

MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

Do not fail to Read the opening chapters of BRETON MILLS, the Greatest of Serials commenced this week.

The Saturday Gazette.

Our Great Copyright Story, BRETON MILLS, is commenced this week.

Vol. I.—No. 39.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds; CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS, RED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SYRINGES, WRINGER ROLLS, CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIBS, HATS, HAT COVERS, And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS, RUBBER, LINEN AND COTTON ROPE, MACHINE OILS of all kinds; FILES, STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

Liberal Discount to Dealers.

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

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

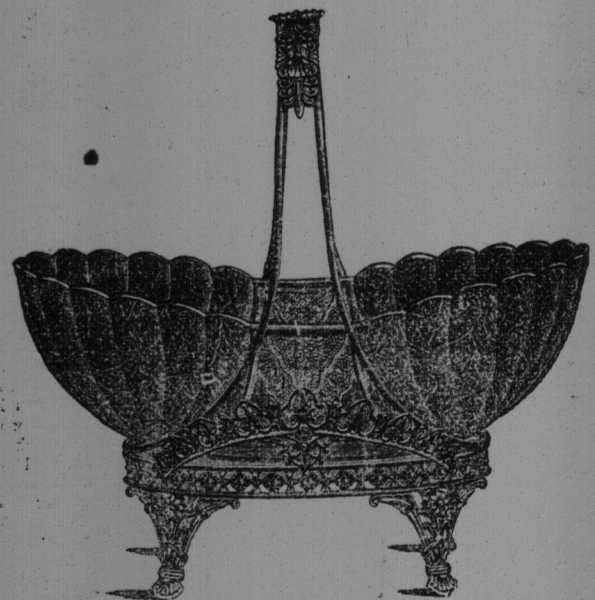
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Look Out for the Opening Chapters in this Paper!

THIS WEEK! THIS WEEK!! THIS 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, NAPKIN RINGS, CHILD'S SETS, MUGS, CALL BELLS, Etc., Etc. BEST QUALITY. LOW PRICES.

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

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

FIRST MEETING OF THE ANTI-TEA DRINKING SOCIETY.

The President's Inaugural Address—Starting Speech of Mr. Dow the Great Reformers.

The inaugural meeting of the "Anti-tea-drinking Society" was held last evening in the large hall at the back of Terry Oldknow's billiard saloon. The room was well filled, much interest having been evinced in the new movement.

The notice convening the meeting having been read, Mr. J. T. Harleok was unanimously voted to the chair, and, having fortified himself with a long pull at a black square bottle on the table, proceeded to address the meeting as follows: "Gentlemen!—We are called together at a momentous epoch of the history of our country—a crisis, which I may say, without fear of exaggeration, affects not only the living members of the community, but even the babe unborn. Yes, Gentlemen, the effects of the movement we are met together this evening to inaugurate will be felt not only by the present generation, but away onward through the dim, distant future, 'down the centuries of time,' as the poet has said. Gentlemen, the object of this gathering here to-night of such an overwhelming mass of our most prominent, most solid citizens, is nothing short of a revolution—an utter abolition of one of the most cherished habits of society—a question which has come down to us from our great grandmothers and which has done more mischief to mankind than all the wars—all the epidemics, all the earthquakes, cyclones or tornadoes, of centuries. Gentlemen, I allude to the baneful, pernicious, health-destroying custom of drinking tea! If war has slain her thousands, tea has counted her victims by tens of thousands. That poison—deathly poison, lurks in the leaves of this vile foreign plant, no man of ordinary education or common sense will attempt to deny. Look at home, gentlemen—the evil is entrenched at our own firesides. Look at your nervous, dyspeptic, hysterical wives and daughters, and if you are men—men worthy of the name—proclaim, trumpet-tongued, over the length and breadth of the land, the cause—the true cause of all this sorrow and suffering. Tea, gentlemen! It is all the fruit of this noxious plant, with which (in addition to cheap labor) China is slowly but surely working the ruin of our great and glorious republic. Let us arise in our millions, and as one man set our foot on the neck of this foreign invader, which is not only not the less surely draining the life out of our wives and children, as well as injuring with its baneful competition, our home manufactures.

For is not every word of tea that is brought into this country from abroad a direct injury to our vineyards, our hop-growers, our barley and corn raisers? I appeal to you gentlemen—I ask you, in the full certainty of what your answer will be—able as we are, to produce the best of wine, whiskey and beer that this fair earth can afford—what on earth do we want with this wretched Chinaman's deception called Tea?" Tremendous applause, during which the chairman took another pull at the black bottle and resumed his seat.

The next item on the programme was a hymn, but owing to nearly every member of the meeting having his own private ideas as to time and tune, the reporter failed to catch the words—verse, however, sounded something like this: "If wine is poison, so is tea, though it is not clear whether I be killed, or my wife and children."

At the conclusion of the hymn Mr. Asa F. Dow arose, and having duly paid his devotions to the aforesaid black bottle, said: "Gentlemen—I do not pretend to be a practical orator, like our worthy and respected chairman; but as a man, as a husband and father, as a citizen of our glorious country, I feel that I must say a word upon this all-important subject. Our chairman has depicted, in burning words that strike home to the heart of every man in this assembly, the terrible effects of this poisonous deception, the use of which by our wives and daughters is filling the coffers of a foreign nation with our hard-earned dollars. But gentlemen, there is another aspect of this most momentous question, which has not yet been considered—I mean, gentlemen, its medical and scientific aspect, and, qualified, as I think I may say I am, from my early experience as errand boy in a drug store, I propose to say a few words upon this pernicious habit of tea-drinking, from a medical point of view. Gentlemen, the active principle of this outlandish, heathenish deception which is insidiously stealing the roses from the fair cheeks of our wives and daughters is a villainous stuff called 'Tannin'—and this tannin has the property of turning the food with which it comes in contact in the human stomach, into leather! Think of it, gentlemen! At this moment, when we men are encouraging and upholding to the best of our ability our home products and manufactures—our home products and manufactures—here the speaker reverently raised the black bottle to his lips—our wives and daughters at home are turning their stomachs into Tanneries! Gentlemen!—But the already highly strung nerves of the assembly. With a universal howl of dismay the members broke, as one man, for the bar in the billiard saloon, and the meeting terminated, without the doxology.

The pledge of the society will be found at the usual places for signature. All who are desirous of stopping the great waste resulting from indulgence in the noxious tea plant, and who have at heart the interests of the rising generation are invited to sign and by example and precept endeavor to stay the evil which is spreading like a plague of death dealing angels all over the land.

Annexation. Is it Practicable? To the editor of the SATURDAY GAZETTE: Sir,—Will you allow a stranger the privilege of a word upon a subject that is attracting a large share of public attention in St. John? At the present moment—the question of the Annexation of the Maritime Provinces to the United States. I restrict the argument to the Maritime Provinces for the reason that, as far I can see, the question of annexation has not one that the direct issues involved in these Maritime Provinces, but is confined to those, on the Atlantic seaboard. It has been said that a looker on sometimes sees more of a game than those who are playing, and it certainly seems to me that the direct issues involved in the question of annexation have never been looked in the face or discussed by either party. In the first place let us, for the sake of argument, assume that the feeling in favor of annexation is one that the direct issues involved in these Maritime Provinces continue to increase until a majority of the inhabitants decide to abandon the old flag and place themselves under the government of the neighbouring Republic. What then? The Dominion Parliament would almost certainly refuse to allow the confederation to be broken up, and the British Government would certainly back up the Canadian Parliament in their refusal. That would place the annexationist in a very awkward position—subsidium, or war. Would the Americans declare war on England for the sake of a majority of New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians who wished to become American citizens? Not likely! What then? Simply a return to the "status quo ante," but with diminished prestige and diminished influence in the councils of the Dominion.

That is one issue which the promoters of annexation have to face. On the other hand, suppose this hypothetical majority, having, as I said before, declared in favor of annexation, in some miraculous manner, succeed in obtaining the consent of the Dominion Parliament and the Home Government to the annexation. What then? The United States Government accept the offer, and a new state is added to the Union. Would the people benefit by the change? Would the new state be more prosperous than the old Provinces? British trade would, as usual, follow the flag—the chances of St. John and Halifax as winter ports would be gone for ever—for the United States require no winter ports; they are already fully supplied in that line. Would our cotton mills, our factories stand under the competition with those of the United States? Last year, in the northern part of New Brunswick, close to the boundary line, I saw Mr. Gibson's cotton mill on the New Brunswick side, for 8 and 10 cents a yard, at a rather short, a couple of miles away, on the American side, the same kind of goods (United States manufacture) sold at 4 and 5 cents. Given annexation, would not the Gibson cotton have to come down to the same figure?

It seems to me that a brighter future is in store for Canada. The time will come when, owing to enormously increased populations, both Canada and Australia will become too large, and of too much importance in the world to longer remain British colonies. Then, as independent and powerful nations, it may be as members of one vast British confederation, a Zollverein of English-speaking nations encircling the world and monopolizing the trade of the world, Canada will have worked out her destiny—surely a higher and nobler fate than to sink into a petty state; under the government of the national assembly at Washington. I am sir yours faithfully, ST. GEORGE.

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London, Jan. 10.—The wonderful exhibition of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery comprises a large loan collection representing a century of British art. It is chiefly valuable on account of its giving the public an opportunity of examining examples of the leading artists of the British school of the early part of this century which have for a long time been in private hands. The most interesting pictures are by Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the landscapes those of John Constable, who died in 1837. One of the Hogarths was lent by the Queen. Her Hogarth represents a view of the Mall in St. James's Park. This is a faithful study of the park in the time of Hogarth, while the dense crowds walking upon the Mall are made of representatives of all classes of society of that time—gentlemen, ladies, soldiers and workmen. There is even a waterman, wearing the badge of the last century. It was formerly the property of the Prince Regent. The most interesting of the Hogarths are the portraits of Peg Woffington. It is astonishing to witness the difference between the three portraits exhibited as those of Woffington. Two of them are quite ugly; the third, which I am prepared to believe must be the best portrait, represents a handsome and brilliant woman. The most striking of the character pictures is that of "The Lady's Last Stake." This picture represents an interior of Hogarth's house at Chiswick. It was painted for Lord Charlemont, who paid Hogarth £100 for it. It represents a young and handsome married woman, dressed in the height of fashion, who has been gambling with a young officer in her drawing-room until 1 o'clock in the morning. He has won from her a necklace, her diamonds, her husband's miniature, set in diamonds, all of her loose gold and a note for £500. The scene of the picture is at the time when the officer has offered all he has won in return for her virtue. This picture is as full of striking character to-day as when first painted. The wall of the room and all is very similar to the ordinary English drawing-room interior of the day. The color is bright and the general condition of the picture most excellent. It brought at the sale of Lord Charlemont's pictures in 1874, £1,250. It is the property of Louis Huth. There is also exhibited in this collection of Hogarth a celebrated painting of the sleeping congregation. This is the property of R. Rankine, Esq. It was originally purchased by Sir Edward Wallpole. It was sold in 1875 for £24 10s. Echoings of this picture have been sold almost from the day it was first completed.

The Jockey Club this week has declined to renew the license of three jockeys—Wood, George Barrett, and Glover, the first for suspicious riding, the second for foul riding, and the third for disobedience. The most sensational case is that against the premier jockey, Wood, who is accused of having twice pulled a horse named Success last year. Wood was threatened with suspension at the time, and it was then only averted by his assertion that legal proceedings would be taken against the author of the statement, but this appears to have been only a bluff. Wood earns about twice as much as President Cleveland is paid in salary by fair work, and if he pulls his horses and bets against them occasionally the extent to which he can increase his income has no limit. But now he can only rest until the wrath of the Jockey Club has subsided or in France for some French stable, the general refuge for England's detected and ejected jockeys. He has no chance of riding anything in England until his Jockey Club license is renewed. The Jockey Club have certainly enough on their hands just now, but it is quite time they began to bestir themselves. Sir George Chetwynd, for some reason or other, dignified by going into the law courts, and asks the Jockey Club to investigate the charge of swindling the public, by running his horses to suit his betting book, which Lord Durham has brought against him. So far the racing public have been with Lord Durham, and the feeling in his favor has been strengthened since Chetwynd has declined to go into the law courts. Wood is one of the jockeys who is alleged to have pulled Chetwynd's horses to order.

Jack Wannop, the heavy-weight wrestler and boxer, leaves England early next month for the United States, where he will wrestle Evan Lewis of Chicago. Wannop says he will fight or wrestle any man in America. Wannop is a clever wrestler, but is only ordinary at boxing, though he has a long reach. He has never done any fighting worth speaking of here, so that he is to some extent an untried man. Wannop is a good-tempered opponent and whether he wins or loses he is a ways friendly with his antagonist.

A story is being revived in diplomatic circles of the Czar's intention to have himself proclaimed Emperor of Asia, and, it is said, the ceremony is to take place shortly at Merv. The friends of this rumor declare it is with this end in view that the Czar has lately cultivated Germany so assiduously, in order to have a strong alliance somewhere with which to offset the burst of rage which might be expected from England and from England's Queen should the Czar take the title which would include that of the Empress of India, Victoria's most cherished pride and joy.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning from the office No. 21 Canterbury street. JOHN A. BOWLES, Editor and Manager.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1888

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$2.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome.

Advertisements will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces.

Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SLANDER, untruth, and the manufacture of bogus news seem to be the stock in trade of the Telegraph at present.

COLONEL T. W. HINGSDON asks in Harper's Bazar: "Why is there such a charm in dialect?"

THE accounts of the effect of the cold in the Northwest continue to be appalling.

REV. MR. CUMBY had a few words to say about the Telegraph-Elis affair in a lecture at Moncton on Tuesday.

THERE is a rumor abroad that the Gagetown special printed in the Telegraph after the election was smuggled in without the knowledge of the editor.

"THE leading newspaper of the Maritime Provinces" is what the Telegraph styles itself. What does the Telegraph lead in? It no longer has the largest circulation.

public opinion clothed in their proper garments. The Telegraph which used to lead in opinion and news leads now only in slander, bogus news and glaring untruth.

MEAN FACTS.

Thomas Gradgrind was "a man of realities; a man of facts and calculations; a man who proceeded upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who was not to be talked into allowing anything over."

There are a multitude of men who claim to have been built on a similar model. Among these there are a good many newspaper men who glory in the turpitude and baldness of their productions, who twist figures into the most unorthodox shapes, to match their theories, and who by an ingenious construction of sentences place themselves in a position to escape conviction of wholesale perjury.

CIVIC FINANCES.

The chamberlain will have his report on the city accounts ready for presentation to the city council about the middle of next month.

THE departmental accounts are under the direct control of the common council, and it is a matter of regret that for years they have been in a bad condition.

THE difficulty is that the appropriation for the year is small, but it is as large as the city can at present afford.

THE leading newspaper of the Maritime Provinces is what the Telegraph styles itself. What does the Telegraph lead in? It no longer has the largest circulation.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

hugely profits, and no doubt the principals, having been so well puffed by the sporting papers, will find it an excellent preliminary for their projected sparring tour.

It is merely a gate-money exhibition. Two men meet, in the presence of the highest and noblest members of the aristocracy, not to fight, (as fighting was understood in the old days of "the Ring") but to maul and batter each other till one shall sink exhausted, or darkness shall end the disgusting scene.

Why Free Trade Should be Opposed. To the Editor of the SATURDAY GAZETTE. Sir.—Can you put up with a few figures? If so, here are some.

DOES CIVILIZATION CIVILIZE?

The enthusiastic reception of the Boston pugilist, John L. Sullivan, in London, Liverpool, Dublin, and every other city where he has shown himself to the admiring public, his introduction to the Prince of Wales and the elite of the British nobility, have rekindled, apparently, the public interest in what used to be called the "noble art of self-defence."

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ESTABLISHED 1868.

GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS West India Merchants

Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store,

50 KING STREET.

Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

WE HAVE TUMBLED

down prices and will give by Letters to our customers three valuable Prizes Pictures on the 3rd day of January next.

CHRISTMAS CARDS,

One Cent.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Twenty-five Cents.

Our Large Stock includes PICTURES, MOUNTINGS, ROOM PAPER, BOOKS, all kinds of FINE GOODS, WORK BOXES, WRITING DESKS

And a very large variety of other goods selling very cheap.

J. CRAWFORD,

Portland, Nova Scotia.

MORE HEAT,

Less Coal—Perfect Ventilation.

THIS undersigned will be glad for a few days to explain to those interested this new and wonderful

Stout System of Heating and Ventilation,

recently patented in the Dominion, and which is also in successful use in the United States, as per the following certificate from the Rev. Dr. Lalage, of the Brooks Tabernacle.

JAMES L. ARTHURSON, Brookings, January 8th, 1887.

All to whom it may concern: This is to certify that the Brooks Tabernacle is heated and ventilated by the STOUT SYSTEM, manufactured by Stout & Co., and that it has proved a decided success. It is doing the work with less fuel than any other system, and we have never seen any other system so successful as this one with much better results than formerly with the old.

T. DAWITT TALMAGE, Pastor of Brooks Tabernacle, Brookings, January 10th, 1887.

For Christmas

MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS, ALSO—

OYSTERS SHELLED

By the Quart or Gallon and sent 18 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

11, 13 and 25 WATER ST.

CHAMPAGNES.

Leading High Brands—Qts. & Pts. MOSELE, SAUTERNE and CLARETS, BELFAST SODA, and CANTRELL AND COCHRANE GINGER ALE

AND WHOLESALE.

The Leading Brands—Qts. & Pts. IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKIES, BRANDIES, HOLLAND GIN

JUST LANDING.

Special Highland Blend Whiskey, GELIC—OLD SMUGGLER, THE "PROVOST" IRISH, "VICEROY" "SHAMROCK" IRISH, "GOLD ROSE" "and" etc.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

WHEN ORDERING YOUR Christmas Oysters,

Do not forget the New Oyster Store, 5 KING SQUARE.

OYSTERS delivered to any part of the City and Portland.

CHAS. H. JACKSON.

For Christmas Oysters

GO TO S. BRUCE'S Oyster House,

9 King Square (North side).

Oysters delivered to all parts of the City. Discount made on Family and Hotel Orders.

Dated St. John, Dec. 12th, 1887.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, And every species of disease arising from impure blood.

HOLIDAY GOODS Suitable for Christmas Presents. LADIES' AND GENTS' Dressing Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, CUT GLASS BOTTLES, HAND MIRRORS, WHISK HOLDERS, in new designs, OROUR CASES, SHAVING SETS, CELLULOID BRUSHES and COMBS.

Perfumes and Cologne Engraved Cologne & Bay Rum Bottles. Prices will be found low.

A. C. Smith & Co., CHARLOTTE ST.

The Victoria Skating Rink. WILL be opened for the season (weather permitting) on THURSDAY EVENING next, the 22nd inst., when a Band will be in attendance.

PRICES OF TICKETS. Single Ticket to Shareholder, \$5.00; Shareholder's Family Ticket, admitting one Non-Shareholder's Family Ticket, \$7.00; Additional Tickets, 25c each; Ladies' Tickets, each, 1.00; Non-Shareholder's Ticket, 4.00; Ticket to Lady Non-resident per month, 3.00; Gentleman's Non-resident per month, 3.00; Ladies' Shareholder's Progressive Ticket, 2.00; Non-Shareholder's, 1.00; Tickets can be had at the Secretary's Office, 19 Prince William Street, on and after Wednesday next. The Directors are about building a new rink to be opened in the month of February, and will be rented at a small figure, where gatherings of subscribers take place, and where the rink may be provided if desired. A Band will be in attendance on the rink, on Saturdays and evenings throughout the season.

Dated 21st December, 1887. A. C. JARVIS, G. C. COSTER, Secretaries.

\$10,000 Worth of good Ready-Made Clothing. A Great Reduction to Clear Mens', Youths' and boys' TWEED SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS and REEFERS.

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T. YOUNGCLAUS, NOTICE. IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Local Legislature at its next Session for an Act to incorporate the Canadian Gas Light and Heat Company, for the purpose of supplying the City of St. John with gas for lighting streets and for other purposes, with power to lay pipes in public streets and with such other powers and for such other purposes as are incident thereto.

Dated St. John, Dec. 12th, 1887.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Loungee Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

The men Kinney and Davis, boatwain and mate respectively, of the ship Vancouver were, on Monday, sentenced by Judge Tuck—Kinney to 16 years and Davis to eight years in the penitentiary. No two greater rascals, or more cruel and brutal creatures ever lived than these two men, and they not only merited the punishment they received, but it is very questionable if they should have been allowed to plead guilty to one or two of the indictments in order to escape punishment on the others. One almost regrets that the whipping posts and stocks have been abolished when reading of the heartless cruelty and moral rotteness of such men as Kinney and Davis. The lash is the proper punishment for such beasts as they were and it should be freely resorted to in cases of offences against lavand nature as these miserable creatures admitted they had been guilty of.

But where is the captain and mate of this floating hell, the Vancouver? Why have they, who were the witnesses of the brutality and criminality of their underlings, the second mate and boatwain, been allowed to escape? In all fairness to the condemned ones both captain and mate should be put on trial, and the extent of their responsibility ascertained. If what the sailors say is true, that the captain when appealed to by the men to put an end to the brutality of the second mate and boatwain refused to listen to their complaints he should be deprived of the right to command any vessel flying the British flag. There is no room in the merchant marine of Great Britain or Canada for rascals or brutes, and the captain must be one of the others of these for permitting such conduct on his vessel. If, as Judge Tuck says, a criminal indictment cannot hold against the captain he can certainly be brought to book before the marine examiner and deprived of his certificate if the charges are found to be true.

People were beginning to doubt that pirates such as we have all read about in our youth—that is the fierce moustached fellow who ordered a man to walk the plank or tried him up by the heels to be used as a target with as much equanimity as he ordered his dinner ever existed. But the developments of the trial of Kinney and Davis show that such brutal creatures as the pirates of a century and a half ago really did exist. If men with all the advantages of the nineteenth century civilization could be so utterly depraved as Kinney and Davis, what must the life of an ordinary seaman have been when there was no law for sailors; when masters treated their men about as they pleased; when the British government allowed men to be whipped and flogged for the most trivial offences and kept-hauled for petty thieving and that too after an informal trial by a court often convinced of the guilt of the accused before he was put on trial? We have advanced some since then—perhaps advanced as far as it is safe to go in taking authority from ship masters, but there is still room for improvement in the matter of selecting master mariners. Every ship-master should be a good seaman but he should also possess and be able to show that he does possess judgment sufficient to administer the law when on the high seas.

I hear every day of somebody being knocked down and hurt by boys coasting down hill. The desire of the younger portion of the community is to coast. The law says they shall not coast and tells the policemen to break the sleds of boys found coasting and to arrest the boys. In defiance of the law the boys and girls coast down the majority of the hills of the city. Sometimes one or two of them are caught and taken in tears to the police station only to be let go with a warning. But the coasting goes on just the same, and people continue to be knocked down and hurt by the coasting juvenile. When I was a boy and the coasting was good, like other boys, I set the law at defiance and coasted; once into the arms of a policeman who secured me, and then delivered a long lecture of what happened to boys who coasted.

I am strongly of opinion that it will be found practically impossible to prevent coasting until some place is provided for the boys where they may coast without endangering the lives and limbs of the older portion of the community. We have had a good many suggestions for a coasting hill, but to my mind they have always been begun in the wrong way. The suggestion has been made to set aside a public street for that purpose. The law is such that the council would not be justified in doing this for then the corporation would be responsible for all accidents. The difficulty could be met by an amendment to the law, but a public street is no place for a coasting hill. The frequenters would most certainly prove a nuisance to the residents, and there would be no end of complaints. There are plenty of good hills that meet the city any one of which could be fixed up as a coasting place at a very small expense. There the boys could go and coast to their hearts content. Now that we have the electric light the hill could

be lighted at night for the benefit of men and women who work in the daytime. I am sure it would be a popular resort, and I am equally positive that it could be so arranged and managed as to be a decided boon to the working men and women of the city.

That must have been a very pretty row at the Gagetown court house last Saturday. Imagine men fools enough to fight over the return of one man in preference to another. There had been an election in which there were two candidates. Only one could be elected, and there was no occasion for such a display as was evidently indulged in by the friends of the respective candidates. I do not know how the row commenced but I do know that a fight at such a time is highly discreditable to all who took part and should be frowned-down by all lovers of decency and fair play. Most rows of this kind are commenced by some dirty, foul-mouthed blackguard who cares nothing for either the peace or good government of the community. Once a row started there are always plenty of blackguards to take part. And the blackguards are not all of the same political faith. The pity is that they are not, for then they could be more easily dealt with. There is no necessity for displays of this kind, and I should be strongly in favor of bringing all who took part in it before the court and fining them heavily. There is enough dirt in politics already without introducing a worse element—that of down right blackguardism. In the name of all that is good let there be an end to this bitterness of political fights. There is no reason in the world why a political discussion could not be carried on with as much good feeling as an old fashioned church service where every body laughs even at the jokes of some ancient deacon about dry enough to blow away.

The young woman who is charged with poisoning certain articles from the Marine Hospital seems to be of a somewhat peculiar disposition. Although barely out of her teens it is alleged that she has twice been a mother though never a wife. I have often thought that housekeepers who keep servants are too lax in looking after their morals. Anything has been good enough for a servant. No enquiry is made as to her morals and no care is taken to maintain the moral character of a servant under the majority of roofs in this city. On the nights they are allowed to go abroad they may do as they please, and are never questioned. As many girls fall through ignorance as from a desire to be bad. This is a fact however seldom recognised. The result of such conduct as is charged against the young woman above referred to is to bring the entire class of servants under the ban. This should not be so. There are as good, pure and virtuous girls in the kitchen as in the parlor. And there are loose immoral ones in both stations of life. I wonder that wives and mothers who are careful to watch the actions and obtain knowledge of the persons their daughters associate with do not see that it is equally important that the girl to whose keeping are entrusted their more youthful babes should also be of good character. In point of fact it is quite as important to know the character and associates of the nurse girl as of the daughters. The effect of a child's association in babyhood's days with an impure person will most certainly come out in after years. Yet children are oftentimes entrusted to the care of girls who are as gross and immoral as women of the town. Indeed it is from this very class that in most cases recruits for the houses of ill fame in every city are drawn. This being so, can mothers wonder at the development in their daughters sometimes of qualities, the existence of which they had not previously even suspected.

The silliest of many silly things that have appeared in the Telegraph for some months indeed even in its history is a serial written by one of its young men on his adventures in Queen's County. It is evidently the idea of this youthful and inexperienced writer to persuade the public that he has really accomplished something remarkable. After making the allowance for the reporter's inexperience I cannot help but think that he had better—for his own reputation and that of the paper he represents have left his sketch unwritten. The work is badly done at the best, the article showing a painful lack of knowledge of the facts of the case under review, while the facts it does contain are slung together in a fashion that few newspaper men would scorn to own their authorship. As for the drive I don't think there is a reporter on the St. John press barring some of the recent additions to the Telegraph staff who has not to his credit a hundred mile drive and who has not on more occasions than one done sixty or eighty miles in a single day besides collecting his facts. It is no uncommon thing for a St. John reporter to drive sixty or seventy miles and write two or more columns on his return to the office. Such adventures I have said have fallen to the lot of nearly every newspaper man in St. John and I utterly fail to see why this young man should consider them worth recording, and there would be no end of complaints. There are plenty of good hills that meet the city any one of which could be fixed up as a coasting place at a very small expense. There the boys could go and coast to their hearts content. Now that we have the electric light the hill could

I often hear complaints from newspaper men that their difficulties are not

sufficiently appreciated. This is very silly. When a man buys a pair of moccasins he does not generally ask the clerk who sells them if the men who captured the moose had a difficult time or whether the animal was knocked out of time by the first shot. Why then should the public care for the difficulties encountered by reporters and others collecting news. It is the reporter's business to get news and no business of the public how or where he gets it, nor do they care so long as it is good. A newspaper is only a newspaper when it contains a complete record of the day—a summary of all the events its readers want to know about.

Speaking of driving long distances in pursuit of news calls to mind one or two drives taken by newspaper men in the past. The reporters who took in the Lyons Ward murder at New River did about a rough road for three days in succession. The Hughes murder necessitated another long drive. The scene of the tragedy was fifteen miles from town. It was just after a snow storm and six or six miles of the road had not been broken. Still the reporters covered the distance by team and on foot in four and a half hours, and had time to swallow a couple of drinks on the way. I might give a score of instances if I chose where much greater feats in the driving way resulting in quite as important news being given to the world as the result of the Queens County declaration proceedings being given to the world. For the present, however, I will content myself by reminding my inexperienced friend that Mr. Payne of the Sun drove to St. John on nomination day thereby saving his paper the large telegraphic tolls which the Telegraph had to pay, because their historian went to Fredericton instead of coming direct to town. I would also remind the young man that while only 26 miles of a telegraph station he failed to wire the result of the election though he had at least nine hours to cover the 26 miles. I like to encourage enterprise among my fellow journalists, but I do not like to see inexperienced young men carried away by their own performance so that they believe after they have accomplished a very ordinary everyday undertaking that they have done something wonderful. Such egotism is absurd and disgusting.

There were two scenes at the Inter-colonial depot on Wednesday, widely different. One was a drunken husband and wife, the latter carrying in her arms a six-months infant. The other was a father and mother accompanying their youthful progeny to Philadelphia to exhibit him there in a dime museum. The latter child is a prodigy in his way for while 16 years of age he weighs but 11 pounds and is only 30 inches high. The lad is on a fair way to make a fortune. The other child is less fortunate as in all probability it will follow in the footsteps of its parents. There should be a law to prevent drunkards like the father and mother of this baby from marrying. It would be more sensible for the church to lend their influence to obtaining such legislation as this rather than to waste wind discussing the deceased wife's sister bill.

Chief of Police Marshall and his worthy wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were the recipients of numerous handsome presents from his friends in and out of the civic departments. Chief Marshall was appointed to the office he now holds on October 16th, 1882. Sergeants John Hipwell and Alex. Watson are the only two members of the force who were with him when the present chief was appointed. The chief has been the recipient of congratulations from scores of friends since the anniversary.

Girls Don't be in Haste to Wed. Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your minds with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school-training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in heedful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation and enjoyment, and use the privileges all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such a one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Splinters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than now, when all professions are open to them, and honor, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the class. Set your standard right and live up to it, sure that the reward will come, here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs.—Louisa M. Alcott.

"Didn't I order molasses?" she shouted to the grocer through the telephone yesterday. "Yes'm." "And you sent me vinegar?" "Yes'm, so I did. We are out of our molasses and won't have any until Thursday. Try and make the vinegar answer for a few days." "The people of Detroit are getting so particular that nothing will sell 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR MUSICIANS.

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

There was a Sabbath school concert in Bostwick's Hall on Tuesday evening last, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations, &c., given by the scholars connected with the Mission, assisted by Mr. Van Buren, J. J. Forrest, and others interested in the work. The affair was pleasantly carried out.

I need not remind the ladies that this is leap year, several have already done this. The Young People's Association of the Carleton Presbyterian church carried out a very successful leap year concert on Monday evening, in the school room of the church. A good programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings and tableaux was well carried out, and the entertainment netted a handsome sum.

At the Mechanic's Institute on Monday evening, a very large audience was present to listen to the concert given in connection with the regular lecture course, by the Arion Male Quartette. The various pieces on the programme were rendered in excellent style, and many of them called forth hearty applause. Of course the selections rendered by the Arion Quartette were well received—as they always are—and the quartette composed of Mrs. Givran, Miss Hsa, and the Messrs. Coster was particularly fine. Mr. Harry White, of Sussex, who is well known to many of our bandmen, and who for some time past has been in Boston, received hearty encouragements for his solos, as did Miss Bowden for her instrumental pieces. Miss Hsa's solo work rendered in her usual sweet, rich voice and more than pleasing to the delighted audience. Mrs. Givran fairly excelled herself, though I have heard her sing in Fredericton a few years ago when it was with difficulty she was allowed to retire after responding to the second encore. Mr. Olive's rendition of his solos was excellent, and showed that gentleman's control over a fine voice. The instrumental trio by the Messrs. Bowden and Mr. A. Watson were worthy of more than high praise—they were simply excellent. Miss Godard was the accompanist, and showed her excellent judgment in handling the "Violins." The concert altogether was probably one of the best that has been given in the Institute by local talent for a long time, and more than passing praise is to be bestowed on the Arion Quartette for their management of the affair. St. John is not slow when she gets properly awakened in the musical line.

There is some talk of a concert being held in the Institute about the middle of the Portland Free Public Library, and if it does come off the public can expect something rich, and that will be fully worth the price of admission charged. I will probably be able to announce something more definite in regard to the matter next week.

The boy pianist, Josef Hofman, continues to draw large houses in New York. On Saturday night last he made his debut as a composer before a crowded audience in the Metropolitan Opera House. From \$5,000 to \$6,000 are the receipts of the box office at each performance of this wonderful child. On the night of Saturday last large sales were made of pianoforte copies of the "Polonaise Americaine," which piece it was announced he would conduct at the concert. The price demanded was 50 cents—profit 45,—and a goodly number were sold to be carried home as mementoes of the occasion. On his appearance on the stage he was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He sat down at the piano and played, for the first time in his life in public, Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. He had only studied the piece three weeks and his first rehearsal with a full orchestra was on the Monday previous to the performance. After other performers had been heard he played three numbers as his usual improvisation on a theme given by some one in the audience. They were: A romance by Rubinstein, a mazouka in F sharp major and waltz in D flat by Chopin. He also improvised upon the "Siegfried" heroic motive from Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring," a theme sent up by some gentleman in the audience who imagined he had conquered the boy but such was his success that he was recalled three times. When he appeared to conduct his own composition he was presented with a beautiful baton, the gift of the orchestra and his manager. With the grace of a veteran he tapped the desk for attention and then with easy naturalness conducted the entire composition through with great success. To give the words of the New York World: "At the conclusion there rose a wild whirl of enthusiasm and excitement, and some of the audience fairly yelled with delight. The boy was recalled to receive a laurel wreath with streamers of red, white and blue, and floral offerings, and was then recalled again and again. The audience would not rest satisfied until the child leader had again taken his place at the conductor's desk and given a repetition of the composition."—A. F. V.

See the second page of to-day's Gazette for The Breton Mills, our new Serial.

MANKS & CO., Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, GENTLEMEN'S COATS, ASTRACHAN, COON, DOG, WOLF AND LAMB. Coat Linings, Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and Mitts. Beaver Capes, Muffs, Collars and Stoles. BLACK MARTIN, CAPES, MUFFS, and COLLARS. Seal Muffs, Capes and Collars. Also a large line of Cheap Capes, and Muffs, Gray Wolf and Buffalo Robes. 50 KING STREET.

DOWLING BROS. Have received and are Now Selling at the Lowest Cash Prices A NUMBER OF USEFUL ARTICLES IN DRY GOODS FOR THE XMAS SEASON. WOOL FASTENATORS, FUR CAPES, LADIES' WOOL GLOVES AND MITTS, KID GLOVES, KID MITTS, COLLARS, CAPES, for Ladies and Gentlemen; LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, STICK UMBRELLAS, HANDEKERCHES; GENTLEMEN'S SILK SCARVES, GENTLEMEN'S CASHMERE MUFFLERS; BEST LAMBS' SUITINGS, GENTLEMEN'S SUITINGS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MERINO AND LAMBS' WOOL UNDERWEAR. We have reduced a special line of DRESS MATERIALS From 15c. to 10c. per yard to clear. At 49 Charlotte St., City Market Building.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street. BUILDERS' HARDWARE: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department. HOUSEKEEPERS' HARDWARE: IN TINWARE, AGATEWARE, KITCHENWARE, FIRE IRONS, COAL VASES, DISH COVERS, &c., &c. PLATED WARE: Best SPOONS, FORKS, &c., in many designs; CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER COOLERS, ICE PITCHERS, and a variety of other articles, a large stock always on hand; FINE CUTLERY, Table and Pocket; SILVER GOODS, FANCY GOODS, &c. Call and Examine our Stock, Prices as Low as any in the Trade. SPORTING GOODS, suitable for the Season. Wholesale and Retail.

CHRISTMAS CARD from W. TREMAINE GARD, NO. 81 KING STREET, under Victoria Hotel. HEAD QUARTERS FOR FINE Gold & Silver Watches, Jewelry. The Great Holiday assortment now complete, and offered at lowest possible prices to ensure sales of Standard and Sterling marked Gold filled and preplate goods of the very latest styles and novelties for Ladies, Gents and Juveniles, in Gold and Silver articles of all kinds SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS. Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Walking Canes, Bronzes, and A 1 silverware in ABUNDANCE. Lots of Diamonds and other Gems on hand and set to order as required. —Sole gold jewelry made and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed by Inspection Called for. W. TREMAINE GARD, Goldsmith and Jeweler.

DEFOREST & MARCH, MERCHANT TAILORS, 87 CHARLOTTE ST. NOW OPEN AT 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.

Ladies AND Gentlemen REQUIRING Overshoes OR Rubbers Should call at the AMERICAN Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street. Ask to see our Immense Stock of LADIES' WATERPROOF GLOVES AT ALL PRICES. New Cloths FOR WINTER. I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS AND ULSTERINGS To which I invite the attention of my Customers. A. R. CAMPBELL, 40 KING STREET, Over Colonial Book Store.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE BAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

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

NOBLE SELF DENIAL. "George dear," said a loving wife, "why don't you smoke the cigars I presented to you at Christmas?"

"But, George, dear, they didn't cost much. I paid only a dollar for the box."

"It was very thoughtful of you to buy them, Mary, but, as I said, a pipe is good enough for me. Your kindness, however, won't be thrown away. The cigars will enable me to do the handsome thing by our friends when they call. They shall have 'em."

"But I should like to see you smoke one of them, dear."

"Self denial, my darling, is one of the greatest of human virtues. I deny myself for the pleasure of our friends."

"It is noble of you, George, and after all I am proud of your resolution."

"Don't make the vain," said the hypocrite as he went out on the stoop to enjoy the fifteen cent he had purchased coming up town.

Apartment House Keeper—How is that young man in the back room getting along, Sally?

Chambermaid—He's no young man. He's married.

"Married?"

"Yes, m. He never finds his nickle nor his hat nor his overalls nor nothin' until I looks for 'em."—Omaha World.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man.

"She has run me off, boss."

"What's the matter?"

"I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said I was too dark to match de dress."

—Austin fittings.

Less till the last armed male espies, Less for your husband's resolution. Less for a chance to build the fire, Fair cost throughout. —City Herald.

"If women are not good enough to belong to the Masons," said a fair one, with pointing lips, the other day, "will you be any why?"

DOCTOR BASKERVILLE.

BY ABRAHAM IVORY.

Of all the stories told me by my grandmother Ivory, that of Dr. Baskerville made the most vivid impression upon my memory. There was something uncanny in the qualities of the ring which was given the doctor by his patient as a fee, that chilled my childish blood as the story was recited, and brought unholo dreams to my pillow in the still night watches.

Was the story without a moral? It has puzzled me to decide. I have sometimes thought that the mysterious stone that flashed from the ring of the doctor's patient represented an unquiet conscience which was put at rest without repentance—seared as it were, and turned to ashes, leaving its possessor nearly akin to the beasts that perish. Be that as it may, my grandmother never vouchsafed any explanation, thinking perhaps, that in after years my own deductions would be as good as any she could supply.

My grandmother Ivory! How well I remember her, delicate and kindly features; her thin white hair; her voice, so full of music, that still haunts me in my dreams. What lofty hopes she entertained for the future of her Abraham—her poor Abraham, so ignorant, so ignorant, so utterly unconscious that in this beautiful world the rank weeds of evil are apt to shed their poison and blight upon the fragile and less pretentious plants and blossoms of good.

In the old family burying ground at Selgo my grandmother Ivory has slumbered for many a year, and by her side and in the village churchyard, a few miles distant, rest most of those who were known to me when I was young. I came to the hall of my father, and I cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" and echo answered, "Where?"

The daisy, and the buttercup and the violet, and, maybe, the pansy, have blossomed over them, and the birds have sung to them, and the rain has fallen and the sun has smiled on them, for many a summer, and many a winter the snow has drifted and the winds have howled about them, but to the changes of the seasons and the joys and sorrows of existence they give no heed.

DOCTOR BASKERVILLE. Doctor Baskerville closed the volume that lay before him and motioned his visitor to a seat.

The doctor had few patients, for he was a man of eccentric habits and, during all the years that he had resided in the village, had kept aloof from society, had been silent as the grave with regard to his personal history, and his housekeeper was one of those discreet souls, who, beyond a year or so, never indulged in neighborly gossip.

The doctor, who was verging on his three score years, was a man of singular appearance; his head was large, his forehead high, his lips were thin and his nose and chin seemed anxious to bob-nob with each other. He always wore a suit of rusty black, made in the fashion of the time when he was a youth, and the books which lined the shelves of his office were great folios, printed in a language unknown to the villagers and bore upon their title pages dates which, to them, were inconceivably remote. It was whispered that the doctor was a theologian, a wizard—that he had dealings with Satan himself, and the little children, as they passed the old mansion where he resided, or the doctor himself when he walked abroad, grew very pale and silent, and with looks of apprehension hurried away.

Dr. Baskerville closed the volume that lay before him and motioned his visitor to a seat. He was a man of twenty-five or thirty years, with intellectual but melancholy features. His attire was such as befits a gentleman, but on the little finger of his left hand he wore a ring, a plain gold band, set with a single stone, which once seen could never be forgotten. The stone was of a dull, gray color at one moment, then blue, then purple, then green, then all the colors of the rainbow combined. Then it took on the appearance of a human eye and shot out glances in which every passion that reads the heart of man were depicted.

For a full half hour neither the doctor nor his visitor opened his lips, but the eyes of the former rested alternately on the countenance of the latter and his mysterious stone, his own features remaining meanwhile as impassive as those of a statue. The silence was broken by Doctor Baskerville.

"Well,"

His visitor passed his left hand across his forehead, and as he did so, the Eye flashed out a glance of passionate intensity.

"I have heard," said the visitor in a strangely melodious voice, "of your wonderful skill in all the arts of healing. They even say that you are in league with the enemy of souls, and that it is by unholy spells that you operate upon men's minds and bodies. However that may be interests me not; my desire is neither more or less than forgetfulness."

Dr. Baskerville laughed, and his laugh was echoed by a raven that till now had been observed by his visitor, for the perch he occupied was directly behind the chair on which he was seated. Said Doctor Baskerville, "Few men

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Talk About McMillan's New Brunswick Writing Books.

"Absalom," remarked Mrs. Ivory, (she has an exasperating habit of looking over my shoulder as I write), "your chirography is horrible!"

"It may be," I replied, "but I do not write for your sweet eyes; my manuscript is for the printers, and they are able to make English of the characters on a tea chest."

You see, I intended to rebuke Mrs. Ivory mildly for looking over my shoulder, but when I looked into her dear face my heart grew tender and I could not have spoken reprovingly for the world.

There are those who claim that they are able to read one's character in one's handwriting. I dispute the claim; what would the world think of me, Abraham Ivory, if rather than by my upright walk I were judged by the erratic wanderings of my pen? The truth is, men write as they were taught in their school days. It was in a "district school" that the Ivorys were educated, and sometimes there was a change in our instructors as often as every quarter. They made our goose quill pens and "set" our copies. The penmanship of some of them was angular, other than in a "running" hand, others a "round" hand, and others used an abundance of flourishes.

Though we are apt to sigh for the good old times, it cannot be denied that our modes of travel, our modes of communication, our modes of living and our systems of education are far in advance of those that were in vogue forty or fifty years ago. If Abraham Ivory had been born a quarter of a century later, Mrs. Ivory would be less perplexed, for she is again at my shoulder, and I'll be blessed if she isn't inquiring where I learned stenography! Well, such questions will never be put to the young Ivorys by their wives or husbands, for they enjoy educational advantages which were denied their father in his youthful days. One of these advantages I find in

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Gen. Grant on Tobacco. [Pittsburg Dispatch.]

It was at the tall end of a rather long interview I had with Gen. Grant in the office of the Mexican International Railway Company, of which he was then President, that tobacco became the subject of the conversation. Gen. Grant had been sitting in his favorite fashion tilted back in an oak arm chair with his feet resting on the table. He was smoking an immense cigar, the fellow of which he handed to me. It was some time before Gen. Grant's troubles began with the injury to his leg as he was leaving his carriage, and he was in good spirits. Exactly the words that he used I can not reproduce here, but in effect Gen. Grant said this: "You are a very young man and I am old enough to give you advice, and I suppose I ought to tell you not to smoke. But looking back at the comfort and refreshment which a cigar has given me through a pretty mixed career—mooted by hard knocks—I have not the face to advise any one to abhor tobacco. It would be ingratitude in me to do so. And I am free to say that even if I knew tobacco was shortening my life, it would take more than my personal desire to live to induce me to throw away my good friend here forever."

The Sewing Machine News prints an article headed, "What a Sewing Machine Agent Ought to Be." We would politely intimate that upon general principles, he ought to be imprisoned for life and then hanged.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Talk About McMillan's New Brunswick Writing Books.

"Absalom," remarked Mrs. Ivory, (she has an exasperating habit of looking over my shoulder as I write), "your chirography is horrible!"

"It may be," I replied, "but I do not write for your sweet eyes; my manuscript is for the printers, and they are able to make English of the characters on a tea chest."

You see, I intended to rebuke Mrs. Ivory mildly for looking over my shoulder, but when I looked into her dear face my heart grew tender and I could not have spoken reprovingly for the world.

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