

ART FOR THE ASKING.

THE GREAT CASH COLLECTION SACRIFICED AT AUCTION.

Some of the Reasons Why the Work of Purely Canadian Artists Failed to Meet With Recognition in St. John—Points of Interest About the Paintings.

Mr. Lockhart's art sale on Wednesday was disappointing in its results. Perhaps it was not sufficiently advertised and perhaps local jealousies had something to do with the failure.

Have the citizens of St. John no taste for art, or do they prefer the colorless steel engraving to the vivid oil painting surrounded with a richly gilt frame big enough for the hatch-combing of a frigate?

It would seem so? They had a rare opportunity and refused to embrace it. Some of them who are continually prating about art, and who pretend that they would give \$300 for a 12 by 18 inch painting by C. C. Ward, if they could afford it, did not go near the sale.

The people missed something. Instead of having to pay a dollar a square inch they could have had their choice for less than a dollar a foot. The frames, which were worth as much as the paintings, were in reality given away.

Where was the purchasing committee of the Owen Art Gallery?

Nobody seemed to know. It was remarked with some asperity that while the committee was very ready to secure job lots in Boston it utterly ignored an art sale of purely Canadian pieces in St. John.

Admission was not by ticket, as is the custom at high art sales in New York, nor were any catalogues distributed.

The latter was a very vital omission, especially as very few of the pictures had the name of the subject painted on them. The village mill had a label, but even that would probably have been omitted had it been supposed that anybody could recognize the structure as a mill.

Something was exhibited in the window concerning which there was much dispute. A gentleman who has an office on Chubb's corner insisted that it was a scene amid the ruins of Pompeii. This was disputed by a captain, who asserted that it was an African banyan tree, while a man who had lived in New York claimed that it was a beer garden on the Hudson.

Then there were questions as to whether objects in other pictures were birds or butterflies, and whether some of the backgrounds were intended for land or water. It would not have taken a sign painter more than half a day to have labelled the lot in large distinct letters, and it would not have marred the beauty of the paintings in the least.

Mr. Lockhart should see that these important details are attended to the next time he has an art sale.

It is a difficult task to thoroughly criticize a collection of the magnitude of that exhibited by Mr. Cash. The artists appear to have studied in the same school, and their touch is marked by a boldness which is most startling in its effect. They have dared to distribute their colors with impartial hand, and without regard to carping critics. If their judgment felt that a sky should be green, they made it green. Then, too, they observe the canon that true art tells more than it seems to tell. In this way the water behind the Highland cattle is not seen to be water until the situation is thoughtfully studied.

As for richness of color, nothing approaching these pictures has been seen since the panorama of the St. John fire was exhibited by the gifted orator George H. Clark. The red blue and green of the landscapes is bright and cheering. Nothing in the range of our best native artists is anything like it.

For all this, the sale was not a success. Mr. Cash says that he took first and second prizes at the Toronto exhibition, but a choice landscape from his own hand, measuring two by three feet, and magnificently framed, brought only about \$5. One picture of the Highland cattle brought about the same figure. There are two others of the same kind, and all are originals. Mr. Cash will not sell them, frame included, at less than \$40. So he says.

The visitors to the gallery during the auction might have included many more lovers of art than it did. Rev. W. W. Brewer was there, but did not buy anything. Neither did George E. Snider, Barney Brannan, J. William Roop, William Farren, of the customs, or anyone except Fred Thompson.

Mr. Thompson was wide-awake to the advantages offered. He bought five big pictures and got the lot for only \$24.

Perhaps he was there as the representative of the Owens' Art Gallery. Perhaps he intends to start an opposition gallery of his own.

True Enterprise.

"John, show this gentleman the door," said the lady of the house.

"Thanks, John," said the book agent cordially; "but you needn't trouble yourself. I saw the door as I came in. Now this work, madame, is—"

The lady bought the book.—Harper's Bazaar.

T'OTHER SIDE.

Reply to "Krank" on the Infantry School.

It is refreshing in these days of progress, when everybody is supposed to mind his own business, to find one remaining of that fine old class—the genuine John Bull—eager to show his teeth on occasion, with a good honest growl ever ready, be he right, or be he wrong.

Mr. Krank (I hope he may not be termed a crank) in Progress of the 20th inst. has, in a letter bristling with inverted commas, (harmless projectiles) seized weapons from amongst the shafts of that typical Knight Errant, the gallant editor of the Capital, and given your readers an interesting if not instructive history of the so called "standing army of loafers."

Has this gentleman taken time to consider that there is, as I infer from your heading, another view of the matter? Does he belong to the class of employers who would count the mouthfuls of food he gives to his honest employes, and does he continue to growl "starve them"? Does he count the cost too closely on the coat of paint which protects his house from wind and weather? Or does he omit to pay for insurance of house or barn? Does he kick the solitary policeman (always to be found when wanted?), who saves his shop windows from many a stone cast by mischievous boys? No! He prefers to leave half a brick at the servant of our good Queen, and would count the cost to the taxpayer of "every button" on her uniform.

Nor has John Bull, with all his faults, growled at the British soldier on the eve of his departure for active service, when he gives the best proofs of his readiness to shed his blood in defence of Queen and country, in whatever quarter of the globe. No! He prefers to growl in the piping times of peace, when the soldier must, if ever, "prepare for war."

Surely he has not growled before the departure of the British soldier for the Crimean war? Nor at the time of the Indian mutiny? Nor when starting on many a long march over the hills of Afghanistan, or on the sands of Africa?

Nor, in our own land of Canada, has John Bull, junior, withheld the enthusiastic "God speed" from Canadian soldiers, the bravest and best, when they were about to leave their nearest and dearest to quell rebellion, or to protect our frontier from the attack of the marauder.

When the now too hastily called "army of loafers"—the Infantry School corps—formed in this province the nucleus of an efficient battalion as could be found in Canada, and was on the point of departure for the Northwest at the time of the rebellion, was there a man in the community sufficiently forgetful of self-respect ready to cast a stone, the unwilling stone, at it? How, instead, do the words of cheer at that time from such men as the Metropolitan Bishop at Fredericton, or Dr. Macrae, Honorable Justice Tuck and Senator Boyd at St. John ring in the ears of the members of that fine battalion.

After all Mr. Krank had one word of cheer for the "army of loafers," a body of men, he states, "individually, no doubt of some merit." It is thus only, I may add, by individual merit that collective efficiency can be obtained; and if in his eager search for this efficiency the individual soldier also seeks "the development of lawn tennis to the music of a band"—a crime inadvertently omitted in the latest edition of the Army Act—surely it is needless to hang over his head the sword of the crank or the "notice to the public." "Don't shoot the poor beggar at the net, he is doing his best."

FREDERICTON, Oct. 24, 1888.

A Departure in Advertising.

The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing company is not slow. There are many ways of advertising outside of the legitimate method—the newspaper—but they always prove the most expensive in the end. For 25 wrappers of either of their soaps, "Surprise" or "Sea Foam," they engage to send either one of two engravings, *Thoroughbred* or *Come Back Soon*. Both pictures are worth having, being above the average. Messrs. Ganong still depend in some measure upon the newspapers for the announcement of their enterprising departure.

He Lost His Groceries.

A dealer in what is generally known as "straight shore coal," lost a whole week's groceries last Saturday night. He made his purchases at a Portland grocer's, and placed his goods, which were supposed to do him a week, in his cart. He then went to another store to buy oats for his horse. Having finished all business he started for home, and had nearly reached his destination when he chanced to look back into the cart. His groceries were not there. Somebody had stolen them, either when he was buying the oats or as he drove along the street.

Reduced to a System.

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York.

"To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked.

First Tramp—Give it to him, madame. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers.—Texas Siftings.

ORIGIN OF THE BOODLER

COMPARED WITH THE FREE-BOOTER OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The Boodler Has Degenerated—His Methods are Not to be Ranked With Those of His Courageous Ancestor, but He Gets There Just the Same.

Innumerable books have been published—and, no doubt, a very much larger number have been written, and never published—as to the evolution of the human race, a subject having a certain fascination for one class of investigators, perhaps; but the majority, content with the knowledge that we are here, are more concerned with the question as to what we shall do in our present state, and our destination hereafter. Orthodox teaching upon the latter point being to the effect that much depends upon our conduct during our earthly sojourn, one would look for more or less circumspection during the life that now is, as a safe preparation for that which is to come—especially from those whose professions, at least, are in accord with the Biblical exposition of the commandments.

These remarks are suggested by the contemplation of an evolution of a much more simple nature, presenting fewer obstacles to research, perhaps, and therefore more within the purview of the general reader, the successive, and always progressive, steps of which are more readily traced and understood, and in the study of which we encounter no "missing link" in the chain of evidence.

Just when the generic term "boodler" was applied, and who is justly entitled to its first application, are matters upon which history is silent; but gentlemen who got away with "the shekels" are mentioned in holy writ, and the Bible student will find ample proofs in his study of the scriptures, that the science was as well understood, though not quite so fully developed, as in this highly civilized and cultured age.

The art lost nothing at the hands of the earlier Persian, Grecian and Roman practitioners; but there is this to say in regard to them, at least, that while they "got there, just the same," they did their little boodling in a manner that involved considerable danger; the resulting laxity of morals being offset by the development of a high personal courage, and the victim of the despoiler, if he lived to mourn his wrongs, had frequent opportunities—and generally could count upon some assistance and incentive—to avenge them.

The "boodlers" of all ranks in those "brave days of old" had another merit—they called the business by its proper name—and they were not backward in avowing their connection with it, particularly if the "haul" was a big one, an example deemed worthy of imitation by the "free lances" of a later era, and the knightly and royal gentry who employed them; and in direct descent we can trace not a few kingly successors up to the time of that prince of boodlers, brave William the Norman. He brought the art to a marvellous state of perfection; and his Scotch and Irish neighbors added to his ample curriculum, and furnished his rather rough and ready code with many excellent points of *finesse*. Even then, however, they had the courage of their convictions; and generally when they had to yield to reprisals at the hands of a larger or more adroit force, they handed over the "swag" without the semblance of a whine, in the sure and certain hope that chance or a fortunate "plant" would soon recoup them for all reverses.

Many of the stately homes of Britain are built on foundations laid out with the proceeds of a "divvy" among the boodlers of that time, and as I scan the historic scroll, every page of which is marked by a black deed of spoliation, the personal courage displayed alike by despoiler and despoiled, seems to blunt the edge of my rising wrath, and it merges into a gloomy admiration of the men who were willing to risk their chances of life here, and hopes hereafter, on the bare hazard of a die.

As the sword and the spear gradually merged into the scythe and the reaping hook so the brave old "boodlers" by degrees changed his coat of mail, and sought the acquisition of wealth in safer—if more ignoble methods. When good swordsmanship and a stout heart were no longer the passport to steady employment, the restless spirits who were to pround to work must perforce either starve or steal, and the latter has always been the favorite alternative. To the bunglers at the business, failure was a matter of ritual consequence. Then justice was more summary, if less discerning; and mistakes in the application of old time methods were expiated on "Tyburn tree." Exceptions there were, of course; but the exceptions were in exchange for the lion's share of the boodle—a practice, if report speaks truly, that has lost nothing in its transmission to our own times. There was a distinction between a broken head and a dislocated vertebra, which led to the culture of more adroitness, and by a gradual process of evolution, the boodler soon secured a foothold from which the law, however honestly framed, seemed powerless to dislodge him, and from this "coign of vantage" he views numberless fields for occupation, to the conquest of which he walks hand in hand with "law," and churchman and layman alike bow down to the successful adept in the science of "boodling."

The freebooter of lawless times looked upon the church as fair game, and "shaking down" a monastery, if successful, was

a remunerative undertaking. Having something of outward *intrinsic* value to lose, the church eyed the boodler askance, if not with extreme disfavor; and when in due course (if not sooner induced by a harder knock than usual) the debt of nature had to be paid, the astute churchman generally made the restitution of church spoils a *sine qua non* in the office of absolution. The business was rudimentary then, perhaps—exceedingly so, gauged by the standard of the freebooter's modern prototype; for the boodler of our day and generation seems to find his most congenial atmosphere within the walls of the sanctuary, in the deaconate, in the elder's seat—not to speak of the hosts of lesser lights who are content to shield themselves in the minor duties of the sacred edifice.

The church has her mission. She has, it is but just to say, her faithful missionaries. In every office and function she has now a sure safeguard under the ægis of stable government, which in earlier years was more of a snare than a protection; but even in her darkest days, the hand of brotherhood was only given to the boodler under protest, and many a boodling failed of accomplishment only through the power of her ban. It becomes a question whether that church, now bemoaning the spread of unbelief, has not helped to fructify the seeds of scepticism largely through the treatment of the modern "boodlers," for whom is reserved the front seats in the building—if she is not indebted to them for the edifice; whose names appear at the head of her different charities; whose attitude, under existing conditions, has done, is doing, and will do—unless summarily disciplined—irreparable damage to her position and her influence. C. L.

ANENT THE GENTLE WILLIAM.

Some Untold Anecdotes of the Popular Humorist.

Inasmuch as Mr. Edgar William Nye is at the present time calmly dangling his heels from the loftiest pinnacle of humorous fame, an anecdote or two relating to him may not be amiss.

At the age of seventeen, William wandered into a circus one day, his tall, gaunt form and ill fitting garments making him somewhat conspicuous. A genial fakir had set up a kindergarten state lottery in the grounds. This paid for some time, inasmuch as the majority of the investors had drawn block-tin jewelry, while the valuable prizes had remained ungathered. The owner of the game had several cappers scattered through the crowd to encourage the lagging zeal of the throng. One of these gentlemen approached the sad-looking William, drew him to one side, and said: "Sonny, you're an honest looking boy, and I think I can trust you. Now, the proprietor of that lottery knows me and won't let me draw because I'm always so blamed lucky, don't you see. You take this dollar and go over and try it and bring the prize over here to me."

This maneuver had, of course, been seen by the proprietor; so that, when the obliging Nye handed in the dollar, he was given in return a \$20 gold piece and a genuine silver cup. As the crowd gathered around the lucky William, that youth calmly dove down into his pocket and brought up another dollar. "I will now," said he, "take a chance for a friend of mine, back there," whereupon he drew a tin locket. This he handed to the astonished capper, with the remark that indications pointed to a rather backward spring, and walked away. Presently he returned, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of the genial capper said, "Friend, why will you waste the precious hours of youth in this precarious business. It pains me to see you, so full of the ardor and strength of your young manhood, throwing away your hard-earned dollars for hardware jewelry. Oh, break yourself from the hellish thralldom, and lead a better life. I should like to share my \$20 with you, but I wish to instil in your mind a lesson that will be of far more value to you than earthly dross." William then wrung his new found friend by the hand and went home.

Mr. Nye, last season, made arrangements to lecture in a certain New England town, but did not mention his subject. A telegram was sent him asking him what he would talk about. He immediately replied, "About an hour."

While Will L. Visscher, the well-known western journalist, was editor of the *Tribune* at Denver, he was paid a visit by Bill Nye, for whom he had a strong attachment that was fully reciprocated. Be it known Visscher possesses a full countenance, that has not, up to date, ever been confounded with that of Mrs. Lilly Langtry.

One evening the Visscher household was gathered around the cheerful, blazing grate, and all was peace and joy. The host was romping with his little four-year-old daughter, who suddenly chirruped, "Pretty papa—pretty papa!"

A look of extreme anguish overspread Nye's features as he reached and took Visscher by the hand. "Vissch," he said, "Vissch, if I were you I would kill that girl of yours!"

"Wh-why, what in thunder do you mean?" cried the dumbfounded parent. "I am afraid," responded Bill, sadly, "I am afraid she will grow up a humorist!"

Some one wrote to Nye lately for his autograph, and received in reply the following: "Dear sir—in the absence of my amanuensis, will you kindly excuse me if I write my autograph myself? Yours, Bill Nye."

In a recent lecture, Nye responded to an encore as follows, "I hear there are some—Chicago journalists—here—concealed in—the audience. They have come down here—to suffer—with—you. I did—not know—they were here. They disguised themselves—by paying—their way in."

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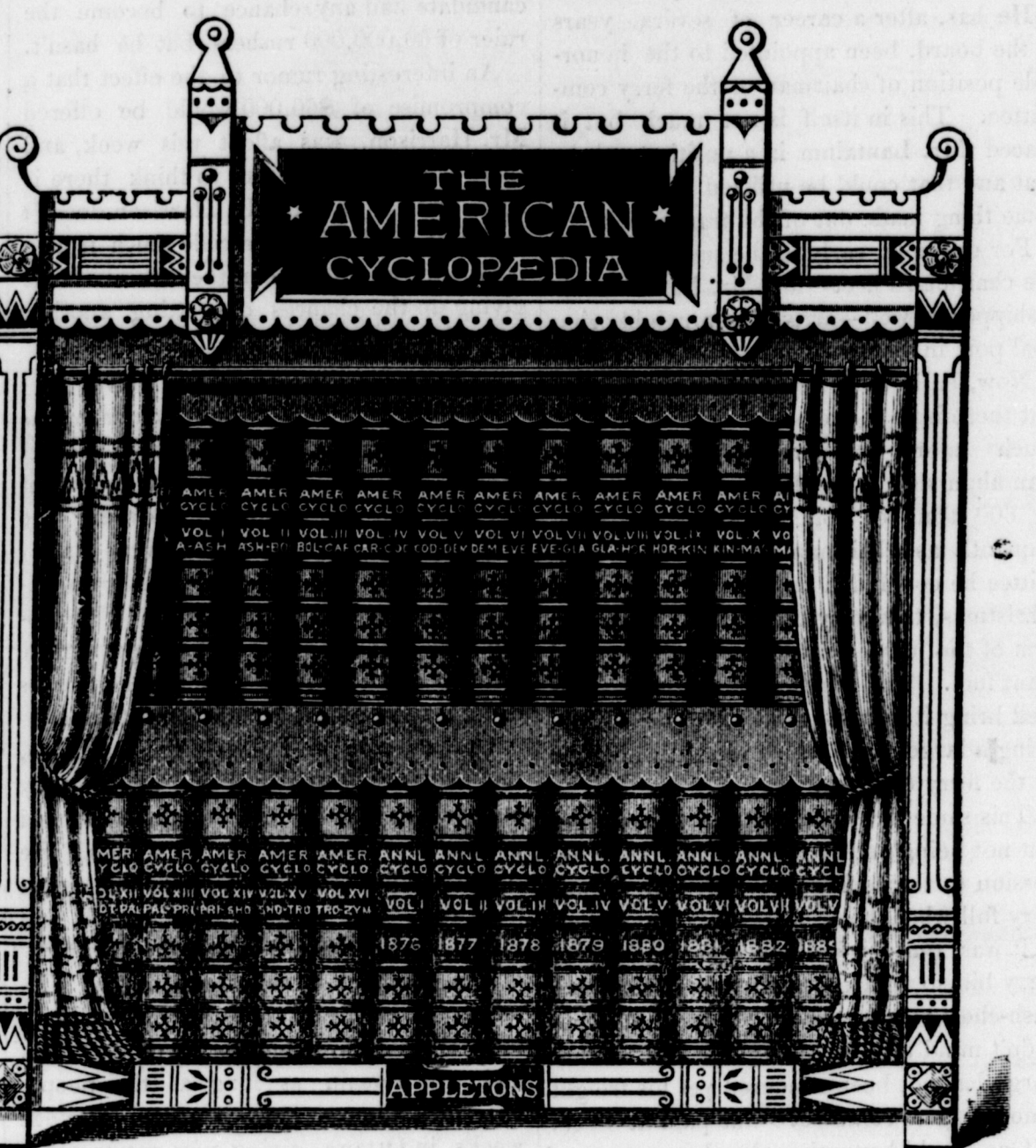
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