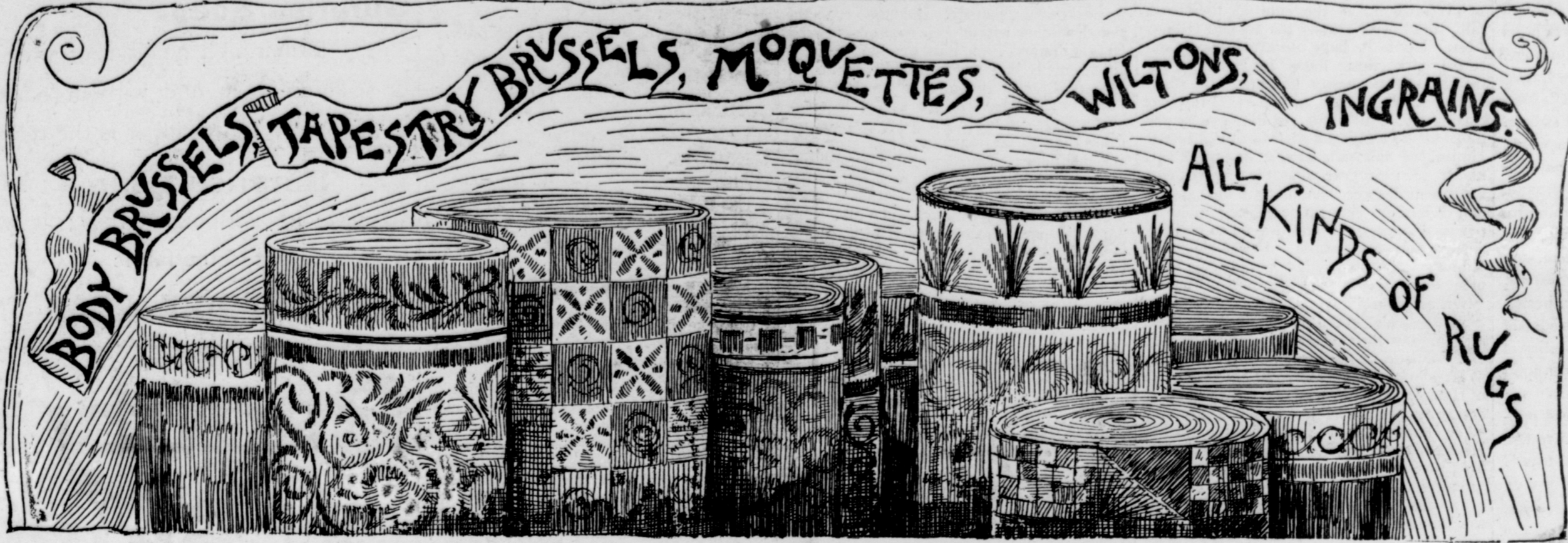


ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

Our CARPET Department contains all grades of Carpets in Brussels, Tapestry, Wilton, Axminster, Velvet, Wool, Union, in all the latest designs and colorings.



Also a great variety of Rugs, Mats and Squares. Linoleums and Oilcloths. China Mattings in Neat designs and plain.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON, St. JOHN, N. B.

DARKEST NEW ENGLAND.

THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED MEN CLAMORING FOR WORK.

Lowell Furnishes Striking Instances that are Found in the Other Manufacturing Centres—The True State of Affairs is Not Told by the Newspapers.

LOWELL, Aug. 8.—Every one who read Gen. Booth's book, "Darkest England," will remember the graphic words pictures of "the scenes at the docks in the great seaport towns of the old country, where thousands of people crowd and crush at the gates every day trying to get work; thousands crying, starving for it, and only a few score, or a few hundreds of the vast throng hired.

Here in Lowell during the last few days I have had all this vividly impressed upon me by seeing the reality. At the present time over 6000 people are out of work, and 6000 more are only working a few days a week, and not earning enough to keep body and bones together. No one knows how long this state of affairs will continue. Of the big mills, employing all the way from 1,000 to 3,000 people each, only two are running full time at present, and every day the unemployed flock to the gates asking for work, yea, demanding it; so persistent, in fact, that the mill police have to drive them back.

As I write, a yelling mob in the street below are pushing and shoving each other like a crowd around a circus ticket wagon,—all of them want work and need it. The great canals which run in and out through the heart of the city are being dredged. The work has to be done at night when the water is drawn off, and on Sundays. A large force of men are employed. Every night the same anxious mob surrounds the gates and the overseers pick and choose, but hundreds are turned away.

The poor people have to suffer. In this city there are 20,000 French Canadians, who swell the thousands of unemployed, but every day these are packing up and going back to Canada, to live on their farms until times improve. Over 100 families have gone during the week. More are getting ready.

Business people are considering ways and means to protect themselves. The corporation boarding houses cannot afford to keep these people, for they couldn't pay a week's back board if they wanted to. A few days ago a number of grocers organized an association, and at the first meeting a black list of 500 families was presented.

I speak of Lowell, because I have seen all this, but the same is true of every manufacturing city in New England. Even the places which can run—have work to do—cannot borrow money to pay their employees weekly as the law demands. One large machine shop, employing over 1,000 men, to-day asked them to accept clearing house cheques in payment for wages. This may possibly become the currency of the people.

All this will probably be news to provincialists who read the Boston and New York papers. They may not believe it, but it is a fact.

Patriotism has shut the mouth of every paper of any prominence in the country. Party has been thrown to the winds, and only a few of the most rabid Republican sheets attempt to tell the truth. They dare not do it.

A few weeks ago all the papers printed calamity despatches with big heads. To-day there is scarcely a line in them about shut downs. Yet the condition of affairs is infinitely worse to-day than two weeks ago. Then the news was mostly rumors. Now it is reality. The waste basket holds the news of the country, and three line paragraphs tell what little is told.

And this is well; it is the best evidence

in the world that newspapers or the men who run them have souls—something many people often doubt.

But this not all. Some of the largest and most influential papers, staunch democratic sheets, it is true, and putting forth every effort to picture the bright side of affairs, but unfortunately there is no bright side at present, and to those who are in a position to know the truth, these attempts only seem to make matters worse.

A few days ago, one of the Boston papers ordered its correspondents throughout New England to send in despatches of a hopeful nature, showing the concerns running and the number employed. It was a dismal failure.

A despatch telling of one or two mills working full time, and employing from 200 to 1000 people, and a few other concerns with stacks of orders ahead, was satisfaction to some perhaps, but with those who knew that in the same city two mills employing double the number of people each, perhaps, were shut down to every one running, it had a different effect.

Another paper has been trying to prove that everything is well, by printing pictures of the interior of the big stores in Boston showing large numbers of people examining goods. And so it goes. Everything of a hopeful nature printed in big letters, and calamity stuff goes into the waste basket.

What better evidence of patriotism does anybody want? Isn't this a pointer for some of the St. John papers?

It is good for provincialists to know all about it. If any one is out of employment or not satisfied with present conditions the United States is a bad place to come to just now.

Hon. Honore Mercier, ex-premier of Quebec, has been touring New England recently, and cutting considerable of a caper. With sundry little set backs and hitches he has been getting good receptions, and considerable notoriety. Canadian independence is his hobby. The average French Canadian has very little love for England, or anything English, but strange to say some of the most prominent of them have not grown enthusiastic over Mr. Mercier. His record in Canada is looked upon from different points of view, and while some are decidedly enthusiastic others are amazingly cool. Mr. Mercier, himself, says he is a much abused man, but isn't half done with his persecutors yet.

Mr. Mercier, however, evidently fears English influence. One of the men who received him here, told me today that Mercier thought it would be taking considerable risk to preach annexation with the United States, but it was perfectly safe to talk independence, and that secured, annexation would follow in a very few months.

While he was here he addressed over 1000 people and at times aroused considerable enthusiasm. He spoke in French.

R. G. LARSEN.

Truth in It. Sometimes. Uncle Josh (gazing at the show bills).—Well, I'll be gol darned ef I wouldn't be ashamed of myself.

His wife.—What is the matter Joshua? Uncle Josh.—Why, that lazy feller goes around the country advertising that he is supported by a "charming young actress." Why in thunder don't he go to work?

Pointer for Recorder Jack. Boy.—Father there's a gentleman fell down our coal-hole! Father.—put the cover over him, my son, while I go for a policeman and have him arrested else he'll sue me for damages.

"Progress" in Boston. PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

It is said that the Duchess of York learnt the typewriter some years ago in order to assist her mother with her correspondence.

ON A SUMMER CRUISE.

HOW A NUMBER OF YOUNG MEN CARRIED OUT A BRIGHT IDEA.

They Chartered a Steamer and Invited Lady Friends to an Outing on the River—The Story of the Voyage as Told by the Log of the "Florenceville."

During the past winter a number of young men in this city conceived the idea of chartering a steamer and inviting some of their lady friends to join them in spending their holidays cruising on the St. John river. The matter was placed in the hands of a managing committee, composed of Jas. Duffell, Thos. A. Crockett and Jos. I. Noble, Jr., to whom much credit is due for the efficient manner in which they carried out the idea. The steamer Florenceville was chosen as the one best adapted to the requirements of the party. She is stern wheel boat, and draws only three feet of water, thus enabling her to go almost anywhere on the river. The upper deck has a ladies' saloon, dining saloon, kitchen, clerk's office and captain's stateroom. The lower deck has the engine room in the stern of the boat and the boiler house in the forward part, leaving a space of sixty feet between the two which is open on the sides. The ladies occupied the upper deck arranged for sleeping compartments, and the lower deck was converted into a sleeping room for the gentlemen by stretching canvas along the boat, about ten feet from the sides. In the morning the canvas was rolled up and the mattresses piled together in one corner, thus leaving ample space for dancing.

The task of selecting two weeks provisions for a party of forty is no light one, but in this case it was placed in good hands, namely, those of Leslie White, Fred Fowler and Jos. I. Noble, Jr. These supplies were supplemented by milk, butter, eggs, fresh meat, berries, etc., purchased by the committee in charge each day, and also by a barrel of bread sent every second day on the boats from St. John. A committee of three gentlemen and three ladies attended to the wants of the party each day, and were ably assisted in their efforts by the services of Miss Mary Miller as cook. The work was so arranged that each member of the party was on duty only two days out of the thirteen.

The party was composed of the following persons:—Ladies—Mrs. W. Stewart, Mrs. L. White, Misses M. Nixon, A. Laechler, E. Laechler, A. Longley, L. Lynn, V. Northrup, S. Kennedy, I. Drury, A. McAndrews, J. Buckman, H. Ewing, L. Chipman, J. Russell of this city, and Mrs. Duncan, Woodstock, N. B. Mrs. Aguiro, Peabody, Mass.; Misses M. Duncan, Woodstock, N. B., G. Mitchell, A. Doughty, Portland, Me., and M. Robinslaw, Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen—Mr. T. A. Crockett, W. White, L. White, J. Duffell, F. Fowler, J. I. Noble, Jr., G. R. Ewing, W. H. Harrison, C. C. Good, R. L. Sime, E. Barnes, A. C. Ritchie, F. De Forest, Dr. A. F. Emery, W. A. Stewart, S. R. McVey, J. McVey of this city, and J. H. Porter, Fredericton, N. B.

The steamer was in command of Captain Duncan, of Woodstock, assisted by Engineer Johnston, Fireman Giggey and Pilot McClary.

The following is the "log." Monday, July 17.—Sailed from Indian-town, N. B., at 10 a. m. and arrived at Clifton at 11.45 a. m. As soon as the boat touched the wharf there was a general rush to the strawberry patches. At 2.30 p. m. we sailed for Westfield, going down on the Milkish side of Kennebecasis Island, and arrived at 4 p. m.

Tuesday, July 18.—Sailed for Oak Point at 10 a. m., where we remained for an hour and then sailed up the "Blue Bellisle," arriving at Earle's Wharf at 12.45 p. m. After dinner most of the party climbed a high hill near by and were well repaid by the fine view obtained. Later in the afternoon about twenty-five of the party invaded the residence of farmer Bates on the opposite side of the river, where they were regaled with some excellent butter-milk by Mrs. Bates and her obliging daughters. Just as the party was about to leave for the boat, Mr. Bates appeared on the scene and standing in the doorway said, in a very good-humoured way, "Who are you, and what are you?" Explanations followed and good wishes were extended to us.

Wednesday, July 19.—Sailed at 7.30 a. m., stopped for one hour at William's Landing, and arrived at Westfield at 1.30 p. m. Mrs. Duncan, Miss Duncan and Miss Robinslaw joined us here. After dinner Captain Duncan ran the steamer over to Woodman's Point, put out a plank, and the whole party went ashore, where they arranged themselves along the beach and were photographed from the boat. Here we awaited the arrival of the "David Weston" from St. John, with the Knights of Pythias on their way to the clam-bake at Watter's Landing. We sailed up in company with them and witnessed the annual ducking of the victim brought for that purpose. One of our party, who is a K. of P., took a very prominent part in the ducking performance, in fact, a more prominent part than he intended to take. All of the young men in the party, with three or four exceptions are K. of P's., and in consequence no doubt, our whole party was invited to the clam bake, and right royally entertained for an hour or more. We returned to Westfield, where we arrived at 6 p. m.

Thursday, July 20.—Sailed for Washademoak Lake at 8.30 a. m. Arrived at Cambridge at 11.15 a. m. In the afternoon we crossed over to White's Hotel, on the opposite shore, and there met some friends from St. John. In the evening we paraded in full force through the village with the Florenceville Tin Band at the head of the procession.

Friday, July 21.—Sailed at 8 a. m. The sail from the Washademoak Lake up through the channel by Musquash Island, and up the Jemseg to the entrance of Grand Lake, was thoroughly enjoyed by all on board. It is one of the prettiest bits of scenery on the river. We did not enter Grand Lake, as intended, owing to the roughness of the water, but returned to Upper Jemseg, where we stopped a few hours. From here we sailed to Upper Gagetown, arriving at 3.30 p. m. After tea we walked down to Mrs. Coy's hotel and serenaded her guests. After some refreshments we enjoyed a very pleasant walk back to our boat.

BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS FOR HALF WHAT THEY'RE MARKED. TO-DAY ONLY.

TWO BIG STORES, OAK HALL. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., King Street, St. John.

Living at Earle's Wharf at 12.45 p. m. After dinner most of the party climbed a high hill near by and were well repaid by the fine view obtained. Later in the afternoon about twenty-five of the party invaded the residence of farmer Bates on the opposite side of the river, where they were regaled with some excellent butter-milk by Mrs. Bates and her obliging daughters. Just as the party was about to leave for the boat, Mr. Bates appeared on the scene and standing in the doorway said, in a very good-humoured way, "Who are you, and what are you?" Explanations followed and good wishes were extended to us.

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Saturday, July 22.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m., and arrived at McGowan's wharf, Lower Sheffield, at 11 a. m. Here we hired a hay wagon and drove to French Lake, a very picturesque spot. We sailed at 2 p. m., and enjoyed the beautiful scenery of Sheffield on our right and Gilbert's Island on the left, arriving at Taylortown, Upper Sheffield, at 2.30 p. m. From here we sailed at 4.45 p. m., and arrived at Oromocto at 5.25 p. m. In the evening we rowed up the Oromocto river. It is a charming spot, and its beauty was enhanced by a very pretty sunset.

Sunday, July 23.—We attended divine service at 8 p. m. in the church of England and at 7 p. m. in the Methodist church. After service in the evening we were invited to the house of Mrs. Dr. Myles where we spent the time in singing. A party of twenty young men, members of the F. O. M. W. and Star Social clubs, of Fredericton, arrived at 4 p. m. on the tug, "Eva Johnson." They brought a number of musical instruments with them and gave us a good programme of vocal and instrumental music. We in turn entertained them at tea, after which they started for home.

Monday, July 24.—Sailed at 9 a. m. for Manguerville. Here we visited the interesting farm of Mr. Clark, who raises immense quantities of tomatoes, etc. He also reaps quite a harvest in fish when the spring freshet covers his land, realizing sometimes as much as \$130. A merry game of baseball was indulged in during the afternoon, and the team captained by Mr. DeForest was victorious over that captained by Mr. Good by a score of 16 to 2. Many of the ladies proved themselves to be excellent players, and reminded us of the time when we were boys and girls together in our school days.

Sailed at 4.30 p. m. for Fredericton, where we arrived at 6.15 p. m. Here we were cordially welcomed by friends, and spent a pleasant evening, some calling on friends and others walking about the town. Messrs. W. A. Stewart, S. R. McVey, J. McVey and Dr. Emery, arrived on David Weston and joined our party.

Tuesday, July 25.—We spent the morning viewing the public buildings, and in the afternoon drove to Marysville, in busses, kindly placed at our disposal by the F. O. M. W. and Star Social Clubs. We visited the Methodist church, built by Alex. Gibson, Esq., which is famed for its beauty. On our return to Fredericton we drove to the Government House, which has been unoccupied for three years, and were shown over the grand old building. The room in which the Prince of Wales slept, with its bedstead and other things as he used them, formed an interesting sight. From here we drove to the Tennis Grounds and heard the Infantry School Band discourse sweet music. After driving about town for a short time, we returned to our boat with grateful feelings towards the friends that entertained us so well. Some of the young men attended the meeting of the Fredericton Lodge, Knights of Pythias, in the evening, and were delighted with the way their brothers treated them.

Wednesday, July 26.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m. Stopped at Taylortown for two hours, and at Burton one hour. Arrived at Upper Gagetown at 5 p. m. In the evening we were entertained by Mrs. Coy on the beach in front of her house. A bonfire was lighted and refreshments passed around. A most enjoyable time was spent in singing and chatting around the fire.

Thursday, July 27.—Sailed at 11 a. m., and arrived at Lower Gagetown, 12.30 p. m. In the evening we rowed up Grimrose Canal and Mount's Creek, with a clear sky and a full moon over our heads. Towards midnight some of the more lively spirits made a bonfire on the shore, around which they danced and enjoyed themselves most thoroughly.

Friday, July 28.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m. and arrived at Otabog about noon. Here we spent two hours roaming over the fields gathering berries. We then sailed to J. O. Vanwart's, where we crossed to the opposite side of the river in our row boats and visited the old French fort. The view is very fine from this spot, taking in the river for miles above and below us. From here we sailed to Hampstead, arriving at 7 p. m. The sail up on the right of Spoon Island, with the surface of the water as smooth as glass and reflecting the objects on the shore, was one not soon to be forgotten. Another beautiful sight was enjoyed by those who climbed to the top of a high hill about a quarter of a mile from the wharf. Looking up the river the whole outline of Long Island, which is six or seven miles long, was seen and also the river for miles beyond. Some miles up on the opposite shore we could see the pretty village of Wickham. From our point of view we could not see very far down the river, but a portion of Spoon Island added very much to the beautiful picture. The sun was setting clear and bright, and had only been out of sight half an hour when the moon rose yellow as gold, reflecting the color of the sunset. As this was our last night on the boat we made considerable preparation for a good time. During the early part of the evening quite a programme was carried out, and towards the "wee sma' hours" we adjourned to the shore, built a bonfire, made toast and cocoa, and enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly. Some of the young men anxious to see the sun rise, started about 4 a. m. for the top of the hill before mentioned, and were rewarded by a very pretty sight indeed. The colors in the sky for an hour before the sun rose, and the mist settling down on the river and fields, made a picture charming to look upon.

Saturday, July 29.—The forenoon was spent in packing up our goods and chattels. We sailed at noon, stopped at Westfield for one hour, and arrived in Indian-town at 4.30 p. m.

The weather during the trip was all that could be desired, not one day on which the sun refused to shine, and showers came at seasonable times, and in no way marred our pleasure.

We had two cameras with us and photographs were taken at each stopping place. With a piano and some good singers many pleasant hours were spent, and when tired of singing, dancing enlivened the party.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 5.

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