

OUR LITTLE FISHING CRUISE.

BY JAY BROOK.

We went on 21st June, this 1875 June, to a small lake near Utopia. I shall not describe our journey. We had a noble horse, and saw two foxes on the way, besides several sunburnt country lasses, as ugly as hedgehogs. At Lepreaux, twenty-five miles, we dined at a very neat hotel, and then wheeled merrily on, and arrived at the hotel *de la femme* O'Reardon, eighteen miles further, near St. George, in time for supper, which meal we partook of, like jolly good fellows always do that are blessed with a good appetite. Before tea we hauled the corks out of two bottles of Alsopp's etc.

"And the way we drained our glasses dry
Would make a temperate preacher sigh."

Next morning, before the cocks crew, we were on our way again to the residence of "General Toag," a good old farmer, who had just entered into "holy bonds," having married the gay widow of four departed Mr. Somebodies. Mr. Toag was now a happy man; he had lived to get her, and he had reason to be proud and feel grateful. But if he don't look out for himself, Mrs. Toag will outlive Mr. Toag (or her *guid* man No. 5), for he is a somewhat slender oil chap, and his sweet wife is a tall, powerful woman, that would put up with no nonsense. Yes, dear reader, Mrs. Toag is none of your delicate little creatures that would not hurt a fly, but a splendid, two-fisted house wife, that would put a carbuncle on a fellow's head in five minutes if he did not mind his eye. We arrived at Toag's. He captured two very wild steers of his, or rather of his and Mrs. Toag's. These "fiery steeds" we, after great fatigue, managed to get yoked into a cart, the wheels of which were as large as well, awfully large. The steers acted badly; they ran away, bolted, upset Toag—General Toag—run over a forest of huge black stumps, and nearly fell into the charming waters of Lake Utopia. Finally, at Mr. Toag's persuasion, they became less excited. He put all them by, *swelting* them over the heads and noses with a stout cudgel, howling out, while his copper-colored countenance was distorted almost beyond recognition—"Wha hug, Buck; wha hug, Bony. Back, wha hug Bony; goe back, wha hug Buck." In this cart we put a light boat, and, after having it hauled a mile and a half to M—Lake, we set her afloat and rowed across the waters, and encamped near a charming brook, or rather put up our tent. We then started through the forest, and, after footing it two miles, stood on the margin of a small lake, and near us was a fair raft. We were soon at work. Noon found us whipping away in lively style. A very handsome green fly appeared to excite the curiosity of the "gaudy innocents," for my companion, Lovejoy, soon landed a two-pounder. Well, we both did well. One of mine was two and a half pounds, and many one and a half pounds and one-pounders. The water was entirely too high, a fact that I have observed in all the lakes I have fished this spring. I had the honor of "striking" and nearly capturing a fish that would have weighed four or five pounds, but, after playing him for a short time, he darted away, showed his magnificent form on the top of the water, then gave a jump and a dive down, snapping my oiled silk line, which, by the way, proved considerably rotten. It had been four years in use. I did not weep as my lost one departed, but I said *something*. I won't tell it here.

Next day we fished this pond again with no success, the weather being very misty and quite chilly. During the night of our encampment on the banks of M—lake, wild cats hovered nigh till daylight, and the screeches they let out were frightful, and made the dismal hours hideous. A bear also prowled a short way off, and our sanctum was entered by a rabbit and a thing like a rat, and an immense spider as big as a small potato—a very small potato. We kept on a good fire, and our lantern hung cheerfully before our door. The woods appeared to be alive with partridges. Owls screamed, waters roared, birds sang, fish jumped, and all that sort thing.

We struck tent and got back to O'Reardon's in time for a good "square" meal; and during a thick fog and rain storm we started for home, our stomachs filled with good grub, our baskets filled with trout, our wagon filled with traps, and our hearts filled with joy.

On the journey, Lovejoy, who by the way is quite a military fellow, kept me awake during the dark drive by telling me of many a hard fought battle, many a victory, and many a good old general. In memory of this drive, I have hereby christened Toag, "General Toag" the 5th. By thy last advice, I learn that Mr. and Mrs. Toag are well and hearty and enjoying themselves at their pictures, the farm and all that sort of thing, and should any honest Reader wish to go fishing at or near Utopia, I shall be only too pleased to give him an introductory epistle to General Toag and lady.

BUSINESS IN ENGLAND.

It is interesting and instructive, from time to time, to scan the reports of the condition of industry that come to us from the other side of the water. It is now pretty generally understood that the depression in England differs materially from that in this country, in kind as well as degree. The condition of trade there is far less in contrast with that prevailing two years ago than is the case in the United States, while the signs of recovery are apparent there sooner than with us. The most marked of these has been the increase in the receipts of the railroads.

The freight traffic of some of the lines for the past months has been greater than that for the corresponding period of last year by from ten to twenty per cent. The consumption of spirituous drinks, tobacco, sugar, tea, &c., &c., one of the surest gauges of the degree of comfort prevailing among the common people, instead of falling off as in the United States, shows a gain over the last year, though the proportion of increase is less than in former years.

The great drawback to a more complete revival of prosperity, in England as in this country, appears to be the fact that the demand for a return to a lower scale of wages and prices has been very unsatisfactorily satisfied. On this account the iron trade, the most important industry in England, has for some time been in a very unsatisfactory condition. The labor disputes, according to the latest cable accounts, are now in a fair way of adjustment, and the substantial defeat of the workmen will go far towards reviving business of all kinds.

In the coal trade there is a tendency towards lower prices, but the production has so seriously lessened by trade disputes that prices can scarcely droop to any appreciable extent.

The woollen trade at Leeds is reported to be light, the home demand especially being dull. In Manchester trade is equally quiet, and advices from India and China do not bear out the hopes that were entertained of an early revival of trade with the East. In Birmingham the hardware trade is decidedly languid in every department, operations being characterized by extreme caution, and the orders received being in nearly all cases simply to cover present requirements. In the export demand for hardware the dulness is especially marked.

In ship-building, business seems to be better than in almost any other department of trade. Considerable activity is reported in most of the yards on the Clyde, and during the last few months several steamers and sailing ships of large dimensions, intended for the East Indian, South American, emigration and cattle trades, have been launched, and the stocks are at present occupied by not far short of two hundred embryo vessels in the various stages of advancement. This branch of business appears to be in a more flourishing condition than any other in Great Britain just now. The fact looks singular at first sight, in view of the wide-spread depression in the carrying trade the world over. The anomaly can only be accounted for on the supposition that the dulness has been so intense, and the cessation of operations so general among ship-builders, that a natural reaction has finally set in to fill the immediate and necessary orders that have meantime accumulated.

A. T. CLARK, 7 and 8 Smyth Street. This is a great depot for genuine Havana CIGARS at wholesale. Mr. Clark also deals largely in Molasses, Sugars and West India produce generally. Mr. Clark's long experience in business, during his residence (a few years ago) in Cuba, must make him thoroughly conversant with Southern trade.

BORROWING TROUBLE. Never borrow trouble, it will come soon enough; you have no need to shiver in the chilling shadow of far-off woe. A gloomy habit of heart and mind is wrong, because it unfits one for duty. Our dispositions, like plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many religious and secular failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturned many a fine business, and sent the men dodging among the note slavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of back-biting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them. So, when trouble comes, bear it bravely, but do not weaken your powers of endurance by anticipating it.

Nothing astonishes the English more than our system of barrelling apples. In that country the crop is placed thinly on shelves, in fruit houses constructed especially for the purpose, and no one thinks of sending them long distances to market. Our Rhode Island Greenings and Baldwins, therefore, which now go there in immense quantities, surprise them considerably. — *Boston paper.*

THOMAS LUNNEY & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CLOTHIERS, No. 3 King Street, have, as usual, a very large and handsome stock of goods in their line. Mr. Lunney, the managing partner, is always on hand to wait on his friends, and the public generally admit that he is a most agreeable salesman. In fact, both members of the old established house are the right men in the right place.

We have advertised in St. John and country papers for nearly ten years. Now we advertise in none excepting our own. We have received much benefit through the columns of the press generally, but as we do not care to enlarge our business we prefer to withdraw from the papers.

C. L. RICHARDS has just received the Agency for THE VICTORIA COAL MINES. Mr. Richards is a great worker in his business, and a man that attends well to his business must succeed.

JOHN ALLINGHAM, 12 Charlotte Street.—This is the best and cheapest HATNESS MANUFACTORY in St. John.

JAY BROOK says that Saint John is becoming the greatest place for murders out of Texas.

JAY BROOK says that Pot Wallopers nights out our Tuesday's and Thursday's.

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