

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

VERY HOT IN "THE HUB."

THE COOL PROVINCES ARE THE ATTRACTION.

Too Hot to Listen to Labor Talk, Too Torrid to Worry About the High Price of Beef—St. John Boys Looking Homeward and Longing for a Fuddy Breeze.

Boston, July 2.—The warm, beastly warm, aggravating days of a Boston summer are getting in their finest work, making the people tired, lazy, out-of-sorts, not fit for anything, too warm to become interested in anything in particular, and totally indifferent as to whether school keeps or not.

Fitzgerald's industrial army is back from Washington, sunburned, tired and eloquent, but their eloquence is lost on the people. Where thousands went to hear him last winter not more than a hundred think it worth while to go to Faneuil hall, but there is always a crowd on the common, and a crowd too that shows an interest surprising when one wipes the perspiration off his neck and watches them straining eyes and ears to hear and see the speakers.

They are not the wildly enthusiastic people, however, of the winter, who stood on the snow and cheered the leaders of the unemployed. The home-coming of the industrialists was a tame affair, but the Coxey movement is not dead. Morrison I. Swift says so and he ought to know.

Just now the people who have work are more interested in the price of beef, for today the price jumped two cents on the pound inside of four hours and the meatmen do not know how high it will go if the situation in the west remains unchanged.

It's almost too warm to eat, anyway, and I doubt very much whether the people will worry much. It is the kind of weather that makes the people think of the provinces with their fog banks and icebergs all the year round, and makes the advertisements of the steamboat companies, advising the people to go to the land of the rising sun, stick out like a particularly big hat at one of the summer theatres. Perhaps it is not generally known that Nova Scotia is the land and that Nova Scotia still continues to be the one particular beauty spot of the provinces, according to the advertisements.

I have met a number of St. John people who are beginning to think of home, and whom you may expect to see coming up the floats or running the gauntlet of the cabmen at the Union depot. Mr. Fred Emery is one of them. He used to work in George W. Day's printing office, but is now a member of the firm of Phillips & Emery, who have a large printing office on Pearl street. Mr. Phillips, by the way, is also a St. John man, and years ago worked for Chubb Bros.

Another St. John man who will probably reach home before this letter is Mr. Thomas Foley, at one time in the employ of Thomas R. Jones & Co., but now on the road for the Miller Lock Co., of Philadelphia.

The schools are closed; and what a glorious closing the Boston schools have! The graduates of the Grammar schools, 2,700 of them, girls and boys, looking prettier, brighter, happier than they could possibly look on any other day of the year, filled the big Mechanics' building, marched around to the music of the band, to the delight of proud mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, and were cheered by the pupils who did not graduate, and praised by the members of the school committee, the governor, and a lot of other people worth listening to. Then the governor presented each of the graduates with a bunch of flowers, and made them happier than ever, and the city provided every one of those 2,700 graduates with ice-cream, and made them happier still. Nothing is too good for the school children of Boston; they are the jewels of the people, and when the city council refuses to give the school committee the appropriations it asks for to build new school-houses, and keep away ahead of the times in all branches of the work, the people kick.

And they have reason to kick quite often, for despite the many fine buildings in Boston given over to school purposes the schools are overcrowded. There are schools in stores, in dwelling houses, in all kinds of rented buildings; and although every new building erected is supposed to meet all requirements for a year or two at least, it takes them so long to put up a public building in Boston that before it is finished it becomes several sizes too small.

R. G. LARSEN.

The Landlord Lied.

A resident of Memphis, Tenn., vouches for this story of an election episode down in Mississippi: "Some years ago I was living in a certain Mississippi town. The mayor of the place and myself were boarders in the same house. The mayor was a man who loved his own way, and when election day rolled around a great many people thought that now was a good time to teach his honor that he was not the only man in town. Our landlord of course wanted to be pleasant to his boarder and

profuse in expressions of fealty to his cause. It turned out that the mayor only received one vote for re-election. He came home, where the news of his defeat had proceeded him, naturally somewhat disgruntled and out of sorts. The landlord at once began to offer consolation of the sort that is common on such occasions, telling the mayor that he would live to come again, and at some election in the future would put his enemies to rout and be triumphantly elected. I did all I could for you," concluded the landlord. "I voted for you myself." "You are an infernal liar," roared the irate mayor. "I got only one vote, and I voted for myself."

ST. JOHN'S EARLY DAYS.

Telling How One of Them Was Like Night; and of Mayor McAvity's Leap.

In the last number of PROGRESS there appeared a sketch of St. John, evidently from the pen of an old inhabitant of seventy odd years ago. My attention was caught by the reference to Rev. Dr. Burns. "It was a dark day," says your correspondent, "when I heard him—so dark that there had to be lights in the church. What year was that? I wonder who can tell?"

The date was Sunday, November 7th, 1819. The City Gazette, published the previous Wednesday, contained the following:

INTIMATION.—On the afternoon of Sunday next a sermon will be delivered in the Scotch church, on the subject of "The British and Foreign Bible Society," when a collection will be made for the benefit of the New Brunswick Auxiliary Bible society, lately instituted in this city. Service will commence as usual, at three o'clock.

Your venerable correspondent may have gone to hear this special sermon preached by Dr. Burns, the learned and eloquent divine, whose pulpit reputation is a matter of history. If so, he was disappointed in the subject, for the City Gazette of the following Wednesday announced:

THE SERMON for the Bible society, which should have been preached in the Scotch church on Sunday last, has been postponed till Sunday next, when it will certainly be delivered in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

The same paper refers to the peculiar darkness of Sunday, November 7th, in these words:—

"On Sunday last was the darkest day, throughout, ever remembered in this city by its oldest inhabitants. The morning services of the different places of worship were with difficulty got through; many houses were obliged to light candles at the early hour of 3 p. m., and the appearance of the atmosphere portended some awful visitation, either by hurricane or otherwise, which, however, happily, was not realized, and by degrees the weather assumed its natural aspect."

The conditions of the atmosphere were not merely local, but extended over the province.

In a diary which he kept for many years with remarkable care and fidelity, the Rev. Frederick Dibblee, of Woodstock, N. B., has the following entry under date, Sunday, November 7th, 1819: "Cloudy; a very thick fog. Never knew so dark a day. Had to go to the altar window to perform divine service."

The reference made in Mr. Fenety's article to Thomas McAvity, Esq., mayor of St. John, at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit in 1860, reminds me that I received not very long ago, a letter from Sizar Elliott, Esq., of Melbourne, Australia, a hale old gentleman of fourscore, whose early life was spent in St. John and who is well remembered by our older citizens. In their young days Sizar Elliott and Thomas McAvity were boon companions.

Mr. Elliott had printed in 1866, for private circulation, an interesting sketch of his own life in which are some references to his friend, Thomas McAvity. One of these is here given:

"On one occasion," says Sizar Elliott, "a friend of mine (Thomas McAvity) challenged me to jump from the end of the wharf at low tide. Considering the height of the wharf above water at high tide, the total distance to the water's surface would be nearly forty feet. He dived in head first and did it so beautifully that there was hardly a ripple on the water when he struck it. Poor I could not venture head first but made my leap feet first, and succeeded in striking the water also. I could feel myself suspended in the air, and after having struck the water, thought I should never come up again, although I broke the force of my momentum as much as possible when under the water. I never did such a thing again, nor do I intend to do anything of the kind, unless the 'devil' drives me."

Self-Possessed.

In some circumstances assurance is an excellent quality to have and to hold. Not long ago a young couple entered a railroad car who were immediately put down as a bridal pair. They were remarkably self-possessed, and acted just like old folks, so that the other passengers began to doubt it, after all. As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly: "By Jove, May, I've stolen the groom's overcoat!"

A MYSTERIOUS BUSHMAN.

HOW MR. WILSON MET HIM IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA.

An Oxford Theological Graduate who Cared More for the Derby than the Pulpit—He was Cast off by His Father, and Drifted to Australia.

Australia generally, but more particularly the gold diggings in the early days, was the Mecca of the adventurer, legitimate and doubtful; of the speculator, the reckless and the casual, to say nothing of the ex-convict; but all fortunately out-numbered by the honest bona-fide gold hunter. Meeting such a combination one naturally was induced by motives of curiosity as well as self-protection to cultivate the study of character, though there were puzzles one encountered that would defy the great mind reader Stuart Cumberland to locate. Such was "Politician George"—that was the nickname we gave him. He was an Englishman, but had evidently been a long while in Australia, principally in New South Wales. He was well educated, well-read, a good conversationalist, but reserved, cynical and severe. His knowledge of Australian life, his qualifications as a bushman, familiarity with the colonial character, and his fellowship with that distinctive class the ex-convict, warranted the supposition that he knew more of the inside workings of that body than was desirable. By a daily contact for years with that rougher element he naturally had partaken of their ways and habits, but when an opportunity offered he would assume a character as distinctly opposite as would any Dr. Jekyll. He was familiar with London, with the higher class of English society and particularly so with the parliament of England. Politics was his hobby—anything colonial was beneath his notice. He had the English ministry at his finger-ends, and could give the name of every prime minister and his policy from the days of Pitt down to the present time. The London Times was his authority and text book. It was a paper rare, expensive and only to be had by ordering through news dealers, but he had it. He delighted in argument, and when gathered around a camp-fire with appreciative listeners and an opposition worthy his consideration he then shone to advantage, exhibiting remarkable debating powers, a good knowledge of history as well as a cultivated mind—in striking contrast to the man as he appeared when seen with his accustomed associates. Whilst others were disposed to enlighten the world as to their origin, he on the contrary was as dumb as an oyster regarding his antecedents—not by word or observation could one gain the slightest idea of his history or birthplace, not even his name further than "George."

He lived alone, though he had working companions—no one was ever invited into his tent. Out of curiosity I made an excuse to enter one day. There was an indifference as to comfort, which depended so much upon one's self. In place of a mattress that most diggers had, his stretcher was covered with copies of the London Times—in fact he slept on newspapers; as to books only three were visible, a small Bible, a small edition of Shakespeare and Macaulay's history of England—a fair index of his inner life. Though fond of discussions of an elevating tendency he nevertheless enjoyed a joke and readily adapted himself to the light and frivolous, as if to hide his real character—but withal there was a vein of sadness accompanying his mysterious life. Every night before retiring he would devote half an hour or so to walking. With arms folded across his breast a la Napoleon style he would pace to and fro on a beaten path of his own making. No matter how hard he had worked or tramped during the day, at night it was always the same solitary walk; as a mystery always excites an interest so it did in his case. That he was a college graduate I could readily believe and that he may have been at the time a ticket-of-leave man was quite possible.

It was not an uncommon thing to meet college graduates there doing the most ordinary work. I knew one who was cook for a party of bush road makers. One of these, a handsome young fellow having become reduced in circumstances, was working on the government roads at eight shillings per day. In writing home to his parents he informed them that he had a government situation—for said he "that will be more gratifying to them than if I were to tell them my actual position."

Also another with whom I was intimately acquainted, he having become associated with a mining party in which I was interested. He was more of a curiosity than a mystery, though he did go under an assumed name. No one would have imagined that he was an Oxford graduate of theology, as he was careful to disarm any suspicion of the kind, and whatever trace of an early education that would at times show itself, there was nothing in his mode of life or conversation of a theological nature. He had a name—an assumed one, as I have said—but he was known generally as Bell's Life from his sporting proclivities and his adherence to the principles

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This is a splendid opportunity to purchase a good-wearing Summer Suit much less than the regular price.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

announced by that paper, the standard sporting authority of England. Like Politician George he had a hobby; or, to use an Americanism, he "was gone on one point"—and that was on horse racing; hence Bell's Life was his study—no publication equalled it in importance—to him it was what a manual is to a religious devotee. He was genial, good company, well informed, conversant with English life and the English nobility, but only so far as they were identified with horse racing. If Politician George could give the name of every English Premier during the thirty years previous, he could give the name of every winning horse of the Derby during the same period, as well as the name of the owner, rider and state, of betting. On the arrival of an English mail he was the first at the post-office, but always alone, he the distance five miles he would not allow any one to get his mail; and regularly Bell's Life was forthcoming with the address torn off by which we knew he was sailing under an assumed name. Though not sharing his views on matters pertaining to horse racing he and I were nevertheless fast friends, and shortly before leaving Australia and while passing through a mining district where I had left him a few years before, I made a point of hunting him up and was grieved to find him an inmate of a hospital whither he had gone a short time before. Realizing that we were not likely ever to meet again—and we never did—he became quite communicative, gave me his real name and a short history of his life, which I will try to give in his own words.

"My father is a Church of England clergyman, rector of a parish in one of the Midland Counties of England enjoying still as he did when I was home a good fat living. I was an only son and as a matter of course indulged and spoiled.

My father intended that I should follow in his footsteps, accordingly I was sent to Oxford to study for the ministry. In due time I had graduated, it not with honors, at any rate with satisfaction to those mostly interested. But when the time had arrived that I was to enter upon holy orders I then began to realize my unhappiness for so responsible a calling, for during my college career I had had become imbued with a taste for sporting, particularly horse racing, then so fashionable with a certain class of students at Oxford. My sense of right and my conscience forbade me assuming such a solemn function. The announcement was a great blow to my father—he urged, implored, and threatened disinheritation. I was firm. Truth compelled me to admit that the turf was more congenial to my tastes than the church.

GOOD PAY FOR A SMALL JOB.

A Locksmith's Time Is Valuable, as the Manufacturer Learned.

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths, whose duties consist in opening safes which have gotten out of order. Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe-crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of some important establishment. Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safemaker, requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city. Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair which locked with a key and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened. The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock, while the proprietor with a sickly smile looked on.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"I did take his advice though unintentionally, and did not return again to Australia. I also took his advice to visit Epsom and witnessed a Derby race; lacking his enthusiasm it was to me as much a matter of curiosity as of pleasure. The sight of two hundred thousand temporarily insane people assembled interested me more than race or the twenty-four other horses that failed to reach the winning post as soon as did Lord Lyon the winner."

J. E. WILSON.

"Well, then, here's \$60," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you \$10 extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling anyone the price I've paid to have a man dig dirt out of a key for me."

"Look at Sniggs flirting with the girls over there. I thought you said he was a woman-hater." "Wicks—" "So he is, but the woman he hates is not here."

MOTHERS.

The Great WORM Remedy. The countenance pale; eyes dull and pupil dilated; picking of the nose; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slimy or furred tongue; foul breath generally in the morning; appetite changeable; belly swollen and hard; a gasping or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the navel; the bowels costive or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood; stools slimy; urine turbid; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of teeth; starting up out of sleep; breathing occasionally difficult, generally with hicough; temper changeable, but generally irritable. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS may be depended upon to effect A POSITIVE CURE. Sold by all Druggists. 25c a Box.

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