MAKE ST. JOHN LIVELY.

THE SPLENDID ADVICE OF A ST. JOHN MAN IN BOSTON.

"First Impressions Count for Much"—"All the World Admires a Lively City"—Such Are His Texts—How to Keep Young Folks in St. John—Let the Bands Play.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—First impressions count for much.

A few miles out from Boston on the southern division of the Boston and Maine railway, there is a little stone depot on the side of a hill.

The depot is much the same in style as a number of others along the line, but its surroundings are somewhat different.

Once upon a time the hill was as shaggy and unattractive as the hills through which a railroad bed has been cut usually are, and there are any amount of such hills hereabout today. But Winter Hill station, to which I refer, is remarkable. It is a part of Somerville, and perhaps not one in one hundred of the people who pass it daily have ever stopped off there, but they have an idea what people who live at the Winter Hill have nice homes with nice surroundings.

Perhaps they have, but the chances are that they are no better than, if as good as, those of the people who live near a score or more other stations along the line.

It is a case where a first impression counts for much.

Winter Hill station is attractive. On each side of the track a hill rises above the cars, and on one side the little store depot sits, with steps leading up the side of the embankment.

People in the cars cannot see much, but what they can see is pleasing to the eye; it gives them a good opinion of Winter Hill and the people who live there, and several times I have heard friends talking of the beauties of Winter Hill, who when questioned further could not tell whether the top of the hill was a sand bank, a wildwood, a manufacturing district or a summer resort of swelldom.

All they saw when the train stopped was two big hills or embankments rounded off and covered with grass closely cut, green and well kept and watered, one great green bank from the asphalt walk to the top of the hill, with perhaps a few flowers here and there.

It is pretty and attractive, yet simplicity itself, and I don't suppose it costs $50 a year, perhaps not half that amount, to make the depot a beauty spot, but it is a great advertisement for Winter Hill, and I have no doubt, has been the greatest factor in making it a thickly settled residential district.

It is pleasing to the people who live there and take pride in their homes; it strikes the fancy of people who pass in the trains and makes them say, "that is a pretty place in which to live;" people think of it when they decide to move. It pays.

Do you see the point?

It is the little things that tell. It is not always necessary to pass around a subscription paper; to raise thousands of dollars; to do something big; in order to raise the wind.

Thousands of strangers visited St. John last summer. Whether they will go there again all depends upon the impression the city and the people made upon them.

What did St. John do to entertain its visitors? I have been told that it did not entertain them at all; made them walk the streets at night, in fact, and beg private citizens for a place to sleep.

I do not know how true this is, for I also understand that Mr. McCormack, of the Victoria, found accommodations for all who came along—if not at the hotel, at private houses.

However the case may be, I do know that the impression has gone abroad that people who go to St. John have to take chances, and summer tourists on a vacation do not take kindly to sleeping in a public square.

Yet there may be a good deal in the theory advanced by the late Mr. Barnum, that, when the people learn of a place of entertainment where the crowd is so great as to make it uncomfortable, everybody is seized with a desire to go there.

But supposing the theory to be a good one, a great deal will depend on the character of the place. If there is "something going on," something to cause adventure, people sometimes forget discomforts.

What has been going on in St. John?

The invariable reply of people I met while in the city recently, was "nothing." Then young men without exception, followed it up with enquiries about "the chances" in Boston.

They wanted life, and what young man or young woman who ever expects to amount to anything does not? If there is nothing to interest them in their own native town, no life, no activity, nothing but work, work, work, they will never be satisfied.

Supposing again a young man, a clerk in an office or store comes to Boston. He won't have very much more money to spend than he had in St. John. He cannot afford to pay 75 cents or $1 00 every night for a seat at the theatre. He will be as eager for cheap shows as ever he was in St. John.

But he will find something to entertain him. It is not so much the show but the crowds that go to see it. A band concert will attract thousands. Boston common is crowded with people every Sunday afternoon the band plays. The principal attraction advertised at the beaches during the summer, are band concerts and perhaps a singer or two—always a band. Yet the people flock there by thousands. The music gives life to the place, it animates the people. And yet 90 out of every 100 of them would say "I don't care anything for the band."

Remember the crowds that used to fill the walks of the King square, and perhaps walk on the grass, on band night, years ago; for I believe St. John did not have a band concert this summer. Hundreds of people went there simply because it was "some place to go." The people came out and made the town lively; it kept the people active, made them realize that they were living units in the make up of a big city.

Take the Saturday night crowd that walk up and down King street, along Union and Charlotte streets. What brings it out? Not twenty per cent, of the people leaves home with the intention of buying, but a greater percentage sees something it thinks it needs and buys it. The great majority comes out because it expects to find somebody else out, and the average person likes a crowd.

If the streets of St. John were crowded often like they are Saturday evenings, there would not be half so many young people thinking seriously of coming to the United States.

There are as many people in town Mondays as there are Saturdays, but where are they?

I met a St. John man in Boston recently who was down there on the Queen's birthday. He told me that he walked from the north end to the ferry floats in the middle of the forenoon and did not meet half a dozen people.

They were all out of town, you say. No, they weren't.

There are thousands of people in St. John who cannot afford to go out of town one day in the year—not the very, very poor, but people apparently comfortable. The holiday means nothing to them, they worried through the day at home, the young men loafed on the street corners, or perhaps drifted listlessly into a kitchen barroom. There was nothing to stir them up, to put some life into them—to bring all the people together, to make the town lively, worth living in.

How could you do it? Hire a band if nothing else. It wouldn't be necessary to trample the flower beds on the King Square. Start the music on the Market Square.

The people would come out, the town would have some life in it; if a man happened to take a walk over town he would not think he was the only one left of 50,000. I suppose you could get a band to play on the King Square all day for $20. Who is going to pay for it? That's the cursed question.

Now I've merely mentioned a band, because it's the first thing that comes to my mind. Perhaps it will be thought ridiculous, that such a means of putting life into a town should be suggested. It is not ridiculous; the more you think of it the more you realize the necessity of putting some life into the people, of keeping them on the jump, keeping them interested, of keeping them at that point which they sometimes reach when they cheer the old flag in the Mechanics' Institute.

Look out for the young people. They are the ones upon whom the future of the country depends, and it would be very easy to put a little courage into them, to make them believe life in St. John is worth living.

But this will never be done by vetoing everything that promises any excitement. An exhibition may not bring immediate returns, but there's a heap of fun in it; it affords one a chance to spread himself, to show the world that he plays a part, even though many would not suspect it; it gives a man a realization of his own importance and the importance of his business and city, which cannot fail to bring results when this feeling becomes general. It's worth the money spent.

Working along day in, day out, year in, year out in a workshop, an office, meeting the same people, talking on the same subjects, feeling that the great outside world knows nothing of your work,—it's a bad thing, it's monotonous, to both the employe and the employer, if they only knew it, and it would be worth all the money an exhibit would cost,—to say nothing of returns—to make a spread.

An active people are ambitious, they keep money in circulation, they make times good, they consume more, and more has to be produced.

But who should pay for the band? The city should do it, but it would pay the business men to do it. The most successful business men in St. John today are those who take the greatest interest in public affairs. But they take too great an interest in public affairs, in business; they never think of fun, of amusement, and that is why the young men—the boys—get dissatisfied.

The work, work, work policy doesn't pay, and St. John is the worst place I know of to get a day off, if all I ever heard is true. Give the boys a chance to spread themselves, with summer carnivals, election, parades, labor day parades, exhibitions, band concerts, let them keep on the move. They will have some ambition, get out of ruts, see that the city is alive, and in the summer visitors will be loth to leave. When they come home they will advertise you.

All the world admires a lively city.

First impressions count for much.

R. G. LARSEN.

A CITY'S WATER SUPPLY.

HALIFAX INCREASING ITS SERVICE IN THIS RESPECT.

Some Interesting Facts About the Necessity of This and Why it was Necessary—An Expenditure that Will Run Away with the Estimate—The Mill Owners' Claim.

HALIFAX, Oct. 18.—The water supply system of Halifax city is just fifty years old. It was in 1844 that a private company first undertook the business of bringing in the water from a series of lakes five to eight miles west of the city. The private ownership of a franchise so important to citizens was found to be inimical to the city's well being, and a few years afterwards the company's rights and property were purchased by the city corporation. The source has been improved annually since then. But of recent years the supply has been growing poorer and poorer. The cause was not a very much greater increase in population as much as it was the prodigal waste. There has indeed been a considerable extension in the pipes laid, but not sufficient to account for the diminution of water pressure in the city. It was clearly proved that an amount of water was delivered sufficient for a city with double the population of Halifax, and that the cause of all the trouble, the reason why there was an insufficient pressure, was that there was tremendous waste in the city. Antiquated sanitary arrangements, poor plumbing generally, and a constant flow from houses, night and day in winter, to prevent freezing, was responsible for the lack of water for legitimate purposes in the north end of the city, not served by the high pressure pipes. There was a cry from the north end for water. They did not care how they got it or at what cost, but it must be secured. City engineer Keating and city engineer Doane alike held that the remedy was in the hands of citizens themselves. All that was needed to make the supply amply adequate, they clearly showed, was to make the plumbing in the houses what it should be, and without one cent of public taxation the water service of Halifax would become perfectly satisfactory. But citizens, backed up by self-seeking aldermen, refused to entertain this plan of helping themselves, and demanded that the city should remedy the evil for them out of the public purse.

A scheme for a new pipe line from the lakes to the city was agitated. Engineer Doane pronounced against it in most positive language, but north end aldermen and citizens fought for it so persistently that Mr. Doane was induced to go back on his previous opinions, and the project was decided upon by a majority of the city council. It was estimated that $150,000 would be required to carry out the plan, and authority to borrow that amount was obtained from the legislature. The work was begun, dragged slowly along, and now, after two years' it is fairly well advanced, though it is probable next spring's snows will have melted ere the water will be turned on and the cost will run up nearly $50,000 more than estimated. All this outlay because of waste in the houses of the people, which the authorities had not nerve enough to stop. It was easier for them to borrow and sink this city yet deeper in debt.

So much of this business nearly everybody knows about. Here is a phase of it which is not so well known. There are certain mill owners who have claims to rights on the supply lakes. They hold that they control the storage in the Chain lakes, and that all the city has a right to is the power to conduct the waters of Long lake through Chain lake, and thence into the main. There has been constant friction on this point between the city and these mill owners. Engineer Keating, who preceded Mr. Doane, had a scheme to increase the storage capacity of the lakes by building a dam a quarter of a mile east of the terminus of Chain lake and connecting two points of high land. The city council had power to expropriate the land between this proposed dam and the lakes. This land was the property of the mill owners. Engineer Doane, when he made his plans for the new pipe line, and the board of works adopted the location of the dam as selected by Mr. Keating. Everybody understood the dam was to be built at the Keating site, but it is not. One of the first things done after the abolition of the board of works which formerly controlled such things, was for Mayor Keefe and Engineer Doane to change the location of the dam. They decided to place it at the end of the lake, over 1,200 feet further from the city. In this way they avoided the necessity of an immediate arrangement with the mill owners for the land that would have been expropriated and of a settlement of their claims on the water storage in Chain lake. The city postponed that settlement, but they did so at a tremendous cost.

Take a few instances as illustrating this: In the first place the concrete dam that is now being erected is three times as long as the other would have been and costs nearly in proportion. Secondly, a quarter of a mile of new road that was built with a view to the erection of the short dam, represents so much money thrown away. Thirdly, 120 lengths of additional pipe, costing some $12,000, will be required. Fourthly, by the change the city loses an area for water as large as Chocolate lake, with a great pressure. The additional outlay on this Doane-Keefe dam will be between $20,000 and $30,000 on the one hand, and a magnificent water storage area is thrown away on the other.

Besides all this, the mill owners' claims have not been settled; they remain with whatever force they have as strong as ever they were, and there is the possibility of a long, tedious and expensive suit at law to decide who, after all, owns Chain lakes, the mill people or the city. For little more than the extra money that has been spent on the new and longer dam, an immense storage area could have been secured by the city, and an undoubted title obtained to the Chain lakes, now in dispute.

It is an ill wind that blows no good, however, for by the change in dams the people who have supplied cement at the rate of about 25 barrels a day all summer, and those who have furnished other materials in proportion, have had a good thing of it.

WHAT A BUG WILL DO.

A True Barometer of Human Nature—It Will Give Men Away.

There never was a truer proverb written, or a larger amount of solid wisdom condensed into a few words than is contained in the homely saw, "straws show which way the wind blows!"

It is an unimportant little saying, at the first glance, savoring very much of the—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves"—order of wisdom, in mildly advising the human race not to neglect trifles altogether, to give them their due weight occasionally, and pay some heed to their admonitions. But to my mind that saying has a much deeper meaning; and if we only understood it better, and applied the test it suggests more rigidly to those with whom we are brought into contact in our daily lives, it would teach us some valuable lessons.

For example, it would teach us that no indication is too small to guide us in reading the true character of a man, or a woman, if we will only take the trouble to spell out the easy cipher properly. In fact a man's most trifling actions when he is off his guard if rightly interpreted are usually the short cuts to a better understanding of his character, than years of constant association with him when he is on his best behavior, would afford.

That wise old phrenologist and physiognomist, Sarater, laid it down as a distinct rule that the person whose finger nails turned in, and were inclined to fold over the fingers something like the talons of a bird, was bound to possess a cruel nature. I don't think myself that Sarater was by any means infallible, because he also warned his disciples never to trust anyone with hair and eyebrows of a different color; and I have known many estimable people even in my limited experience whose hair and eyebrows were very far indeed from being en suite. I have met charming women with fair hair, dark brown eyebrows, and black lashes whom I could safely have trusted with a secret, and men with red hair, and white finishing touches to their faces, to whom I might have confided my entire fortune with perfect impunity; while the trustworthy person of both sexes, possessing gray hair, and dark brows and lashes, whom I have encountered I could number by the score. Naturally I prefer my own experience to Sarater's.

But I know that the ancient philosopher's conclusions were the result of deep study, that he devoted a lifetime to his researches, and it seems almost a pity that so much time and energy should have been expended in determining the correct indication of a cruel nature, when a simple experiment calling for only the commonest of materials would have given the same result in two minutes, as he took years of careful observation to arrive at.

Given the simple factors of a man, and a bug of any kind, from the stalwart and boisterous June bug, to the gentle harmless lady bug, or the busy little ant, and you have all the requisites. It will not be necessary for the bug to take an active interest in the proceedings at all, his part will be passive, but yet a great deal will depend on the man too, more than he deserves of, because that tiny crawling thing so insignificant in its helplessness will bring out his true nature better than anything else in the world. If he pauses in passing, to plant his foot on it with a vicious scrape so as to insure its being ground to fragments, or if it chances to alight upon his hand, and he instantly smashes the life out of it; he is a good man to avoid! He may be a church deacon, the president of a Y. M. C. A. or even the most pious of clergymen—for I have noticed that christianity fails to influence the truly good in their treatment of the lower creation—and he may stop at the next street corner and take the number of a truckman who is ill treating his horse, with a view of reporting the man and getting him punished, but at the same time the savage lurks just below the surface, in his composition, and his nature is a cruel one, even though his hair and eyebrows should match to the twentieth part of a shade.

But the man who steps aside to avoid crushing the poor worm crawling blindly in his path, who blows the lady bug lightly from his hand, and picks up the spider that drops upon his sleeve, and lands him unhurt in a place of safety—that man has at least the elements that go towards making a noble nature. He may wear a workman's blouse, a beggar's rags, or his regular profession may be that of housebreaking, but yet the milk of human tenderness is in his heart, and I would sooner trust him than his young and respectable brother, who wears broadcloth and fine linen, but yet finds the world too small to afford a breathing space for himself, and the tiny forms of innocent and helpless life that come in his way. There are too many people in God's world who seem to regard all his small creatures as their enemies, and to consider it their special mission to exterminate as many of them as possible, during their sojourn on earth.

I say again that religion seems powerless to temper the cruelty of such people's hearts, towards anything so humble as a insect. They might throw a bare bone to a starving dog, give a crust of bread to a hungry cat, or a soup ticket to a beggar whom they were sure was deserving of charity; but towards every humble form of creeping life they are implacable, and to them a beetle or an ant only means something to be stepped on and killed as soon as possible. Nothing else seems to bring out the true nature of man or woman as cruelty, and I do not think I would make a single exception, for I do not speak without long and careful observation of the subject. Sarater was a great man, and the mere thought of all he knew about phrenology makes my head actually swim; I have a great respect for his judgment, and I am ready to believe that many people who have cruel natures possess convex finger nails; but yet as a true index to the nature of the wearer, give me the humble and unassuming bug.

G. C. S.

Dr. Holmes' Last Poem.

[Read on the occasion of the Authors' Breakfast, Feb. 23rd, 1893.]

Teacher of teachers, yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask.
High up Ionia's marmorous mount,
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the stream below;
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil,
Ploughed deep by thoughts and wearied toil
In learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching pain?

Welcome the author's firmest friends,
Your voice, the surest God's deed, lends,
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands,
Through all the mist of morn.
You knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To fire the years unborn.