

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

BOSTON HAS SOME SNOW.

HOW THE OLD FASHIONED WINTER AFFECTS THE HUB.

The Citizens Have Had Enough of this Reminder of the Good Old Times—Their Depths of Discomfort—The Trick Played on a Newspaper Man.

Boston, Feb. 28.—"Well, this is a regular Canadian snowstorm," is the way they put it here nowadays and give a grunt of satisfaction which indicates that the problem as to what it all means has been solved, and there is nothing more to do but buy snow shovels and get it out of the way.

When the thermometer gets down past the cipher, its Canadian weather, and when the snow gets in its fine work it is looked upon as on a footing with the British American Association—very Canadian.

Talk about snow!

Seventeen inches of it has fallen in Boston within a week, and to look at the streets one would think it was seventeen feet. It is drifted of course, but as a drifter the wind is not in it with the street railway company. Somebody suggested a sub-way across the common, a short time ago, and now the people have an illustration of what the cars would look like if half way beneath the surface.

For the cars must run, no matter what comes or goes, and now they are running through snow banks. If they did not stop at regular stations and one could get off and on whenever he pleased, like in the days of the old horse cars—the people would have to climb the mountains on snow shoes, or sink to the neck.

In St. John, the snow gets a fair show. The street railway recognizes the rights of a respectable storm, and trots out those little boxes with hay on the bottom. Out in Boston a vehicle of that kind would have a crowd of small boys running after it, and the circus waggons would become commonplace. Then again street superintendent Martin would devote all his energies to levelling the snow, so as to give the people a "good old-fashioned winter."

Here the "beautiful" is looked upon as an intruder and the great object is to get it out of the way. There is no levelling. It is either carting or piling and the street railway does most of the latter.

They try to keep ahead of the storm, and the moment the first snow flakes fall on the derbies of the superintendents, the electric ploughs come out—nearly 150 of them, big boxed up infernal machines, that scrape and plow, and apparently try to give an imitation of public works Director Smith's steam elephant. The West End street railway has 230 miles of track to keep clear, and in weather such as we have had during the last week it is expensive work. It costs \$4,000 a day to do it. Four hundred teams are employed by the railway to cart the snow away, and an army of 1,000 men do the shovelling.

Then the city has to do its share of the work, at an expense of \$2,000 a day. The municipal shovel brigade numbers 1,300 men, and beside the regular city teams which were pressed into service from all departments, 400 outside teams were engaged—all of which dumped about 3,000 loads of snow a day on the common or into the Charles river.

And the walking!

It's something horrible. Nothing but knee boots are of any use whatever, and then it is almost necessary to glue one's feet into them, to pull them out of the slush. Nobody who appreciates the clean, dry trodden snow, that makes one light and frisky, and anything short of a dog trot is impossibility, has to go out into the country, for in town there is nothing but slush. Not slush that you know in St. John, the slippery, juicy, flakey slush that one can leave the print of his footsteps in—but a crumbly, dirty, deep slush, more like salt than anything else. Walking is impossible. Everybody is on the run, skipping, jumping and wading, and the entire male population has its trousers turned up. The women—well it would be great weather for the crinoline.

After the snow, the next thing in importance is President Cleveland's cabinet. It is all made up, and remarkable inasmuch as it is the first cabinet ever selected in the United States before inauguration day.

Talking of this reminds me of a little incident of the last election which I do not think I mentioned at the time, although a provincialist was the leading figure in it.

When the democratic ticket was being made up in Boston, the committee came to the conclusion that it would be the proper thing to do to nominate a newspaper man for a member of the school board. City Editor Wetmore of the Herald was offered the nomination. He had not solicited it, and considering the matter decided to go on the ticket, but in view of certain things which transpired during the next week changed his mind and declined the honor. William F. Murray, on the Herald city staff, and a Halifax man who has been in Boston about fifteen years, and has been active in politics, thought he would like to

Continued on last column this page.

WHAT A GREAT PROTECTION!

WHO ARE THEY?

Found Dead or Unconscious Every day.

BURIED IN AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Men and Women Who Cannot Be Identified.

INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

A Fredericton Lady Who Found Identification Difficult.

THE CASE OF COMEDIAN HATFIELD.

Buried Unknown to His Relatives by Friends.

Appalling Story of Hotel Ruins.

No Way to Tell Who Are Among the Dead.

An Identification Plan Explained.

A Sure and Simple Method at a Nominal Cost.

How many thousand persons are buried every year in an unknown grave; are buried at the expense of their fellow men, away from home, away from friends, unknown and unwept?

Statistics will not say, but we have the records before us every day. Yes, morning, noon and night, in the newspapers which come into our homes, they speak in a hundred ways of the mysteries of the living world.

The electric telegraph, from every hole and corner in this country, flashes the news to and fro, that men and women are dying daily in the big cities, friendless and homeless, the guests of charity, yes, unknown sometimes even to themselves.

The rich as well as the poor are victims, and, in fact, their cases are mainly brought to our attention. Accidents do not respect persons, and thousands of men wealthy in their own cities, have found themselves away from home, unknown, without a dollar and without any chance of proving their identity.

To prove one's identity—that is the point; to be able, living or dead, to prove that you are Mr. — of St. John, and no one else, is worth a good deal.

It is absolute security, not only for yourself but for your friends. It secures you respectful, honored treatment in case of sudden death or unconsciousness, and it means everything to your family if your life is insured and death overtakes you among strangers or in a foreign country. Insurance companies require positive proof that your body is that of — before they will pay over your insurance.

How many of those in the Asthabula disaster, in the Brooklyn theatre fire, in the Hartford hotel explosion cremation were provided with such proof? Not one, and their blackened, broken and charred bodies were gathered up without a sign to show who they were, not a feature left, not a card or a pocket-book or a shred of clothing—all gone; nothing to show any person where all that was left of a friend or a relative was, to which they might give decent burial.

You don't expect to be burned to death either in a theatre, or an hotel, or to go

THIS BADGE WILL IDENTIFY ME

(SEE OTHER SIDE)

crashing through a railroad bridge, but you don't know; you might meet just such a fate. You go to theatres, you sleep in hotels, you travel on railroads; death is always with us.

How to overcome all this—to be able to know that, wherever you go or wherever you are, that, no matter what happens to you, it will be possible to prove your identity, is the aim and object of the Dominion Identification company of St. John, N.B. Its plan is simple and perfect, and the cost is so trifling that to recognize its advantages persuades one to possess them. When you give your name and address to this company, you at the same time furnish them with some particulars regarding your age, height, weight, complexion and other identification marks. You also give them the name of some friend or relative and his or her permanent address. They in return give you a metallic badge that will stand the test of fire or chemicals, upon which is a number corresponding exactly to your registration number on their books.

If at any time it became necessary to prove your identity and to show that you are M— of —, a telegram to the Dominion Identification company stating what the number is on your badge, will ensure a prompt and satisfactory reply.

If you meet with sudden death or unconsciousness and cannot be identified by any personal property, the identification badge will tell your friends, for upon it is the simple instruction as follows:—To identify me, "Telegraph this number 0000 to the Dominion Identification Co., St. John, N.B. They will notify my friends."

There is nothing superfluous about that; it means exactly what it says. If there is nothing left of you but your bones and this badge, those bones will be insured a decent, honored burial.

People travelling in large cities, they meet with accidents; they are unconscious, are taken to the hospital and die, before being restored to consciousness—no means of identifying them. What is their fate? Their body is sent to the morgue, perhaps dissecting-room, and buried as thousands of others, in an unknown grave. How many people have disappeared, and their whereabouts have always remained a mystery to their home and friends. Perhaps they have met with just such a fate. What a protection our badge would have been, and have saved them from the miseries of the morgue, hospitals or dissecting room.

It is possible to multiply incidents by the score to prove what an advantage, in fact, what a blessing such a badge might become to a man in certain situations. There is not room in this paper to do so. A few incidents are given below in which accidents chiefly figure, and the difficulty there has been in proving just who a man is, when taken from the ruins, either of a railroad smash-up, a burning building, or an explosion, or any accident which might befall them.

One, however, might be mentioned where it proved a matter of the greatest difficulty, in the principal city of this Canada of ours, to prove that a young society lady, well-known in this province, was not a much-sought-for criminal of Montreal. Almost everybody recollects the case, how Miss — of Fredericton, went to Montreal to visit a friend; how when she was there but a few hours, she was arrested by a detective of the Montreal police on a serious criminal charge; how she was unable to summon one person in that large city, who could prove that she was Miss — of Fredericton. She was examined, kept in gaol, and not released until the President of the College from which she had obtained her degree, was summoned by telegraph, and travelled several hundred miles to prove that she was herself. If the Dominion Identification Company had been in existence at that time, and Miss — been possessed of a badge, she could not have failed to establish her identity when arrested, and at once have been restored to liberty.

This is only a local case, there are hundreds of similar ones happening every week, almost every day, all over this big country.

TELEGRAPH THIS NUMBER 4873 TO THE DOMINION IDENTIFICATION CO. SAINT JOHN, N.B. THEY WILL NOTIFY MY FRIENDS

FIFTY-FOUR UNKNOWN.

That Number of Bodies Unidentified in the Brooklyn Fire.

Dec. 5th.—It was an awful fire that destroyed the Brooklyn theatre, when Kate Claxton was playing "the Two Orphans." How many lives were lost it is impossible to tell, but the estimated number is two hundred and seventy one, of which two hundred and seventeen were identified. The remaining fifty four were buried in an unknown grave at the city's expense. What a benefit this badge would have been.

Here is a despatch taken from the daily paper Jan. 14th, '92:

ROYAL HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Burned Early in the Morning.—Seventy-six Guests Missing, and at Least Thirty are Dead.

According to the most reliable reports, about one hundred and fifty people were sleeping in the hotel last night. How many are lost may not be estimated for several days. Already several dead bodies have been found, a number of injured persons are in the hospital, and sixty-three have been reported alive. There are about seventy-six persons still missing. There are among the bodies recovered, ten who are unidentified.

Drowned While Skating.

Boston, Feb. 12.—Three unknown persons were drowned today in Mystic River near the foot of Baldwin street. Charlestown, while skating. How great would have been the value of such badges to the relatives of these three people.

Not One Body Identified.

READING, Pa. Jan. 9.—The cyclone this afternoon did enormous damage to this vicinity. A silk mill employing two hundred and fifty girls blew down just before closing hour, and over fifty lives were lost. The explosion and fire in the same neighbourhood burned eight men to death. At ten o'clock the most reliable estimates of the loss of life by this afternoon's cyclone is sixty killed and one hundred injured. Thousands of citizens turned out to search the ruins. Huge bonfires were built around the ruins to aid the search and up to 10-30 o'clock a dozen bodies were taken out, not one of whom can be identified.

The poor as well as the rich will alike have an interest in the success of our plan. Working girls crowded in factories always take such risks as these, but our badge will protect them from burial in an unknown grave.

Another Mystery.

Boston, Jan. 28.—The dead body of an unknown man was found this morning frozen on a cake of ice on the Mystic river near Mystic wharf, Charlestown. There was a large gash on the top of his head.

CAR STABLES BURNED.

The Boston West End Building Destroyed, and at Least Two Lives Lost.

Boston, Dec. 21.—The car stables of the West end street railway at Medford were burned to-night. Two bodies were taken from the ruins, one so badly disfigured that it could not be identified. Four other employees are missing, but they may be in the ruins.

Nothing whatever to show who these men were; not a feature to be recognized. The badges of the Dominion Identification company will not burn.

A Body Identified.

New York, Jan. 20.—Oliver Cummings of Truro, N.S., a merchant, identified G. Fulton as one of the men who died in the International hotel, Park Row, from the effects of blowing out the gas. He visited the coroner this afternoon. He states that the dead man had been in business and was considered wealthy in Onslow, where he lived. He was a large miller, and was probably in the city on lumber business. Cummings arranged to send Fulton's body home.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Cummings happened to be in New York the same time Mr. Fulton died. If he had not been there who could have identified the dead man? Who would have notified his friends? The plan of the Dominion Identification Company provides for all this.

WHO WERE IN THE HOTEL.

The Building Burned, and the Hotel Register Missing.

HARTFORD, Feb. 10.—The main portion of the Park Central Hotel facing on High and Allyn streets fell down this morning a few minutes before five o'clock, burying in the debris at least fifty people. The cause of the accident is not known at present, but is supposed to have resulted from the explosion of boilers in the basement, and from the havoc created by it; the explosion theory seems most probable. It is the most horrible accident that has ever been known in Hartford, and when the list of the dead and wounded is completed, it will be found to be a horror, equal to any that has taken place within the last half century.

The loss of life is believed to be less than fifty, but it cannot be definitely stated as the night clerk is among the missing and his books destroyed. The entire section of the hotel was gone, only a pile of brick and timber remaining. The scene about the ruins was horrible. In the centre of the spot where the building stood was a man, his wife and little girl. No help could get to them and they finally fell back into the flames and died in plain sight of the spectators. In an alley near the annex the shrieks of a woman caused the blood of the people looking on to turn cold, as they saw a young girl lying with her body half across a beam. There was look of agony on her face. Finally the support fell and she disappeared from sight.

The hotel was a five story brick structure and had eighty bed-rooms all of which were occupied last night. The horror of the scene was increased by fire which immediately broke out in the ruins. Only one person in the main building escaped.

The death list includes regular boarders and transient guests and will reach towards sixty or seventy.

Note the fate that the registration books of the hotel were burned. Our badges cannot burn and your name is always registered on our books.

Lost With All Hands.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Oct. 7.—During yesterday's storm, the schooner "Mary Jane," owned by Capt. Button, of Wallace, N. S., was wrecked off the north beach of Jourmain island, near Cape Tormentine. A man's body was found on the beach near by, and on him a card addressed Franklin Seaman, Wallace, N. W.

Identified by a card; please recollect that every member of the Dominion Identification company will possess an unperishable card in the shape of a numbered metallic badge.

Named by His Cuff Buttons.

PRINCETOWN, Ont., Feb. 22.—The body of a man was found in the woods near here yesterday. The man's name had been cut from several parts of his clothing and the only thing found on him that might lead to identification was a pair of cuff buttons marked W. West.

Identified by his name on his cuff buttons; Not one man in a thousand has a name engraved on his cuff buttons, or on anything else in his possession, for that matter. Your name is not engraved on our badge, but your name is on our books, and the number of your badge corresponds to the number opposite your name on our books. If such an accident as the above happened to you or your friend how desirable would the badge be to you.

Comedian Hatfield's Funeral.

(Chicago Mail, Dec. 16.)

Heber Wolsey Hatfield, the well-known and popular comedian, and a member of Haverly's Minstrels, who died suddenly Tuesday afternoon, was buried in Oak-woods cemetery today. The funeral services were held in Klamers undertaking establishment at 240 Wabash avenue, Chicago, all of Haverly's company being present. Mr. Haverly was unable to find any of the dead comedian's relatives, and took charge of the service himself. Mr. Hatfield was well known in the theatrical profession and had many friends and admirers. He was one of the brightest lights in Haverly's company.

Mr. Hatfield was a native of Norton, King's County. His last visit to this city was in 1877.

Thousands of people who are thinking of visiting the World's Fair will do well to stop and think of the advantages of such a badge in a city where there will be more strangers than the resident population; where the multitude of people will render identification under ordinary circumstances next to impossible. If you propose to visit Chicago this summer, spend one dollar before you start for a badge.

The only expense necessary to obtain our badge and be registered on our books is one dollar, on receipt of which by the Dominion Identification Company, of St. John, N.B., our badge will be forwarded to any address.

BOSTON HAS SOME SNOW.

Continued from first column this page.

honor and succeeded in getting on the ticket. Mr. Murray is secretary of the Press club, and all the Boston papers gave him good notices, but after the election he made a discovery.

South Boston is a very democratic district, if there are any provincialists in that section, they are not British Americans—for in Boston a British American is the equivalent of a Red hot orangeman in St. John. Mr. Murray is not a British American, and lays no claim to the distinction. In fact the association is one of the last in Boston to which he would look for support.

On the day, after election, however, he learned that somebody had been industriously advertising him, and his name was held as that of a British American. He now has one of the cards as a memento of the campaign, and it reads something like this:

BRITISH AMERICANS vote for a provincialist for member of the School Board, WILLIAM F. MURRAY.

These were industriously circulated in South Boston, and every card was like a red shirt in the face of a bull. Every democrat who saw one of them voted for another man.

The whole democratic ticket for the school board was defeated, but Mr. Murray was pretty far down on the list, and the man who conducted his advertising and whose name he would like to know, was largely responsible for it.

The newspapers have met with one great drawback in their endeavor to tell the people all about the new cabinet and the modesty or indifference of the Massachusetts member has been the cause of it. Pictures of the men selected by Cleveland were either stock cuts in the offices, or else aspirants had photographs ready to give the newspapers the moment their appointments were announced, all but Richard Olney, the attorney general. There was a bustle to get a good picture of him, and it was so long in coming that most of the papers had to do what PROGRESS did when it printed the group of candidates for the local legislature, in the memorable campaign when St. John people thought the position of police magistrate of more importance than the premiership of Canada. It will be remembered that up to that time Alderman Shaw had never had a picture taken, and seemed afraid to face the camera. So that PROGRESS had to apologize for his modesty.

So it was that Richard Olney was the great stumbling block in making up the pictorial group of the cabinet this week.

The artist of the Herald, however, struck a happy idea. The first page cartoon, showed the triumphal march to Washington, the whole cabinet going in single file, headed by the president. Every face could be recognized without the label, and he got out of the scrape without libelling Mr. Olney. The attorney came last in line, and the picture was cut off short about that time when he had gotten two feet and a hand in it.

R. G. LARSEN.

Edison, the inventor, is a millionaire. His fad is to wear old-fashioned clothes, and his hobby is his luxurious laboratory, which costs him \$200,000 per annum to keep up—a very different establishment from the laboratory which he improvised in a luggage van, when as a railway newsboy, he made chemical experiments in the train, and yet found time to print and sell a little paper whilst travelling. Edison is a vegetarian and an inveterate smoker, disposing of twenty cigars daily.

Five per cent. Discount

For Cash,

beginning Wednesday, 1st March, and continuing until further notice.

Explanations later.

In the meantime take the discount.

GEO. H. McKAY,

61 Charlotte St. | 97 King St.