

**TRYING TO RUN BOSTON.**

**HOW THE A. P. A. TAKES A PART IN THE BAY STATE POLITICS.**

The Position of the Republican Party in the Elections—Massachusetts Courts and Judges—The Line Drawn as to the Clothing to be Worn in Court.

Boston, Oct. 9.—It is generally supposed here that what is known as the American Protective Association, or the A. P. A., is composed almost entirely of provincialists. This association is anti-catholic, with the little red school house as its badge, and just at present it is up to its neck in politics. Its influence was feared a week or more ago, and it is the subject of much concern to the politicians today, but at the recent republican convention when the organization showed its hand in opposition to the regular republican candidate, the hand was surprisingly small.

Yet for all that the republicans did not repudiate the dissenters, and as a result the political situation is pretty well mixed up. The new organization has a large following, it has a daily paper which claims to have a large circulation, and it has been most persistent in its efforts to control the republican party. It will be a long time, however, before it is able to do it, and it is generally predicted that the movement will fall flat before the object of its leaders is attained.

The democrats have repudiated the organization and have been sailing into it and its religious intolerance in the most aggressive manner. In this and other ways the A. P. A. has received recognition, and whereas it was not considered worthy of attention a year or more ago its influence is now taken into consideration by politicians when they are making estimates or plans for the campaign.

This new element will have the effect of splitting up the parties considerably on election day. There are hundreds of republicans who cannot stand the narrowness and religious fanaticism of the A. P. A. and the party managers are doing considerable straddling to keep these in line.

With the new party, name is everything. For instance, the greatest fight of the campaign so far was over the nomination of sheriff. The A. P. A. element had a candidate in opposition to a man who had held the office for years and has been on both the republican and democratic tickets every time. He is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of his office and about whom there has never been a word of complaint; something very unusual in the case of a public man. But his name happened to be O'Brien, and that settled it so far as the new element was concerned.

He carried the convention, however, although the fight was a hot one and some of the speeches were of a most pointed character. In fact the man who seconded the nomination of O'Brien's opponent was so rabid and bitter in his remarks that even the A. P. A.'s had to repudiate him, and the newspapers could not print much of his speech because of a fear of libel suits.

This is the way things are going all along the line. There are petty fights of a like nature in many outside places, and in the different wards of the city, all of which have a tendency to make things interesting and cause considerable doubt as to the outcome on election day.

The result of the republican state convention showed that the A. P. A., is not as powerful as many thought it to be. Their nominee for governor, Elijah Morse of Rising Sun stove polish fame only received 391 votes out of 1762.

This was somewhat of a set back, and one of the most remarkable things about the whole affair was the statement of Mr. Morse to the effect that he did not know he was going to be nominated. This, however is characteristic of the new party. Few of its members will acknowledge their membership. Although Mr. Morse has been a big card at all the A. P. A. meetings he claims that he is not a member of the association, and while he seems half ashamed to be identified with it, he still comes to the front on all occasions as the exponent of that particular kind of patriotism peculiar to the organization.

Boston is a queer town. Within a week or so the courts have decided that the fight or passage at arms between Joe Wolcott and Dick O'Brien, as a result of which the latter was a sorry sight, was not a prize fight, and as a result boxing contests, so called, will be held as usual. It has also been decided that the kouta-kouta dance of the World's Fair midway is not indecent, so long as young woman find this a way of making their living. But the German band must go.

The courts have nothing to do with the German band, but the police commissioners have, and this board has decided that the noise made by the German street musicians is not music. German bands have been very numerous in Boston of late, and many of these alleged musicians have found their profession so profitable that they have made Boston their home, and go about their business day after day over their different routes much the same as peddlers do. Now they must go elsewhere. So far all other street musicians can go the rounds as usual, provided, of course they do not make too much noise.

Talking about the courts calls to mind the great difference between the halls of

justice of this country and Canada. I noticed a paragraph in one of the St. John papers some time ago about a lawyer who was not allowed to go on with his case because he had a light suit of clothes under his gown. A few days ago a man went to the United States court here to be naturalized was sent home to dress in his Sunday best before the judge would have anything to do with him. But as a rule they are not so particular here. The lawyers do not wear gowns even in high courts. Neither do the judges, but they manage to put up a dignified front just the same. As regards to the people who come before the court, however, dress seldom cuts any figure.

In regard to naturalization, the mill has been pretty busy of late for the elections are on in dead earnest, and the politicians are looking out for the interests of their respective parties.

Many of those who go to take out their papers want to spend as little time over it as possible and get back to work again. It is this class which has aroused the ire of the judge. Butchers from Faneuil hall and Quincy markets appeared in court with their aprons on, and laborers on the streets went in just as they left the gutter, and perhaps left their picks and shovels standing just outside the court room door. They just simply made their appearance in court an incident of the day. The judge, however thought it a more serious matter, and threatened to hold some of the applicants for contempt of court.

R. G. LARSEN.

**MARTIN COMES TO TOWN.**

The Editor of Butler's Journal Gets a Pass and Sees the Exhibition.

The current number of Butler's Journal tells of the pleasure enjoyed by the editor on his visit to St. John and gives some particulars of his trip across the bay to Nova Scotia. We have room but for one or two extracts.

Gets a Pass and Starts.

Through the courtesies extended to the press throughout the Dominion I have been in the habit once a year of taking a pleasure trip to different parts of the country, and last month made up my mind to take a trip to Montreal on the pressing invitation of my good friend T. B. Warren to visit him at his home at that place, but the C. P. R. proving relentless and the I. C. R. filling me at the last moment, (although I had been kindly tendered a pass by the R. Chibouctou & Ontario Navigation Co., from Quebec to Montreal and return) I thought myself of my friends in St. John and applied to the manager of the famous Star Line with the result that in due time I had the satisfaction to receive the coveted document which entitled me to a trip to St. John and return.

So on Monday morning I got up bright and early, got breakfast and my wife putting me up a lunch I started for the wharf, where I waited until the steamer's time for starting, which was sharp eight, and getting on board the plunks were hauled in, the famous old David Weston swung around the stern of the Dominion dredge and headed down river, passing many a familiar island and country side and making excellent speed.

Welcome by the Press.

Reaching St. John, Martin visited the exhibition and saw the sights. He continues: "What struck me the most was the courteous, unselfish and whole-hearted welcome extended to us by the newspaper fraternity, by the editors, staffs and hands of The Record, Progress, Telegraph, Sun and Globe."

Trust in Humanity Restored.

We shall never forget it—their exceptional kindness has sunk deep into our heart and did much to restore our confidence in ourselves, which was badly shattered by the release of the C. P. R. and I. C. R. of the usual courtesies.

At the Press Room in the Exhibition Building we do not put it too strong when we say we were lionized not only by the St. John scribes but by the country editors who were there in a body. But enough, we left with overflowing heart, a sense of thankfulness and a firmer faith in our fellow men; and the memories of this, the pleasantest trip we have ever made, will long serve to brighten our life. And if we never meet again, we can go our separate ways with the knowledge that the day has not been lost that has brought together in equality, brotherly love and sweet companionship, human hearts which should ever beat in unison, and softened the asperities, cavils and daily struggles of this unsympathetic and work-a-day world.

His Cynicism Vanishes.

I must not neglect to bear witness to the cordial welcome given me by the editors and staffs of the Annapolis Spectator and Digby Courier. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I might add that the courtesy, respect and even distinguished attention shown to me all along the trip both in St. John and Nova Scotia has gone far to knocking completely out of my brain the few remnants of that cynicism, skepticism and distrust in God and man that descended as a legacy to me from years of ill treatment and neglect in the old dark days, gone, I hope, never to return.

Concluding Peroration.

In due time we arrive at St. John after a stormy voyage, where I go to my hotel, and on the next day, (Friday,) take in the exhibition, which space forbids me to describe if I had the ability. The trip up in the David Weston next day was pleasant and agreeable and I reached home at 4 o'clock after one of pleasantest outings, never having been for a moment homesick during the whole time. I can only add in connection that the memory of the courtesies shown me by the Star Line, the officials of the Monticello and the Press and people of St. John and Nova Scotia, has struck a note of harmony in my soul that will go sounding down the ages until the it is picked up by angel harps and makes one unceasing sound in the glorious "70 BR."

Advice to the Boys.  
We would warn the boys that fit the

don't stop shouting out names at us on the public streets we will have them looked after. It is getting rather monotonous and we feel that we have stood it long enough. The little ones who have no better sense, the little ones don't teach them some one else will and the big ones will be summarily dealt with as we have a list of their names ready to hand in to the Police Magistrate on their very next offence. So, boys, be on your guard as we mean it.

**PRESERVED SULTAN.**

How the Remains of a Dead East Indian Were Cared for in London

In a white-draped mortuary at the back of No. 38 Koppel street, Russell square, is a quiet looking early Victorian red-brick house of exactly similar appearance to hundreds of other houses in red-brick rows in Bloomsbury, the body of his late Highness, the Sultan of Johore, is lying embalmed in semi-state. The house is that of Dr. Chas. Bayl, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Commander de St. Gregoire-les-Grande, a French scientist who has made a special study of the art of embalming. When you enter at the street door the faint scent of heavy perfume strikes you and grows less faint as you walk along the hall. Then a door is opened; you notice that it is painted in the prevailing Bloomsbury tint on the outside and hung with white cloth on the inside. As you walk down white-carpeted stairs into a chamber built out at the back of the house where once was a garden, the heavy perfume comes at you heavier and more powerful, and separates itself into several distinct and conflicting scents. Before you, hiding something behind it, is a screen, all white, standing in a room of which the walls and ceilings are covered with white and the floor is carpeted with white, seen in a white, soft, subdued light coming from a skylight voided with white cloth. The screen hides everything in the room but its ghostly self, and high upon the white hangings of the opposite wall, the crescent and star of the East in dull red that throbs itself out from the white like a moaning in the night.

The dim whiteness of the room, the heavy perfumes, the somber touch of red tints as plainly what it is that lies behind the screen as could black velvet and silver, burning tapers, and the damp scent of dying flowers. In the middle of the room on a low trestle bed, white draped, the dead Sultan lies, to all appearances calmly and peacefully asleep. Dr. Bayle's balsams have changed death into sleep, and he lies with his gray mustache and wavy hair and his black arched eyebrows, his handsome, soldierly, dusky features smoothed and softened, and with his eyelids lightly closed in the calm and perfect repose which easy slumber brings to the face of the man of the world. He looks exactly as one who knew anything of the Sultan would expect him to look in sleep.

On his breast there lies a bound manuscript copy of the Koran, and under it, placed there by the priest in accordance with some custom or belief, a pair of scissors. On the white floor beside the bed are the large paper bags of perfume—one of rosemary, one of patchouli and the other of rose leaves. The rosemary is for remembrance as well as for pungent odor, and, perhaps, besides their strong perfumes, the patchouli and dried crumpled rose leaves may have their meanings. The wonderful triumph over decay has been effected by Dr. Bayle's system of arterial injection.

But not that system only has been carried out. In the Oriental system of embalming the body is eviscerated and the organs removed and purified. In the old days they knew no other way, and what they did in the old days is, according to Eastern ideas, the only decorous thing today. So the doctor has taken out the internal organs, washed and cleansed them, applied his preservative treatment to them separately, and then replaced them in their proper positions. But that was only to satisfy the ideas of the Sultan's court as to what was right and in order. Still it was not necessary; it was not scientific, Dr. Bayle says.

Four pints of the preservative fluid, of which he holds the secret, forced through the arteries by air pressure would have sufficed. "You see," he says, "the body is already beginning to dry; the hand becomes to be a piece like of wood; the foot is the same; the face I treat in a different way, so as to give it the appearance of softness; but you shall see that ear; it is already like a piece of leather." The ear looks warm and soft and natural enough, but when you touch it it is set stiff and hard. The legs are bound tightly around with strips of cloth, and another goes under each instep, keeping the feet in position.

In a day or two the binding will be varnished, and then all will be ready for the sleeping Sultan to be put in his coffin with the rosemary and the patchouli and rose leaves on top of him.

"And those bandages are not removed when the embalming is complete?" the visitor asked. "Those bandages," said the doctor, "shall be removed never." Never is a long time.

The Sultan—his full name was Tunkoo Abubik bin Ibrahim, known as Abu Bakar, Sultan of Johore, or more correctly the Tumongong—died officially on Tuesday the 4th of June, 1895. That was the day on which his ministers and court, hav-

ing in the meantime, no doubt, taken the necessary precautions as to affairs in Johore, finally abandoned all hope of his being alive. On that same day the body was taken to Dr. Bayle, and there were then present indications that his death had taken place quite a week earlier. The embalmed body will remain where it is for two months longer, and then the Sultan will go back to Johore to be buried in the tomb of his fathers.—Pall Mail Gazette.

**Don'ts for Young Men.**

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.
2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.
3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.
4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.
5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to your master. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.
6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.
7. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strive to make money, suddenly, argly and without working for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and safest way. Greediness and haste are the two devils that destroy thousands every year.
8. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

**Ice Tombs in the Alps.**

A skeleton has been found in one of the fissures of the Ademello glacier, in the Southern Tyrol, which is thought to be that of an American tourist of the name of Rath, who disappeared in 1890. These fissures cleave glaciers at all angles, and it is very easy to slip into one of them. When once in it is hardly possible to get out without outside help. And the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by his own weight into the depths of the glacier, and generally stays to death. On looking into these fissures the most beautiful play of light in blue and green and rainbow colors is seen away down. But these are best enjoyed from the safe vantage ground of the upper, outside world, rather than down in the depths and close at hand. In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.—Hartford Times.

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