

MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

A GREAT SERIAL
THIS WEEK
SHIRLEY CARSTONE
—BY—
ELIZA ARCHARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART IV
—OR—
LIFE IN ST. JOHN
Is in THE GAZETTE.
THIS WEEK.

VOL. I.—No. 50.

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

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HOUSE HUNTING.

WHY PEOPLE GIVE UP ONE HOUSE
AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER.

A Glance at the Difficulties and Advan-

tages of House Hunting—What
one Learns.

At this season of the year when old King Sol is rapidly transforming snow into slush, and ice into water, and humanity and horses by mixing the sun's products with mother earth make most delicious mud, the house-holders turns his mind to moving. His landlord—the one he contemplates leaving—presented him with a printed slip of paper February 1st and said nothing doing him in legal but nevertheless he will have to wait and deliver up on the first day of May next the premises etc now occupied by him, etc, etc, and an affectionate foot note to the effect that the rent for the ensuing year would be ten, twenty, or fifty dollars more. I know some landlords who make it a practice to raise the rent of their tenants every year a tenant remains, and tenants who invariably offer to remain if the landlord will make the rent a few dollars lower for the next year.

When the man of the house gets the warning, and the note increasing the rent, he goes home, tells his wife out to see the landlord, and tells him he wouldn't live in his house another year if he gave him the damned old barn for nothing a year and paid the coal bill. He had caught cold from the drapery which came in under the parlor door, and his wife from another that proceeded from some mysterious crack in the ceiling. "Give you more rent, indeed," this fiery tenant will say. "Now much, your house isn't worth more, it's defective in many ways, has no double windows in the first place, no hot and cold water, no furnace, and the like." And when he froze four times in one day during that cold snap last winter. And now you tell the gall to ask me to pay \$10 a year more rent. Again I say no sir, I will move. I only hope you will get as good a tenant as I have been, but I guess the repairs will cost you a good deal more than \$10.

The landlord generally smiles at these statements and suggestions of mad tenants. He is not surprised at them because he has met a great many tenants who have talked precisely as this one does, and then made up their minds and removed. "Well," he will say as he bids the angry tenant adieu, "I will wait for the house until I hear from you again. I think you will most likely change your mind. There is one thing however, that you must remember—you only pay \$10 a year for that house, and you can't expect a four story gothic mansion with red granite trimmings for the modest sum of two dollars a week. I can supply you with all the conveniences, but I will have to double the rent. If we want luxury we must pay it my friend—we must pay. Good morning sir, I will keep my offer open for a month, and after that I will raise it ten more."

The new tenant is more indignant than ever. He goes home, tells his wife of the conversation he had with that blankety, blank, blank old fool who talked as if there weren't another house in town except his. He would blank soon show him that he wasn't a chump, and could find a house. He would move—they would move, but where. She wanted to go out on the edge of the town. He wanted to get nearer business. This had been the trouble before when they moved. The house they had decided to leave had been a compromise when they took it, and was about the same size as this city, with and without family, whose rent was from \$4 to \$8 per week. To such, in case of a few days sickness or lack of employment, the payment of a debt of \$1.10 is a serious master. The civilization of the country should be able to devise some means for the collection of small debts that are more humane than those that are now in vogue. It would be better, perhaps, if there were no laws for the collection of debts—if men were credited at all that they should be credited on their integrity alone. This would reduce business to a cash basis, teach men a lesson in economy, and checkmate roguery to a considerable extent.

A Sad Prospect.

How many weary broken down invalids there are to be found in the government and whose prospect is sad indeed. The nervous debility and general weakness of those afflicted with lingering diseases is best remedied by the invigorating and restoring properties of B. B. B.

LANCASTER HEIGHTS.

A WALK AND A TALK.

A Lounge in the Fields, and a Word About the Martello Tower.

Such days as these bring out the interesting animals. The woodchuck creeps from his hole and casts an eye over his clover field. He sees little prospect of an early dinner, yet he does not despair. His eyes are dazzled by the unaccustomed sunlight, and he knows how quickly his roots will respond to the influence of the hour and send forth their crisp and tender leaves. So he retires to his hole, and spends a few days in meditation, not whit troubled about the walls of the tower are about nine feet thick at the base, diminishing to six feet at the top, and the bricks used in its construction were imported from England.

During the American war guns were mounted on the tower and the magazine was stocked with all necessary munitions; it was also kept in a position to assist in the defence of the harbor during the Fenian troubles that occurred a few years later.

The view from the tower embraces nearly the entire city with the spires of Trinity and the Cathedral most prominent, Portland and Fort Howe, the wharves of Carleton, the harbor, the bay, and in the south, the blue shores of Nova Scotia.

Precoious Children.

Many of the weekly and Sunday papers devote space to the smart, bright and witty sayings of young children. These sayings of children can be divided into two classes. One class is manufactured from whole cloth (like the campaign lie) by the newspaper men. The other kind is natural and spontaneous, given by the parents of the smart, bright, healthy children. This last is the genuine, the really childlike kind. The first is a base imitation; yet some people prefer the imitation and favor the suppression of real natural child humor and smartness. But some people have little love for children, humor or smartness. The two letters received this week and printed below go to prove, if proof is needed, that parents would be at least selfish in withholding from an appreciative public the pearls that occasionally fall from the breast of the young.

We do not hiberniate like the woodchuck, but I presume that many of us are glad as he is when the snow has disappeared with the exception of an occasional drift in some shaded hollow or on the northern side of some fence or hedge, and that we look as eagerly for budding orchards and greening fields as he looks for his clover.

I believe it is claimed by our copper colored brothers that the trees and all kinds of wild animals and fish, in fact all the spontaneous products of land and water, are common property, the gift of God, which they can appropriate to their own use. The man who has no property is not a member of society, money, or a pedigree, and the world looks so chio on the street of the poor. The landlord is the same; he surrenders his clover patch when he surrenders his life, but under no other conditions.

But another has said, this is the time of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plough is started upon the hill, and as each boy we see its brightened mould-board, finds the sun.

Where the last remnants of the plough lingers yesterday the plough begins today.

Line upon line the turf is reversed, until it stands out the new landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breasts of the broad hills glow like the breasts of the robes.

How much more inspiring is the look of the plough than the farmer follows than that of the snow plough. The former, or something that answered its purpose, was used by Adam, the latter is an offshoot of modern civilization. This settles the thought that weit not for religious wars, the combatants populations would be more widely scattered, for men could not exist in great cities, and the world would be much better off. Every individual would be a producer, would depend upon the soil, in some degree, for his existence, and many of the harassments that prevail among crowded populations would be speedily remedied.

The small debtor often finds it as hard to meet his obligations as the large ones, and the small debtor, when he falls into the clutches of the law, escapes without the payment of double and sometimes treble the amount of the original claim. Of course there are men who never pay a debt if it can be avoided, but the majority that be would. The question of arrangement with the landlord is discussed, and finally a diplomatic visit is paid him.

Generally a compromise is arranged by fixing a rental for three years, the landlord agreeing to spend the increased revenue in decorating the interior of the house.

Poor Debtors.

An impudent friend was telling a Gossamer a few days since how he had been sued for a debt of \$1.10. He borrowed \$2.80 from a neighbor, and paid the bill and \$1.50 in costs.

This is something entirely wrong in proceedings of this kind, something that should be speedily remedied. The small debtor often finds it as hard to meet his obligations as the large ones, and the small debtor, when he falls into the clutches of the law, escapes without the payment of double and sometimes treble the amount of the original claim.

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A Spruce young fellow is very often popular with the ladies—Detroit Free Press.

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT DISCUSSES
OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Society in St. John Quiet and Clean—
The Past Set and What They Do.

superior, but later, when I overtook them on the road to town, they looked as de-mure as Sunday school teachers at a picnic. They might have a revel in the parlor of an hotel, but it would not pay to be anything but strictly proper in public.

A former Runaway.

[Owing to the length of this part, we are obliged to divide it. The conclusion of our correspondent's views on St. John social life will be given next week.—Ed. Gazette.]

Literary Notes.

Literary men who are engaged in the enlargement and illustrating famous books, will be glad to know that Mr. Samuel H. Eliot is publishing a set of etchings of the scenes of the life of the age. There will be twelve portraits in each series. The first includes such men as Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, General Gordon, Ruskin.

General D. H. Strother, "Porte Crayon" of Charleston, West Va., is dead at the age of seventy-one. The magazine reader may still recall a sketch of him with his nom de plume as were those of a generation ago, when his crayon sketches and delightful description of southern life were a feature of Harper's Magazine.

Publications.

The April issue of Woman is full of entertaining and instructive matter. Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "A Demoralizing Marriage," is continued through several chapters. Florence Percival contributes a lively sketch, entitled "An April Fool," that is a comment of which leaves a good deal to the imagination. "Lochiel's Lament," by Grace Winthrop, is a graceful love story. In "An Island and an Idyl," which is fully illustrated, H. L. Spencer relates a romantic episode connected with the island of Grand Manan at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. Laura Clay discusses "The Responsibility of Women to Society." Anna Olcott Comellie describes some women's clubs, with a retrospective glance at the history of clubs from earliest times. Under the heading "A New Idea," Eleanor Corbett imparts some valuable notions relative to tasteful apparel. Thereof course, the usual amount of useful information in the several "departments" of the magazine, which are attracting universal attention by the masterly manner in which they are handled and sustained. The foregoing is only a partial list of the contents of the April issue, which, like each of its predecessors, is superior in quality to all that have gone before. The illustrated features of this number are especially deserving of commendation.

Know or Know by R. E. Franklin, is a story of dual life, that will engage the attention of every reader, until the last page is reached. It is full of love and intrigue, sin and sorrow, purity and joy, and will satisfy the desire of every reader for something outside of the commonplace. Sold by J. & A. MacMillan.

For the first in its history, the United States Court in Massachusetts was opened on Tuesday last without prayer. The warden said it would be no expense to pay to have a service, but there was no money to pay the parson. Strikes seem to be the order of the day in these times.

A man in Friendship, Me., writes the following letter to the editor of a local newspaper, in which he would like to see and hear. I remember some years ago, falling in with a party of gay young girls and their escorts at a roadside inn a few miles out of town. I had driven out to look into some business matters and was returning home late in the evening, supper having been had in the bar talking with the girls.

The friendly light of the hotel attracted me and I drove up to the door, handed my horse and stepped inside. Supper was over, but a party from town had just arrived and ordered supper. If I would wait half an hour I could be seated.

This was what the proprietor told me, and in this condition I waited in the bar. I could have waited an hour for a good supper. For want of a better place I lingered in the bar talking with the girls.

While we were discussing an event of considerable importance a waiter entered and got a bottle of champagne leaving instructions to have another pint on ice. This occurrence would not have made much interest to me if I had not heard the laughter of a couple of girls proceeding apparently from the room the waiter had just left. My curiosity was aroused, but I did not dare to go in and ask questions as to who his guests were, but the question came without answer. "See that wine?" the proprietor asked. "Well it is going to a party of dudes and their girls who have come out here for a little time. They drink about two bottles of wine and have supper and then go home. I would just as lief they didn't come though as the papa of one of the interesting young ladies sometimes drives out himself and if they should meet, well, I will leave the rest to your imagination.

A spruce young fellow is very often popular with the ladies—Detroit Free Press.

Later on I heard the revels of the party in an adjoining room as they took their seats.

The Charlottetown Examiner records the death, at Souris, of Mary McIntyre, aged 70 years, and at North Harbour, of Mary McDonald, aged 90 years. The two deaths occurred on the 24th ult.

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

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who Adams was the gentleman,
This man is he who labored for Eve,
Assumed the hardest of the toil,
Trained all the vines and pruned the trees
That in the garden east,
If Eve had delved while Adam span,
It would have been a gentleman.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.
By ELIZA ARCHARD.

(Copyright by the American Press Association.)

Synopsis of Opening Chapters.

Shirley Carstone, the heroine of the story is the eldest daughter of the leading family of Linwood, idolized by her father and mother and beloved by her younger brothers and sisters. An ambitious girl, possessed of more than natural ability she is the leader of the village school and the friend and companion of the teacher, George Morrison, a young man who was educating himself for the ministry. The opening scene describes a picnic of the school children at which George Morrison reads to Shirley Carstone from a favorite author a touching poem which so affects her that she decides to write a poem herself to read before Linwood debating club. She had written several poems all of which possessed more or less merit. She prepared her poem and read it. A reward she was presented with a floral crown.

Here the story leaves Shirley to take up another character Philip Dunaway, a young man who became infatuated with a beautiful girl while visiting Huddlesford, induced her to find out when too late that he had made a mistake. He struck her and threw her paramour out of the house. The beautiful but erring wife became an opium eater and from the effects of the drug insane. They had two children to whom Philip devoted his life. One night their home caught fire and was destroyed. The insane wife was taken to her mother's home and the children disappeared. The faithless wife's mother started the report that the husband had set fire to the house and the scandal got abroad and was generally believed. Philip left his home in search of his wife and children and all his former excepting who he had settled on his wife. It was then that he started out to earn a living for himself.

Chapter vi describes two scenes, introducing first Shirley Carstone and her teacher George Morrison as they met in the garden.

"I know it's the cross, threathem old teacher," replied Shirley.
"But her face, afame with gladness and transports, belied her words."

"Mr. Morrison leaned his arms across the back of the rustic seat beside her."

"How gorgeous the sky is," said Shirley.
"Faded, like a cloud ship, says it is. It is as pale as water. It glides noiselessly toward the Islands of the Blest. We live there all of the nice people, and when you are good natured," said Shirley.

The Islands of the Blest, they say—
The sun went down, the shadows deepened over the lonely State Line turnpike. Horse and rider lay there still in the road.

"I am not wrong, somehow. I am drawn so many different ways. I don't believe there is a single impulse or affection of human nature that I do not feel, and I understand within my own breast. You read to me about Spinoza, despaired of the world and persecuted, living on a crust of bread, and I am not sorry for him. Then I know there is nothing in life so grand as devotion to an idea. At such times I could march along under the flames of martyrdom. It seems to me that there is nothing to wear sackcloth, and live on black bread for life. But again can he not be the divine minister which is even more?"

"I am not, nor do I understand."

"Divine indeed is his calling. Such a one I believe you will be, you a woman."

"I am not," said Shirley.

"You mean if after all, it was not to be. But it will be. I am sure it is. That may be. To the singer it is something to sing all things, all to love, to suffer all in his own soul. Then again can he not be the hero of the divine minister which is even more?"

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THIS WEEK!

ANOTHER
GREAT SERIAL
BY
ELIZA ARCHARD,
**Shirley
Carstone.**

A vivid story full of startling situations and charming dialogues is commenced in the Gazette this week.

The Story deals with life as it is and in no way exaggerates it. The authoress is well known and thoroughly understands how to tell a story in the most interesting manner.

Buy the Gazette and read

SHIRLEY CARSTONE

You will find it interesting.

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

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

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Ouida," denying having permitted continual cigarette smoking at her table, writes "that as men are constituted nowadays they are not happy without smoking" she allows them a Turkish cigarette after the roast.

The WRONG ROAD, by Major Arthur Griffiths, is a story full of mystery, love, and adventure, that takes its readers over continents, some of its important scenes being enacted in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Sold by D. McArthur.

A TRAVELING manager of a theatre company who intended playing "Parade" in the south of France, and feared to shock fastidious matrons, and to remove prejudice, added to his playbill that no anxiety need be felt by the most refined and moral, as Adam and Eve would appear in costumes.

This treatment of sewage by electricity is receive a practical test at the Metropolitan (London) board of works' outfit, at Crossness. The electric current is said to have a wonderful disinfecting and purifying influence. The evolution of gas stirs up the liquid, the nascent oxygen is brought into rapid contact with the impurities and reduces them, precipitation is expedited, and the whole cleaned.

A party of soldiers in Paris were engaged in firing blank cartridges when one of them, Carre, put one into his rifle by mistake. When the word was given, Carre, who was in the rear rank, fired with the rest, and his bullet lodged in the head of a man in the front rank. The captain who was in charge dropped

dead from heart disease, when he saw the soldier fall, and Carre endeavored to kill himself, but was prevented. The bullet was successfully extracted, and the man will probably recover.

THE WEST INDIA TRADE.

We publish elsewhere an interview with Mr. George Robertson on the success attending the pioneer venture of the New Brunswick Trade Promoting and Forwarding Company. Everyone who has the future of St. John at heart, will be gratified to know that the trip of the schooner Isaac Burdett to the West Indies, a vessel was found for her cargo in the West Indies. There is not the slightest doubt that a profitable trade can easily be worked up between St. John and the West Indies. All that is required are the proper facilities. The day of sailing vessels as traders is past. What is required is a regular line of steamers paying between St. John and West India ports.

The Board of Trade have spoken on this subject. They have decided to memorialize the Federal Government to grant a subsidy to a line of steamers. The government have acknowledged the promise of the memorial, and have promised to give the subsidy.

The Story deals with life as it is and in no way exaggerates it. The authoress is well known and thoroughly understands how to tell a story in the most interesting manner.

Buy the Gazette and read

SHIRLEY CARSTONE

You will find it interesting.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,
Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.
JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.

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

The SATURDAY GAZETTE is a weekly Saturday paper, devoted exclusively to general news.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 50 cents for six months.

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WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

A CLEVER ST. JOHN LADY'S VIEWS ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

Men Honor, Love and Marry Clever and Learned Women.

The Three Callers.

Morn called fondly to a fair boy sleeping. She calls—but he still thinks of naught but playtime. And he smiles, and waves him adieu. While he, still merrily with his flower store, dreams that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more.

Noon comes—but the boy, a manhood growing, finds time to call on his girl friend. One young, fair face, from hour of jessamine glow, gives him a glowing heart with bliss is warm;

So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore, and leaves him to his thoughts no more.

Night tapers gently at the casement gleaming.

With the thin firelight, flickering and low,

Over the bed he goes—all life's pleasures gone;

She calls him to her—as he leaves his door,

He goes to her, and leaves her to his own.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

A SAILOR IVORY may be addressed by

merchants and manufacturers, care of

the SATURDAY GAZETTE, Canterbury St.

NEW GOODS.

500
Mens', Youths' and Boys'
SUITS

For Spring and Summer wear. These goods are all New and Fashionable and are marked down low for CASH.

Mens' Light and Dark Worsted Spring Overcoats.

Mens' all wool working pants, very low.

LARGE STOCK OF MENS'

Tweed Rubber Waterproof Coats.

A FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

IN VARIOUS SHIRTS, NEGATTA, SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, BRAIES, SOCKS, TIE, HANKIE, CHIEFS, TRENCHES, VALSES, HAND BAGS, SHAWL STRAPS, &c.

New and Stylish Cloths for

CUSTOM CLOTHING.

—IN—

Fancy Tweed Suitings, Corkscrews and Diagonal Suitings. Serges and Yacht Cloth Suitings and Fancy Striped Trouserings.

Cheap for Cash.

City Market Clothing Hall,

51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNG-CLAUS,
Proprietor.

DEFOREST & MARCH,
MERCHANT TAILORS.

E. C. MARCH.

LADIES' AND MILITARY WORK

A SPECIALTY.

FOSTER'S CORNER,
2 KING STREET.

Saint John, N. B.

A. F. DEFOREST.

DeFOREST & MARCH,

HATTERS,

Having received the larger portion of our Stock of New Styles

HATS, CAPS, &c.,

We are now prepared to offer at Lowest

Prices as Large and Fashionable Assortments of Head Wear as was ever offered in the Maritime Provinces.

R. C. BOURKE & CO.,

61 Charlotte Street.

OLD RYE.

Landing To-Day

5 yr. Old in Cases.

1 CAR LOAD

Spirits & Rye.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

11 & 13 Water Street.

H. S. Cruikshank,

FLORIST,

Old Burying Ground and

Foot of Golding St.

Has for Sale, cut

ROSES, CARNATIONS, HYACINTHES, PHILIPS,

BULBS; in blossom and about to blos-

om.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CRO-

CUSSES, SNOWDROPS, &c.

EASTER AND CALLA LILIES,

GERANIUMS, many new varieties

and all the flower and foliage

plants usually found in a first class

greenhouse.

SARAH J. PARKIN.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

ESTABLISHED 1804.

GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

—AND—

West India Merchants

Office, 50 King Street,

Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store,

50 KING STREET.

Business Respectfully Solici-

ted by

Geo. Robertson & Co.,

Office 50 King Street.

NOW OPEN

—AT—

87 CHARLOTTE ST.,

MURDOCH'S

—AND—

Conffectionery Store.

All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and

Confectionery constantly on hand.

JOSEPH A. MURDOCH.

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

New Cloths

FOR WINTER.

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL

LINE OF

Winter Overcoatings,

S

