

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Ladies' and Misses' Evening Wear.

Bengalines, Faille Francais, Pongee.

Brocade Silks, Nets and Crapes.

Flowers, Gloves, Hosiery and Fans, Of the Latest Designs and Colors.

Opera and Evening Wraps, Made to Order.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

IN LISBON'S STREETS.

WHERE AMERICANS CAN FIND THEIR CRADLE SPOT.

Quaint and Curious Architecture and Modes of Life—The Portuguese Men and Women as They Appear to a Visiting Stranger.

Lisbon, Dec. 16, 1891.—It requires nearly four days of steamship travel from Southampton, England, to reach Lisbon, the seven-hilled city upon the broad Tagus.

Lisbon is set upon the hills along the northern shore. The entire estuary is edged with villages and villas. Here a church, gray and old, half shows from some verdure-clad defile. There a fishing town is checkerboard with white cottages and splashes of drying nets. Yonder a half ruined monastery, with its little hamlet of houses creeping up to its walls like patient beggars for protection and alms, tells its story of suppression and conversion to workaday use. Here and there are quaint and ancient docks, reminders of where the olden galleons were built which bore the most intrepid of all men to conquest and discovery of utmost lands. What wondrous change upon the whole world's surface, what mighty revolutions in civilization, what volumes of history, had their humble origin here! Not to Rome, nor England, should Americans come, reverentially and with guide-books like prayer-books in hand, as to the cradle-spot of our race. We were born on the shores of the Jorlly Tagus. We are Portuguese in inception and conception. Our babyhood was rocked in the three old tubs which bore Columbus from Ria de Lisboa to far San Salvador.

It is the charm of extreme contrast and endless change which holds and makes one love old Lisbon. There are no two streets, pracas, churches, public buildings, shops or homes alike. Away from the half dozen modern business streets, it is almost the same Lisbon that Columbus knew. Here is a shadowy group of one story where grimy men shove about among gritty piles of charcoal. The next building may be a three or five story structure housing the richest of wares, whose upper stories are fancifully decorated in gorgeous paints and gills.

Next to this, on one side of a dark passage, jolly cobblers beat ceaseless staccatos, and outer grinds and hammers on the other, and away in there a stream of light shows exquisite stairs leading to some enclosed court where a home of opulence is embedded in vines and roses. Everywhere are ponderous base and arch, huge column and tremendous entablature, often supporting buildings whose insignificance is ludicrously startling.

In many of the older public edifices the architecture is Moorish, or semi-Moorish, and the facades are often flanked by square towers and diminutive Saracenic domes. The general plan of shop and abode in the ancient portions of the city is, the shop below and the home above; or the lower story is used as a sort of entrance to walled-in home structures in the rear, or the habitation above. In the latter case the entrance is a temporary shop for itinerant cobblers, cutlers, saddlers and the like, lounging-places for beggars, donkeys and goats. But however unsavory may seem the ground floor, or the street entrance to, any structure, the upper stories of the same, or the pretty home nests behind, afford abundant compensation in picturesque groupings and scenes.

Balconies are as universal as in Havana, Valladolid, Madrid or Seville. Some project from supports of carved stone. Others rest with airy insecurity upon fancifully wrought timbers and still others may be seen in the daintiest patterns into which brass and iron may be wrought. Many are latticed; and in this lattice-work are odd little slides and gates. Behind these the fair Portuguese women eat their dainty salads, of which they are inordinately fond, and sip their wines and ices. And from a partially-opened lattice as you pass you will catch glances from lovely eyes, and as often smiles and coquettish looks from roguish faces. The Lisbon maidens must be chary of their looks upon friends or strangers in the street; but social customs gives them the somewhat compensative and altogether blessed right to flirt desperately with you from the lofty and safe outposts of their balconied alcobas.

There is hardly another city in the world where neatness in attire is so general as in Lisbon. You cannot find an uncleanly or a slovenly person in the city outside of beggars, who are numerous, licensed and therefore professional, and who all affect both rags and filth. The middle classes, and the aristocracy are faultlessly dressed, and spotless linen from nobleman to lighterman and fisherman is here as delightful a universality as in that other elysium of the lavender, fair and brilliant Havana.

As much cannot be said for the women. Their street appearance is not so characteristic nor so graceful as the Spanish women. The beautiful mantilla is less worn here than seems fitting, or as one could wish. One feels, when a group of senhoritas are met in the pracas or seen in costly equipages on the Campo Grande, that unlike all other women of the Latin races they possess no distinct air or style or presence of their own. In dress they are in fact composite; and like Bayreuth architecture which is in Europe the universal simile for every manner of style incongruously composed, a Portuguese lady often presents startling combinations of date and style in her most prized and sumptuous attire. She still possesses a fine carriage and figure, and, as I have previously stated, a certain honesty and wholesomeness of face and look and particularly an ever glowing radiance of eye and smile, which command the best sort of liking and respect.

No kinder-hearted, more hospitable or polite people exist than those of Portugal. Politeness here has not the flippancy of the French nor the unmeaning pretence of the Spanish. It is more redundant and oulent than with either of the former, but it possesses genuine sincerity. The effort to please comes from right feeling rather than through form and custom, with cold-hearted calculation of profit behind. This extends to, and is even more marked among, the lowly, who seem to be the most sunny-faced and kind-hearted people who live. Among every manner of city serving men and women there is a chivalry and apparent earnestness in interchange of greeting and commonest civility which often reaches the ludicrous to brusque Americans. Their gravity and dignity in this regard are really wonderful. The communicative adjectives applied to intensifying and formal expression of mutual regard, and leading up to those highest titles of respect, Senhor and Senhora, never are less expressive than "most adored," "truest regarded," "most heart thrillingly beloved," or "exceeding and most illustrious."

Even the beggars speak to each other in precisely these courtly terms, and it you should refuse them alms with the customary phrase, "Pardon!—in the name of God!" they will follow you only to bless and shower benedictions upon you. Water is brought into Lisbon in one of the world's greatest aqueducts, the aqueduct of Agostinos, from the mountain village of Bellas, ten miles distant. It extends across the near valley of Alcantara upon a series of thirty arches, one hundred and seven feet from pier to pier, the point of the highest arch rising two hundred and sixty-four feet above the valley bed. The water is poured from this aqueduct into an immense covered reservoir, and is from this conveyed to the many chafariz or public fountains of the city. From these fountains, since the time of Joao V., nearly all private houses, public buildings and shops have been supplied by water-carriers, men and women. Most of these, particularly the men, are thus solely employed. Many of the women are simply house and shop servants of the peasant class; and probably the most interesting studies for tourist, writer or artist are to be found among these lowly folk beside the fountains.

But see these maiden water-carriers of Lisbon, prettiest of all women in the ancient city—with great dancing eyes, pointing lips ever parting from dazzling white teeth, their tongues ceaselessly running in musical staccato, and their supple forms ever in irrepressible movement from the boundless life within them. Their short skirts disclose limbs which out rival the Venus of Cos in delicate symmetry. Their smart bodies vainly hide busts of marvellous roundness and amplitude, with full arching neck bared above and crowning it such a dainty and dimpled chin as even Tuscan cannot match; while the line from tip of little finger up their brown round arms to beyond the dimpled elbow is a marvellous study in nature's only perfect mobile bronze. But they have dallied and chatted long enough. With a whisk a little pad of rushes or cloth is slapped on their dainty, shapely heads; in a twinkling the great cask, half as tall and quite as big as they, is resting on the pad; and with a song or roguish laugh they are away, tripping homeward as daintily and airily as in measures of the contradanza or waltz.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

They Know How to Smoke.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A Spaniard takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales it, takes up a wine skin, or wine bottle, pours a half pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth and not spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

HIS THANKS WERE ILLUSTRATED.

A Hungry Stranger Enjoyed a Square Meal at the Expense of a Detective.

A shabbily dressed man, with a lank and unhappy face, stepped deferentially into the cigar store at Sixth avenue and Twenty-seventh street at an early hour one night last week, when Detective Brett of Capt. Reilly's squad happened to be there, with Detectives Kemp and Murphy.

"I'm hungry," the stranger whispered gloomily. "Give me a dime to get something to eat."

"I won't give you any money," said Detective Brett; "I disapprove of the practice; but I'll get you something to eat." Turning to Detective Murphy, he said: "Take this poor fellow to the eating house next door, and tell the proprietor I'll settle for what he eats."

Then Brett wheeled about and continued his chat with the cigar dealer. The stranger with the face was led into the eating house, where Murphy delivered Brett's message.

Three-quarters of an hour later Brett sauntered into the eating house with a smile on his face. He felt that he had done a generous act.

"Well, did you give the poor man a meal?" he asked, cheerily.

"I did, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely," replied the proprietor. "He was hungry, I can tell you."

"So he said. What's the check?"

"Eighty-five cents."

"Eighty-five cents?" Brett gasped.

"How does it come to that much?"

"Why he had a regular swell meal," the proprietor responded. "He began on a dozen raw oysters, then he had a bone sirloin, with potatoes and coffee, and wound up with a twenty cent cigar. Detective Murphy said to let him have anything he wanted."

Detective Brett whistled, put a dollar note on the counter, dropped the fifteen cents change in his pocket, and looked thoughtful.

Detectives Kemp and Murphy laughed softly, and fired this bit of philosophy at their associate: "Say, pard, I guess it would have been a heap cleverer to have given the fellow the dime he asked for and let him buy his own meal."

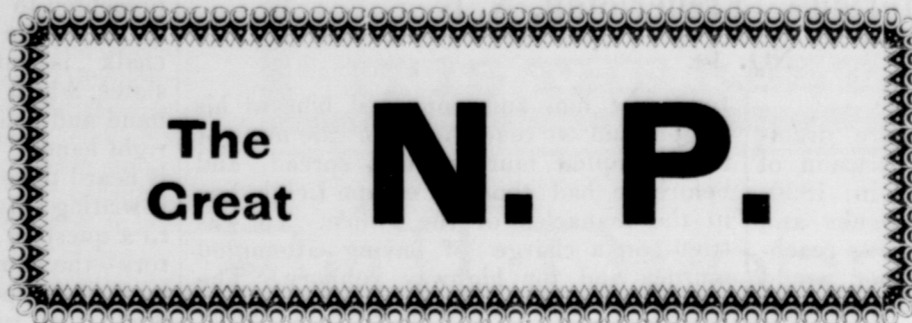
A day later the postman delivered to Detective Brett a postal card. In the corner was a clever pencil drawing of the shabby stranger's lank and unhappy face. In the other corner was a sketch of the same face flattered by good oysters and juicy steak. A cigar protruded from a corner of the mouth of the fat face. The drawing bore the inscriptions "Before" and "After." Between the sketches was this message:

Detective Brett: Bless your kind heart for that dinner.

A HUNGRY MAN. The detective has not been able to discover who the hungry stranger is. He told Capt. Reilly that hereafter he was going to do his own ordering for hungry men who excited his sympathy.—N. Y. Sun.

Napoleon's Friend.

While yet but a boy in the military school at Brienne, Napoleon won the friendship of a school-fellow named Demasis, who loved him for his own sake and was glad afterward to be his comrade in their earliest artillery service. There came a time, after his first military exploits at Paris and Toulon, when Napoleon was deprived of his command, and seemed destined to a life of hopeless inaction. Without money and without position, knowing that his mother was in want and that he could not help her, he gave way to temporary despair and was actually on his way to the riverbank to commit suicide by drowning, when he came face to face with a man dressed as a mechanic, whom he did not recognize but who embraced him warmly, crying out: "Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again." It was his friend Demasis, who had recently come back to France in disguise, in order to visit his aged mother. Seeing the evident depression of Napoleon, he pressed him to disclose its cause and when he had learned the whole story, he said cheerily, "Is that all?" and unclasping a belt from underneath his coarse waistcoat, he thrust it into Napoleon's hands, with the words: "Here are six hundred dollars in gold, which I can spare with out any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother." Long years after, Napoleon related this incident in his St. Helena prison-house, adding: "I cannot to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money; but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother." For fifteen years after that meeting with Demasis, he hunted in vain for his friend, and when, at last, he found him, he learned that he had purposely kept out of sight, lest Napoleon should endeavor to reward him for his affectionate service.



Has its enemies as well as its friends, and surely if someone can demonstrate a

National Policy.

That will suit members of both great Political Parties he would be deemed

THE NATION'S BENEFACTOR!

Let it be the Policy of each individual voter who is sick and weak, (or who has a relative or friend in that condition), to use Peptonized Ale and Beef, and we know that it will be N. P. that Canada ever saw, the greatest

For delicate people or those convalescent from any wasting disease it has no equal, and it is only Twenty-five Cents per bottle at any reliable Pharmacy.

RED FIGURE SALE!

We beg to Call Attention to the following Prices at which it is our intention to sell our Stock during January, 1892, previous to Stock taking. We commend these figures to the favorable consideration of all, as we are in a position to know that clothing cannot be bought as low elsewhere. We have gone through our stock with one object in view, and that object is to make our prices so low that we will find no difficulty in reducing our stock to one-half the present quantity, before we begin our extensive alterations.

Table with 3 columns: Present Price, Former Price, and Garment Type (Men's Overcoats, Men's Ulsters, Men's Suits, Men's Pants).

NOTICE—We intend to make this Pant Sale something that will be remembered. Boys and Childrens Clothing all reduced in like manner. Every Garment marked in plain red figures, the price at which it will be sold. Cash and one price only.

Scovil, Fraser & Co. Cor. KING and GERMAIN STREETS. Oak Hall. || SAINT JOHN. || Oak Hall.