

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

THE MILITARY TOWN.

THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF HALIFAX PEOPLE.

The Influence of the Regulars, and their Mannerisms as Compared with Those of Volunteers—Halifax Newspapers and their Plans.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 5.—Halifax and its people improve greatly upon acquaintance, and no one who spends a few weeks here can say that Haligonians are lacking either in hospitality or enterprise. It is true that they do not make as much fuss as the people of other Canadian cities, but to know them thoroughly and you are not slow to discover that much has been written about them that is entirely at variance with the truth. The average New Brunswicker has been taught to regard the general run of Haligonians as people whose chief aim in life is to ape the military, which teaching is intended as a reflection on both civilians and military. As a matter of fact there is little or no snobbery among the regulars here. More attempt at "tone" among some of our amateur soldiers and officers at home may be noticed in a day than you would probably discover here in a twelve month. Sir John Ross, the commander of the forces, sets a worthy example to the men under him. His plain, easy-going manner shows that he does not consider pretense necessary to greatness, a fact that some would-be-soldiers who do not live in Nova Scotia would do well to take to heart. Colonel Goldie, next in command, is also a man of sterling character. The same might be said of very many others of the regulars, and it would be no crime for any Nova Scotian or New Brunswicker either, for that matter, to imitate the leading military—in practical evidences of good breeding. Speaking of matters, military, I should not forget to mention that Major Gordon, of Fredericton, has made himself a great favorite here, and very many persons are hoping that the position which he is now holding temporarily may be made a permanent one. It is doubtful, however, if the major's wishes are consulted, whether he would like to exchange Fredericton for Halifax, despite the courtesy extended to him since coming here. Although many years here Lt.-Col. Macpherson is very strongly attached to St. John and takes great interest in hearing about old friends there.

Halifax is one of the greatest sporting circles in Canada. Like St. John, it seems to have had sufficient professional boat racing to do it for some time. George Brown, the Ross-Foleys and the Fishermen crew, by their skill at the oars, did as much to advertise that city as the old Neptune crew and the Paris crew did for St. John. But that was when aquatic sports were honestly conducted, when the best man or crew won—a time before the noble sport of rowing was controlled by gamblers. Halifax's great sport at present is foot-ball, played according to the Rugby rules. There are three foot-ball clubs here, the Wanderers, the Dalhousies and the Garrisons. They play every Saturday and the games draw thousands of spectators.

It is a great place to go to see the styles. The ladies dress in excellent taste when attired to witness these games, a greater regard being paid to comfort than to show. Without any reflection upon our New Brunswick ladies I think it is not saying too much to state that the ladies here give greater evidence of originality in matters of street costume. Here it seems that instead of having something to wear like what this or that lady has each fair one plans to have something different. The result is that one may notice hundreds of different styles of garments and furs. Most of the fashionable ladies carry canes. They are great walkers and as a consequence are fine specimens of women physically.

But I was speaking of sporting matters. The great water sport here is yachting, the season for which closed a few weeks ago. There are two clubs, the Royal Nova Scotia Squadron and the Lorne. One of the fastest yachts is the *Lenore*, owned by that prince of good fellows, Fred. H. Murray, who at one time was connected with the railway department at Moncton, and who is now Mr. Sheraton's right hand man in the management of the Queen hotel. It is a toss up for supremacy between the *Lenore* and the *Yveta*, which latter yacht was designed by the great Scotch builder, Fife, a fact which is highly creditable to Mr. H. C. McLeod, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, he being the designer of Mr. Murray's yacht *Lenore*. The latter is the faster of the two with a free sheet, but the *Yveta* will out point her, sailing cross-winded. The principal sports of England and the United States are indulged in during their seasons by the younger portion of the community.

A sport that promises to become a craze among women next year is the very healthy one of swimming. This year more than a score of leading society ladies indulged in this pastime, the scene of their operations being at Maplewood, Northwest Arm. One of the ladies has a record of being able to swim across the Arm, a distance of over a quarter of a mile. The athletic club in connection with the Wanderers has turned out some flyers as sprinters, Tracey the great half mile runner, (now retired) being among the number. McIntosh is a coming man as a runner and great things are expected of him. There is a short distance sprinter. There is a great field here for a sporting paper, or perhaps better still for a first-class sporting department in connection with one of the daily papers. Mr. Power has made the *Recorder* quite a sporting authority but he has to do too much of a variety of work to make the hit that his ability and the field here would enable him to if he were able to devote all his attention to sporting news.

While on the subject of newspapers I do not think I am betraying any confidence in stating that it is more than probable that both morning dailies will be enlarged to eight pages at no very distant day. So far as the *Herald* is concerned the thing has been decided upon and the eight page conservative paper is expected to appear before the first of the year. It is not improbable that the *Chronicle* will be taken over by a joint stock company. Whether or not there is no doubt that it will be little behind its rival in coming to the front as an eight page paper. Mr. J. J. Stewart, the manager and principal owner of the *Herald*, besides being an able writer is a most interesting gentleman to meet. For years he has been making a collection of the pictures of the great men of Canada (many of which pictures adorn his sanctum), or more correctly speaking, the pictures of those prominent men connected with the history of our country. Although he does not say so, it is more than probable that Mr. Stewart will be induced by the Historical Society to write a history of the lower provinces before long. Mr. Stewart has a bright staff of assistants. The chief editorial writer for the *Chronicle* is Attorney General Longley, and when he is able to devote much time to the work he turns out some bright writing. No one questions his ability, but like many other able men he is not without his enemies, more than a few of whom carry their politics outside of the political arena. Mr. Amund, the owner of the *Chronicle*, is able to give but little time to his paper, his other investments requiring most of his attention. Mr. Amund is one of the most public spirited men of Halifax and he is prominent in scores of enterprises, most of which are money producers. He is the owner of one of the greatest of the Nova Scotia gold mines. The Messrs. Blackadar have a gold mine in the *Recorder*.

One of the most agreeable things to notice here is the good feeling that exists between Protestants and Catholics. Here no man's religion is a barrier or an advantage to him in a worldly sense. If a man has decency, ability and energy almost any position is open to him. In social circles all denominations are on an equality. "So far as religion is concerned we get along better here than you New Brunswickers do," remarked a prominent protestant gentleman to me the other night. I was forced to admit the correctness of his remarks, so far at least as a portion of New Brunswicks was concerned, and asked him how he accounted for it. His reply was in substance as follows: "We did not always get along so well. Many years ago protestants and catholics were at each others throats every little now and then. Fortunately leading people on both sides grew ashamed of themselves, and for many long years, thank God, any attempt to raise religious strife has been frowned down with a promptness that puts the would-be fire brands to dismay. The result is that protestants and catholics live on such terms as all good citizens of a country should live, and I really believe that the protestants of this province are as proud of Arch Bishop O'Brien as the most devoted of his own people can be. He is to the front in all good works, and loses no opportunity to encourage the members of his flock to deserve well at the hands of their fellow citizens."

Premier Fielding is the idol of the Nova Scotia people. Personally he is even more popular than the leader of our own local government—Attorney General Blair. By this I mean that he is quite as strong among his political friends as Mr. Blair is, while at the same time he is not dogged day by day—year in and year out—as the New Brunswicks premier is by his political opponents. Without intending this letter to be at all political in its character I may say that Nova Scotia liberals are counting upon both Blair and Fielding to enter the larger field of politics at the first opportunity. Quite a number of people well known in New Brunswick are now located here. Take bank men for instance. Mr. Knight (son of the manager of the Queen hotel, St. John) at one time agent of the Merchants at Woodstock is now cashier of the Peoples. In the Merchants is to be found as first teller Mr. McLaughlin, formerly agent at Bathurst. In the same bank are Mr. W. M. Botsford, formerly of the Maritime Bank and Mr. M. J. Johnston until recently connected with the Peoples of Woodstock. As many of Progress readers know it is the Merchants' for which Mr. E. C. Jarvis, well and favorably known in New Brunswick, is inspector. Mr. F. M. Cotton a well-known clubman at one time manager for the Bank of Montreal at Moncton, is now manager here. Mr. Clarke formerly accountant at Chatham is in same position here with the Bank of Montreal. In business and professional circles some former New Brunswickers are quite prominent. Mr. W. B. McSweeney, brother of the Moncton gentleman of that name, is now in the legal and real estate business here, being quite a large land owner. Mr. James Devlin, formerly of the firm of Weldon, Devlin & McLean, St. John, is doing a law and insurance business here. Mr. Gerald Millidge and Mr. John F. Gallagher, both formerly of St. John, are in the employ of Mr. Mathers, the big shipping merchant. Messrs. Dawson and McKie, formerly of the Western Union telegraph office, St. John, are in charge of the office here for the same company. Mr. E. D. McGrath, formerly of St. John, is head steward of the Queen hotel. They all speak in the highest terms of Halifax and its people.

Five years ago Halifax hotels were scarcely third class. Today the leading ones—the Halifax and the Queen—would do credit to a city three times the size of Halifax. What has brought about the change? The pluck and energy of a St. John man—Mr. A. B. Sheraton—manager of the Queen. But I must remember that this is not a letter to my wife and must therefore cut short.

M. McDADE.

The Jaws of Ants.

Ants have very powerful jaws considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a powerful grip of their jaws, even after their legs have been bitten off by other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, and some with half of the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off, and nothing but the head remains.

THE TOWN OF CAEN.

Beautiful Churches Built by William the Conqueror.

The town of Caen in Normandy is celebrated for several things. A beautiful, whitish stone comes from the neighborhood and takes its name from the town. This stone is used for making pulpits and nice tombs with handsome carvings on them. There are also more churches to the square inch in Caen than in almost any other town in France. These churches are so numerous that some of them are today used for hay barns. William the Conqueror lived a good deal in Caen and he was in the habit of being very wicked. To even things up he built an immense church at one end of the town while his wife built another immense church at the other end. This set the fashion, and wicked people got in the way of putting up a church whenever they felt a little shaky in health. Some of the churches are very beautiful and any architect is sure to have a picture of one of them in his office.

When you enter a town it is a very desirable thing to know just what hotel you are going to stop at. You can then bustle out of a train with an air that shows bystanders that you know what you are about. You then do not have to gawk around and hesitate and become the victim of some cabman. Before coming to Caen I had read up all the guide-book had to say about the hotels and came to the conclusion that the Hotel Victoire, on the Place St. Pierre, would just about suit me, and a very comfortable tavern it was at seven francs a day. An archway from the front led to a spacious, court-yard paved courtyard. Around this courtyard ran an elevated balcony and on this balcony the inside rooms of the hotel opened. To pass along this outside balcony on a windy night with a lighted candle to a person's room was a feat. I found I could not accomplish this feat and so I secured a room on the front, facing the beautifully pointed spire of St. Pierre church. As a rule, it is not a good plan to select a room close to a church, as they ring the bells in continental church towers most of the time. The bells of St. Pierre, however, are mellow and unique. There is one deep-toned bell, which sounds alternately with two others—one half a note higher and the other half a note lower than the principal bell. The effect is unusual and pleasant to listen to.

My best wish for everybody is that they may sometime in their lives be lulled to sleep by the sweet bells of St. Pierre, in the picturesque, ancient Norman Town of Caen.—Free Press.

DIAMONDS FOUND BY CHILDREN.

The Discovery of the Fields in South Africa Due to Their Game with Pebbles.

The discovery of diamonds in South Africa was brought about by to Dutch children, who tossed a diamond in the air and caught it, thinking that it was a pebble. They were playing the childish game one

day in 1867 when John O'Reilly, an interior trader, stopped at their father's farm in Grigoland West, near the Vaal river, to trade for skins, and he was attracted by the peculiar clearness and transparency of the pebble. He asked one of the children to show it to him, and after he had examined it he was satisfied that it was a stone of some value. The father, Van Niekirk by name, laughed when O'Reilly offered to buy the stone, and said that plenty of them could be found in the river. O'Reilly accepted the stone as a gift, and promised that he would succeed in selling it he would give half of the proceeds to Van Niekirk toward the expenses of educating the girl, which was the Dutch farmer's greatest desire.

At Hope Town the stone was examined by many traders, but nobody supported O'Reilly in the belief that it was valuable, its size being too large. O'Reilly kept it little while he had time to send it to Dr. Atherstone, a capable authority in Granamstown, who said that it was a diamond about twenty-two carats. Some time afterward Sir Philip Wodehouse, then Governor of the Cape, bought the diamond for \$2,500. On his return to the Vaal, O'Reilly gave \$1,250 to the little girl, and asked her if she had any more pebbles. If the stone came from the river, as Van Niekirk had said, more must be there, O'Reilly argued, and he hired natives to collect for him all the transparent stones they could find on the river banks. Sackful after sackful were examined, but O'Reilly found only one more diamond—a four-carat stone.

That is the story of the discovery of diamonds told by J. Thorburn in the London Graphic. It agrees with the authorities in describing children as the first finders, and it is probably true in regard to details, because he was one of the men who went to the Vaal to search for diamonds after the news of O'Reilly's find had been spread among the traders and settlers. For three years after O'Reilly's find the banks of the river were washed for diamonds, but not many were found. The finding of some diamonds in the mud walls of a hartebeeste hut led to the opening of the dry diggings. Thorburn says, and soon the most profitable search was in the ground of the now famous Du Toits Pan, De Beers, and Kimberley mines.

Blue Paper.

The wife of an English paper-maker one day dropped a blue-bag into one of the vats of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mischance that his wife did not dare confess her agency in bringing it about. The paper was stored for years as a damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, telling him to sell it at any price. Fashion at once marked it for behoof. It was rapidly sold at an advanced rate, and the manufacturer found it difficult to supply at once the great demand for colored paper.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

Its Wide Streets, Luxurious Orchards and Houses With Numerous Doors.

Emerging from a pass, suddenly we see before us a magnificent valley stretching some fifty miles north and south, and thirty miles east and west, rimmed all around by lofty mountains whose snow-capped summits glitter in the sunlight like a band of burnished silver. In the distance, eleven miles away, tranquil as a sapphire, flashes the expanse of the Great Salt Lake. At our feet, embowered in fruit and shade trees, lies the fair city with its fifteen or twenty thousand people. All around are clustering farms and the gleaming threads of interlacing streams. Surely, no fairer could the prospect be when in miraculous panorama the whole Land of Promise from Gilead unto Dan passed before the dying eyes of Israel's leader, as he stood, alone with God, on the heights of Nebo. When at length we reach the far-famed city we are not less amazed by its unique and wonderful beauty. Its streets, forty-four yards wide, with broad foot-walks, cross each other at right angles, and down each side course clear and rippling streams fresh from the neighboring mountains. The spacious streets divide the city into squares or blocks of ten acres each, which are in turn divided into homesteads of an acre and a quarter, except in the heart of the city, where it is built up pretty solidly for several blocks. Standing back twenty feet from the street are the houses, not more than one or two storeys high, built of wood or sun-dried bricks, and with as many doors ordinarily as the owner has wives. They are literally embowered in shrubbery and fruit trees, the ground having been made wonderfully fertile by the irrigating streams that run through all the streets. As we walk along we may see apple, peach, plum, pear, and apricot trees laden with fruit. Roses and other flowers in rich profusion cover the space in front of the houses, while the gardens beyond are filled with vegetables exquisite in their perfection and development.—Sunday Magazine.

CURIOUS SHOWERS.

Times When it Rained Fish, Frogs and Other Things.

Showers of snow and earth have been numerous; but showers of flesh, fish, frogs, etc., of which every sailor can tell stories, are worth noticing, as being of more infrequent occurrence. The flesh was recognized as a distinct substance by Schenchen, about the beginning of the last century, and its true animal nature was shown by Lemoissonier, in 1747. It is said to have borne a greater resemblance to mucus than to gelatine or tannin; but it does not exactly agree with any of these. It is unctuous, greyish-white, and, when cold, inodorous and tasteless; it is soluble in warm water, and then resembles thin beef-tea.

In South America an area of country forty-three miles square was, on one occasion, found strewn with fish; and on an-

other occasion, in England, at a considerable distance from the sea, a pasture field was found scattered over with about a bushel of small fish.

Herrings in 1828 in Kinross-shire; and instances of other similar falls are legion.

At Ham, in France, a M. Peltier, after a heavy rain had fallen, found the square before him covered with toads. "Astonished at this," he tells us, "I stretched out my hand, which was struck by many of these animals as they fell. The yard of the house was also full of them. I saw them fall on the roof of a house, and rebound from thence to the pavement. They all went off by the channels which the rain formed, and were carried out of the town."

There is something of an apocryphal air about the latter part of this experience; but the phenomena of flesh, fish and fish-bone showers are reasonable enough. The fish are taken up into the air in a water-spout, borne along by the currents, and dropped; it may be, some hundreds of miles away, just as dust, containing small animals and plants, is gathered up near the Amazon and dropped on some vessel passing the Madeira or the Cape de Verde Islands.

In the Orkney Islands, in 1878, hailstones were gathered as large as a goose's egg; and in 1822 men and animals were killed by them on the banks of the Rhine.

The most extraordinary hailstone on record, however, is that said by Heyne to have descended near Seringapatam, towards the close of Tipoo Sultan's reign; it was as large as an elephant.

Why He Could Not.

A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "double"—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece.

"Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in *The Silent Foe* tonight—Henderson, Uncle Bill and the Crusher."

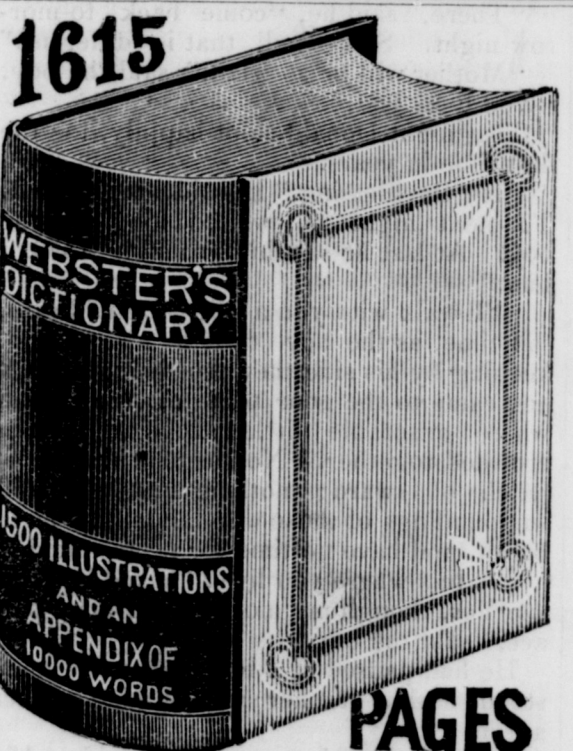
"Can't do it," replied Lancaster; "impossible—can't be done."

"You can't do it? Why?"

"Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in and separates them."

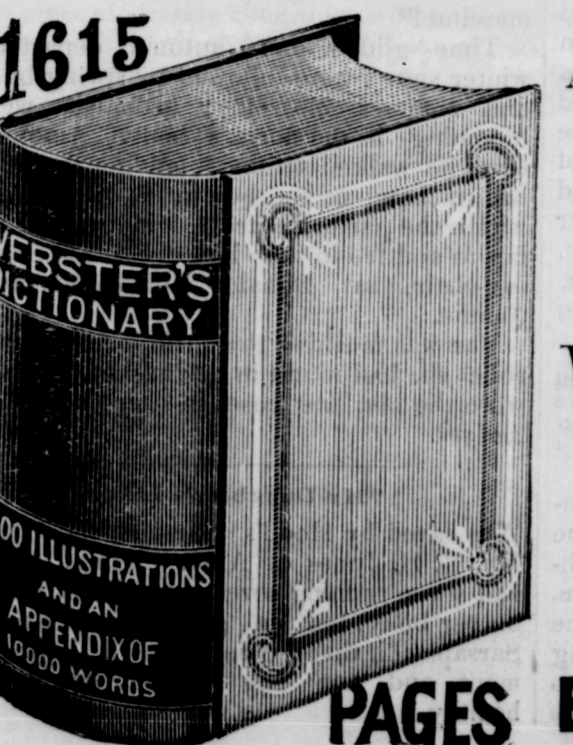
Chinese Diet.

The Chinese live in houses where the supply of air is so limited that no European could endure the vitiated atmosphere; yet they are a very healthy nation. This is due probably to the fact that their food is invariably simple, and clean and thoroughly well cooked. Meat, potatoes and rice are all boiled together. When cooked the mixture is put into small bowls; and as it is eaten with tiny chopsticks, it is impossible to try the mouth or stomach by scalding them with a quantity of very hot food. Moreover, they rarely drink water if they can get tea, either hot or cold.



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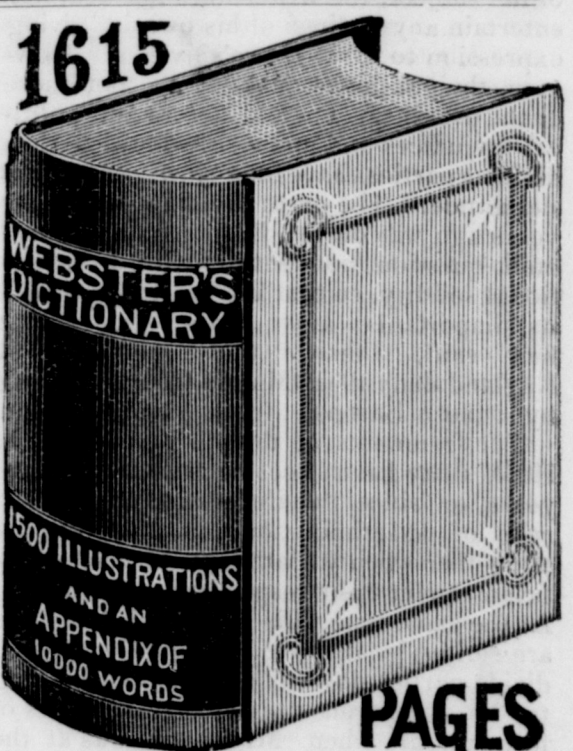
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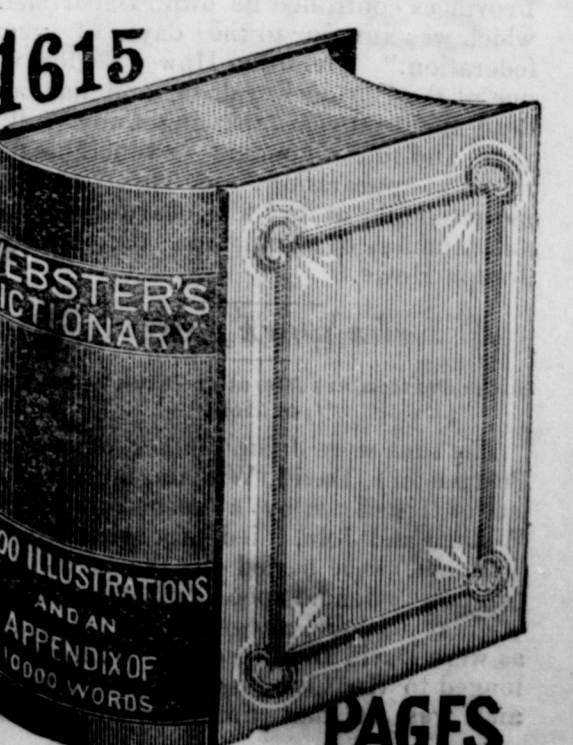
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