

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

SAME AS THE INSTITUTE.

WHAT TREMONT TEMPLE IS TO THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON.

A Place Where All Kinds of People Hold Forth.—The Chinese and Their Grievances to the Front Just Now.—Personal Mention of St. John People.

Boston, Nov. 22.—Once upon a time, everybody who arrived in St. John and had anything to say—and scores who, had been in St. John all their lives but suddenly found out they had something to say—said it from the platform of Mechanics' Institute. When anything was announced, outside of a pie social or a Sunday school concert, or a new show struck the town, the people tooled for granted that the Institute would be the place to go. The old hall wasn't particular as to the uses to which it was put, much less the men who decided whether the gas bill would or would not be included in the rent. So, the institute caught everything, from the best theatrical show of the year to veriest rot Harrison's orchestra was ever compelled to fiddle for; sensational preachers like Sam Small, or the gentleman with the pictures, who proved to a bewildered audience that the world would surely come to an end at a date, which, I believe, is now past; George Francis Train, and the Anti-Tobacco society; the Evangelical Alliance and the Bible society, and then perhaps on the next evening Lily Clay's Gaiety Girls, or a bang up political meeting, with free and independent voters shouting themselves hoarse, and standing on the backs of the hard-bottomed chairs, to sit in which Humphrey Price Webber had not the heart to change any man 75 cents.

Tremont Temple is the Mechanics' Institute of Boston. Like St. John, the hub has other halls, where all kinds of people hold forth; and then there is old Faneuil hall, which catches its share of indignation meetings, but the man who is a regular attendant at Tremont Temple gets nearly all that is going on. All but the theatrical performances; and in this particular the Institute has the advantage of "The Strangers' Sabbath Home." Then, the Institute does not lay any claim to being a "meeting house" in the village sense of the word.

While the campaign was on, democratic orators told of the advantages of free trade, while a brass band played "Four years more of Grover," between the speeches; the people's party candidates told of the blessings we will enjoy when Bellamy's "Looking Backward" becomes a reality; the society of christians at work spent ten hours a day there for more than a week,—except on one evening when they had to go some place else to give the democrats a chance to cheer—and Ira. D. Sankey roused all the enthusiasm of a congregation of christians with his gospel hymns. And so it goes on night after night, with the regular church services on Sunday.

Now the Chinese have come to the front, and as a matter of course, chose Tremont Temple as a fitting place to ventilate their grievances. And they have a grievance which would make even Chinese kick.

There are 150,000 Chinese in the United States, and they are all so much alike that the government officials, especially those attached to the immigration department, find themselves unequal to the task of keeping track of them. This difficulty is experienced everywhere. Here in Boston the police can tell some queer experiences with Chinese, although it must be said, to John's credit, that there are not more than two or three cases on the police records of Boston, where Chinese have been charged with criminal offences.

They get into the courts once in a while, however, when the police swoop down upon them and break up a game of fan tan, John's favorite pastime. They are charged with gambling, and of course, have to give their names. The leader of the crowd gives an assumed name, the others take their cue from him and the police have a list, which is as intelligible to them as a laundry check is to a man whose shirt depends upon it. When the case comes on in the morning the fun begins. The names are read, and it often happens that the Chinese forget what they called themselves the night before, and have to answer at random. The police cannot tell the difference, and usually compromise the matter by imposing a fine on each member of the gang.

Chinese look more or less alike, the world over, and I have no doubt that even in St. John, where there are not more than six or eight celestials, if Mr. Sam Wah, of Mill street, appeared before Police Magistrate Ritchie, to answer a charge preferred against Mr. Sing Lee, of Brussels street, there would not be a policeman in court willing to swear that he was the man wanted.—Now that Capt. Rawlings is no more.

What is called the Geary act, which will become law May 5, 1893, provides that "every Chinaman in the United States must present a certificate specifying the date of his arrival, must present a photograph of himself, and must finally establish

the essential facts with evidence supported by at least one white witness."

This is what the Chinese are kicking against, and at Tremont Temple, the other evening, they were ably assisted by a number of Massachusetts's most prominent men. Two of the principal speakers of the occasion were Chinese, in "citizens' clothes," from New York and Philadelphia. One was a journalist, the other a business man, and they both agreed that while it usually took a good deal to make a Chinese kick, it was impossible for them to restrain themselves on this occasion.

They delivered addresses which astonished the people, and knew just how and where to strike an American audience with the greatest effect. They spoke of the land of the free and the brave and then referred, with all the eloquence at their command, to the emancipation of the negro, as brought about by the people of the North. It was most effective. The people saw the point, and the chances are that the photographers of the United States will not have the boom they anticipated.

People who know something, about it, say that John is not such a bad fellow after all. Of course, out in San Francisco, where he runs things pretty much to suit himself, he is perhaps not as desirable as some immigrants are, but here in Boston, John is, as a rule, very respectable. He has to be in this city of culture. Only the better class of Chinese can afford to come across the Continent, and they are usually pretty well off. Some of them do live on rice and rats, according to the popular superstition, but Boston dealers say that Chinese are good customers. They smoke opium, it is said; but they also smoke cigars, and go to the theatres. The colony on Harrison avenue seems to enjoy life, as well as men can who keep their hands in their ample pockets, except when they are working, but the number who are adopting the America style of raiment grows larger all the time. And when a Chinaman does dress "like other people" he is nothing short of a dude. But the best argument that can be made against the cheap labor cry is that while some Boston laundries will do up a collar for 1½ cents, John sticks to the old price, 2 cents a collar and 10 cents for a shirt. The checkee comes in as usual.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay is a back number. The street musicians have given it up, except in rare instances and some time ago people arrived at that point when it was necessary to put wads in their ears every time there were indications of Ta-ra-ra's revival. Lottie Collins, the original Ta-ra-ra, has been at the Columbia theatre, and not even standing room could be obtained, every time she came on. Which goes to show that a good deal of the disgust people take pains to make evident when referring to back numbers, is not genuine. Lottie Collins is the liveliest back number, that has struck Boston for some time.

Those good people of Boston, who probably spank their own children and send them to bed without any supper, when they do not wipe their feet in the entry, have been raising a row because other people's children have been enjoying themselves for fifteen minutes or so on the stage of the Boston theatre. These youngsters were a striking feature of McCarty's great spectacle "Babes in the woods," and had nothing much to do; but through the efforts of the society for prevention of cruelty to children, this part of the performance will in future be omitted.

It is curious how some of these societies draw the line. The stage children do not object, they enjoy the fun, but the good people think they should be doing something else. They raise "a time." The papers print everything about it. The good people's name get into the papers, the theatre gets a free "ad." The children return to the drear monotony of uneventful lives. Meanwhile thousands of little ones suffer untold cruelties day after day, and nobody raises a hand. Is it because there is no advertising in it for anybody?

Here are some St. John boys who are making both ends meet, and lap over, once in awhile, in Boston.

Mr. Will Gregory, formerly in Waterbury & Rising's store, St. John, is cashier in the Quincey House.

Mr. Geo. Emery, son of Mr. Oliver Emery, St. John, has been in the employ of the Boston Woven Hose company for a number of years.

Mr. Geo. May is cutter in a Washington street tailoring establishment.

Mr. J. E. Sharpe, formerly of Waterbury & Rising, St. John is learning the details of the plumbing business, with visions of frozen water pipes, and as a consequence, diamonds, in the future.

R. G. LARSEN.

The Dude Dry Goods Clerk.

She told him that all was at an end between them. "What can I do for you, miss?" he asked in perfect composure. "I want our engagement broken. It has worried me more than tongue can tell." "Certainly, miss. Is there anything else to-day?"

SAW HER ON FORT HOWE.

WILLIAM COBBETT'S STORY OF HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

It Was a Case of Love at First Sight, and He Never Regretted His Choice.—She Was a Wife Worth Having, and Was a Prudent Helpmate.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS know that the famous William Cobbett fell in love with his wife on Fort Howe, but many more have never read his account of it and his subsequent experience, as told in his Advice to Young Men.

"When I first saw my wife," he says, "she was about thirteen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain—for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day, to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that these tall young men whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at day-break?"

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the Book of Fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles, up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred-and-fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time. Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka sound, and poor bowling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the Army, by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred-and-fifty guineas unbroken.

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the mind of our children?" After his marriage, Cobbett lived with his wife for some time in France, studying the language; and then they went to Philadelphia, where he began to teach English to Frenchmen; and, as his first work, composed his French and English Grammar. He remained between Philadelphia and New York for about eight years, and during most of this time had a printing establishment and a book-store. He also conducted a furiously anti-Jacobin journal called The Porcupine. In his political career, after his return to his native country, he renounced every flattering prospect to become the champion of the people, and was subjected to a severe fine and long term of imprisonment for denouncing, in warm but only fitting terms, the flogging of Englishmen under the bayonets and sabres of Hanoverians.

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She May be Talented, but Sarcasm Is Not Always Pleasant.

The sarcastic maiden is not a pleasant companion. She is too sharp to be agreeable. Her cutting speeches, rife with scathing personalities, cause her to be shunned rather than selected as one of those charming sort of girls men and women both admire. If she writes a letter her pen seems to be dipped in vinegar, and though her composition may be the very essence of elegance still such an epistle is not received with the warmth that one of those gushing, girlyfied, but altogether friendly ones always obtains. The sarcastic girl may possess talent far above the breezy creature who candidly admits that she would rather read one of "The Duchess" novels than an essay of Emerson's. She may be able to converse in seven different languages. She may be as beautiful as an houri, but men will be afraid of that sharp tongue, and the purely feminine creature who weeps and laughs by turns with Phyllis and Molly Bawn will win the admiration and preside over the home of the greatest catch of the season, while her more brilliant sister, with her dangerous sharpness, will be left to her sarcasms and solitudes.

Sarcasm is not wit, though wit may be sarcastic. One can be bright and say all manner of clever things without hurting the feelings of others by keen knife edged opinions that are subtle with bitterness and teeming with gall. Sarcasm is not a quality to be cultivated. It is a rank weed that once started grows and grows, choking out the little plants of kindness, forethought and consideration until it overruns the garden of the mind, dominating controlling each thought with a disagreeable, pungent odor that cannot be eradicated.

Raskin on Bible Reading.

How much I owe to my mother for so having exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete whole," and above all, taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought, and adorning all conduct! This she effected not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, brightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse—hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience; if loathsome the better the lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed—none from visitors who either joined in the reading or had to stay up stairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and with the chapters above enumerated I had to learn

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the whole body of the fine old Scottish Paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forcible verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation to my ear in sound. It is strange that, of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God.

Cost of Running Dining Cars.

Dining cars are generally run at a loss and are attached to trains simply as a matter of attraction. A steward, four cooks, and five waiters are attached to each car. The food costs from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a month. It costs from \$16,000 to \$22,000 a year to run one of these cars, exclusive of the wear and tear on the property and particularly in the south, and particularly in Chicago. A sleeping car leaving New York for Chicago is supplied with 120 sheets, 120 pillow slips and 120 towels. The washing is done in different cities, and is given out in great quantities at the low rate of \$1 per 100 pieces. An equipment of linen, which lasts a year, is purchased in amounts of \$50,000 worth at a time. One company, for 700 cars, uses every thirty days 2,400 dozen cakes of toilet soap, 1,200 dozen boxes of matches, 35 dozen hair brushes, and 50 dozen whisks.

A Patient Pole.

The Russian character teaches patience. A Polish miner went to see a doctor at 9 a. m. the other day and was told that the doctor was from home and would not come back until late in the evening. "I will wait," was the reply. When the servant went into the waiting room the next morning to sweep it she was astonished to find the pole sitting still like a wooden pole in his chair, waiting for the doctor.—Chicago Journal.

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