

The Weekly

VOL. 1.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 14, 1877.

No. 30.

McCAFFERTY & DALY

HAVE RE-OPENED THEIR STORE, Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Our Stock is partly in order, and WE ARE READY to wait on our customers with a Full line of DRY GOODS AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

Oh, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
-To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If then she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses.

But should she clutch her dimple fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters.

And if she dared her lip to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

THE SOAP STEALERS.

An intelligent hotel proprietor of Washington, receiving information that the visitors to his wash-room had an unhappy habit of appropriating the soap after their ablutions, hit upon a plan to prevent it, and the plan was doubly pleasant inasmuch as it contained a joke. He sent for a sign painter and wrote out a paraphrase of Dante on a card to be transcribed *ad libitum* on a placard to the effect that: "Who enters here leaves soap behind." The sign artist unfortunately lost the card on his way to his studio, but remembered enough of its import to give a poetical apprentice in the shop a key to the business, and the result was a highly illuminated placard to the effect that "Who enters here leaves soap behind." The placard was erected above the wash-room, but shortly after some cruel cuss put it over the main entrance to the hotel. Some of the guests say that it contained more truth than poetry, and the sign painter goes unpaid.

Job Printing of all kinds executed at this office.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED BY THE FIRE.

The following correct list of the killed and wounded by the late disastrous fire is taken from the *Globe* of Thursday last:

Even at this late day the number of persons that met their death is uncertain. Eighteen persons at least died sudden deaths in connection with the fire. Out of those only eight were taken to the Dead House and only two inquests were held. The coroner deeming it unnecessary to hold an enquiry in the other cases. Among the first to be killed were Garret Cotter and Peter McGovern, who were killed by the cornice falling off Adams's building. Cotter was a young man, was a cutter by trade, working in Mr. J. S. May's. He lived in Crown street with his widowed mother, his father having been killed many years ago on the Railway. Peter McGovern was an old man and lived with a family on the Straight Shore. In the Reed house on Main street, Lower Cove, three ladies were burned to death. These were Mrs. Reed, mother of ex-Mayor Reed, and the Misses Clark, Mr. Reed's aunts. Mr. John E. Turnbull and others made desperate efforts to save the ladies, but all attempts were unavailing. Their bodies were never recovered. Capt. Wm. Firth, the well-known ship chandler, also met his death in the flames. His remains were found on Prince Wm. street, near the hotel. It is reported that the late cabinet-maker, on Prince Wm. street, among the missing, and there is no doubt whatever that he met a horrible death. Mr. Joseph Bell, painter, cannot be found, and he, too, has become a victim to the terrible disaster. He was a married man. Two persons were drowned in the harbor while endeavoring to save their property in boats, the bottom of the craft breaking and the boat filling. So great was the excitement that, although the boat was only a few yards from the vessels in the stream, both of its occupants had sunk before any effort was made to rescue them. These were James Kemp and Thomas Holmes. Kemp was a young man of about 21 years, and was clerk in Mr. Michael Farrell's clothing store, Prince Wm. street. He leaves a wife and one child. Thos. Holmes was a lad of 17 years of age, and lived with his mother on Harding street. Another victim was Timothy O'Leary, an old man who kept an apple stand at the foot of Dock street, and whose body never was found. There is no question however but that he was burned in Drury Lane. He leaves a wife. Mrs. Coholan, wife of William Coholan, Smyth street, also perished in the flames. Her body was never found. Mrs. Bradley, who lived on Princess street, also met her death on this never-to-be-forgotten night. Some human bones were found in the doorstep of her house, and it is thought that these were what remained of her. A young man named Richard Thomas was burned. His remains were found in the ruins of R. O'Brien's tavern on Germain street. He was formerly a clerk in Fitzpatrick's warehouse, Nelson street. A young man, Robt. Fox, belonging to the Marsh Road, is known to have perished in the flames.

Two men have been killed by the walls since the day of the fire. The first accident occurred on Friday afternoon, 22nd inst., and was caused by the premature explosion of a blast while the Post Office walls were being thrown down. The victim was an old man named John A. Anderson. He was standing on his property on Germain street, almost two hundred yards from where the explosion took place, when the flying bricks struck and fatally injured him. He was taken to the Public Hospital, where he died shortly afterwards. The second victim was George Gallagher. He was killed on Tuesday, 4th inst., on Water street, a portion of a wall that enclosed the vault in Messrs. DeVeleur's store having fallen on him and inflicted injuries which resulted fatally a few hours afterward in the

Hospital. He was a man of about 55 years of age, and lived with his family in Mr. Thos. McPherson's house on Sewell street. John Ross, a tailor, who was badly burned during the fire, died in the Public Hospital. There are one or two others that are missing since the fire, and it is supposed they have perished in the flames.

THE WOUNDED.

Under this head their might be printed the names of a large number of persons who received injuries at the fire, but people have had very little time to think of their wounds. Indeed, we might say, the accidents were numerous.

At the Hospital a large number of persons were attended to. Many of them had only sustained slight injuries, and the physician in charge did not have time to record their names on his books. There were several others who received severe injuries, but are now in a fair way of recovery. Indeed, with but one or two exceptions, they have been able to leave the building. The names of those who stayed at the Hospital for any time were—Dan. Dooley, John Ross, Patrick Brady, Wm. Coxeter, Wm. Dohahoe, Helen Davidson, Bayard Thompson, Walker Lamb, (who was injured by an explosion at the Post Office), Andrew Donovan, Michael Barrett, Wm. Porter, Jeremiah Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Richard Powers, John Anderson, and George Gallagher. The two last are the only persons whose injuries resulted fatally.

Lieut. Joseph Ewing, who sustained severe injuries by the explosion of the Post Office walls, is yet confined to his house. He is probably not far from recovery. He has a fracture of his leg, and his injuries consisted of bruises on the head and back. His legs were also mutilated by rocks piercing them.

An Artist's Luck.

Washington Allston, who stood at the head of American artists a half century ago, was at one time so reduced by poverty that he locked himself in his studio in London one day, threw himself on his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus engaged a knock was heard at the door, which the artist hastened to open. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the "Angel Uriel," which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told that it was not sold.

"Where is it to be found?"
"In this very room," said Allston, producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale, but its value has never been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it."
"What is its price?"
"I have done affixing any nominal sum; I have always so far exceeded any offers. I leave you to name the price."
"Will £400 be an adequate recompense?"
"It is more than I ever asked for it."
"Then the painting is mine," said the stranger, who introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and from that moment became one of Mr. Allston's warmest friends and patrons.

His name was Benjamin, and he hailed from Apolonia. He thought the present time, on account of the many persons who were made homeless by the fire, a favorable one to come to this city and procure a wife. On Sunday he made his appearance in the vicinity of the tents at the foot of Sheffield street, and took several persons his reasons for paying a visit to the city on the present occasion. He said that he owned a farm and a large number of cattle, and had a good comfort for him to take a wife to. The "boys" did all they could to make his mission a success; but their efforts were in vain, as he was afterwards seen on Brussels street trying his luck in that locality. He was about 60 years of age.

On June 20th, the body of a young lad, named James McGuinness, aged 14 years, was found in the Ringsend Basin, Dublin.

THE FIRST SHIRT BUTTON.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came back from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming place up town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The little woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said:

"Darling, I am very sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said, "I can't remember for the life of me where I put these buttons." Charley, looking in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton."

Charley looked in the top bureau drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well, and poked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, read affectionately little bits of the book, and then he pulled out a pattern of a F. H. A. Fumar overcoat, and the beginning of a sofa-cushion, and various other things, but no needle or cotton. Then he remembered that he had a fancy "housewife" that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said, "O, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing-desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume-bottles, nor even in the hair-receiver, so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclaimed:

"There, darling! and make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Eh, he cried, "where in thunder did you sew on that button?"
"O, Charley, ain't you ashamed?" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"
"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it!"
The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the top of the shirt-bosom, so as to button to that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get near 'T' learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, fidgeting on her hat hastily, and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley, savagely.

"I'm going home, and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call 'em."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries and cream enough to go around,

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