

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

## DO NOT WANT CHARITY.

WORK IS WHAT THE UNEMPLOYED OF BOSTON ARE AFTER.

Some Peculiar Ways in Which Relief is Granted in the City of Culture—Hard Trials for Women Who Have Had a Pride in Their Life.

Boston, Jan. 23.—Although business men say trade is a little livelier than it has been, there are very few evidences of a change to the casual observer.

The labor unions are passing resolutions nightly, the city relief committee is calling for more funds, the churches and charitable societies are as busy as ever; the agitators who engineered the big meetings of the unemployed in Faneuil hall, are preparing for a mammoth out-door demonstration, and there seems little doubt that the mob of unemployed will make things very lively in Boston.

The agitators and social reformers are making the best of the present crisis, in the way of educating the people. The speeches at all the demonstrations are radically socialistic, and the foreign element cheers the speakers after every sentence.

But the believers in socialism are not confined to the foreigners. In fact, socialism is rife in Boston, and people of all kinds and classes know what it means, while thousands believe in it.

The members of the labor unions are nearly all socialists, 364 days in the year, and Democrats or Republicans the other and most important day. The majority of Boston's intellectual lights are socialists or reformers in the same line, and they talk it from the pulpit and platform. Some of them are two enthusiasts over it in the pulpit, and in the Back Bay districts one congregation at least, dwindled down under its teachings to such an extent that the pastor was forced to resign. His talk was too plain for the congregation.

When William Clarke, of England, was here a short time ago, he created quite a sensation by his lectures on socialism. He was a man of standing in England, an able man, a deep thinker, and a good talker. He was such a man, that the "cultured" set of Boston would have turned out by thousands to hear him, had he lectured on any other subject; but as it was he had good sized audiences of a very different character compared with the mob who listen to the same doctrine in Faneuil hall and stuffy ward rooms.

The result of this is the great cry which goes up daily, "We don't want charity, give us work." At every meeting resolutions are passed calling upon the city, state and national governments to furnish work for the unemployed, and plans are put forward to show how it can be done. Charity is hissed and jeered at, and if the leaders of the meetings had their way it would be taken out of the dictionary.

The city is doing all it can with a relief fund of \$60,000, or so, and some of the methods now in operation are a disgrace to Boston.

Down on Bedford street there is a large room, opened by the relief committee and in which 400 or 500 women are at work every day, earning 80 cents a day making rag mats and a lot of other things which Back Bay people are buying as mementoes of the hard times.

In that big room are hundreds of women, women of all classes, women from the slums, and women who a year ago were living in comfortable circumstances; poor, hardworking, but independent, and who were careful in selecting associates.

They spent all their savings—if they had any—during the first months of the depression; sought for work in vain; were hungry, unable to get food or fuel, at last anxious to get work of any kind. They would not take charity.

What does the city do?

It herds these women up with the raff of the city, put them on exhibition in a big room, which for nearly a week had neither curtain or blind to shield them from the gaze of passers by—made them advertised objects of charity.

When the rooms were first opened thirty women, dressmakers, seamstresses, victims of the times, but with that self respect and pride for which right thinking people honored them—these women were sent down to Bedford street, by the lady superintendent of a christian association.

When they saw the place in which they were asked to work tears came in their eyes. Twenty-six of the thirty returned to their homes.

They preferred to starve rather than suffer such degradation. But they had others depending on them, and before the day was out decided to make another trial. They went again to the superintendent, and that lady received them in a different manner from that of the first call. If they were too proud to work with other poor people, they should go without work she reasoned.

She gave the matter more thought, however, placed herself in their place—for there are women in want in Boston today who were at one time as high in the social scale as the superintendent of any christian

association—her coldness turned to sympathy. The women said they would go there rather than suffer from want, but implored her to try to find something else for them to do. And she did try.

But the women on Bedford street! They are there yet, working three days a week for a miserable \$2.40—supporting families on that.

Some day, times will be better, the Bedford street work room will be no more. Five hundred women will resume the position in life they occupied a year ago.

What then? Some day the girl from the north end or the south cove will meet the self-respecting dressmaker on the street or in a street car. "There's one of the Bedford street girls," she will say.

Everybody in the car will know what that means. Perhaps some of them will have rag mat mementoes at home; and if they did not visit Bedford street to make the purchase and see the objects of their charity they will be curious to see one of them then.

The Bedford street room is a disgrace to the city and many are realizing this fact.

Ministers and others have been urging business men to give employment to all the people they can, but what have the big firms done.

The large dry good stores have discharged hundreds of employees, and nothing has been said about it.

The proprietors give from \$100 to \$1000 to the relief fund and the fact is painted in all the papers in big black letters.

What an amount of material these agitators and social reformers have to work on!

The latest thing in scarf pins is very much alive. Scores of gay young Bostonians, are going about these days with real live lizards crawling all over their neckties. The office boys and elevator boys, in fact all the boys, and the novelty loving young men have them, and stories are going the rounds everywhere of hysterical best girls and old women.

The new scarf pins are chameleons, and look like miniature alligators. They change color about once a minute and live about two hours after anybody buys them. A neat little chain around the neck keeps the chameleon from walking off the neckties, if it happens to live long enough to walk that distance.

The chameleons have caught on, just as everything else catches on that has any novelty about it, for the people want novelties, something to startle their friends. It doesn't matter what it is, or how much it costs.

I saw a fakir on Tremont street today and he was the central figure in a crowd of fifty or sixty people. He had a pack of five or six playing cards, and "by simply blowing on them" he could change the colors as often as he wanted.

After amusing the crowd for five minutes or so he placed the cards in an envelope, pointed to the directions printed on it, then drew two other cards from the bag.

They were transparencies, and before saying anything about them, the fakir felt obliged to ask the ladies in his audience to withdraw. They did so with blushes. Then he harangued the crowd, and his insinuations in regard to the cards were disgusting.

He hadn't finished before a dozen hands were fishing for nickels with which to invest.

The cards were perfectly proper, because the law does not allow fakirs or anybody else to sell improper ones, and the fakir knew it.

The crowd wanted novelty, and it got it—"in the neck," as the boys say.

A recent report says there are 44 New Brunswickers, 57 Nova Scotians, and 19 P. E. Islanders at Harvard college.

Mr. Montague Chamberlain, a former St. John man, is mentioned among the candidates for the secretaryship of Harvard.

R. G. LARSEN.

Funerals and Fireworks.

A Chinese funeral never proceeds straight from the house of mourning to the graveyard. The devil is always on the lookout for funerals, and follows them to seize upon the soul of the dead man, so, in order to outwit the evil one, the bearers take up the body, start with it on a brisk trot, while packs of firecrackers and pyrotechnics emitting a dense smoke and vile smell are set off just as the procession starts.

Having thus deceived Old Nick as to the direction taken by the bearers, they run as fast as they can with the body, then suddenly turn a corner and stop while more fire works are burned. The devil cannot turn a corner easily, and so if really in pursuit, he shoots on by, and by means of a good deal of sudden turning and stoppings and a lavish expenditure of fireworks, the funeral procession generally gets to the grave in safety, while the Old Boy, confused by their movements and half suffocated by the fireworks, is still wandering about in the city. The Chinaman who dies in the country is not in such good luck, for there is less chance to outwit the enemy, but by many detours it can very often be done.

## MONTREAL IN A WHIRL.

CIVIC POLITICS AND HOW THEY EXCITE THE CITIZENS.

The Race Cry With Jimmie McShane and His Opponent—Lots of Fun in The Fight for Aldermanic Seats—The Way Certain Wires are Pulled.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21.—As I write, candidates for the mayoralty and aldermanic seats are preparing their nomination papers, as tomorrow is the day fixed for filing these important documents. Until tomorrow has passed we shall not know who are in the field for aldermen, but all the gentlemen who aspire to the mayoralty are up.

Hon. James McShane took the field early and has "stayed with it" and proposes to see the contest through. He claims that he was counted out last election, and there are people who agree with him, but I have heard no particulars. He claims that the French Canadians are with him in masses, that he will get the Protestant vote, and that the Irish Catholics will poll for him to a man. If the people's Jimmie gets all this body of support—or over half of it—he will be elected. There is not a single newspaper supporting him; nor was there last year when he came very near being elected; and yet he is as confident of victory as if he was already elected. There is no disputing the fact that he is a hard man to beat. His opponent is Mr. Villeneuve, M. P. P., and in his behalf the race cry is being raised, it being claimed that it is the turn of a French-Canadian, although the outgoing mayor is French. If it is anybody's "turn" in particular it is the turn of an English protestant, Mr. McShane having been mayor in 1891 and 1892 and Mr. Desjardins in 1893; but on the ground that he was defrauded of his election last year Mr. McShane is again to the front, with a large body of sympathizers among French, Irish and English; and those who are opposed to him admit that only a French-Canadian thoroughly backed by the French-Canadian vote can beat him.

It is rather an interesting struggle and the attitude of the press towards the candidates makes it still more interesting. The conservative Gazette has consistently and persistently opposed "Jimmie"—now and always—under all circumstances and regardless of consequences. The Herald, although liberal in politics as "Jimmie" is, also opposes him. The Star opposes him, although "Jimmie" has fought the boodlers as vigorously as the Star itself. The Witness does not favor him, although it is also down on Villeneuve, who has made a fortune in whiskey, and it thinks that though "Jimmie" has the support of the liquor men he may be the least harmful of the two candidates. For the Witness there is practically only Hobson's choice: and the temperance electors will be puzzled as to how to vote. It is understood that Villeneuve has a "bar" and that it will be on tap. This is what the ward heeled want. Villeneuve's money will fly, whether he gets there or not. Meantime "Jimmie" walks the streets asking everybody if they have heard of any one who is going to vote against him; and he is generally told that no such person had yet been discovered. All the same his enemies will down him if they can. That McShane is a good hearted man, true to his friends, liberal in his treatment of all classes, is generally admitted; and many a ballot will go into the boxes from people to whom he has done a good turn. It is not safe to predict the outcome, and it is too soon to bet.

As regards the aldermanic contests, there are lots of fun. Candidates appear and disappear with amazing suddenness at least in the press. The Star and Witness have made a dead hit on Alderman Clendinning, the proprietor of a great iron foundry here, who is credited with the possession of any amount of brains but having weaknesses which more than offset his acknowledged ability. The plainness of speech in which the newspapers indulge when speaking of him is something awful. At this present writing they predict his withdrawal. In this same ward Mr. Peter Lvall is a candidate, and the vocabulary has been exhausted in describing Mr. Lvall's uprightness, his vast integrity, his eminent fitness for the aldermanic position, when, suddenly a correspondent of the Witness asks why this ward should elect a man who belongs to a Free Thought Club and is a director of the Sunday Morning News! This is enough for electors who read the Witness. In another ward Mr. E. Goff Penny is up for election. The Star has been booming him at a great rate; and to judge from what one reads in the evening papers the city is to be saved by E. Goff Penny; but when the president of the board of trade, W. W. Ogilvie, a gentleman who knows Montreal and its people very intimately, is interviewed as to his opinion of the eminent qualifications of Mr. Penny for the position, he asks: "Who is Mr. Penny? I don't know the man."

The Volunteer Electoral League is tak-

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ing an active part in the aldermanic contests but is confining its efforts to two or three English speaking wards. It has worked up a considerable amount of interest in the fight and has done good work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists. It has probably come too late on the field to make much impression this year, but the man leading it is earnest and are moving in a business-like way which promises well for the future. Of course, they are opposed to every ward or the "old hands" who "know the ward" and are up to all the tricks of the trade. The real estate association is also taking a hand in, and a Citizens' League was heard from until it nominated for mayor its own president, Mr. Duhamel, who was obliged to decline the proffered honor; and then the league subsided. It is safe to say that the leading aldermen—the real old, able stagers—who lay the plans for putting through the city council the most obnoxious measures of one kind and another, will nearly all get back. Fearing that they may, by some unforeseen accident, fail of a re-election, they are devoting the last days of the council to efforts to force through several schemes which are suspected of containing boodles; but it is thought they cannot succeed.

I may add that the reduction by the legislature of the ward representation to two members, instead of three as formerly, is leading to some coolness among aldermen representing the same ward who had been fast friends and co-partners in municipal iniquity. The honest men among us consider this a point gained, as it may lead to the exclusion of some members who are said to have profited by their position. They tell of one alderman who has made \$60,000 by civic politics, or rather by their abuse; and he wasn't much of an alderman either. This was in hard cash. Others are said to have profited largely in other ways,—by speculating in land, helping in expropriations, selling material to corporations, etc., etc. If the newspapers and many of the citizens are to be believed, the city council is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah were, since it does not contain a single righteous man. And yet, I can count up a dozen members at least, whom no one will venture to name and say "there's a boodler."

It is a great question whether this lumping of alderman for indiscriminate abuse does not do as much harm as the boodling element itself, since it deters really honest and conscientious men from presenting themselves for election.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

Many Past Seventy Yet Still Rolling With the Power of Youth.

The Almanach de Gotha for 1894 has buried in its numerous finely printed pages some interesting facts as to the ages of European sovereigns. The oldest of all is the Pope, who is in his 84th year. Next comes the Grand Duke of little Luxemburg who is 76. The king of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar are 75; Queen Victoria and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 74. There are six other sovereigns who are older than 70; eleven who are between 60 and 70, and five who are between 50 and 60. Eleven are between 40 and 50, two between 30 and 40, and two more between 20 and 30. The youngest three sovereigns are King Alexander of Servia, 17; Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, 13, and King Alfonso XIII of Spain, 7 1/2.

Queen Victoria has had the longest reign—56 1/2 years. Emperor Franz Josef has reigned 45 years; the Grand Duke of Baden, 41 years; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and of Saxe-Altenburg, 40 years each. Fourteen of the sovereigns of Europe have reigned fewer than ten years. During 1893 three new sovereigns ascended the throne. They are Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince Frederick of Waldeck, and Duke Alfred of Coburg, better known as the Duke of Edinburgh.

Which Accounted For It.

Mamma—Aren't you home from school earlier than usual today?  
Bobby—Yes, mamma, I wasn't kept in today.



### PLACE A CAKE

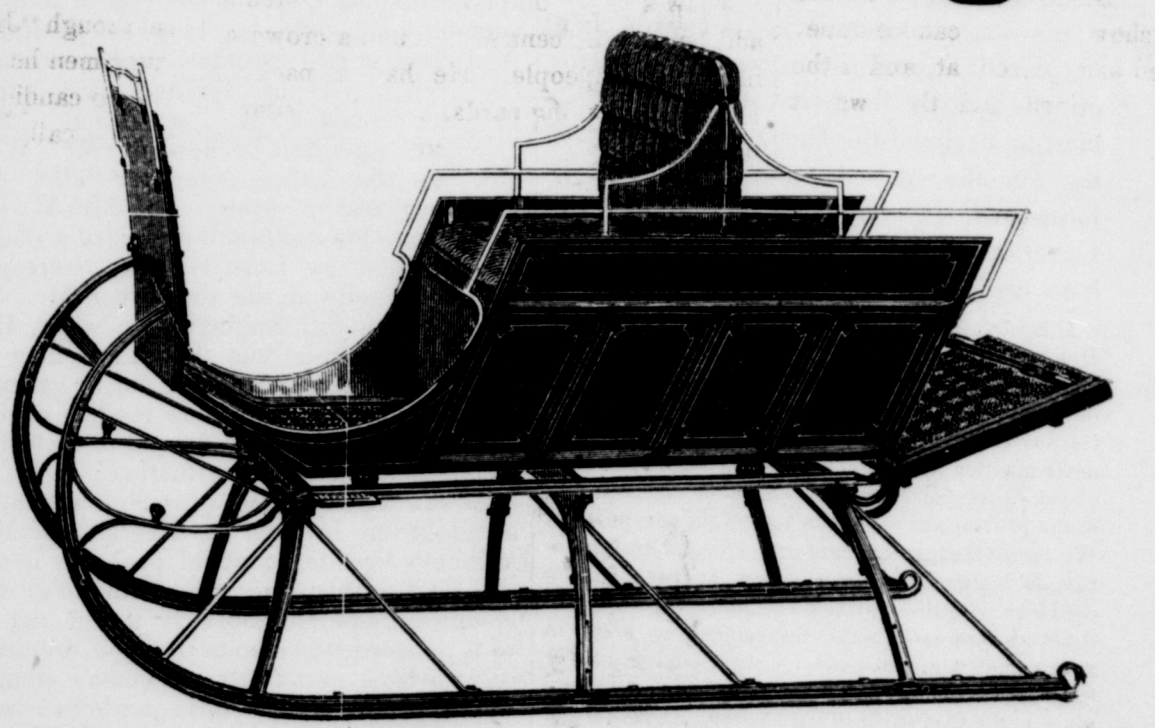
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