

Do not fail to Read the opening chapters of BRETON MILLS, the Greatest of Serials in next weeks Gazette.

The Saturday Gazette.

Our Great Copyright Story, BRETON MILLS, will be commenced next week.

Vol. I.—No. 37.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL IS DIRECTED TO OUR LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

Suitable for Christmas Presents. ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NOW OPEN

87 CHARLOTTE ST., MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT

Confectionery Store.

All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand.

JOSEPH A. MURDOCH.

7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ANNEXATION AN EVIL.

A CORRESPONDENT'S EXCELLENT LETTER ON THE SUBJECT.

He Gives Some Hints to Check for Those Who Would Sell or Give Away Their Country.

The resident of New Brunswick who favors commercial union, or reciprocity with the United States must be simple minded or un patriotic.

I use the word "reciprocity" to mean absolute not partial reciprocity. By partial reciprocity I mean the kind that existed a few years ago. For that it is utterly useless to hope or even to wish—the United States will have none of it.

The distinction, as I understand it, between commercial union and absolute reciprocity is this: commercial union means the adoption of the tariff of the United States against all other parties, and the perfectly free interchange of all commodities of whatever origin between the United States and Canada—just the same as exists between the different States and territories of the Union. By reciprocity is meant the equally free interchange of all commodities that have their origin and structure in the States and Canada, and nothing more.

Practically, so far as trade is concerned, there would be no difference between the two systems. Under commercial union there could nothing be made out of the importation of foreign goods for transfer from one side of the line to the other; for the same duty would be paid by each party. Foreign goods could be placed in New York as cheaply as in St. John, and vice versa. The only profit, then, that could arise, must be in native goods.

Under reciprocity foreign goods would not be allowed to enter either country without duty, which would practically prevent the trade.

To make money in trade, of course, goods must be sold at a profit. The aggregate profit depends upon the amount of goods plus the profit upon them. A man who sells \$1,000,000 a year can live on a smaller profit than the man who sells but \$25,000 a year. Selling at a smaller profit increases the larger trader's sales. This increase of sales must be subtracted from the trade of the smaller dealer. This increase of the larger and decrease of the smaller will inevitably eventuate in the total loss of trade by the smaller dealer, and result in his failure. This has proved true in hundreds of cases. Look at the immense stores in all the large American cities, and then hunt up the smaller stores. The latter are growing less and less in number every year. Because the big concerns can and do undersell them; and people buy where they can buy cheapest.

What is true of the mercantile line is equally true in the manufacturing line. To manufacture anything you must have a strong financial backing. Time was when a dozen or twenty looms could be profitably employed. But to-day hundreds or thousands of looms must be employed if money is to be made. Time was when one set of machinery could be profitably employed in a machine shop; but to-day these single sets must be duplicated many times if wealth is to grow out of their use. The tendency of the times is to concentrate business in the hands of the large business houses. Whether this be right or wrong, it is the fact. True this is not so apparent in new countries, and Canada may be called such, from a business point of view, though an observant eye can detect it here in St. John. Two or three dry goods stores are gradually drawing to themselves all the trade in that line here.

Nations are really large business houses. Most of the legislative enactments have reference to some form or other of business. The commercial laws of a nation are for the aggregated people what the rules of a business house are to it. It would be simple suicidal nonsense for a \$10,000 man to attempt an active competition with Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, or with the successors of A. T. Stewart in New York. The \$10,000 man would last his money in a very brief period, and then have \$10,000 worth of experience, that would have no market.

It seems to me that the man or set of men in the Dominion who propose, by reciprocity, to place Canada in competition with the United States, in business are as big simpletons as the \$10,000 man in the above illustration. Either this or they are trying, for a consideration, to secure the Canadian market for the American manufacturers.

Why figure only a little, and y'll see how it will end. I have not at hand the data for accurate statement; but a supposed case will answer just as well. In the United States we will say there are \$1,000,000,000 invested in manufacturing enterprises—(this is under the fact) in Canada there are \$100,000,000. The U. S. manufacturer makes more goods by \$200,000,000 a year than the home market calls for. Upon their surplus goods

Continued on eighth page.

TURNER & FINLAY.

CABLE REPEAT ORDERS.

NEW FOREIGN GOODS

NOW OPENING.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SALE!

We are determined to offer in this Sale some of the most pronounced Bargains ever placed before the public.

Elegant and Useful Gifts!

One case Black Silks, 75c. to \$2.50 per yard. One case Ladies' French Kid Gloves, in Black, Tans, Browns, Slatas, at only 85c. per pair. Two cases Black and Colored Silk Plushes, 75c. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.20, in Cardinals, Garnets, Ruby, Navy, Browns, Peacock, Terra-cotta, Heliotrope, Gobe-lin, Blue.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

Astrachan Jackets and Fur-lined Mantles.

We are now showing in this department the largest assortment of Furs ever offered in this City. 5 per cent. discount for Cash.

LADIES' ASTRACHAN JACKETS, \$30.00 to \$45.00. FUR-LINED CIRCULARS and DOLMANS.—Newest Shaper.

We have the largest stock in the City to select from, and in prices are second to none. We allow FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

SPECIAL LINES IN

Dress Materials

15c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.

JACKET CLOTHS,

Blankets, Flannels, Underwear.

A Beautiful Assortment of the Latest Novelities in Linen Napkins, D'Oylies and Table Cloths, LOON DANASK, HESSIANS.

Kid Gloves, Scarfs,

Silk Handkerchiefs.

Wonderful Bargains!

IN STOCK THIS DAY

FRENCH KID GLOVES, 4 Buttons,

in Black, equal to any \$1.50 Glove, at only 85c. per pair.

FOR "THE AMANDINE."

will give a second pair to any buyer who may get a defective pair, to any Josephine Kid Glove, and little over half the cost.

button FRENCH KID GLOVE, Dark Colors and Black. Never ever shown in St. John, at 60c. per pair.

and Boys' Scarfs,

the Value—25c. 30c. 35c. and 50c. all laid out on our Centre Counter. Also,

and Boys' Silk Handkerchiefs,

SHORT BROCADED AND EVERY NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

75c. 85c. 90c. \$1.00 and up.

DOZENS TO SELECT FROM.

KING STREET,

TURNER & FINLAY.

AN AMERICAN SERIAL!

"THE BRETON MILLS."

A Romance of New England Life.

BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY,

Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Daily News.



The above sketches, taken from among the Pictures appearing in the Story, will sufficiently indicate the Character of the Illustrations.

COPYRIGHTED AND ILLUSTRATED.

This paper will shortly begin the publication of a Serial Story with the above title, and of intense interest. Each chapter is alive with excitement and the plot moves on with a power and spirit which will, we believe, make this one of the most acceptable serials we have ever offered in these columns.

THE BRETON MILLS

Is a story that will satisfy the popular demand for intense interest in each installment. The scene is laid in a New England factory village. Both the employing class and the class of the employed furnish actors in the thrilling romance, and the reader's interest will be closely held all through the changing scenes of the story. While not taking sides on the questions interesting working people, which are touched upon in the story, the author dissects the pathetic elements of the life of the poor with fearless hand. Still his romance, after all, is a romance of love, and all else in the story is only introduced to solve the problem of one man's devoted and faithful nature.

ILLUSTRATED BY CUSACHS

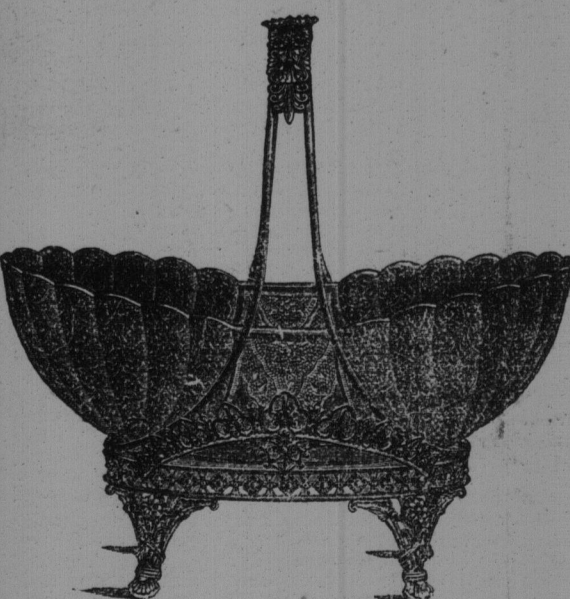
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Look Out for the Opening Chapters in this Paper!

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!! NEXT WEEK!!!

The Genuine Acme Skates.

The Only Reliable SELF-FASTENING SKATE in the Market.



SILVER PLATED WARE,

English and American Patterns

CONSISTING OF

BREAKFAST CASTERS,

TABLE CASTERS,

INDIVIDUAL CASTERS,

CAKE BASKETS,

CHILD'S SETS, NAPKIN RINGS,

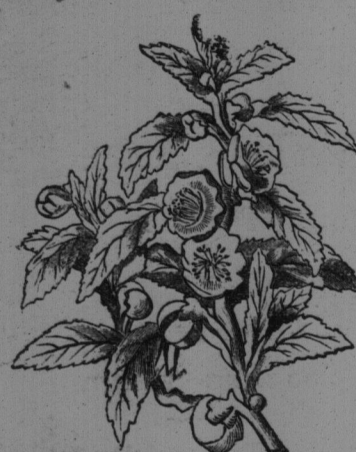
MUGS, CALL BELLS, Etc., Etc.

BEST QUALITY. LOW PRICES.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 King Street, St. John. N. B.



Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine tea will be glad to know that THE WILLIAM BELL, 40 Prince William Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in the 12th and 13th editions.

PUGSLEY BUILDING, COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS.

DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street.

Halifax Banking Company, M. A. Finn, Wine Merchant, W. Hawker, Druggist, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St.

Rooms 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Old Letters.

A drew O. Toledo on San Francisco News-Letter.

A line within my den I felt, Explained by the letters, And, in a retrospective fit, An evening mail old letter.

Past days I'm living o'er again, A year marks every minute, I find my time-longer-wrapped the quickly look within it.

I read with mingled joy and pain, Of distant hours with Flora, Augusta, Julia, Mary, Doris, Louisa, Fannie, Doris.

Sometimes I come across a trace Of golden hair or raven, I try to think, forget, then guess— Must Brown! or Brown! or Brown!

Of gloves there are a dozen shades, From lavender to golden, Their covers now raw wires or made Of that large class called "olden."

These father? Well I mailed the day That never shall be forgotten, This one I belonged to (for Miss), And this to Kate for Charlotte.

Two flowers I once wrote as a rose, The other brightly scented, This one I belonged to (for Miss), And this to Kate for Charlotte.

This bit of ribbon—faded blue— With tear marked spots it, 'Twas given me by Mamma (or Lou), Or Mamma (or Lou) or Lou.

This scrap of lace, with edges torn— Was it not Minnie's? Or was it? Or was it Blanche's (or Florence's)?

Or if not them, then Kate (or Jane)— With tear marked spots it, I see a bow of satin plain, Once worn by Mamma (or Lou).

And so the days when I was young I'd from out time's mine, And, as I read, and grew more, The ashes of your life.

IF YOU WANT THE GAZETTE

sent to your address free of charge for the next six months send us four names and \$1. Each of the four persons whose name you send will get the Gazette for four months. We intend to double our subscription list during the month of January.

The Breton Mills

BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him.

Old and young alike should read our next great Serial, Breton Mills. It is a truthful picture of American life and full of interest to all classes. Buy the Gazette every week and read it.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Consomme Rachel, Omelette, Chicken, Green Peas, Stuffed Potatoes, Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, Fruit and Pastry.

CONSUME RACHEL.—Spread on a sheet of tin half a pound of farce of chicken, and put in the oven for three or four minutes. Put it aside to cool, and then with a cutter form into round flat shapes. Place in a saucepan four ounces of fat, mix into this three parts of cold consommé, boil gently for half an hour, stirring with a spoon from time to time so that it does not stick to the saucepan. Strain, remove from the fire, and add the yolks of three eggs which you have mixed in a little water, a tablespoonful of green peas previously boiled, the small rounds of chicken farce, and serve.

THE MAN OF ALMONACID.

Consented.

For he was trembling still, and glancing from me to the painting and back again in a distraught fashion. "Yes," he said at length, getting out of his chair with difficulty, "I thought it possible, just possible, but how very, very improbable!"

"Yes, very improbable, if, as I suppose, you bought the picture for a copy. But where did you get it?" I asked briskly, "I thought that I was beginning to understand him."

"I bought it from a priest for an old song at Almonacid."

"At Almonacid?"

He moved uneasily, as if he would have recalled his last word. But it was too late, and he nodded assent. "Then after all it was you whom I saw that day?" I commented. "You had just bought it, I suppose."

"Yes, I had a doubt about it then."

"It is a strange story, but strange things happen," I said, watching him narrowly. "It is true."

"Of course I pretended to believe him, and seeing clearly that he wished me gone I took myself to my room. In part I did believe him, only I thought it strange that an artist of his kind should be so greatly ashamed of having outwitted an old story, so greatly ashamed as to tell the story of his cleverness in that lame dog fashion. It crossed my mind that I might be wrong in my judgment of the picture. It might be that the St. Christopher was only a copy after all, and that he had made it up, and was even then when I broke in upon him having it out with his conscience whether he should pass it off for an original or not. That was possible; but to me he had been a friend in need, and it was no business of mine.

The next day, the 17th of January, was to be the last of my stay in Toledo. I had all finished the sketches I required, and "truth might be told, I longed to be over the hills."

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burned dimly, the air was heavy with the pungent odor that rose from the brasses. My eye fell upon his empty eases and the eight carried me back to a time, long before the scene instead of hours, when I had still regarded him in the light of a problem to be solved. "Are you an artist?" I asked abruptly. "Oh, yes," he said with apathy, "I paint a little."

"And that Spagnoleto—the St. Christopher? It is really an original?"

"It is the original. Yes, very right," he replied. "It was the gift of a great monastery to the cause."

"I think it is a pity," I said, with a jealous eye to the mattress on which he was sitting. "The fancy that that precious picture was so highly valued will be an end of this foolery. Jock! He there; good dog!" I added, pointing to the bed. And I strode me out, leaving the artist still disengaged in the artist's uster and cap.

He heaped up and caught me by the arm. "You are going to betray me! You are English, and you can give me up!"

"I am not a traitor," I answered furiously, the fellow's distrust showed the black spot in his so plausibly; "if I wish to betray you, I could do so long ago and tell the civil guard who you are!"

He shrunk back at that; I suppose he saw the truth, and I went out, passing down the gallery and the stairs to the outer door. As I opened this door, meeting the wind whirled into the darkness of the entrance, before which the embers of a fire still glowed faintly, I confess that I felt nervous every nervous. With each step that I took I looked for a challenge or a violent hand upon my shoulder; but I sprang aside when the lightest of touches fell my sleeve.

"It is I, Pablo! Go no further!" hissed a voice in my ear. "The street is guarded, I am a risked much to save you, but I can do no more. If you get through is it?"

"Sh, hush, hush," I whispered. Then clutching in my turn the stranger as he was gliding past me I continued, cautiously, "Tell me what I can do?"

"I do not know. Have you no safe hiding place here?" he answered, cautiously. "What is it?" It was the sound of approaching. As soon as this was certain, "Let me go," he cried, earnestly, trying to tear himself from my grasp. "It is like you! You would destroy me to do yourself no good!"

I released him. While he fell back into the darkness I retreated, curving my foot to the back of all parties as I made my way, and myself against the wall. I was caught in a trap.

The position was not a pleasant one. Tramp! tramp!—the feet came on so steadily and surely half a dozen forms stood before me and the door flew open. A flash of light followed, then a flashing one of lambs, a momentary starting of all parties as I made my way, and myself against the wall. I was caught in a trap.

"My name is Rouse Lynton, and I am an artist and an Englishman," he replied, looking at me in well feigned surprise. "I am not a traitor, and I can give me up!"

"Good heavens! I do not believe it; it cannot be. Is there nothing," he added, addressing me with concern, "that I can do for you? Send a telegram, or anything of that kind?"

"Yes," I cried eagerly, "a telegram to the English minister at Madrid."

"It shall be done, and at once. Keep up your heart."

"Spare your pains, sir," interposed the leader with a grim smile; "you will do no good. And besides, the office is closed."

"Then will you let me see the office?" cried the leader, noting the English traveler to the light, and with a gesture of encouragement he rattled noisily away.

"Your room is No. 12," dictated the officer, addressing me. "Enter."

"I did so. Jock sprang up, and with his coat brushing about his neck, growled ominously at my companions. I told him to lie down."

"If he is the Englishman's dog," said one of the guards.

"It is so?" replied the officer, glancing sharply at me. "Then how comes it in this room? But to work! Search!"

In five minutes their skillful fingers had overhauled the luggage which was lying about. They found nothing to the purpose.

"The bed," was the next command. I do not know what acted upon me then; whether it was sheer longing to give vent to my excitement that carried me away, or the memory of Clot's words, "And men's lives they will cost," that inspired me with some spirit that certainly was not my own. I cannot say. Only I know that when the order "Now the bed" was given I sprang between it and the searchers.

"No!" I shouted, waving them back. "Wait!"

If I had a dim notion of delaying them and gaining time the attempt was as vain as it was foolish.

"Madman!" cried the leader, dropping the mask, and suddenly beside himself with rage; "stand back, Juan, Felipe, do your duty!"

I hung one from me another! I had a moment's awful consciousness of a carbine leveled at my chest, a finger pressing on the trigger, of a sheathed sword that struck up the weapon a second before it exploded, of the officer shouting in a voice of thunder above the tumult, "No aquil! Despuas!" and then a strong arm flung me directly against the wall. I saw Jock leap forward, his teeth bared—saw some one fire hastily—saw the dog fall bleeding by the bed. The room grew thick with smoke.

"Oh, my God!" I cried, and covered my face. It was trembling in every limb. Some one not ungenerously drew the dog aside. Instantly I knelt down and tried to staunch the blood. Poor Jock! He had done his duty well as the crisis was at hand. The candle

no heed of their doings—I heard a cry of satisfaction and looked up. They had discovered the two rolls and bending over them, as they lay on the bed, were unfastening the trappers. I went and looked on apathetically. I waited no longer with any feeling that it concerned me to see the master rolls, and loyal autographs, and promises that were to cost so dearly, of which Clot had spoken. But what was that? The Spagnoleto! Oh, yes! I understood how that came to be here. But those pictures which followed? Could it be that all the subscriptions took the form of paintings? Or what was this delicate figure, fit for a royal gallery, doing here? And that possible Marillo! That portrait which might have been by Velasquez! That San Sebastian that was at least by a pupil of Caravaggio! My head reeled, I passed my hand over my eyes and looked again. It was not a delusion. There, the canvases lay one on the other, their edges strangely rough, their corners frayed—canvases worth a king's ransom.

The other roll was full of odds and ends, valueless, but equally strange; picture books and rough pieces of cloth and opened letters. Among these last I saw, with scarcely any child wonder, envelope and letters directed to myself.

"I do not understand," I said feebly, looking from one guard to another. They had all turned to me to see how I took their discoveries. "He told me that he was a Carlist," I said, "and that he was to be sent here to be tried. But what does he mean?"

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