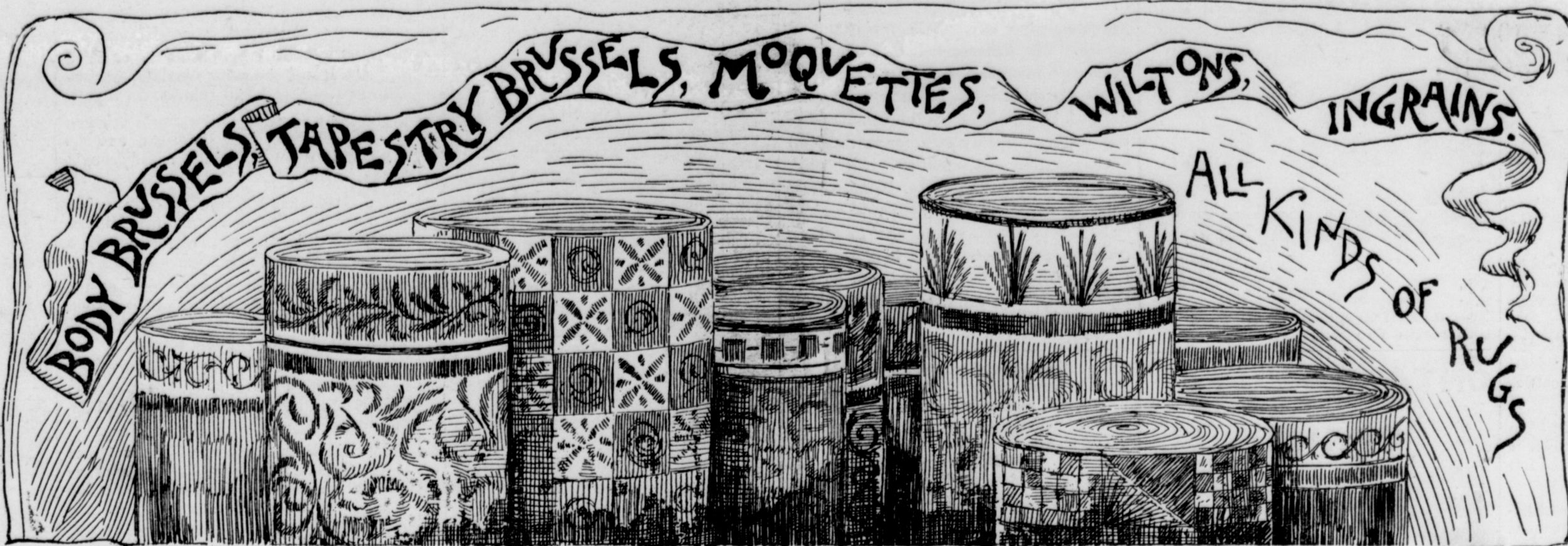


ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

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.

IT IS THE DULL SEASON.

THE WARM WEATHER AND ITS EFFECT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Nothing is going on, but there is plenty of crime and consequently news—Providence People and Their Growing Influence in New England.

Boston, July 17.—What they call the dull season, the dry, dreary, monotonous summer in the cities, is now setting in, in earnest. Yesterday was one of those days when people wilt like flowers touched with frost; when, as one of the papers in referring to yesterday's humidity says, white dresses bright and well starched, grow limp at noon, and are shapeless and clinging, like wet rags at supper time.

It was one of those days which drive people to the seaside and mountains, which make them leave in such a hurry that they forget to lock the doors, and makes it necessary for them to report at police headquarters when they return. Warm weather is conducive to crime.

The reporters say this is the beginning of the dullest period of the year for news, the time when there is "nothing going on" in the city; people generally are not interested in anything in particular, and those who make the news are out of town. The newspaper men at the seaside "own the papers," and the composing rooms are continually short of capital letters—for the run on names, you know.

But news is not dull. The papers are filled with light summer reading, the police are furnishing it, and a constant reader cannot help coming to the conclusion that this is a bad country, surely. Warm weather is conducive to crime and so are hard times. When both come together the police have to hustle. During the last few weeks there has been a veritable reign of terror around the Back Bay. A gang of thieves is keeping up a record of one break a day. They work in the day time too. Watch the houses; know every inch of the ground; wait till a house is empty; then go in and do a good day's work, as they look upon it. The silver question and the tariff do not seem to effect this business in the least.

This state of affairs is not confined to Boston. The climate is much the same all over Massachusetts, and each town and village has been keeping up its end. The result is, most people lock doors and windows or go to sleep with one ear open.

But this is not all. Murders, "mysterious disappearances," forgeries, embezzlements and suicides are all being written to death, and the only variation the people get in the news line is the discussion of warm weather politics.

Governor Russell is going to step down next fall, and nearly every other city and town in the state has a citizen anxious to take his place. Every city booms its man, and candidates for Governor are thicker than society items at a sea-side hotel.

Travel this year, naturally runs in the direction of Chicago. Excursion parties are leaving every day, and now that the railroads are beginning to cut rates, the west-bound throng will grow in numbers. But for all this, the prospects are good for a rush to the provinces.

The beauties of Nova Scotia; its Annapolis valley, and its old English city; its lakes and rivers, fish and fruit are being lauded to the skies, in the advertisements of the steamboat companies, and the thousands of people who have made the trip, are doing even greater work as advertising agents. But it is all Nova Scotia, one seldom hears anything about New Brunswick. The steamers and railways running into New Brunswick, are apparently not as anxious for business as might be expected, and if tourists do happen to strike St. John they must go there by mistake. The agents of the boats running into Yarmouth

and Halifax show activity that cannot fail of effect. They catch all the people looking for new sights and scenes, and have besides, the glowing pen pictures and cuts in their literature, the additional advantage of thousands of people who are ever ready to give a word picture of Nova Scotia, the moment an acquaintance suggests a vacation, or "wonders who will go." The temperature strikes them favorably, and the cool evenings are remembered. So is the chill on the waters of the Bay of Fundy.

I met a man the other day, who said he had never been on a beach in his life in summer time, without going in bathing, except on one occasion. That was when he visited St. John in August a few years ago, and went down to the Bay Shore. The water was too cold.

It has been estimated that there are 500,000 provincials—people from the Maritime Provinces, living in New England, and about 20,000 in Boston alone. How many of these will go "down home" this summer? It's hard to say, but a large majority of them will go, sure. The rest will do an amount of talking which will be equivalent to sending substitutes to swell the throng.

There are enough provincials here to receive recognition as an important factor in the life of the country, and this is becoming recognized more and more every year. There has been very little organization among the provincials, but the last attempt at it seems to be proving a success. Where the people are scattered all over the country it is difficult to get them together, for in Boston, as everywhere else—there are little circles in which people move. The sons and daughters of the Maritime Provinces, however, is a growing society, and the reunion held at West Medway, July 4, the first that had ever been attempted was a success. The branches of the societies in the smaller cities, however, seem to flourish to a greater extent than the society here in Boston, and the number of people who came from a distance was surprising. It was large enough to make the Boston papers realize the importance of giving it space in columns crowded with independence day celebrations, and even illustrate the affair.

Among the members of these societies are many men who have been successful here. And Progress at some future time will tell more about them.

R. G. LARSON.

The Finger of Mercury

Adepts in palmistry assert that the length of the fourth or little finger is the most important sign in the hand. There is no great man—no man who rises in importance in any line of life—without a long and straight little finger. The type of finger, whether spatulate, pointed, or very nearly square, causes the capacity to be directed into very different channels: with the long spatulate little finger success in business will result, while the long pointed one denotes tact and the management of people. This, indeed, is the finger of "wheedle." The old saying "to turn people round your little finger" is, like most old proverbs, the result of continued and close observation, and in the case of the long pointed Mercury—as Ben Jonson, in the "Alchemist," calls the fourth finger—is undoubtedly entirely true.

Taking a Mean Advantage.

A workman was telling one of his friends about the satisfactory manner in which his hens kept him supplied with eggs, when to his surprise his friend informed him that he had fitted up an apparatus with a trap-door in the bottom for his hen to lay in. "The egg drops through the trap-door into a basket of shavings, and then," said he, "when she turns round to examine the egg she has laid she thinks she has made a mistake. She accordingly lays another, and repeats the performance until she is tired. I generally get six eggs a day," he added; "try it—it pays."

MONEY IN NEWSPAPERS.

BITS OF THE HISTORY OF LEADING JOURNALS IN HALIFAX.

What the Old "Recorder" Has Done for the Blackadars—The Story of the "Chronicle" and Its Peculiar Management of Recent Years.

HALIFAX, July 17.—The ups and downs in the newspaper world; its successes and failures; and its vicissitudes generally, are quite in keeping with the record of other industrial and professional careers in the world. The rich or influential newspaper publisher or editor of today may be in a very different position tomorrow or in the course of a short time—and vice versa. The history of two of the leading daily journals in Halifax furnishes interesting reading to those who care at all for an insight into such matters. And most people like to know all they can of a newspaper, of its proprietorship and management.

The events of the past two years in the office of the "Morning Chronicle," and the fortunes that have been made for its proprietors by the Halifax "Acadian Recorder" during the past fifteen or twenty years, is what has suggested this idea.

Twenty years ago, or a little more, the Recorder was a feeble newspaper indeed. It was then fifty years old, but its age was its chief merit. In the face of enterprising competition it was far in the rear in the race for popular favor. Its two proprietors, H. D. Blackadar and C. C. Blackadar, were barely able to make a living, so the latter was appointed Queen's Printer for this province. But the liberal party lost control of power in 1878 and after some years of service, Mr. Blackadar was dismissed from office. Times had changed, and the nature of competition among the evening papers of this city was different. He went back to the Recorder, and the two brothers resumed work with their coats off. The result is that now both men are rich. C. C. Blackadar has just completed the finest residence in the city, charmingly situated on Pleasant street, while H. D. Blackadar, who comes second to his younger brother in wealth, lives in a commodious mansion in the north end. C. C. Blackadar's fortune is variously estimated, but he is worth at least \$200,000. He is a director in the Union Bank, in the Gas company, and in other enterprises, and is a shareholder and investor in a dozen or more profitable undertakings. All that money has been made in a newspaper,—by careful, economic management, and with a field in evening journalism in which in some particulars they had no competition. That is the record of fortunes made in a newspaper in this city. Enterprize is not to be thanked for it, but favoring circumstances, economy amounting to cheese-paring, close supervision of every department of their business, and hard work generally, has won for the Blackadar brothers a fortune each.

The story of the "Morning Chronicle" is entirely different. Its interest now centres in the events of less than the last two years. There is something almost of romance in what has taken place. The paper was started about sixty years ago under the name of "The Nova Scotian"—a weekly. Subsequently Hon. Wm. Annand controlled the journal, and it became a tri-weekly under the name of the "Morning Chronicle." Next it was made a daily. William Annand died, and the paper passed to his son Charles Annand. Now the last named is gone, and the "Chronicle," by his will, passes to the two sons of Charles Annand—F. W. and C. J. Annand. John Dunn is sole executor of the estate. Now comes the narration of the events of interest to those who have been onlookers.

John Dunn was the faithful business manager, and the managing editor during

all the years that elapsed from Hon. W. S. Fielding's entrance into politics down to two years ago, when H. W. Freeman became business manager and Robert McConnell was appointed managing editor. Mr. Dunn began in the "Chronicle" composing room and rose to his final position at the head of affairs. He was thoroughly acquainted with every department of the business and for thirty years as manager practically had its sole control. Charles Annand made money in the "Chronicle" in those years—which he lost and regained more than once by outside speculations. In one of those enterprises he met a young man of twenty-five or so, H. W. Freeman, the son of a dyed-in-the-wool tory of Queens county. The young man himself was a pronounced conservative. But he worked Charles Annand so that in a few months he was appointed manager of the "Chronicle," the leading liberal paper of Nova Scotia. He knew nothing of newspaper work, but nevertheless Mr. John Dunn was superannuated, and given permission to remain in the office, but with really nothing to do besides attending to a little private business. Young Freeman was head man and Dunn was very soon made to feel it. Indeed the former was so domineering and overbearing that the poor old ex-manager found his life in the office anything but comfortable. This was the more galling when Dunn saw the utter ignorance of the newcomer. In a few months their relations were such that the two met as seldom as possible. In the meantime Robert McConnell was employed as managing editor. He had been on the "Moncton Transcript," and for the last five years on the "Montreal Herald."

About a year ago Charles Annand went to England to negotiate the sale of a gold mining property he had developed. He succeeded in this and was reported to have made a large amount by the deal. The news of the deal was closely followed by tidings of Charles Annand's death. Then came the will, and the "Chronicle" and all the property was left to the two sons already mentioned. One of the sons, Fred, was farmer in Grand Pre; the other was doing nothing particularly out west. The romantic part of the will as regards the "Chronicle" was that John Dunn was made executor. So Freeman, who had carried it with so high a hand, was once more the servant of him whom he had slighted as far as he could. John Dunn was re-instated in full control for eighteen months at least. He demanded from Mr. Freeman, as one of his first acts, Charles Annand's papers, etc. One of the documents he so received was a letter addressed to "John Dunn" and marked "to be opened after my death." But it had been before opened by others in whose custody it was, and its contents learned. It provided for a bequest, not mentioned in the will, to be paid to two friends of the deceased in Halifax. It was only a

few months after Mr. Dunn assumed control as executor when Freeman received notice that his services would no longer be required. The young man accordingly left, and ex-manager was once more at the head of affairs.

The "Chronicle" is now in a rather peculiar position as regards its ownership and its staff. Neither of the two sons, who in eight or ten months will take over the property, know the rudiments of the work, and without Dunn at their backs could not run the business department for a week. One of them has gone on a visit to England, and the other to Chicago. Both have large capacities for money-spending. The editorial and reporting departments are both completely in the hands of outsiders. Mr. McConnell, after his six years there, has become a Montreal man. Mr. Taunton, the news editor, also now hails from Montreal. Mr. Bowes, news editor of the evening edition, is a New Brunswicker.

The changes of the past two years in the "Chronicle" office, the ups and downs of those in its control, are just as likely as not to be duplicated within a year or so. Important changes are certain—one of the most likely that of the proprietorship. Who shall own it? It is a good property. It will prove itself such if it continues to stand the spending abilities of the two young proprietors who leave the management entirely to Mr. Dunn.

VERY SUCCESSFUL WORK.

What the Diligent Church Workers Have Done at Springhill Mines.

A Springhill, N.S. correspondent of Progress writes that the Dominion Day celebration was a great success, and more than 2,000 people patronized the grounds, \$550 being added to the Church of England building fund. He adds:

"During this seven years pastorate of our rector, Rev. W. C. Wilson, the church has made great progress. Seven years ago it was sadly usual to assemble in the old church with a congregation of about a dozen but now we crowd the large hall in our Parish House every Sunday evening. Almost all the members of our congregation are poor and none are wealthy, but they give very liberally. During our rector's pastorate the contributions etc. have increased at least 400 per cent. When he took charge there was a debt of \$1,000 on the rectory and some of the congregation advised the sale of it, as it seemed hopeless to attempt the clearance of the debt. What battle God wrought? The debt is paid.

"The Parish House built and opened last year has a reading room well supplied with dailies, weeklies, and magazines. There are rooms for orchestral club, games and smoking, ladies guild, committees, cooking school, Kindergarten, and large hall for Lectures capable of seating 350 persons which is used at present for services. It is well furnished and adapted for its various

ous purposes. It is a centre of activity. The Kindergarten and booking classes are a great success largely owing to the ability and energy of Miss Pugh the Principal.

"The Cottage Hospital will be ready for opening on Nov. 1st. The furnishings will be first class and there will be accommodation for fifteen beds. Almost all the money necessary for the building and furnishing has been raised by the rector amongst his friends. It will be open to all as far as accommodation will allow and it is hoped that our wealthy brethren in the Diocese will give liberally for the endowment of the beds and successful carrying on of this 'good Samaritan' work. Amongst the corporators are the Bishop of the Diocese, Rural Dean Harris, Mr. R. G. Leckie, and A. R. Dicky, M. P.

"The new church is a perfect gem, second to none in the diocese and will be opened and consecrated on All Saints Day, Nov. 1st. We owe a new and beautiful church, parish house, and cottage hospital almost entirely to the exertions of the Rector. We have done what we could for the building up work but that amounts to little, barely enough to build the foundations of our buildings and seat the church. Since the beginning of the year the men have raised \$700 towards the desired 1,000 for the seating and etc. of the church, and the women have raised the desired \$350 for furnishing the chancel, and fittings for electric lights; in addition to current expenses.

"The most important result of our rector's work under the good hand of God is seen in the deepened spiritual life of his people. We have over 100 communicants. With increased numbers and wealth we have grown in the spirit of giving and good works."

How They Squeezed the Banker.

Robert Carrick, one of the wealthiest bankers in Glasgow, was very tight fisted. One day three gentlemen waited upon him, who were collecting subscriptions for a new hospital. He subscribed two guineas, and when the collectors were unable to suppress a remark as to the paucity of the sum, he said:—

"I cannot afford any more."

"The three gentlemen called next on Mr. Milquham, one of the leading manufacturers in the town.

"What is that?" exclaimed the latter. "Carrick is only giving a couple of guineas?"

On being told what Carrick had said, he forthwith took up his cheque-book and wrote out a cheque for £10,000 and sent a clerk to cash it at the bank. Five minutes afterwards the banker called at the manufacturer's, quite out of breath, and exclaimed:—

"What is the matter with you, Milquham?"

"With me? Nothing!" was the reply. "But these gentlemen have just told me you could only afford two guineas for the hospital. 'Halloa!' I thought to myself, 'things are looking fishy at the bank; I must make haste and withdraw my deposit.'"

Carrick asked to see the subscription list again, put down his name for fifty guineas, and Milquham tore up his cheque.