

ST. JOHN LETTER.

The City's Surplus Population—The Markets—The Day's News.

In all cities and towns there are hundreds of idle men, even in the most prosperous times; every day in the year we see them standing on the corners, waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up." A majority of them are not idle from choice; they want to live better, to dress better, to leave another inheritance than poverty to their children, but they do not see how this is to be done. In the country there are hundreds of acres of idle land; in this province I believe there is quite as much arable land uncultivated as cultivated, and it is fair to say that one half of the cultivated land is only half cultivated. Put the idle men in the cities and towns who want to work and the idle land in the country together and in a few years we would be astonished by the results. Here is an example. Within 50 miles of the city of New York the truck or garden farmers have over 50,000 acres of land under cultivation. Within twenty-five years this land was purchased at an average cost of \$5 per acre; it is valued at the present time at \$225 per acre. The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture furnishes the following statistics:—

DR.	
Interest on value of one acre of land, \$225, at 4 per cent,	\$ 9 00
Cost of cultivation,	15 00
Cost of seeds and plants,	5 00
Cost of fertilizers,	25 00
CR.	
Average annual value of crop during the last ten years,	\$185 00
Net income,	135 00
	\$185 00 \$185 00

Land naturally as productive as that in the vicinity of New York can be purchased within 25 miles of St. John for \$5 an acre and through the year garden truck sells at as high a price here as there. But everybody could not engage in truck farming. Suppose one purchase ten acres of "worn out" land, which will produce vegetables enough for the use of himself and wife and provender for one cow, two sheep and one pig. He sells nothing except his butter and wool, with which he purchases clothing and all other necessities that his land does not produce; everything else that is taken from the land is returned to it. The air, the rain and the snow more than compensate for the fertilizers lost in the butter and wool; beginning with one cow, two sheep and one pig, working intelligently, buying no fertilizers and selling nothing but butter and wool, in five years he will be able to keep three cows and five sheep and to indulge in some of the luxuries of life. I have spoken of the possibilities of a poor man with a small bit of land; of the other poor man with 200 acres who markets five or six pounds of butter and a half dozen of eggs a week I have nothing to say.

Customs receipts for this port for the month of June were \$57,988.18, an increase of \$5,778.49 over the same month last year. The total revenue collected at St. John during the year ending June 30th was \$797,805.67, against \$745,542.42 in the previous year.

During the month of June, 32 ocean steamers, three ships, four barges, five brigs and 127 schooners reported here. The total arrivals of vessels of all kinds was 439.

The Prince Rupert on the first inst. made the trip from Digby light to the beacon in two hours and 12 minutes with 505 passengers on board.

The members of the Massachusetts Sabre-ban Press association who were in the city last week and enjoyed a sail on the St. John from Fredericton will doubtless have something good to say of the country and their reception here when they sit down at their desks again.

A woman 81 years old was arrested on Union street last week for drunkenness.

Mrs. Jones, of Dominion House notoriety, came to the city from Boston last week. When she started to return she was "held up" by a U.S. officer as an "undesirable immigrant."

Baroness Macdonald is in the city, a guest of Lady Tilley.

Miss Edith Elliott, of North Ead, has been in a trance since last Tuesday. She is an intelligent and highly esteemed young lady and her condition alarms and mystifies her friends.

About one ton of butter came to the city one day last week by the river and lake steamers.

Eleven deaths were reported in the city last week (the same number as in each of the two previous weeks,) three from phthisis and one from diphtheria.

Business since the election has regained its equilibrium and large quantities of goods are moving, prices remaining low, with few changes since my last report. Butter is coming in freely and it is only a first class article that commands 16 cents; eggs are in good supply at 8½ cents. Native strawberries sell at 40 to 50 cents per half pail; cultivated fruit brings from 10 to 12 cents per box. So far the supply of both is limited. George S. DeForest & Sons have placed on the market a new laundry soap, The Union, manufactured expressly for themselves, which is said to be a labor and wear saver. It is good for the toilet and sells at \$3.25 per box of 100 cakes. They have Lazenby's and Christopher James' pickles in glass jars with indestructible and air tight tops which are just what housekeepers want in the preserving season. With ordinary care they will last a life time. Every purchaser of five half chests of Union Blend tea gets a handsomely decorated tea bin free.

EDWARD EDWARDS.

St. John, July 6.

Our Stock is being added to daily, our shelves and counters are simply loaded, ask to be shown up stairs where you will see the Largest Stock of Clothing, Carpets, Papers, etc., in the county Hugh Hay & Son.

Tan Season!

Men's Tan Boots and Shoes, Boys' Tan Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Tan Boots and Shoes, Child's Tan Boots and Shoes. Also Men's, Women's and Boys', in Oxfords, Black; Men's, Boys' and Youths' Sneakers; Woman's Canvas Shoes; Women's Tennis Shoes;

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING IN THE SHOE LINE.

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New Dress Goods.

We have got them in all the NEWEST FABRICS and COLORS, from the best Manufacturers in the world.

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McMANUS BROS., 26 Main St.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Naples, Italy, June 3, 1896.

The Angean stables were doubtless bad enough, but what would a nice New England or a Dutch housekeeper say of Naples? This city stands pre-eminent in the bacteria and microbe manufacturing industries. This is not meant to be derogatory to Naples at all, for the interest of the place is largely referable to the picturesque dirt. The true Neapolitan face is not characterized so much by black eyes and rosy lips as by dirt, and one always thinks when looking at the children of Charles Lamb's remark "If dirt were trumps what hands they would hold." In rainy weather the streets are covered with a thin black batter of mud and the carefully dressed American and the daily "tubbed" Englishman find themselves after a few hours sight seeing reduced to the real Neapolitan state.

The streets here are painfully narrow, in fact just wide enough to allow carriages to pass. On the numerous holidays two long processions of carriages block the business streets from end to end, and the man who has not yet been so influenced by the climate as not to care whether he reaches the bank to-day or next week, finds this slow moving procession a sore trial to his patience. The sidewalks are even worse. On the principal shopping street they are about two feet wide. At one point in this street we saw a man the other day who nonchalantly led a goat out of a gate opening on the pavement, and quietly sat down to milk her. The pedestrians respected his energy and the entire mass moved off the sidewalk so as not to disturb him. The Italians are a good natured people.

The beggars are innumerable. They conduct business everywhere and there seems to be between them and the gendarmes, who are almost as plentiful, a kind of understanding that one will not disturb the other. There is a magnificent arcade in the city called the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, but the pleasure of a walk through it is spoiled by the little beggars who turn hand springs and somersaults in front of you through the entire place in hope of a penny. A little girl conducts a business of this kind in the Galleria and reaps large rewards, a shop keeper told me, for doing it so "modestly." A man smoking is followed any distance until he drops the stump of his cigar, when a struggle for its possession ensues. In the streets that lead up to the hill the poorer classes reside and the eight these streets afford are worth crossing the ocean and all its attendant sea sickness to see. Many of them are only long flights of stairs and others are so steep that landslides in the city are of common occurrence. Of course horses cannot go on these inclines so the whole domestic economy of the families is exhibited in the street. They live almost altogether out of doors and it is no uncommon thing to see children washed and dressed and other domestic scenes of a more or less delicate character enacted in the open air. But all of these things do not interfere with the charm of these picturesque, tortuous streets and alleys. In fact they constitute its charm and the scene that in America would make you hasten for a policeman forms here the subject of your snap shot. It is something in the setting of the picture—the tall pink and yellow houses with their dirty windows and broken walls, the blue, blue sky overhead, the black streets below; in the distance across the brilliant bay Vesuvius smoking his daily pipe—all these are the cause and though you talk loudly about the advantage of American thrift and progressive you long to linger here where "mere passive existence is itself a Lethe."

The schools, so far as I can learn, are very good. Attendance is compulsory and the normal instruction for teachers very careful. In all the grades, English, German and French

are taught. The fact that the people have enjoyed freedom and good schools for less than one generation is apparent in the superior intelligence of the younger members of the households. The older persons speak a soft, abbreviated Italian and one always thinks of them as a people whose energy has been expended for euphony; but the children show a quickness of perception and an intelligence that is surprising. Many of the people are complaining that the public schools are undermining not only parental but church authority, which is probably quite true, and will be the cause in a few generations of better days for Italy. And speaking of the churches, I have seen nothing in Italy that so well characterizes the weakening of the ultramontane view as a performance at a cafe chantant a few nights since, when a Franciscan monk was caricatured in the drollest and most irreverent manner, while the audience applauded and encored again and again.

Housekeepers, be sure and see the beautiful range of Carpets, Opaque Shades, Curtains, House Papers and Window Poles at Hugh Hay & Son's.

Glassville Items.

The usual congregational meeting of the members and adherents of the Presbyterian Church here was held in the Parish Church on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 1st July, for the transaction of usual business.—There was a very slim attendance, there being only eight or nine present, and all the trustees but two absent. Mr. Hugh Joyner was called to the chair and the meeting opened with prayer by Rev. J. K. Beairto. Mr. Home was appointed secretary of the meeting and read minutes of previous congregational meeting, which were approved of.—The chairman read financial report of trustees for past year, from which it appeared that the revenue, including \$200 from Presbytery's augmentation fund, amounted to \$879.35. The expenditure, likewise including above \$200, amounted to \$877.96, leaving a balance on hand of \$1.39. It likewise appeared that at this date (1st July, 1896,) the congregation were due Mr. Beairto \$162.57. Report was sustained. Election of trustees for ensuing year was then proceeded with, when Robert Elliott, Joyner Lamont, Alexander McIntosh, John Anderson and Charles Wilson were appointed trustees, with William Lamont as chairman and John Joyner as sec.-treasurer. Votes of thanks were given to retiring trustees, and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh and Miss Mary McIntosh for services in collecting for church funds. The trustees were authorized to engage the services of a competent person to clean the church from time to time.

The Rev. John Home preached to Court Glassville, I.O.F., on the 14th. The Foresters marched in procession to the Presbyterian Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Our Great Linen Sale will commence next Wednesday, March 11th. We guarantee Lowest Prices ever offered and Best Values, at B. B. Manzer's.

Call at Hugh Hay & Son's and see the All Wool Tweed Suit they show for \$4.00. Best Value on earth.

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Access to it very easy. Will deliver any Quantity required, by the Load or Cord. Prices very moderate. E. M. BOYER.