesday, at 8 p. m. we arrived at our destination—a barred harbor; but as it was low tide we could not enter. However, I persuaded the captain to row me ashore outside the bar. As there was quite a surf on he could not take me close in, and I had to skip out and walk ashore. I got a "lift" from a stranger who was driving along in my way, and arrived at my final destination about nine o'clock. The daily record of country life, for the next twelve days would only tire my readers. Suffice it to say that the place was overrun by boys, and that consequently my time was nearly filled with trouting, salt water fishing, clam digging and baking, and berrying excursions, with other diversions in great variety. Once on going out to tea I was somewhat shocked to hear the hostess say to myself and country cousins: "Make yourselves to home, now, do; I'm at home and I wish ye were all at home, too." My relations however assured me that she was only giving us a hearty invitation to help ourselves. Well, even if she meant what she said, I'm satisfied, for I made a hole in the family provisions which it would be impossible to fill without great labor. I went to church once in the course of my visit. The pastor, a bilious looking, lean, long, lank person, preached extempore, with a charming disregard of his text and the rules of English grammar. Among the audience were some very melancholy looking specimens of humanity, whom I put down as fervent saints, but was pained to hear that they were only suffering from dyspepsia. This section of Cumberland county has not a liquor store of any kind, and the temperance societies of the place are trying to bring the Scott Act into operation. At last my visit came to a close. In it, I had enjoyed myself to the utmost, and had met with no kind of misfortune. Only twice had I been even jarred (that is to say, agitated), *i. e.*: First, by the old lady's remark at the tea table; second, by the discovery that I had mistaken dyspepsia for religion. However, before the end of my visit, I was destined to be jarred considerably, though in another sense of the word. In order to make every spare moment of my time available, I put off starting for Parrsboro (whence I was to take the train for St. John) until Monday morning at one o'clock. It happened to be a dark morning. We could hardly see ten feet ahead. The horse was skittish and the road bad, consequently my hair stood on end until daybreak. We stopped at an hotel, about half way up, for two hours, then, driving on, we reached Parrsboro about eight o'clock, having passed through many splendid farming districts, which, I believe, are not excelled in the Dominion of Canada, save by the lands which line the banks of the St. John River, in New Brunswick. The scenery, in places, was very beautiful, and the inhabitants and their surroundings bore the look of solid comfort and prosperity so pleasant to the eye of

a visitor. Parrsboro is a thriving, bustling little place, with broad streets, fine buildings and hospitable people; situated as it is, in a convenient position on the seaboard, and backed by a *grand agricultural district, of unlimited resources*, it *must*, in the course of time, take a leading place among the future *cities* of Nova Scotia. At Parrsboro station house, I came across the following announcement: "The Ladies of River Herbert intend holding a tea-meeting on July 19th. Come! Do come! *There will be twenty-four different kinds of cake and some pie.* Admission twenty cents." At 9 o'clock I entered a car (say, rather, a churning machine), and forthwith began my miseries. Bumpety, bump, bump, bang, I went up and down on those uncovered hardwood benches. At times I reasoned with myself as to whether I was being shaken through the bench, or whether the bench was being shaken through me. Reasoning, however, done no good, that bit of railroad kept up its infernal work. Result, one pair of new trousers completely worn out. However, we struck the Intercolonial at Spring Hill, and the rest of the trip was more monotonous, but also more comfortable. I reached St. John about seven-thirty p. m., and finished a pleasant visit, in the course of which I had so well recruited my health that I felt content to—ah, ahem—to once more grapple with the trials and difficulties of business life.

To the editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

Dear Sirs:—If the people of St. John have determined to put up an obelisk, as stated in the *Toronto Mail*, of about Sept. 1, why not place it on the top of Fort Howe hill, at or near the site of the old "time ball." There it would be out of everybody's way, would have a good foundation, would look well from nearly every point, and would be a great relief to those persons who consider such objects an eye-sore.

Yours truly,

BONA FIDE.

At the school of the nobles, in Tokio, Japan, is a physical map of the country three hundred or four hundred feet long, in the court behind the school building. This map, or model, is made of turf and rock and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets shows the position of the cities.—*Institute.*

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

LOYALIST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.—At a meeting of the directors at the house of Mr. Justice Parker, on Monday, 10th August, 1846, on motion of the *Rev. Mr. Halket, seconded by the Hon. C. Simonds, it was

Resolved unanimously that the directors of the Loyalist Memorial Hospital having ascertained that a strong feeling of opposition to their late proceedings existed in the community, and that so many grounds of objection have been raised as to render the success of the plan extremely doubtful if not hopeless, are therefore constrained to suspend all further operations. They have the satisfaction of feeling that in all they have done they have been influenced by the purest motives, and have solely in view the establishment of an institution which is acknowledged by all to be highly

desirable and would be calculated to confer inestimable benefits on the public. But having been thwarted in their object they are compelled to relinquish to others the task which had they been adequately supported they would have been glad to accomplish.

*Minister of St. Andrew's Church, then known as the Kirk.

THE Arabs are a set of thieves; as cunning, but as fearful as foxes; a race of rascals whose valor consists in words. They start suddenly, draw their dirks, but the game of brag soon over, they are suddenly composed. One sees many instances of cowardice amongst them, and but few of bravery; their conversation rests upon gunpowder, fire-arms, sheep, corn, water, feuds, murder and tobacco. The ignorance of the Arab is the only impediment to the traveller; his blindness is thickened by his avarice, and judging by himself and his oppressor, he imagines that everyone else seeks only for gold; that the botanist culls no herbs but those such as impart the golden dye; that the mineralogist searches for none other than the philosopher's stone. The Bedouins are generally considered robbers, but travellers are not willing to think they prove so, so long as they can obtain a livelihood by their cattle. They are faithful where they pledge their faith, and charitable to those in want, but insatiable where they can obtain. They are reputed to be good soldiers—that is, their assistance is as desirable as Cossacks; they harass and plunder, they dwell where they cannot be surprised, and retreat where they cannot be followed. They pay no taxes, acknowledge no king, and are in full possession of the Utopian blessing, liberty—a liberty in common with the wild beasts of the desert. They have no protector, no home. They are compelled frequently to traverse a pathless waste; with difficulty they find a scanty pasturage for their cattle, and water for themselves; and they pass their lives in an unenviable desert. The Bedouin, if he pleased, could take the place of the Fellah, or the Fellah might adopt the life of the Bedouin; yet each prefers his own. The one would rather serve even a Greek, and have his home; the other would not "serve in heaven;" the former has more comfort, the latter less annoyance. Happiness is ideal, and pleasure is by comparison; every race of mankind, and every rank of life have an equal share.—*Exchange.*

We have much pleasure in thanking the gentlemen whose names appear below for the prompt manner in which they paid when called upon to do so:

Eastern Marine Insurance Co., per J. Tucker, \$16.00; Scottish Union and National Insurance Company, per H. Jack, \$10.00; J. & A. McMillan, per J. McMillan, \$8.00; H. Chubb & Co., \$6.00; James S. May, \$4.00. \$1.00 each from H. Frith, Mr. Black, J. A. Wright, Hon. John Boyd, Dr. Tuck, W. S. Carter, H. Jack, S. Jones, J. W. Lawrance. One copy each, John Kee, J. Gallivan, B. Robertson, A. W. Weldon, W. H. Finlay, D. R. Jack, A. McColgan, H. Cole, C. A. Stockton, T. Reed, G. Hayes, W. Knowlton, C. Hall, G. Sinclair, G. Dibble, G. C. Coster, F. Kenney, P. Gleeson,

R. P. Hazen, J. Dever, A. W. Macrae, E. G. Kaye, G. S. Berryman, J. Kelley, C. A. McDonald, H. S. Keefe, R. B. Gilmour, H. Lee, J. M. Taylor, F. Merritt, E. McLeod, H. Fritz, G. Russel, Mr. Hauntington, C. H. H. Ferguson, J. A. J. Watson, Mrs. H. Jack, Arthur Duff, F. Scammell, Hon. T. Cushing, C. S. Whitebone, John Willett, L. R. Harrison, M. Henderson, E. Barnes, Mrs. J. Magee, Frank Sulis, F. Dearborn, Mr. Scammell, J. S. Eagles, A. J. Trueman, Mr. Stratton, F. Knowlton, C. Smith, E. Jack, Mr. C. S. Scammell, F. A. Cruikshank, H. Ruel.

CANVASSING.—There has been a man visiting our sanctum three times a week, on an average, for the last month, asking us to buy a copy of the *Christian Herald*. The first time, we politely declined; the second, a little stiffly; the third, coldly. At last he came in one day when all the editors were at work. He began with the first: "Please, sir, buy a copy of the *Christian Herald*, full of interesting matter, eight fine wood cuts, only three cents, worth twenty-five; the largest circulation of any religious paper in the world, sold three thousand in St. John; wont you take a copy, sir, only three cents." I waited my turn, and when he appealed to me I flopped a copy of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE down on the counter, and opened fire: "Please, sir, buy a copy of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE, only ten cents a copy, a monthly eight-page paper, the largest school paper in Canada, circulation of two hundred and fifty entirely subscribed for, only fifty cents a—". One of the editors who happened to look out of the window, just then, saw the end of his coat tails as he turned the corner. As he has not been near us since, we presume that he jumped off the floats as he was last seen going two-forty in that direction.

THE Princess Louise has a canoe made in New Brunswick, and goes canoeing with the Vice-Regal party on the St. Charles River.

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, Johu," said Jerusha, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Well, yes," said John, "but he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?"

IN Iowa a director refused twenty-five cents to a teacher to buy a box of crayons. "It is a waste of public money; get a piece of chalk, it will do just as well as them crayons."

LORD BROUGHAM once, when he was in a facetious mood, being asked to define a lawyer, said: "A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

"WHEN you play that sonata," said a teacher to his pupil, "you must show off your fingering as much as possible." "You kin bet yer bottom dollar on that," she responded, "I'll have a finger-ring on every finger."

A FELLOW at a cattle show where he made himself conspicuous by his bluster, cried out: "Call these prize cattle! Why they aint nothing to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest calf of any man around our parts." "No doubt of it," said a by-stander, "and the noisiest."

Art Corner.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the poet laureate, has given his name to the scheme for erecting a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

MR. BOEHM, the art sculptor, is to make a colossal statue in bronze of Sir Francis Drake, to be given by the Duke of Bedford to the town of Tavistock.

THE queen of Spain's brother sat for a portrait to be painted as the head of a priest in the posture of a monk upon his knees before a prieden, which now adorns one wall of Madam Nilsson's London drawing room.

A monument consisting of a medallion portrait in profile, over a bass-relief from "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," has lately been raised to Sir Edwin Landseer, near the artist's tomb in the crypt of St. Paul's.

A pictorial note on the margin—a porcupine with two books beside it—was added by the etcher to Mrs. Adams' portrait of Carlyle, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

THE king of Siam wishes to have his new palace decorated with ancestral portraits, and has ordered them to be produced in England, which is being done, although likenesses of only three of his ancestors exist.

A collection of European photographic views taken by Mr. Black on the dry plate process, and developed after arriving here, has been sent to Mr. John L. Stoddard at his summer home in Gilmanton, New Hampshire.

TWENTY of his friends were invited by Bartholdi, the sculptor of "Liberty," to breakfast inside the thigh of the statue lately, the visitors walking in by the statue's right foot and climbing ladders, one of them lying down easily on one of the toes.

ROSA BONHEUR is sixty-two years old. Her sisters and brothers are all sculptors and animal painters. She wore masculine dress, the better to go among animals. She is the only woman decorated with the red ribbon, which Eugenie one day brought her, the emperor at the same time conferring knighthood upon her.

MADAME NILSSON'S drawing room in London is full of beautiful paintings, portraits, busts, china, carved ivories and bronzes. Among the bric-a-brac are pieces of old Venetian and Persian embroidery, clasps that belonged to Ivan the Terrible, and the picture of a monk for whose head the brother of the queen of Spain sat.

A finely executed portrait of Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the colony of the New Netherlands, one of the first Hollanders to make the journey up the Hudson, has been discovered by a Buffalo artist, Mr. Harry Seymour, on a thin panel of black walnut, in his cellar, from which he removed with chemicals the outer covering after thirty hours labor. It is valued at five thousand dollars.

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