

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

HOW THEY DO IN BOSTON.

POLITICAL RALLIES AND THE MEN WHO COME TO THE FRONT.

The Style Differs a Little from That in Vogue Here, but Human Nature is the Same Everywhere—What Interested and Amused a St. John Man.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Christopher Columbus, Lizzie Borden, and the political situation have all received considerable attention from Bostonians recently. Sunday half the ministers in town had something to say about Christopher, and on Friday all Boston will do him honor with bell ringing, processions, concerts, orations, and what not.

The people of the United States think a great deal of the discoverer. He found a place in which they could hustle for a living, and wrangle over free trade and protection, and all feel under deep obligations to him for it.

Canadians seem to take a different view, judging by their inactivity in celebrating this eventful year. They probably think that if Columbus did not discover America, somebody else would have come along sooner or later, and that a postponement of the discovery might have made things much better for them.

While the people of Boston are raising the dust, and tramping the pavements, with flags, banners and patriotic mottoes; with free ice water on the common as their only consolation for a hard day's march; while the school children of Boston are singing the praises of the immortal Christopher, and the representatives of all nations grow eloquent over his achievements in music hall; New Brunswickers will pursue the even tenor of their ways, with occasional breaks to consider whether it is worth while to send a new man or two to represent them in the local legislature. How glad Columbus must be that he landed so far south, far from that part of the continent now inhabited by an ungrateful people!

But Americans like to celebrate. They begin early and end late. The American youth parades almost before he assumes the dignity of knickerbockers, and comes out at every opportunity until he is too old and feeble to keep up with the procession. Youngsters with miniature stars and stripes over their shoulders, or full grown snare drums bumping against their knees; smoky torches and hideous uniforms, and all the lung power of which young America is capable, are making life a burden to people, in the outside districts of Boston every evening.

One of these processions in South Boston, a few nights ago, was thoroughly characteristic of the campaign in that part of the city. It is part of the tenth congressional district and there are two democratic and one republican candidates in the field. There is only room for one of them in congress.

The democracy of South Boston is strong. It is also very noisy, and nobody knows what is likely to happen at a meeting held anywhere in the vicinity of Washington village. The enthusiasts down there frequently leave the hall with the aid of a leather propeller, and it often happens that some of the opposition will tamper with the gas pipes and leave a hall crowded with people in total darkness. The district has a reputation for this sort of thing, and an ordinary meeting lacks excitement.

On the night in question the meeting was held in the interest of the regular candidate of the democratic party, and with the evident intention of painting the independent candidate as black as the proverbial black cat. The other candidate and his friends were at the same time treating the regular nominee to a similar dose in another part of the city.

The hall in south Boston was crowded to the doors, and every man in it was a toiler. There was no doubt about it. Many of them wore overalls and jumpers, and there were no dudes. On the four walls were conspicuous placards to the effect that smoking was positively prohibited and that gentlemen must take off their hats while in the hall. Every man seemed to consider it his solemn duty to ignore those placards. Clay pipes and corn cobs filled with bad tobacco made the air odorous, and the men with uncovered heads were very much in the minority. On the platform were eight or ten spouters from different labor organizations, who were to prove that the regular nominee was the greatest friend the workman of the district ever had, while his opponent was nothing but a tool in the hands of the Republicans playing a game of bluff.

Half an hour before the meeting opened the crowd in the hall was not large, and lounged about with an indifference, which would lead one to believe that they had just sauntered in "out of the wet," so to speak. But in a few minutes standing room was at a premium, and after the first speaker was introduced, there was evidence of everything but indifference in some parts of the hall. Many in the audience were particular friends of the men on the platform. They had discussed the questions of the day on the street corners and in the barber shops, perhaps, and remembered everything that had passed between them. So when a speaker departed from the beaten track, somebody in the audience promptly corrected him. There was no "Mr. Chairman," as a prefix to the remarks. It was, "Hold on, Tom, but didn't you tell me," such and such a thing, and then the speaker would have to explain for the benefit of his friend in the audience.

If the remarks of a speaker were not what his friend in the audience thought they should be, some such remark as "Why don't you get a shave, Mike," ad, dressed to the speaker, would break what "stillness" there was, and sent the audience into roars of laughter. Then the crowd in

the back part of the hall would get boisterous, and the prospects for a free fight particularly bright.

It was nothing more than an ordinary South Boston meeting, but the nearest approach to it I ever saw in St. John was the Bostwick hall rally, four or five years ago, when Jack Boden's eloquence routed the conservatives and left him in possession of the field. That event is memorable in the history of political meetings in St. John, but I am afraid that if the South Boston audience fought for the possession of the hall there wouldn't be an orator on either side with wind enough to proclaim the victor after it was won.

The speakers were prepared to talk down the crowd and some of them had all the work they bargained for. There were as many as many good orators in the audience as on the stage, and firing and cross firing was a frequent occurrence, while now and again the chairman would have to assist the speaker in his efforts to confine the oratory to one end of the hall.

There is no lack of eloquent speakers in the labor organizations of Boston. Every man on the platform that evening faced the audience like a veteran, and said all he had to say without an effort. They, perhaps, did not do justice to the English language, and a few of the speakers with a decided cockney accent certainly dropped enough "h's" during the evening, to fill a basket, but for all that they made point after point and argued out, and were never at loss for a word, or an answer to a question from any part of the hall.

The other day in Cambridgeport I ran across a number of St. John boys, one of the most prosperous of whom was Dr. Jas. A. Erving. When Mr. Erving was behind the delivery window in the St. John post office he did not have the "Dr." to his name. He is doing dental work here that is attracting attention and has a finely furnished office and operating room, on Main street with Dr. W. A. Currie.

There were a number of New Brunswickers at the Boston Dental college, among whom Mr. W. D. Bailey, a son of Prof. Bailey, of Fredericton, is winning laurels. Mr. Charles Barlow, of St. John, is also on the roll. While Mr. W. B. Sangster, of the North end, is selling dental goods at the depot on Tremont street. While in Cambridgeport, I also saw a St. John boy, Mr. Norman Sterling, jr., who learned his trade in the Telegraph office and is now foreman of Wheeler's printing office in Cambridge. Mr. Geo. V. McCarty, who will be remembered among the base ball enthusiasts and election hustlers, is head book keeper for a large firm on Beech street.

Dr. McAvenny, of St. John, was among the visitors here this week; also Mr. Edwin J. Wetmore, who is visiting his son, Mr. S. A. Wetmore of the Herald. R. G. LARSEN.

TO BE CREATED CARDINALS.

Something About the Sacred College and Those Who Compose It.

It is generally believed that Archbishop Vaughan and Mgr. Stoner will be elevated to the cardinalate. The N. Y. Sun says that several nominations of cardinals will be made by the pope at the next consistory, which will probably be held in December, and others will follow on the occasion of his holiness's episcopal jubilee, the date of which falls next year. Considerable difficulties have arisen between the Holy See and the various powers in connection with the selection and the number of prelates to be appointed to the cardinalate.

By the recent death of Cardinal Howard the number of cardinals was reduced to 51, of whom ten were created by Pope Pius IX. and 41 by the present pope. Twenty-four of their number reside in Rome. They comprise eighteen Italian, three German, and three French cardinals. Of the remaining 27 cardinals who reside in the various dioceses, nine are Italian, six French, three Austrian, three Spanish, two Portuguese, one Belgian, one Canadian, one Australian, and one American. There is at present no British cardinal. Of the fifty-one cardinals three are between the ages of 40 and 50, ten between 40 and 60, twenty between 60 and 70, twelve between 70 and 80, and six between 80 and 90. In all 86 cardinals have died since the accession of Leo XIII to the Papacy. At scarcely any previous period in its history has the Sacred College numbered so few members as at present, and the necessity for fresh creation is universally recognized.

Edna Lyall and Her Books.

Edna Lyall has been giving a contributor to the Novel Review some particulars of her work as a novelist. Her first published story, "Won by Waiting," was written shortly after she left school. "I wrote a good deal of fiction in an amateurish way," she said, "while at school in Brighton, and when I was ten years old I had a vague intention of becoming a novelist. But 'Won by Waiting' was my first published work. Then came 'Donovan' and its sequel, 'We Two,' both of which I wrote while I was living in Lincoln."

The authoress explained that her aim in "Donovan" was "to describe an almost isolated man who, though all worldly things appeared against him, should, by sheer nobility of character and steadiness of purpose, struggle from the darkness of Atheism to the light of Christianity."

"We Two" bears a strong resemblance to "Donovan," and was suggested to the author by her reading that Mr. Bradlaugh, when imprisoned in the clock-tower, had telegraphed to his daughter. Before writing the book, Edna Lyall corresponded with Mr. Bradlaugh on the subject of "Donovan," and ultimately she met him in London to discuss the Secularist movement. From that interview she derived much of the knowledge that enabled her to describe Luke Raeburn, the Secularist leader, whose daughter Erica is led from the ranks of the Secularists to the Christian camp.

AT THE PLEASANT GATE OF DEATH.

Where People Go to Await the Summons of the Messenger.

Katherine Tynan writes to the N. Y. Press that the only home in all Christendom for the friendless dying is that established some twelve years ago by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin.

"Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying" is the full title on the big brass plate at the gate. One goes up to it by an avenue overhung with chestnut trees, every one hanging out its drooping lamp of blossoms. There are green pastures on each side and a pond, where on a fine day some of the patients do some placid fishing, the men very contentedly sucking their pipes as they sit. Many of them do not show the death in their faces. Inside the hospice, though, one is now and again smitten by the sight of a dying face, pinched and livid. There are interested groups of patients discussing the newspapers in the sitting rooms, or seated about a long table eating a dinner of roast meat and vegetables like any common, robust folk. The old women are crouched by the fire watching one of their number blow up the kettle for a cup of tea and there is a heated political argument on among the men in the smoking pagoda out on the lawn.

It is hard to realize, entering the old house, that under this roof death's wings are forever hovering. The house belonged to the Quakers, and it is brown and homely and kind, like the face of a friend. Part of it is coated in heavy ivy, whence the windows look out—light shrewd, bright eyes—and against the glossy greenery and the old brick are brilliant window braces of scarlet and blue and yellow. The beds on the lawn are in like cheerful colors, but the old garden which used to be is mainly swept away by the long buildings which the nuns had to erect of late years, since they were thronged with creatures praying to be delivered from a lonely death.

The front rooms, kept as reception rooms, are old and sweet, with fine old fashioned furniture and brown walls. Upstairs is a long, cheerful ward. The beds were all full last winter when I was here. Now many of the patients are able to be about, for the air is mild. Where is Judy, the very oldest inhabitant of the hospice, since she had been here nine months—poor Judy, who entertained us with a cheerful cackle as she boiled the kettle? Where is the girl who was sewing in a little ante-chamber, and who, till one looked closely at the hectic cheek, seemed as well as you or I? Alack, the grass is waving its green veils over them as well as over that child who lay asleep with her soft, flushed cheek in her hand, and that poor soul who panted out to us through the oppressed breathing of one dying of heart disease that she would remember us in heaven. The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings we might call this hospice, where the guests are all birds of passage and homeward bound.

Wards and corridors are distempered in pretty blue gray with light wood panelings. The nuns look brisk and even merry when they are not tender and sympathetic. Over the fireplace of each ward is a great crucifix, and many dying faces are turned that way. There are flowers on the mantelpiece, and beside the beds there is now and again a cheerful nosegay amid the medicine bottles. The beds are snowy and soft; each has its coverlet of Italian silk in gay stripes; the bed curtains are of pink and white flowered chintz. The dying, when they are not in acute pain, lie and look at you contentedly.

At the hospice one felt ashamed confronting these meek sufferers, in full health and the joy of living. But they are only grateful to "the kind ladies" that come to visit them. One was a handsome, bearded, dark fellow, his profile melancholy against the pillow. He had been a sort of humble sculptor—on this very building had cut the ornamentation. "It's the stone dust does it," he said. "It gets into my lungs and cuts them all to pieces."

"Well, well," said the soft voiced nun, "you are leaving no one behind my poor boy. If you had lived longer there might have been a wife and children to make going to heaven the harder."

"True enough sister," was the quiet reply.

Then there was the fireman who had got consumption from being wet with the fire engines, and the policeman who had taken cold on night duty. There was one case of a poor woman with heart disease. "Tis very bad indeed at times, sister," she said. "I do be asking God to forgive me, for I've often no patience at all, at all."

There was a boy from Wicklow sitting up in bed to hear the fluting of a bird in the big tree outside his window. "They sing that sweet sometimes," he said, "that I do be thinkin' the angels in heaven couldn't sing sweeter."

There are "paying patients" here, too, lodged in dainty and cheerful little rooms with a peaceful prospect toward the dove gray Dublin mountains. There is no limitation of creed, and side by side with an old protestant gentleman whose wife and children were dead, there was an aged priest from the Rocky Mountains, who attributed his heart disease to strain in the days when he rode forty miles to the nearest of his flock.

There seemed to be no pain in the presence of death, except for us who came in insolently well and happy. We could not help feeling, indeed, that they looked back at us with a happy and kindly pity from those gate beyond which lies the valley of the shadow, and for them in calm certainty the face of God.

A most exquisite charity is indeed this charity of dying. A better ante-chamber to death there might not be found than this hospital among fragrant fields full of the singing of birds, and with the mountains visible from many windows. And within the brightness and purity, and the many kind faces, and the great crucifix telling forever of a love past finding out and pointing forever to a day of resurrection.

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DIVING FOR TREASURE.

A Wonderful "Pot" at Hell Gate For Those who Find It.

Operations have been resumed with a view to recover the hidden treasure which was sunk with the British man-of-war "Hussar" at the bottom of Hell Gate, nearly opposite Port Morris, New York, in 1780. The vessel carried no less than 960,000 British guineas, being the pay for the King's troops massed in the vicinity of New London. Unfortunately the "Hussar" failed in her attempt to make the Hell Gate passage, and went down in deep water near the western New York shore. It is there that she lies, with probably the chains that bound seventy American prisoners to the gun deck, where the water is 72 feet deep at low tide. She is covered with the accumulated sand, mud, and barnacles of a century. Of the various futile attempts made to recover the treasure, that of the Worcester "Hussar" Wrecking company in 1866 was the most important. Although explosives were used, only historic relics, guns, bullets, jewelry, and a little money were obtained. The enterprise was abandoned, and now the Little Giant "Hussar" Wrecking company is making another attempt to secure the lost treasure. Dredging operations are now being carried on from a scow, very efficiently equipped with machinery. Former attempts at raising the treasure were mainly given up owing to the pitchy darkness at the bottom of the river, even when above the surface of the water the strongest daylight prevailed. In the present case, however, strongly protected incandescent electric lamps are used, the diver having one of sixty-five candle-power. When the diver descends, the flexible conductors leading to the lamp are paid out with the air-tube as required. The insulated conductors are fastened to the side of the helmet some three feet from the lamp, so that when not in use, or when the diver needs both hands for his work, the lamp is simply let go and allowed to float out of the way above his head like a very small fire balloon. When again required, the lamp is simply drawn down by the insulated conductors. This arrangement allows of the work being more rapidly accomplished.

Penny in the Slot for a Light.

A great improvement has been introduced into English railway carriages, in the provision of a separate light for passengers desiring to read, in addition to the lamps in the roof of the cars. The mechanism of the lamp is exceedingly simple, and is contained in a box five inches by three inches. On the top of the machine is the inevitable slot, and when a penny is inserted therein and a knob is pressed, an electric light is obtained, which burns for half an hour, at the end of which the light is automatically extinguished. It can be relighted by the insertion of another penny. The light, which is of about three candle power, is concentrated by a shaded reflector, which may be turned within certain limits so that a light may be directed to suit the position of the passenger. A remarkable feature of the machine is its honesty, as it is so arranged that in case of a failure in the supply of electricity the coin is automatically returned to the operator.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

She Did Not Want It Then.

An exchange relates a comical mishap which befel a young lady at her first dinner party. Naturally, she was somewhat nervous at first, but the awkwardness wore away after a while, and she was soon quite at ease. The dessert was being served, and the stately colored waiters were passing pretty little pink-frosted cakes to be eaten with the iced creams. A plate of them was held before the young lady, who looked them over and said: "I don't care for any."

The waiter was moving away, when she saw, as she thought, a chocolate. "Yes, I will, too," she said, reaching over for the little cake; "there is one with chocolate on it." "Beg pardon, miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick up the tempting morsel, "but that's my thumb!"

"OUR GLORIOUS PAST."

Conan Doyle's Vigorous Rhymes on the Sale of a Battle Ship.

The Foudroyant was one of Nelson's flagships, and she was sold by the Admiralty (Lord George Hamilton, Chief Lord) to a German shipbreaker. When this leaked out there was a patriotic outcry. Here, for instance, are some verses by Dr. Conan Doyle which appeared in the daily Chronicle:

Who says the Nation's purse is lean,
Who fears for claim or bond or diet,
When all the glories that have been
Are scheduled as a cash asset?
If times are black and trade is slack,
If coal and cotton fall at last,
We've something left to barter yet—
Our glorious past.

There's many a lot in which lies hid
The dust of Statesmen or of King;
There's Shakspeare's home to raise a bid,
And Milton's home its price would bring,
What for the sword that Cromwell drew?
What for the Prince's coat of mail?
What for our Saxon Alfred's tomb?
They're all for sale!

And stone and marble may be sold,
Which serve no present daily need,
There's Edward's Windsor, labeled old,
And Wolsey's Palace, guaranteed,
St. Clement Dane's and thirty lanes,
The Tower and the Temple grounds,
How much for these? Just price them, please,
In British pounds.

There is still a chance of getting her back again. The Foudroyant has been offered at a price to a number of gentlemen in London, the offer standing open for a brief period. The question whether a committee should be formed for considering the terms of purchase is under discussion, and also the point whether the vessel can be made available for exhibition purposes. If the committee—or rather the company—be formed, and the ship bought, the chances are that she will be brought up the Thames—provided she can pass under London bridge, and the Thames conservancy give her room—and fitted up for a Nelson exhibition.—Pall Mall Budget.

Pat's Password.
Lover tells a good anecdote of a Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time Saxe was marshal. "The password is Saxe; now don't forget it," said the colonel to Pat. "Faix and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post. Pat looked as confident as possible, and in a sort of whispered howl replied: "Bags, yer Honor."

EUGENIE NOT A BAD WOMAN.

But She is a Singularly Foolish One, Thinks Henry Labouchere.

The Empress Eugenie, says Truth, was by no means a bad woman, but she was a singularly foolish one. Brought up by a mother who was a little more than an adventuress, occasionally living in Spain, and often roaming about Europe, she became strong-headed and narrow-minded, with all the superstition of a Spaniard, and with all the tolerance of a lady who has lived much at continental watering places. The emperor fell in love with her and married her. He himself was a dreamer, but amiable in his relations, and as honest as he was consistent with his interests. His surroundings were thoroughly bad. They were, in the main, men who were more fitted to be billiard markers and card-sharps than to be invested with power in a state; shady financiers, and women who would have been more at home in the demi-monde than in a court. France, with all her wealth, was in her hands, and they picked and stole to their hearts' content. The empress did her best to whitewash this sepulchre of honor and honesty and to maintain an outward semblance of respectability. But unquestionably she was ambitious, and really fancied that she possessed political talents. As the emperor's health waned her influence increased.

France, under her auspices, was first sacrificed to an endeavor to maintain the temporal sway of the pope at Rome, and then to recover the ground that the Empire had lost in public opinion by a war waged for dynastic purposes. When this war went against France, she forced her husband to make an attempt to re-establish a lost cause by an advance which every person with the slightest military knowledge knew was utterly hopeless. Widowed and childless, she is an object of sympathy; but as empress of France, she made history, and must accept the verdict of history.—London Truth.

Beauty and Comfort.

Women know how much comfort and health conduce to comeliness of person. To men beauty does not seem to call for Analysis. If a woman imagines she cares more for beauty than for comfort and health, it is because she does not see that beauty is impossible without both. A Rigby Waterproof cloak is conducive to health and productive of comfort, and at the same time may be in itself an adornment to the person of the wearer. Rigby is now for sale in over two hundred designs in Ladies' mantle cloaks, as well as in Gentlemen's overcoats. It is at the same time stylish, comfortable, sanitary and waterproof.

Whenever I hear a married man say, he can't save money, I am sure that wife is a fool, wears feathers, and dresses her girls after the fashion.

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