

The Saturday Gazette.

VOL. II.—No. 60.

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

PRICE 2 CENTS.

WHALE FISHING.

SOME FACTS REGARDING AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN ST. JOHN INDUSTRY.

The Mechanics' Whale Fishing Company—An Anecdote of Dr. Gesner.

There are very many who are tolerably conversant with St. John and the history of its industries, who are wholly unaware of the fact that about 50 years ago a large amount of capital was invested here in the whale fishery, which for several years was prosecuted with a good deal of vigor and varying success.

It is not many years since such bones have been used as gate posts in the neighborhood of the city. The sword fish and other sea monsters, captured by the crews of the company, contributed to the adornment of the counting room and library of not a few of the city's magnates forty years ago.

No doubt many of the mothers and grandmothers of today remember the elaborately carved corset boards of whalebone which were brought home by the sailors of the fleet. They were then much worn by the belles of the city, and their possession shewed the gallant young whalers often secured for them the entrance into the houses from which they would otherwise have been excluded; and, it is said, in more cases than one, resulted in kindling the tender passion and marriage.

While the whalers were in the Southern sea, the natives of New Zealand were employed as harpooners, and sometimes they accompanied the vessels to St. John, where their singular appearance attracted much attention, and was the occasion of considerable comment.

Once, while a whaler was lying in the harbor, a whale was seen spouting in the vicinity of Shag Rock. A crew at once started in pursuit and succeeded in capturing the animal. It was beached where the Ballast wharf has since been built, on a Saturday evening, and afterwards exhibited to the curious, admission to the enclosure by which it was surrounded being fixed at sixpence. At the time some wit composed a rhyme which was sung by the street gamins, and began with the lines:

Billy Blubber bought a whale, He got it on a Sunday, Covered it over with a sail, To show it on a Monday.

Aside from the fleet of the Mechanics' Whale Fishing Co., several other vessels were fitted out in St. John and were engaged in the fishery at the same time.

WOMAN.

A LADY WRITER COMPARES THE FAIR SEX WITH MAN.

In a Few Points Relating to the Mental and Emotional Qualities.

With respect to the matter of determining the claim, which men or women have to superior excellence, when we are led into the generally established opinion that, in strength of mind, as well as of body, men are greatly superior to women, we do not take into consideration, that women are allotted certain endowments by nature, which will be as difficult for men to acquire, as it would be for women to acquire those peculiarly adapted to them.

And though observation and reflection make it evident that the powers of reasoning and abstraction are the prerogatives of men, yet "Presence of mind, penetration and quickness of perception are the sciences of women; ability to avail themselves of these is their talent." Though man will reason better than woman regarding the human heart, yet she will read better than they the hearts of men.

Some writers maintain that the peculiarities in the female character, are not so much owing to organization as to the results of education, and the general usage of life, then, again, however, while the girls of the nineteenth century are almost universally enjoying equal privileges, with their brothers in education, business, and also, to a certain extent, in field sports, the following questions are being continually asked, not only by very able writers, but also by those whom we meet in every-day life.

"Are the girls of the present day, showing traces of mind in more abundant measure than their parents? Are their aims higher? Are their manners gentler and more refined? And until the results from education shall have been ascertained, we cannot fully decide from which source mental differences arise."

Meanwhile, it is my opinion that women fall more often from want of determination to overcome every obstacle than to any inferiority in intellect, and this theory is still further strengthened when I read of Harriet Martineau, that she wrote articles not as a woman but as an editor, and Mrs. Somerville studied astronomy, not as a woman but as a scholar, that the richest part of George Eliot's life was quite a secret to herself until she reached middle age, that she did not begin to write until the whole range of the best literature both ancient and modern was hers, and moreover, that "her greatest glory lay in her true womanhood," she was also an accomplished housewife, her experience ranging from the management of a dairy farm to that of a crowded drawing-room.

It is a matter of frequent remark, however, that though the paths of art have always been open to women, yet in creative thought, they have been inferior to man save in fiction, for allowing that there have been some who have developed high artistic faculty, yet what woman ever painted like Leonardo da Vinci and what woman has written like Shakespeare and Milton, or has excelled in painting every hair on the eye-brow; in preparing even cloth, he particularized each separate thread.

Women have often been unfairly quoted as striking illustrations of the power of imagination causing them, it is said, to believe readily in ghosts, dreams, and fortune-telling, and to yield also more easily to mesmerism or animal magnetism. Now who has not met many equally superstitious with women? Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself acknowledges that when a boy he used to imagine there were ghosts and fairies in the garret of that old gambrel-roofed house at Cambridge which has been lately pulled down, but which so many of us must remember.

Moreover, man has often been found to believe in fortune-telling as often as women, and we need not go back to the days of Saul for proof, for men, in our own day, credited with high ability—leaders in the land—have been known to have serious consultations with professors of the "occult science."

THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

A Resume of The Year's Work—Some of The Library's Needs.

The annual report of the commissioners of the Free Public Library has been published. It shows that the library is steadily growing in popularity and usefulness. The great want of the commissioners is money. The common council contributes the paltry sum of \$1,000 a year to the support of the library, and the ladies' committee look after the salary of the librarian. This sum, it need not be said, is entirely inadequate to the support of the institution—that is to support it as it should be supported. The actual running expenses of the library, exclusive of the salary of the librarian, seem to be about \$500, and it is difficult to see how this amount can be much reduced.

The only regret they have to express is the limited scope of the library under their charge. In an interview with a committee of your honorable board it was clearly shown that they were only able to throw open its doors for three days in the week and were obliged to restrict the cards of admission to the privileges of the library to one member in each family. The demand for books and cards has increased year after year and is still increasing, and it should, if possible, be satisfied.

Under these circumstances (and as no part of the Annual Report has been received, or is likely to be received for some time) they deem it to be their duty to call the attention of your honorable board to the subject. At present an assessment of \$1,000 per annum is levied for the maintenance of the library, which would be increased to \$2,000 if the library were to be supplied for a long time to come, it could be open every day, and in a very few years every citizen could secure it with pride as an ornament and credit to the city.

According to the report 2,300 cards entitling persons to have books from the library have been issued—an addition of 225 over last year. The total number of books loaned to these 2,300 families during the twelve months was 19,284. As there are less than 6,000 books in the library it would seem that each book has been issued three times over.

The library is so small that it is almost impossible to get a really popular work without months or weeks of waiting. The commissioners have so little money at their disposal that they cannot keep pace with modern thought by placing on the shelves of the library the new works as they appear. To make the library what it should be would require at the very least an immediate expenditure of \$3,000.

The city could not spend a few of its surplus dollars in any better cause than assisting the Free Public Library and wealthy citizens would do well to aid in stocking its shelves with healthy literature—books that men and women might read and draw inspiration from. It would prove a paying investment.

It would be well to require at the very least an immediate expenditure of \$3,000. The memorial of the Trade Promoting Company respecting the extension of the harbor railway from the Intercolonial Pier to Reed's Point and the adjoining wharves was before the common council yesterday. It seems that the railway department of Canada is prepared to put the rails down and make the necessary connections as soon as the council grants the right of way. So far as this portion of the memorial is concerned there will be no difficulty as the right of way is entirely through streets and property owned or controlled by the common council.

Regarding the extension of the railway from the government wharf at the Mill St. bridge to Robertson's wharf it would seem that some of the property owners are of opinion they should receive damages from the government or the council. In cases where property is taken and the remainder not improved it is right that the owner should receive compensation. But in the case of wharf owners whose property is benefited by the railway coming over it, it would be a gross injustice to tax payers of the city to give such persons a single cent. They lose the use of a portion of their property, it is true, but the benefit to the remainder more than compensates for the loss.

REMOVING THE DEAD.

SOME OLD BURIAL GROUNDS THAT SHOULD BE CLOSED.

An Investigation of the Carleton Cemetery Demanded Without Delay.

The recent developments regarding the management of the Carleton churchyard calls for speedy and thorough investigation. Judging from the published reports and the statements of individuals this grave yard has been filled for years. Still the grave digger has been allowed to open new graves. This he admits. One of the trustees also admits to that to some extent this sort of thing has been allowed to go on with at least his sanction if not with the sanction of the remaining trustees.

The Carleton Burial Ground is not the only one in this city where the removal of bodies has been permitted. Within a short radius of St. John there are several small burial grounds controlled by different denominations. Most of these places of the dead have been open for many years. In the majority of them the lots have all been disposed of. In some, more than a few single graves still remain. None of them are well kept. Where it would be an injustice to the owners of lots not already filled to close up these ground the laws should be so amended as to prevent the further sale of lots or graves and to prohibit burials in any but undisturbed lots, and in these only under proper provisions.

In each instance the burial grounds may now be said to be within the city limits. Of course it is not pretended that the city is solidly built around any of the old burial grounds, but it is beyond question that in the case of two of the burial grounds the city is gradually extending beyond them. Therefore as a sanitary measure alone the burial grounds should be closed up and further burials permitted refused, and in these only under proper provisions.

To return to the Carleton burial ground. The time has certainly come for prompt and decisive action. The man McFriedrick should certainly be made suffer for the reckless manner in which he removed the dead. The man who has no respect for the remains of his fellow men to dig them up in mid-winter and throw the bones and coffins to bleach in a snow bank, is unworthy to be the custodian of burial grounds, and should be brought to book for his actions. Most likely the remains removed are those of friendless persons, but the bones of the poor are as sacred to their living friends as are those of the rich.

We repeat the management of the Carleton cemetery requires the fullest enquiry by the proper authorities. There is a heavy penalty for persons who disturb the remains of the dead. And if it is shown that in this cemetery the bodies have been dug up this buried souls to gain, then the law officers of the crown should take such action as will bring each and every of the offenders to justice.

The latest of the publications of Wm. Bryce, of Toronto, are Dr. Glenn's stories, by B. L. Farjeon, and Eve, by S. Baring Gould. Mr. Farjeon's stories are always entertaining and are marked by an individuality as distinct as that by which the novels of Dickens are distinguished. Everyone who has read "Blade of Grass" will be eager to peruse the history of Dr. Glenn's Daughter.

Eve is a novel of wider scope; all of its characters are well painted, its incidents are full of interest, and the author's knowledge of the passions by which men and women are influenced in their everyday lives, is manifested on every page.

St. John as a Summer Resort, is the title of an exquisitely gotten up booklet, in which the merits of the property on Mount Pleasant, owned by Robert Reed, Esq., for hotel purposes, is lucidly set forth. With all the multitudinous attractions by which it is surrounded, comprising everything that is grand in water and landscapes, St. John can never stay the steps of the tourist without enlarged hotel accommodations. Mr. Reed's idea of converting this property into a first-class resort for tourists, if carried out, would do more to popularize St. John with summer travellers, than anything else that could be devised. As has been said elsewhere in this issue of the Gazette, the Maritime provinces are sure to become the great summer resort of the continent, but it is likely to be generations hence unless our own people provide hotel accommodations and take intelligent steps toward making the attractions of the country known abroad. St. John as a Summer Resort contains a view of Mount Pleasant, a map of railway and steamer routes, a bird's eye view of the harbor, a plan of the city, Mr. Reed's grounds, a map of Mount Pleasant, a view of Bar Harbor, and descriptive text.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.

An Excellent Address by Mr. George V. McInerney at Memramcook.

At the commencement exercises of Memramcook college, Mr. George V. McInerney, of Kent, delivered an address which is worthy of preservation, and unfortunately this cannot be said of all college orations. In one part of his address, Mr. McInerney referred to Canada, its attractions, resources and history. Closing his remarks on this branch of his subject he spoke as follows:

"What, you ask me, is the patriot's task in Canada? A fitting and a moulding of the greatest races the world has ever seen. In many a sweeping valley dwell, side by side, the peasant who secretly treasures the traditions of Normanly and Bretagne, and the yeoman who stores his mind with the rich remembrance of Bunyvede. Beneath the crumbling walls of Annapolis and Beauséjour dwell in peace and comfort and security, the children of the Loyalists and the descendants of the exiles of Grand-Pre. On the banks of the St. Lawrence and the St. John, within sound of the myotic Atlantic, and on the vast stretches of our western prairies, the rose, the shamrock, the thistle and the lily spring from the same soil. The races they represent have more than once united to beat back the tide of war. Waterloo, Agincourt, Bannockburn and Cressy were forgotten, when the spirits of Almas, Inkeraman, Balacava and Sebastopol joined in fight, for the same cause, on the wooded slopes of the colony. Not French enthusiasm, English discipline, Highland daring nor Celtic ardor alone, smote and humbled the mistaken valor of Montgometry. The united force of all served the one aim, pulsed in the one heart, fired the same spirit, struck the same blow. In peace as well as in war, we should appreciate the saving truth of the maxim—'Union is strength.'"

Neither should we forget that, as there are various races, there are also various religions in Canada, and that one of the greatest social dangers of the country is bigotry; "the common cry of ours whose breath is like the reek of the rotten fan." It is the duty of every citizen to manacle class contentions and put gyres on the spirit of intolerance.

The greatest danger we have to fear in Canada is a war of races and this war can only be avoided by religious tolerance. Wherever the British flag—the glorious old Union Jack floats there is liberty of conscience for all. It is the insignia of freedom, of civil and religious liberty. In some parts of the vast empire over which Great Britain holds sway there is a state church, but beyond the dress which it receives from the treasury of the country it has no power over the consciences of the people. They may worship God or Brahma; they may believe in a literal hell or decline altogether to receive the doctrines of future punishment. There is no country in the world where there is such religious freedom as in Canada. No state church is tolerated. None ever will be. Attempts have been made in the past to enrich the coffers of the church at the expense of those of the state. That day has passed. The church must support itself and if it cannot do this must pass out of existence. Church and state in Canada have been forever separated and the man or church attempting to force them again is an enemy of his country; he would be guilty of treason to our constitution and should meet the fate of all traitors. There is room in Canada for all sects and creeds. All have equal rights. They may worship God in any manner they choose, provided always they do not make themselves a nuisance to their neighbors.

Prince Henry of Russia was the first German prince who ever sailed round the world.

John Bright announces his belief that Shakespeare didn't write the plays credited to him.

Ouida has become extremely religious and will stop writing lurid love stories.

Mrs. Catherine T. Simonds has completed fifty years as a Boston school teacher.

Andrew Lang, the English balladist, makes part of his income by writing verses for a soap manufacturer.

After the death of the editor his widow edited the first newspaper published in America.

Elizabeth Mallet established in London in 1702 the first daily newspaper printed in the world.

John Strange Winter, the author of "Roderic's Baby," is a handsome young matron with dark eyes and a sweet smile.

PERSONALITIES.

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The tugboat owners have formed a union within the last few days, and now they have to take turns in towing in and out of the harbor, unless specially engaged to do a certain work for the merchants.

Citizen George Francis Train has been heard from. He is soon to start on a lecturing tour of the world. Success friend citizen.

Mrs. E. M. Vinal, of Orono, Me. has found on one of her apple trees a full blown and apparently perfect white rose blossom. Superstition points to this somewhat peculiar freak of nature as a forerunner of death or calamity, but sensible people will assign a more reasonable cause when either misfortune visits a household.

The Earl of Derby is a pronounced kleptomaniac.

Charles Watts, of Toronto, who delivered two or three lectures in the Mill Hall a year or two since, will revisit the city next autumn.

Jabes's Prayer.

I, Chas. IV. X. What a prayer is here recorded. And what faith is shown therein!

Work of the Loggers on Little Black Creek.

During the last week in April last year the snow disappeared from the greater part of Little Black creek, and on April 23 the drive began.

Rural catches.

The conversation given out: There is an awful pause. She sits and looks at her husband.

Fashion Notes.

One of the prettiest of the many bouquets shown in the shop windows of the milliners on Broadway was made of exquisitely fine lace straw, pure white in color.

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

HOW THE TREES OF THE ADIRONDACKS ARE SENT TO THE MILL.

Work of the Loggers on Little Black Creek.—A Vastness That is Dangerous at Times—Cooks and Their Assistants.

He Prefers the City Girls.

"There is certain independence, an freedom, darling, which, as the French express it, that distinguishes New York girls from her country cousins, not only in the street, in the cars and in the drawing room, but also under the torture of the surgeon's knife," said a noted oculist, as he dismissed a nervous patient at the close of a simple operation.

That Man from Salem.

HE GOES INTO SOCIETY AND DEBATES THE OBELISK. New York City Done Up in Crisp Sentences—Scenes on Lower Broadway—Peddlers on the Curb—The Battery—Several Great Men.

Breakfast Among the Tartars.

I went into one of the stone built recesses, where several of our Tartars were crouching round a small grass roof fire, and was considerably edified by watching them cooking and dispatching their morning repast.

A Short Visit to Joppa.

Interesting sketch of what a traveler saw in that Scriptural town. Landing at Joppa, Dr. Gekke begins his observations at once. Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world, and the first possible landing place as one sails northward from Egypt.

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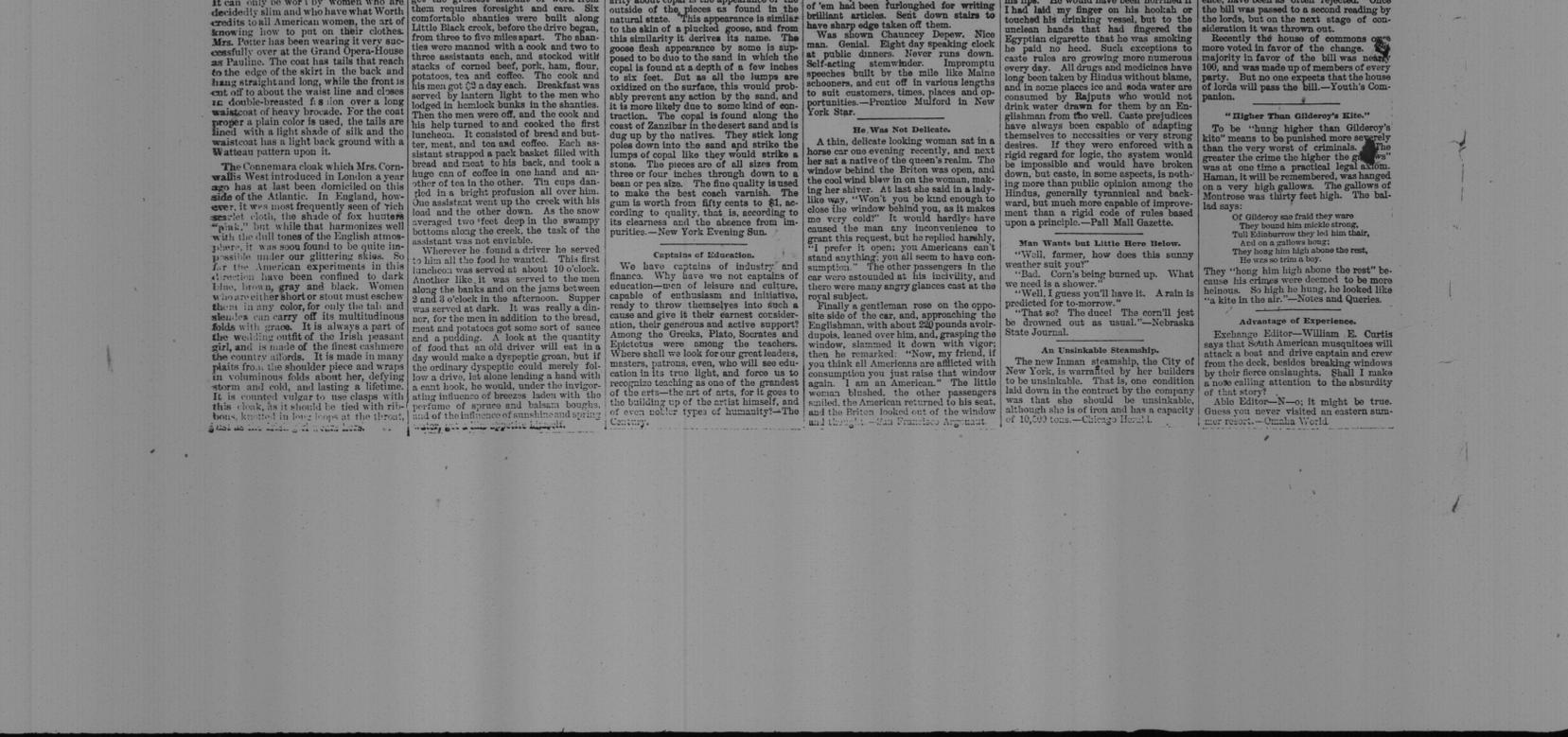
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Published every Saturday Morning at the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 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, \$1.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will be obliged by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writer.

We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal commissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application. Write your name and address plainly on a postal card and send for a specimen copy.

Advertisers will find The Gazette an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes. Rates given and locations assigned on application.

The Retail Price of The Saturday Gazette is TWO cents a copy, and is had at that price from all Booksellers and Newsdealers in the Maritime Provinces; and from the Newsboys on the street on the day of publication. Address all communications to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

A new steamer, the Empress, on the Dover-Calais route, is expected to cross the Channel in fifty minutes.

The new St. Catherine Light, Isle of Wight, will be the most powerful electric light in the world.

The Chinese Government, at the instigation of Li Hung Chang, has decided to erect a monument to General Gordon on the scene of his victory over the Taiping rebels.

The Mikado of Japan is disappointed in his queer-eyed subjects. They failed to appreciate the liberal edicts by which he granted them freedom of press and permission to do as they liked. The press devotes itself principally to poking fun at the royal family, and the people have been industriously forming themselves into all kinds of secret societies, which his majesty considers objectionable. Now the press has been remuzzled, the societies have been broken up, and the Mikado announces that he will resume his line of conduct as a well-meaning despot.

AID McCARTHY when the question of giving firemen holidays was before the Common Council, took occasion to remark that if the chief of the fire department could go away for a few days, without providing a substitute his services might be dispensed with altogether. There are several aldermen whom the city could better afford to dispense with than the chief of the fire department. They are the carpenter, the painter, the plumber, who are ever looking for the mote in their neighbor's eye and forgetting the beam in their own. Aid. McCarthy may not be one of these, but a doubt will linger in most men's minds if he is as sincere in his desire for reform as he would have people believe, until the court house job is completed.

M. N. NICKERSON who for two years has made the Cape Sable Advertiser one of Nova Scotia's brightest newspapers, bids his readers farewell in his issue of June 24. As will be seen by the following extracts from his valedictory it is about as wise to harness intellect with imbecility as a horse with a mule—it is often done in newspaper offices however.

The advertiser did not propose to itself at starting a very grand career, but it is only fair to say that it might have fulfilled its mission far better, if the usual difficulties of a country newspaper office had not in our case been rather more than doubled. In the first place it is too much to expect from a man of limited ability that he should run the editorial department, gather up local news from a wide stretch of territory without leaving the sanctum, read proof, do part of the business correspondence, solicit subscriptions, write the mails, and last and worst of all, cut wood to keep his fire going through howling winter days. The hand that wields the pen does not take kindly to the ax. I have often been under necessity of keeping my stove warm only by my own burning thoughts. And all these fiery trials, calculated to try the patience of the saints, arose chiefly from the control of a manager, who however worthy and competent in other respects harbors the idea that because he can navigate a ship, he also understands just how to run a newspaper, so as to make it a bright and shining light to all in the place.

When I, sweet friends, have said I shall mix you, When I have broken the dear romantic spell, You who serve this dim and far-off world, Which is my last—In your memories dwell A thought which once was mine—on you I dwell A slight recollection, not in vain I suffered more than you could know could tell In some examples and being slain, Existing in the hope that I shall rise again.

Fairweather's wharf at York Point, is being torn down and rebuilt. The wharf has been in the worst condition of any in the city, and it is a wonder that it has been the scene of no serious accident during the past year.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

If all that has been written and printed in America with regard to the illness and death of the Emperor Frederick should be published collectively, it would make an octavo volume of 50,000 to 100,000 pages, or a newspaper column that would extend from Newfoundland to San Francisco. And who was the Emperor Frederick? A man whose susceptibilities were no more acute than those of ordinary mortals, whose soul was no more precious in the sight of God than that of his humblest subject. He had accomplished nothing in his entire career that might not have been accomplished by any one else in his position, and deaths are occurring every day that to people on this side of the Atlantic are of no less public significance. What we have said of the Emperor Frederick might with as much truth be said of hundreds of others who from high positions to which they had arrived by accident, have during the year passed over to the majority. The case of the Emperor Frederick is mentioned for no other purpose than to point a moral. In this broad world there is no monopoly of genius, and no individual has ever reached such an eminence, but heights still towered above him. One drops from his place in the ranks of humanity, and a murmur is heard from the van to the rear of the army, but in a moment the murmur subsides, the ranks close up and the march goes on without interruption. We know not how it is, but in this world provision is made for every emergency. Lincoln arose when the time was ripe for such a man, and he fell when his work was accomplished. Grant saved his country from destruction by open and secret foes; then saved his family from dependence by writing his memoirs, after which there was nothing more for him to do. Circumstances make men, and men are always at hand to grapple with difficulties which effect great peoples and grapple with them successfully. These men are greater than Emperors or presidents and merit the reverence that is too often unthinkingly bestowed where it does not belong.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

In a late issue of the Boston Courier, we notice the advertisements of seventy summer hotels in the State of New Hampshire, which occupy a space equal to about five columns in the Gazette. The seaboard of New Hampshire is about equal in extent to that between George and St. Andrews, and is naturally no more attractive. Aside from this narrow strip of coast, the state has the White Mountains, the picturesque of which is everywhere conceded. Aside from its bit of seaboard and the White Mountains, New Hampshire has nothing to boast of in the way of natural attractions, yet it is in receipt of from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually from tourists. The Maritime provinces have a few good summer hotels, but few visitors are aware of their existence, for they are never advertised in the public prints. It might be said that advertising is unnecessary, for they are filled during the summer months without it, but if this is the case, it only goes to prove that more hotels should be built. If 70 summer hotels are supported in New Hampshire, an equal number would be supported in each of the Maritime Provinces if they were erected, and half the amount of money expended in making known to the tourists the existence of the country that has been expended for the same purpose in New Hampshire. There is more of the wonderful in nature to be seen on the little island of Grand Manan than in the whole State of New Hampshire. Nature has provided that state with no seaside resort like St. Andrews, no lakes like Utopia, Lock Lomond or Grand Lake, no rivers like the St. John, the Kennebecus, the Bellisle the Washamack, the Merimitchi, the Tenacore or the Negassiguit, no coast like the North Shore, or that extending from Digby by Yarmouth to Halifax; no fishing or shooting like that which is found in the lakes and streams with which our province are dotted and checked. Of course, the American newspapers will not go out of their way to divert tourists from their own resorts where art has done all in its power to enhance their attractions, and the newspapers of Ontario and Quebec will not overlook the claims of the Thousand Islands and the Saguenay. The Maritime provinces will one day become the great summer resort of North America, but that day is very far distant if no more liberality and enterprise is manifested by those most deeply interested, in the future than in the past.

THE LASH IN ONTARIO.

A year or two ago the cowardly assailant of a little girl was sentenced in St. John to be whipped. The sentence was never carried out, notwithstanding that the miserable creature upon whom it was imposed was in every way deserving of the lash, and ought to have felt its sting. A beast named Benjamin Graham committed a like crime to that of Roberts in St. John, on Wednesday, received 20 lashes, and on the same day "Dr." C. H. Whiting convicted of assaulting his niece was at St. Thomas sentenced to 50 lashes. Inhuman brutes such as these men have proved themselves to be should be whipped every day for a year and then be hidden out of the country on a rail.

THE GRAND SOUTHERN.

The Grand Southern Railway was sold under the hammer on Wednesday at St. Andrews. Russell Sage, the great pur and call man of Wall Street was the purchaser. The sum paid was \$101,000, a sum equal to about one eighth of the bonded debt of the road. Whether Mr. Sage, who is one of the ablest financiers of the age as well as one of the wealthiest men in Wall Street is acting for himself alone, or for the bond holders who are principally in New York, has not transpired, but it is unlikely that Mr. Sage is acting for any one but himself.

The Grand Southern Railway cost the province of New Brunswick upwards of half a million of dollars. Up to the present time this money has been largely wasted, as the road has failed to prove itself a public convenience. It was never more than half finished, and at no time properly equipped with rolling stock. The traffic was not sufficient to warrant further expenditure, and the owners of the road did not have sufficient capital to work the road as it should have been worked.

As has been pointed out in these columns before, the Grand Southern affords the shortest route to Bangor by many miles. But before Bangor can be reached, it will be necessary to build between 50 and 60 miles more railway. But the Grand Southern has another outlet which is better described as the Short route. This road would follow the St. Croix to Robbinston and Eastport, then take in Lubec, Machias and other ports of Maine on the Atlantic. Such a road would not be in a position to take up through traffic, but these companies to judge say that there is ample local trade to make the road pay.

It is to be hoped that the new proprietor of the Grand Southern will see his way clear to make the road what it should be, and to have no connections made as will cause it to pay and at the same time make it an accommodation to the public.

THE POLE NUISANCE.

There ought to be greater restrictions placed upon telegraphic, telephone and electric light companies erecting poles in the public streets than at present exist. If many more companies apply for the privilege of erecting poles in the public streets of this city, they will look more like forests than streets. Under existing laws passed by the Dominion parliament, the local parliament and the common council, one telegraph company, two telephone companies and two electric light companies have the right to set up poles to their hearts' content. A few streets have been reserved by the council, but the effect of these reservations is only to crowd the streets for which the privilege is granted with additional poles.

At the best these poles are unsightly and oftentimes dangerous. It would seem that the time must soon come when all wires will be underground. It is more expensive to the companies to have their poles underground than they will ever argue that it is not possible. This latter argument is groundless as has been proved in cities where the experiment has been tried.

We are willing to admit that the telegraph, telephone and electric are public conveniences. But on the other hand there is no necessity to turn a convenience into a public nuisance. It has something of this complexion now and to prevent the nuisance from becoming too troublesome or dangerous it is not advisable for the council to make further concessions.

THE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Few men are without some pleasant gastronomic recollections—recollections of dishes that were prepared by their mothers or grandmothers, but of which in these latter years they are never permitted to taste. There are those who are presumptuous enough to assert that we know a good thing when we see it much better than did our fathers when they were of our age, because our tastes are more highly cultivated than were theirs and our habits are more refined. It may be so, but it is certain that some of the good things which they enjoyed, we never recognize, because they never come before us. One of those things is the strawberry shortcake of our boyhood, recollections of which haunt us in these pleasant June days and strangely mingle with our nightly dreams. The strawberry shortcake of our dreams is circular in form, about twelve inches in diameter, and its complexion is of a creamy hue. It is about four inches in depth and seems to have been built of great feathery snowflakes, shortened with cream or butter, split open when hot and given a layer two inches thick of mellow strawberries (native, mind), and sugar, freshly mixed, to be served at once with plenty of cream. That is the kind of strawberry shortcake that they made thirty or forty years ago, but the art has not descended to our highly cultivated daughters, and among the unregenerate much disturbance has been the result. We are inclined to think that there is a reason generally unappreciated, for the decadence of the shortcake. Woman wishes to reign a queen, and she fears that the old-fashioned shortcake might become a dangerous rival. Bless us! The woman who provides her household with old-fashioned strawberry shortcake all through the season, may snap her fingers at fate, and rejoice in the undiminished devotion of every one acquainted with her accomplishments.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE OF THE SKIN, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

CONTAINING A Dictionary of 118,000 Words and 3,000 Engravings, Gazetteer of the World of 29,000 Titles, and a Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 noted persons, all in one book.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY should have a place in every home and school.

For Sale by J. & A. McMillan, 98 and 100 Prince William st. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Choice and Beautiful Flowers

Best and cheapest in the Market, suitable for Parlor or Garden.

Largest Stock in the Province, consisting of PEARLONITUMS, GERANIUMS, HELIOTROPES, FUCHSIAS, PHLOXES, VERBENAS, ZINNIAS, LARKSPURS, PHLOX, LOBELIA, SAPONARIA.

And a great variety of other plants too numerous to mention.

PRICES VERY LOW. CITY GREEN HOUSES, Golding Street, or GREEN HOUSE, Old Buryal Ground, Sydney Street, Saint John, N. B.

THOMAS KANE, No. 5 Mill Street, Plumbing and Gas Fitting

Hot Water Heating.

All work done in first-class style. Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to at lowest charges.

OFFICE OF D. R. JACK, Insurance Agent, REMOVED,

no. 70 Prince William Street.

Manchester House.

ESTABLISHED 1877.

Having made extensive improvements in my establishment and imported a fresh stock of New and Fashionable

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY

AND—FANCY ARTICLES

personally selected, and purchased on favorable terms, I am prepared to offer them to my customers and the public at prices to suit every one. Inspection invited.

JOHN K. STOREY, 21 KING STREET.

H. C. MARTIN & Co. PORTRAIT ARTISTS.

Studio, 52 King Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PORTRAITS IN INDIA INK.

WATER COLORS, CRAYON, OIL, &c., Copied from any style of small picture. Satisfaction guaranteed.

1888 SPRING STYLES 1888

ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., HATTERS,

Having received the larger portion of our Spring Stock of New Styles

Hats, Caps, &c.,

We are now prepared to offer at Lowest Prices as Large and Fashionable Assortment of Head Wear as was ever offered in the Maritime Provinces.

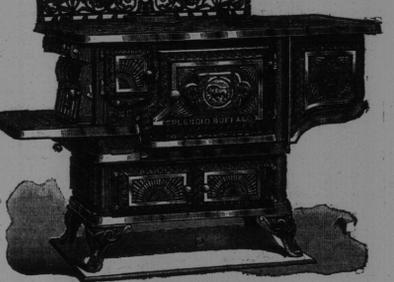
R. C. BOURKE & Co., 61 Charlotte Street.

Caligraph

WHY "IT STANDS AT THE HEAD." We guarantee the SUPERIORITY of the "Caligraph," and that it will wear out any other make of writing machine, save by side, on any kind of work, and take pleasure in referring inquirers to 100,000 operators and customers in substantiation of all claims made by us for our instruments.

Ribbons, Carbon Paper and Typewriter Supplies all in Stock.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & Co., Agents for Maritime Provinces.



RANGES, STOVES, &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF RANGES AND STOVES, viz.:

Splendid Buffalo, Junior Buffalo, Happy Thought, Grand Duchess, etc.

Together with a full supply of KITCHEN HARDWARE.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

A. C. BOWES & Co., 21 Canterbury St.

ESTABLISHED 1868. GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND—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.

For Family

MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS,

AND—OYSTERS SHELLED

By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from

18 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

ESTABLISHED 1834.

The Subscriber has opened a large stock of French, English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian

Tweeds. These goods are of the very best quality and newest patterns, and will be made up to order at very low prices.

JOHN H. BUTT, Merchant Tailor, 68, Germain Street.

D. WHELLY, 9 1/2 Canterbury St.

Plumber & Gas Fitter, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

JOBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a place of five acres, with house, barn and other outbuildings, on the West shore of Lunenburg Bay, near Chapel Grove, and about eleven miles from the city. Enquire of

MRS. EDWARDS, U.S. No. 412121212.

Advertisement for DeForest & March, Merchant Tailors, located at 50 King Street. The ad includes text about ladies and military work, a specialty in DeForest & March's merchant tailors, and contact information for A. F. DeForest.

Advertisement for Ready-Made Clothing, featuring men's, youths' and boys' suits. It lists various styles like 'Mens' all Wool Tweed Suits', 'CORKSCREW and DIAGONAL Suits', and 'ODD COATS, ODD VESTS'. It also mentions 'ALL WOOL WORKING PANTS' and 'YOUTHS' all Wool Tweed Suits, BOYS' all Wool Tweed Suits, SHORT AND LONG PANTS'. The ad is for J. D. Turner, located at 18 King Square.

Advertisement for Cloth for custom work, featuring Scotch and English Tweed Suits, Corkscrews and Diagonal Suits, Serges and Yacht Cloth Suits, English Hairline and Fancy Trousering. It also lists 'GOOD FIT. LOW PRICES.' and 'City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.' The ad is for T. Youngclaus, Proprietor.

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

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

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

The Sun of Monday contained a breezy and well written description of a ride over that King of Terrors, the St. Martins Railway. Accompanying the writer who is one of the Sun's staff were the delegates, or a majority of them, to the Southern Baptist Association. In his description of his experiences the reporter says...

old, and which was brought to the notice of the mayor eight months ago and dismissed as too trivial to be of importance. The world was on just the same as when the sensation had never been published. It was a graceful compliment to the departed for the officers of the Fusiliers and other military corps of the city to attend the funeral of the late Francis B. Hazen on Thursday. Captain Hazen's memory will long remain green among the loyal members of the old sixty-second.

Several citizens took the opportunity of showing Russell Sage and his party some of the chief points of interest around the city. Nothing is decided about the future of the Grand Southern Railway, but there is little room to doubt that Mr. Sage will make it pay. The road can be made a great highway between the United States and Canada. All that is needed to accomplish this is money and Mr. Sage has all the money necessary and to spare.

There are to be at least two swell weddings the coming week. One that of a prominent Halifax banker to the daughter of a well-known publisher of this city. A very large number of invitations have been issued, and the guests will in all probability be from all the provinces of the Dominion, several states of the adjoining republic and perhaps from across the ocean. The other wedding is that of one of St. John's most enterprising manufacturers, and a handsome young lady of the adjoining city of Portland.



LADIES please call and examine our Original LANGTRY BUSTLE. Folds up when sitting down. Sent by Mail to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Beware of the numerous Parrots with imitations. Our Stock is complete with all kinds of RUBBER GOODS, including the largest line of LADIES' CLOTHES to be seen East of Boston.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte Street. HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO., Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest Styles: SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats, In Light, Medium and Dark Colors. Also children's Straw Hats in Gipsy, Sailor and other Fashionable Shapes. MANKS & CO., 57 King Street.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms. Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match; Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match; Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match; A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz., Madras, India Crape, Chemise, Burmah, Turoman, etc. Spring Stock Complete in every Department. As my Stock is direct from the Manufacturers I can guarantee quality Prices as low as last year notwithstanding the advance in England. A. O. SKINNER, 58 King Street.

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 a variety of other articles. 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.

GENTS' LIGHT VESTS SUITS Cleaned in a superior manner at Ungar's Steam Laundry, 32 WATERLOO STREET. ESTABLISHED 1861.

LEE & LOGAN DIRECT IMPORTERS OF Groceries, Wines & Liquors. We have in Stock the following Choice Wines, &c.: FINE OLD PORT WINE, EXTRA TABLE SHERRY WINE, SCOTCH WHISKY, CHAMPAGNE, GUINNESS DUBLIN PORTER, RASS, PALE ALE, QUINCE and Pines, CHOICE ASSORTED SYRUPS, SIX YEAR OLD RYE WHISKY, KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY, MARYLAND BRANDY, HAY FARMER WHISKY, SUPERIOR CHERRY BRANDY.

I am pleased to notice that a young St. John lady has captured the prize offered by the British-American Citizen of Boston, for the best description of a New Brunswick watering place. The fortunate one is Miss Maud McCready, only daughter of the Editor of the Daily Telegraph. Her subject was Dalhousie and while the description was necessarily short because of the rules of the competition the sentences are clear cut and well placed. This is not Miss McCready's first attempt at authorship. She was the essayist of the graduating class of the Baptist Seminary two or three years ago. Her essay at that time attracted so much attention that it was published in the Globe. I congratulate Miss McCready and hope she will continue in literary work as she is sure to succeed.

The Knights of Pythias had one of the most enjoyable trips up river on Wednesday that has ever been held. Besides being enjoyable it was sensible. The party left Indiantown in the middle of the afternoon and sailed up past the grand scenery of the lower St. John by daylight and returned by moonlight, arriving home at a reasonable hour. It goes without saying that the excursion was a success in every way as all things the Uniform Rank K. of P. is a success. The order which by the way is an excellent one is now in a highly prosperous condition and numbers among its membership a majority of the live young men of St. John.

The death of Francis B. Hazen on Monday at the comparatively early age of 36 removes a man who started his life with the brightest of prospects. Born of distinguished and wealthy ancestors, the late Mr. Hazen never entered any profession or followed any trade or business. When a young man he took a great interest in the active militia of the city. Gazetted as an ensign he rose to the rank of captain, but after several years of service he retired. For years afterwards, however, his interest in the militia continued. In private life Mr. Hazen was a man of unassuming manners, a genial companion and entertaining host. Lately falling health has confined him during the winter months to his own house. His summer's were spent chiefly in the woods in pursuit of game and fish. He was an expert and keen sportsman and there are many who were wont to meet him in his camp and friends who will mourn the loss of a sincere friend and loyal companion.

I observe that Mr. William Fleming has applied to the common council for the lease of the large lot between Sydney and Charlotte streets fronting on the government property. This is without question the best manufacturing lot owned by the corporation and from what I can learn Mr. Fleming's intention is to erect a large foundry and locomotive works. That there is ample room for such works in Canada is demonstrated by the fact that quite recently the Canadian government has been obliged to import from England three or four locomotives for the government railways. Some years ago this lot was leased to a company then organizing for this purpose, but for some reason this company fell through and the lot has been idle for a number of years. Mr. Fleming who is now asking for the lease of the lot has long been associated with his father and brother in the management of the Phoenix foundry and locomotive works from which he has only just retired. He has not only experience in the business he proposes entering upon, but he has capital also and the ability to get more if he requires it. Everyone will wish him success in his new enterprise and if the works are proceeded with and backed by ample capital success is assured and certain, as the demand for locomotives in Canada is certain to increase every year.

I heard a rather good thing at the expense of a contractor in this city. A short time ago he caused a quantity of sand to be piled on a portion of an unused street. Street Superintendent Martin was in need of some sand of this quality and in his walks abroad he discovered the aforesaid pile which was just the quality he needed. Immediately on making the discovery he ordered the removal of the encumbrance to the street department's yard where it was stored ready for use when required. The contractor who used the street as a dumping ground wants to know who is going to pay for the sand.

A contemporary published last week a "sensation" that is exactly 11 months old, and which was brought to the notice of the mayor eight months ago and dismissed as too trivial to be of importance. The world was on just the same as when the sensation had never been published. It was a graceful compliment to the departed for the officers of the Fusiliers and other military corps of the city to attend the funeral of the late Francis B. Hazen on Thursday. Captain Hazen's memory will long remain green among the loyal members of the old sixty-second.

There doesn't seem to be much danger that the musical education of the growing population of St. John will be neglected. When the next census is taken it will be clearly shown that St. John possesses more teachers of vocal and instrumental music than any city of its size in the world. St. John is a poor show town and opera is generally very poorly patronized, but there are always good audiences at concerts, and I am inclined to believe that if we had a good theatre or opera house the stage would be much more liberally patronized than at present.

I notice that Halifax donned holiday attire the other day, to celebrate the 139th anniversary of its founding. It has always been a matter of regret to me that the citizens of St. John do not observe the 18th of May, annually. St. John has much more to be proud of in its history than Halifax, but somehow our people don't think so. Let a beginning of annual celebrations of our natal day be made next year. Let every class be such as will spur the people on in the march of improvement and tell them such things as will make them proud of the city of their birth or adoption.

In conversation with a well known citizen one day during the week he remarked that the people of St. John do not appear to have that pride in their city they ought to have. "I have lived," said he "in several cities of the United States and wherever I went I was always impressed with the idea that the city I lived in for the time being was the smartest and most go-ahead in the United States. Philadelphians think there is no city in the world half so enterprising or half so wealthy as Philadelphia. New Yorkers hold the same opinion relative to New York. Bostonians of Boston. But if one comes to St. John the chances are that some fellow who has grown fat and earned a competency in the city will inform you that it is the slowest place in America. This is not true and the chances are that the fellows who make such statements have never been out of the city in their lives. Had they travelled much they would certainly have found many duller cities than St. John.

The Victoria Hospital at Fredericton, was formally opened on Thursday, Lady Tilley the wife of New Brunswick's leading statesman may truthfully be termed the founder of the Victoria Cottage Hospital. A year ago she commenced the good work which is now completed, and what is even more strange, paid for. At the opening exercises Sir Leonard Tilley stated that the money on hand and to collect would pay all debts for construction and furnishing. The Victoria Hospital cannot help but prove a blessing to the sick of Fredericton. In the case of a stranger stricken down by disease it will afford a pleasant resting place, while to the afflicted poor of the Celestial City it will furnish a home with medical attendance and better care than slender means could provide.

I regret that our base ballists did not make a better showing with the Maine clubs this week than they did. The great trouble with the ball players of St. John is that they do not practice enough. Every member of the National club earns his living at some trade or profession, and only plays ball for amusement. With the Maine clubs the case is different. Every club in the adjoining state has one or more professional players in each team. Could not our boys manage to engage a professional? Look at the

improvement Mr. Comber has wrought among the cricketers. There is good base ball material in this city. All that is required is skill, and this can only be obtained by instruction. There are to be at least two swell weddings the coming week. One that of a prominent Halifax banker to the daughter of a well-known publisher of this city. A very large number of invitations have been issued, and the guests will in all probability be from all the provinces of the Dominion, several states of the adjoining republic and perhaps from across the ocean. The other wedding is that of one of St. John's most enterprising manufacturers, and a handsome young lady of the adjoining city of Portland.

THE LOUNGER. MARITIME HAPPENINGS. An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From all Sources. The Bras d'Or Steam Navigation company have made arrangements to run a daily boat from Mulgrave to Sydney direct. Potatoes are in blossom in Mr. Elmly's garden and turnips have grown to the astonishing height of 4ft. 7in. They were started on their upward way in the stone jar called the post-office. -Baddeck, C. B. Reporter. Town youth—"Say, mister, is there a circus here to-day?" "No, what made you think so?" "Ain't them circus coming from where the circus used to was?" "Those? Why, they are members of the club in lawn tennis suits." Archy McKennan says that a year ago last winter he could not read a word of Gaelic although he could read English well enough. Hearing there were interesting Gaelic selections in the Reporter he determined to master his mother tongue, and can to-day read Gaelic as well as English. -No. Sydney Herald. A very interesting dog story is told by the captain of the schooner, Willie R., which was in port last week. About the 14th of March last, a dog belonging to the captain of the above schooner, and while the vessel was out sealing, left the vessel on Cape Anguilla, Nfld., and was believed to have been drowned. On May 7th past, a dog in a very helpless condition was found on the ice about 75 miles north of East Point, P. E. I., and carried ashore. The dog was badly injured. His paw was terribly worn down from scratching the ice in his struggle for existence, while his front teeth were gone, presumably from picking seal bones found on the ice. The captain of the Willie R., then a Newfoundland fisherman, was informed of the dog and the circumstances in connection with its discovery, was agreeably surprised to learn that it was his dog which had strayed away from the vessel while sealing, and which had been nearly two months on the ice, and he expects to have him sent on shortly. It is a singular story, and the sufferings of the poor animal during that time must have been terrible. -Ibid. It is said, by a visitor to Toronto from Fredericton, N. B., that J. T. Hawke, of the Moncton Transcript, will be tried on civil action for damages for libel as soon as he has served out his two months' sentence for contempt of court. Many Black Cook and Lower Napan people have been recently victimized by shoddy peddlars. Several have been scolded in the tune of \$40 or \$50, and some have bled to the extent of \$120. The peddlars give six months' credit, and take notes for the cloth, promising, it is reported, that they will follow them up and make up the goods free of charge. The swindlers have been to town, trying to get the notes shaved, and have probably succeeded. It is strange that country people allow themselves to be swindled by every plausible fraud that comes around. A Ready Recourer. The ravages of Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and other summer complaints among children during the hot weather, might be almost totally prevented by having recourse to nature's sovereign remedy for all bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. UNION LINE. Daily Trips Between St. John and Fredericton (each way). FARE, ONE DOLLAR. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commencing about June 25th, and until further notice, presumably until October 1st. THE PASSENGER STEAMERS "DAVID WESTON" and "ADAM" alternately leave St. John (upstream) for FREDERICTON, and FREDERICTON for ST. JOHN. EVERY MORNING, Sunday Excepted. AT SIX O'CLOCK, Local Time, Calling at intermediate stops. Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, &c., and with Messrs. & Waresons, SALMON, for DEBENHAM, GRAND FALLS, and with Messrs. "Horseshoe Bend" for Grand Falls, Woodstock, &c. THROUGH TICKETS, Return, issued to leave St. John, Fredericton, and also to Woodstock and Grand Falls, good to return by N. B. Railway to Montreal, at special reduced rates. THROUGH TICKETS, Fredericton and St. John, good to return by N. B. Railway to Montreal, at special reduced rates. THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to Brown's, Knappton, Grand Falls, and the LAVERGNE WHARVES, good to return by day of issue, for 40 CENTS to Halifax and return, 50 CENTS. Saturday Evening and Monday Morning Trip. For accommodation of business men and others, "ADAM" will leave Fredericton every Saturday Evening, at 6 o'clock, for HALIFRED, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave HALIFRED at 6 o'clock, Monday Morning, and HALIFRED at 6 o'clock, Tuesday Morning, and HALIFRED at 6 o'clock, Wednesday Morning, to spend a day of rest and change in the country without crossing on business hours. FARE—Halifax to Hampton, etc., and Return, 50 CENTS. This service begins on June 9th, and, if sufficiently encouraged, will continue up to 1st September. OFFICE AT WHARF, INDIANTOWN. R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. St. John City Assessor at H. CHUBB & CO.'S, Prince Wm. Street.





FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

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

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine friend, dat coat make you so proud you will grow into it."

Algernon (his first Western trip)—"Aw, I suppose you see a good many queer people 'round here, don't you?" Native—"Wal, yes, stranger—when the trains from the East come in."

Stranger (to Western citizen)—"My friend you are sadly bruised and battered and parts of your ear seem to be missing. You must have had some bad luck." Western citizen—"Bad luck! Great Scott! Stranger, I got the pot."

"John," said the wife, tenderly, "promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nancy Tarbox." "Certainly, Maria," replied the husband, reassuringly, "I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now."

Boston mother (to daughter retiring for the night)—"Did you eat the cold beans, Penelope, that I put aside for you?" Daughter (hiding her face on her mother's shoulder)—"No, mamma; Clarence told me to-night that I am all the world to him, just even beans, mamma, would be in discord with the tranquil harmony that is singing in my soul."

First boy—"Does your granpa smoke a pipe?" Second boy—"Not now. Last week he went to sleep with a short pipe in his mouth, and the fire reached his celluloid teeth and they exploded, bursting his head open." First boy—"What a fool! Didn't he have any brains?" Second boy—"Oh, lots of brains! They've ruined the freckled ceiling."

Mrs. Blood (to the colonel)—"My dear, when you came home last night you were quite sober." Colonel—"Yes, I only drank twice." Mrs. Blood (anxiously)—"Well, what is the trouble, dear. Have you heard some bad news, or area't you well?"

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano, I'll sing one more song and then go home, I said."

"Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus, I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Mr. Rockaway Beach—Good gracious, Hoffy, you're not going to walk to the club? It's five blocks, you know! Mr. Hoffman House—Ar, dear boy, we must exhaust some fatigue, you know, if we wish to keep before the public eye. I expect to meet a reporter who will write me up as the "wuddy-cheeked pedestrian."

"I want some consecrated lye," he slowly announced as he entered the store. "You mean consecrated lye," suggested the druggist, as he repressed a smile. "Well, may be I do. It does nutmeg my difference. It's what I want, anyhow. What does it sulphur?"

"Eighteen cents a can." "Then you can give me a can." "I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the druggist, in a gingerly manner, feeling called upon to do a little punning himself.

"Well, that's not bad either," laughed the customer, with a sly, sly glance. "I ammonia notice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punters respect the credit of. However, I don't care a copper as far as I am concerned, though they ought to be handled without gloves till they wouldn't know what was the matter with them. Perhaps I shouldn't myrrin-myrrin. We have had a pleasant time and I shall carry away."

"It was too much for the druggist. He collapsed." "He was mumbled about tough steak and cold coffee, and making himself generally disagreeable. 'Don't growl so over your breakfast, John,'" said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."

Ferson Drymster (solemnly)—"Young man, do you ever put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains?" Hunter—How's that? Do I ever do what?" "Do you look upon the wine when it is red?"

"You will have to say it over again, mister, and say it slow." "Do you drink whiskey?" "Of course I do. If you've got a bottle in your pocket, uncle, why don't you say so like a man?"

"Did the doctor bring the new baby, ma?" asked Bobby. "Yes, dear."

"Where did the doctor get it?" "I little babies come from God, Bobby." "Oh, I see," said Bobby, after sufficient thought. "God sends people to the doctors, and after a while the doctors send 'em back to God."

Forest—Whew! You have been eating onions! Field—Well, yes, I confess I have. Forest—What did you do that for? Field—To tell you the truth, we are going to play base ball this afternoon, and I wanted to be prepared to chin the umpire with some effect.—(Lowell Citizen)

Sometimes it almost seems as if the reason the church steeple keeps pointing heavenward so persistently is because it is trying to distract attention from the debt beneath it.—(Journal of Education)

Fangle—"What was left in your uncle's will, Cumso?" Cumso (reafly)—"I was."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Mary Sharpless, the richest child in America, is nine years old and worth \$50,000,000.

A queer flower which grows in Yacatan is the masquito (little) plant of the guarumo. It is in the exact shape of the human hand, with four fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

The most valuable manuscript in the United States, judging from the price paid, is in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It is the Norma Missal, for which \$15,000 was paid. It is dated in the 15th century, and comprises 484 pages of value, bound in red morocco.

It is stated that within 27 years past, 34,000,000 serfs and slaves have been emancipated. The war of Russia led on with the liberation of 23,000,000 Russian and 5,000,000 Polish serfs; President Lincoln set free 4,000,000 negro slaves and Brazil has since added 2,000,000 more to the number of freemen.

The heaviest ox ever raised in the United States was owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Palmer, Mass., in 1863. The ox was raised on his own farm and weighed 3260 pounds on the hoof and 2470 pounds dressed. Mr. Day, of Northampton, Mass., raised the heaviest pair of steers known. When killed and dressed February 22, 1864, the pair weighed 4885 pounds.

In the new number of the usually correct Oriental Bibliography, Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" is entered under the head of Old Testament Literature.

The Maine Railroad Commissioners speak in high terms of the general efficiency of the New Brunswick road under Mr. Cran's management, and express particular pleasure with the state of the road bed from the American line to St. John, which is equal to any bit of road of equal length on the continent.

Houlton has made a good growth for a Maine town in the last 56 years, the time that Mr. J. H. Cough has been a resident of the place. When he went there, there were only two stores in town, (or plantation as it then was); they were located on the hill and were carried on by Shepley and Cary and James Houlton. There were none at the Creek village, where the principal business is now done. Mr. Cough states that William Cook is the only unmarried man living, who was there when he first came to Houlton, and of the married men there is not one remaining.

The railways of the United States, if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon (Thomas Curtis Clark declares in Scribner's Magazine for June). Their bridges, viaducts and trestles reach from New York to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the number of accidents we read of in the daily papers, statistics show that less persons are killed annually on railways than are killed annually by falling out of windows.

A little elm tree, set out in Fairfield, Me., last spring, at a point where it is in the rays of an electric light, has far outstripped his fellows, in point of growth, set out at the same time. The explanation of this, given by a scientist in the neighborhood, is that the tree grows both day and night. Under all the circumstances this would seem to be a very plausible explanation, and if it is the electric light will come into general use in hot houses and other places where it is desirable to force vegetation.

A diver named Joe Anderson, of Detroit, while searching for a wreck at Point St. Marks, Mich., a few days ago, set out a heavy box in deep water, which upon closer examination he found to be sunk with heavy weights attached to the box by chains. He returned to Saint Ste. Marie and after procuring assistance managed to raise the box, when set on the shore of all it was discovered to contain the remains of an apparently young woman, decolled and found into day box.

A. W. Longfellow is a prominent figure on Congress St., Portland, Me., of a pleasant afternoon. He bears a strong resemblance to his distinguished brother, the late Henry W. Longfellow, and this is at once noticeable to any who ever knew the distinguished poet. Mr. A. W. Longfellow was for many years connected with the United States consular service, and is a member of the Maine Historical Society. Mr. A. W. Longfellow, Mr. Samuel Longfellow who has recently gone to Europe, Mrs. Greenleaf of Cambridge, and Mrs. Pierce who occupies the old Longfellow mansion next to the People House, are the only surviving members of the famous family.

A few days since Joel Smith, who was engaged in sinking piling in the sand for foundations for bath-houses below the excursion district, in Atlantic City, N. J., conceived a whim to take a bath in the ocean. The ocean was very calm, and he had scarcely entered it when something suddenly wrapped about him like a wet blanket. He was close to the shore and got there very lively. He rubbed into a saloon and was horrified to find that the thing was alive. It held on by suction and required three men to get it off. A scientist, who is stopping at a hotel near by, pronounced it an Electro caecataea, or what is vulgarly known as the blanket fish. It frequents the waters of the Polar Sea and is only occasionally found away from it. It is sometimes found in the Pacific Ocean as low as the thirty-fifth parallel. It wraps around its victim and by impeding the motions of the limbs causes it to drown. It was dark brown in color, with black specks, and weighing about fifteen or twenty pounds. It was not over an inch thick. It is thought to have been the first one ever caught in this section.

The poet Whitier, on hearing that slavery was abolished in Brazil by act of Parliament, sent the following cable to Emperor Dom Pedro at Milan: With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil. G. W. WINTHROP.

After Long Years.—"I was troubled with Liver Complaint for a number of years, finding no cure, I tried B. B. B. I took four bottles and am now perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Asket, Alma, Ont.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLONY OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

This remarkable story is from the New York World: Some time ago Mrs. Langtry found, to her great regret, when she decided to take up her residence in this country, that the American climate was far more trying to the complexion than the even temperature and moist atmosphere of England. The sudden changes of heat and cold, the furnace-heated rooms, and intense frigidity of the winter air dry up the skin, and lay the ground-work for wrinkles. Then the keen, dry atmosphere keeps the nerves at a high tension all the while, and the pressure of the active life of this country increases the impulse toward nervousness. Before long she was horrified and disgusted to find that the smooth silkiness of her skin was becoming dry and shriveling into slight wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. She sat down promptly and wept, and after the due and natural overflow of feminine distress, dried her eyes and began to search for some unguent, some mollifying cream which would help her to withstand the ravages of an unfriendly air. Nostrum after nostrum was tried and thrown aside in disgust. While she was half-heartedly experimenting with a certain emollient, procured by grating coccoanut, twisting it tightly in a thin muslin cloth and rubbing the face with a white cream, obtained in this way, she suddenly discovered what was meant to end her woes. A wandering American, who had lived many years in Persia, and had lately succumbed to the promptings of homesickness, was brought to call, and drifted into talk of the manners and customs of that Eastern land. Incidentally he mentioned that the Persian women ward off their faces, and no sooner had he shut the front-door than one of the footmen was on his way to the nearest meat-shop. There he procured several broad, thin strips of veal and Mrs. Langtry, giving orders for "meat at home," retired to her chamber, disposed herself on the lounge, and, with her countenance entirely covered with veal, allowed herself to be read to sleep by her maid. Ever since then, she has throughout all her travels, gone through this performance twice a week, and finds her skin unfurrowed by any new insignias of the passing years.

Individual stationery is a notion that spreads like witch-grass in the ground. Each woman must have something that is characteristic of herself, something original, something by which her private letter-paper may anywhere be known. A woman who can manage the pencil has the advantage here. She will have a thorny rose, or a heap of sea-shells, or a couple of tennis-rackets, hurling cupid toward each other, or a yacht in a stiff breeze, or a blue-stocking bending over a writing-desk, or any one of a hundred oddities leading her letter-paper. Girls in want of pin-money are earning large sums doing these things for richer friends. They are never pretty, no even tolerable, unless they are done with half a dozen free strokes, and then they are sometimes very pretty indeed.

The respective chord which sometime or other binds all human hearts in unity, is the chord of sympathy. It is the Emperor's life than by all the memories of his renown as a great prince and soldier. In nothing has the true sweetness and nobility of his nature been made more apparent than when he placed the Emperor's hand in that of the Iron Chancellor, and with eloquent look signified they should be friends. The Emperor star had set; she was no more a power, before her stretched a future devoid of every worldly hope; she could no longer oppose or thwart that great will of Germany. She had become a citizen, a woman full of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and in that bereft and humbled state this dying wish for peace and friendship becomes her law. Probably no word of command could more deeply stir that man of iron and granite than this tender mark of confidence, and we who know Bismarck only by his statesmanship, his magnificent and terrible force of power, can readily believe that whatever there is of gentleness and chivalry underlying these depths came quickly to the surface at that solemn moment, where naught was to be gained, and all was lost. No episode in the history of Germany throws more light on the character of Frederick III. than this deathbed scene. Be friends!

In the extravagance of the promenade the parasite now in use are indeed wonderful, and are quite enough to strike terror into the male breast. Of the remarkable productions that are now being displayed in the windows, I refrain from saying anything in detail, for I feel afraid that my pen might run riot were I to venture upon descriptions of the eccentric specimens that I have seen. But it

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