

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

## HE CONTROLS THE TRADE.

NICOLAI PEZETTA IS QUITE A WARY FINANCIER.

The People he Imports to Play in the City and His Receipts from Brother Professionals—Some of the Attractions he has Brought to St. John.

Nicolai Pezetta is an Italian who is well known or should be well known to most of the residents of St. John. He first made his appearance here four years ago selling candy on the street corners. Nicolai is a money maker and his den at Lower Cove is a repository of all sorts of curios in the way of making a living on the streets. He does not sell candy now, he hires men to do that for him. He has under control, and draws revenue from all the street fakirs, that may be seen here of his nationality.

One of his latest was a woman weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, short and stout, built to withstand an avalanche. She carried a small organette, and took three, sometimes four, borrowed children with her and Nicolai got five out of every twenty cents she gathered. He says she did well till the children refused to go with her round the streets because she beat them. She was a good worker, however, and his share of some days, especially Saturdays, was one dollar and a half. She often brought in five dollars and the children got from five to ten cents each as they begged, better or worse.

Of hand organ men he had eight this year working in different parts of the province. Some hired their organ, from him at forty cents a day; others were hired at twenty-five cents a day. When the latter come in at night, every pocket and part of their clothing, where they can hide a cent is searched.

Nicolai says not much is made by hiring the organ men as they steal all the profits unless they are watched all the time. He says that when they are playing round the town he steals a march on them, and they have to disgorge because they have no time to hide it. But "I have made made mouch out of them last summer," he says.

The best paying men he had, so he tells, were the two that played the town in the spring with two performing monkeys. They made money fast and Nicolai several nights pocketed five dollars for his share of the receipts when he was under practically no outlay. They used his loft to sleep on and cooked upon his stove and their little luggage was in his care while they strolled round the streets; that was all, yet in the fortnight they were here he took in eighteen dollars as his share of the proceeds.

Another good paying concern was the harper who had his singing wife with him, she played the city and Carleton for four weeks. Her violin playing was good, and she was a good singer for a street musician and they made money fast. They also used his store and loft and turned him in nearly four dollars a day while they were in the city.

She did not always travel with the same man; sometimes she had another violin player with her, but she preferred to have a harp accompanist so she always continued to have a harp with her.

"I have had times with de ferryboat," Nicolai said.

On being asked the reason he replied to the effect that he could not get a man with an organ on his back through the turnstile and they won't open the gates for him without asking the price charged for a horse.

It was learned from Nicolai that all the Italian street players are united together in a sort of fraternal society. Montreal appears to be the head centre for Canada. S. rollers from the States invariably drift to Montreal where they are booked and sent out to the smaller towns and care is taken that too many of a kind will not get in a city together. During the summer when these people are on the move Nicolai is in constant communication with the Montreal people, and he orders here just the specialties he thinks will play best; he often has to advance the price of a ticket or to assure the Montreal house that it will be returned if they advance it. Sometimes he is caught and loses money, but the fakirs know that if they deceive him they will be refused a place to sleep in the next town and will not be able to get work and may be arrested, though as a rule they all keep clear of the police court.

"What do they do in the winter?" he was asked. He replied that they go away down south and those who can play any instrument seek work in music halls and restaurants, while the candy makers and other artists go along some how. There is no money in fairs—candy pays well and so does peanuts but there is more money in the monkeys. They draw the crowds and the crowds pay to see them act.

St. John will be crowded with monkeys in summer if Nicolai lives.

Long Minutes.

Explorers of the canons of the West may have daily adventures, if they will. Colonel J. W. Powell records a good number of

his own. One, brief, but long enough, is thus described:

In my anxiety to reach a point where I could see the roaring cataract below, I went too far out upon the wall, and could neither advance nor retreat. I stood with one foot on a little projecting rock, and clung with my hand fixed in a little crevice.

Finding myself caught suspended four hundred feet above the river, into which I must fall if my footing fails, I call for help. The men come and pass me a line, but I cannot let go of the rock long enough to take hold of it. Then they bring two or three of the largest oars.

All this takes time which seems very precious to me; but at last they arrive. The blade of one of the oars is pushed into a little crevice in the rock beyond me in such a manner that the men can hold me pressed against the wall. Then another is fixed in such a way that I can step on it; and thus I am extricated.

## HE RULES WITH AN IRON ROD.

Bishop Courtney is More Feared Than Loved by the People.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—The recent visit of Rev. Dr. Partridge of Fredericton to this city recalls a little bit of ecclesiastical history. It is that on the death of the late lamented Bishop Binney the church of England in Nova Scotia was in search of a man who could suitably fill the position of head of the church in this diocese, and that there were those who spoke of Dr. Partridge in this connection. He was then a minister in Halifax and a man, they said, thoroughly acquainted with the people, their needs and their dispositions. But the church turned to other quarters than homes for the man who was to rule over them.

First they tried to obtain Rev. Dr. Edgehill, a former garrison chaplain, but he was not available or would not accept. Then they cast the mantle on Bishop Perry of Iowa. He too, would not allow it to rest on his shoulders and refused the offer of the bishopric that was made to him. Still refusing to take a man from among themselves the synod continued the search abroad and at last they called Rev. Dr. Courtney, of St. Paul's Church Boston. He accepted, and in due time was made a bishop.

Bishop Courtney is a man of great ability, but the experience of these years, a prominent churchman remarked to Progress the other day, has been in the words of a well known Halifax politician, a bitter disappointment.

"Dr. Courtney," this clergyman went on to say, "was not acquainted with our peculiar conditions. He is a man of wonderful ability, and in my opinion the most powerful and polished preacher to whom Halifax congregations, in all these years, have had the privilege of listening. He possesses great intellectual power but he sadly lacks what is almost equally essential in a bishop—kindly sympathy. His lordship has not enough of the milk of human kindness. The ministers of the church are ruled by Bishop Courtney not with love, but with a rod of iron. Success is his instrument of punishment for those who deserve a reprimand, or who fall under his displeasure."

"That is a rather strange statement," remarked Progress.

"It is not stranger than the facts. Anyone who was present at the last meeting could not fail to see the bishop's remarkable method of ruling his people. His sarcastic and often cruel remarks, his speech about soiled and untidy surplices and clothing worn by the clergy, did the church far more harm than good. It was in fact a blow from which the church will not soon recover. Biting sarcasm and unfeeling comment are too often the weapons his lordship uses, not merely in the synod but out of it. Then he has absolutely no administrative ability."

"The result is apparent," continued this outspoken clergyman. "The church of England in Nova Scotia is not growing as it should. Its membership is not flourishing, and its funds are languishing. A most conspicuous instance of the evil from the bishops policy, or lack of policy, is evidenced in the matter of his own salary. The church is a couple of thousand of dollars in arrears to his lordship. The people either cannot or will not pay the assessments they are called upon to pay and the spectacle is presented to the province with a very large amount, more than the church will ever be able to make up, due him in salary. It may be said that to this shortage is due the bishops conduct towards his clergy and people, but I think it is all the other way. It is because of his conduct that the salary has not been forthcoming and is now grown to such a mountain of deficiency. A committee has the salary matter under consideration, and their report on the financial question, as well as the action that is taken on it, is looked for with some interest."

"But what has all this to do with Dr. Partridge's recent visit to Halifax, his old home?"

"Oh nothing, only that it suggested to me what might have been had the church not been determined to go outside the

Domion for a head to succeed Bishop Binney. Had Dr. Partridge been selected, or some other clergyman, who knew all about us, who was in touch with us, who was one of ourselves been made bishop, we might have been far better off today, and the appointment of that bishop's salary committee would have been unnecessary."

## PALMISTRY, PHRENOLOGY ET AL.

The Science of Three P's as Explained by Jay B. C.

The above subject is the consolidated science known as 'Three P's' and 'Sweet peas' they are too, as by a knowledge of them, we are at once enabled to, not only read the characteristics of the multitude, but also tell, by certain indications, what will happen, the more especially if they materialize after foretelling it. I shall begin with the science of Palmistry, and endeavor to enlighten the readers of Progress (by the way, there's another 'P') as to the benefits to be derived from a study of it. The thumb contains three 'sure' indications as to what we are, viz: Will, Thought, and the Mount of Venus. These three take the term of an interrogation, Will thought be beautiful? It rests entirely with the individual and the same signs transposed give the reply. 'Thought will be beautiful' if the possessor so wishes it. Next, the Mount of Jupiter, means, when well developed, that the man can swear 'by Jupiter,' and all the other gods, it also means that he will stop at nothing to gain his point, in other words, his ambition stands out pre-eminently above some other traits.

Mount Saturn indicates thoughtfulness, but whether for others, is an open question.

Mount Apollo, is a sure and certain indication of artistic taste, but whether in the manner of tasting tea and other harmless stimulants, or merely in the Tonsorial line, can only be determined by the individual; Mount Mercury, when well developed, shows that you should have learned the trade of making thermometers, and it also signifies that you are peculiarly adapted for after dinner speeches, owing to the 'eloquence' that mercury indicates, the heartier the dinner the more eloquent his speech. Mount Mars, shows plainly that you would run from nothing but an execution in the hands of the much beloved, though greatly abused bailiff, so great would be your courage. The mount of the moon is very much responsible for a large percentage of idleness, as the possessor of that beautifully developed feature runs away with the idea that he is 'great on invention,' and in consequence is above the common herd of toilers. The possessor of this acquisition is very often inclined to invent 'lies,' whereby he may escape the consequence of idleness—debt, I will now take up the 'lines' of the hand they are (held) tight, it is a sign you are holding the horse in. The line of the heart shows the strength of the affections more in the daughter than in the mother sometimes—such as, for instance, when the clothes line, as in the mothers hand it signifies greater strength in the latter, and more affection in the former. The line of the hand proves very much, when clean and pure the indications are that the brain is vigorous, and master of itself and every one else that will allow it, this does not apply when the 'bloomer,' are worn by the wrong party. The line of life means that you will live for ever, if you do not die in the meantime, or some other place. Also that you will be good to throw out the 'life line' if the said line is of a liquid nature. The line of health, means that at the least little indisposition you must send for the Dr. in order to keep up the promises that this line makes, failing the Dr. try a full 'line' of 'Banyon's remedies' for sale at all druggists.

A deep hole in the life line indicates violent death, therefore if you observe that capacity, for goodness sake plug it up quickly as possible, thereby avoiding any unpleasantness regarding the manner of 'resurrection' into eternity, and averting accidents. The line of the Sun indicates a happy disposition, and also hints, if you are a farmer, about making hay while he shines. The line of the daughter, but—she hasn't any—if you remember, her mother had that till of clothes. The Saturnian line is the best, or one of the best lines, if you are lucky (?) as the indications are, that you won't have to work any more, as the Louisiana Lottery Co. is only waiting for you to invest a dollar, (or a couple of thousand of them) in order to make of you a gentleman of leisure the remainder of your days.

Phrenology and Physiognomy will have to wait over for a time, as the indications are that this is enough for the present, the more especially as the 'life line' of the portable electric candle by the aid of which this has been written, is fast becoming flickeringly low, and the hands on the clock are trying to indicate that I am sitting up beyond the hour that all good souls should be slumbering the 'slumb' of the just, 'just now.'

# Trimming Department.....

WE have no hesitation in announcing that our present stock of DRESS and CLOAK TRIMMINGS is by far the largest and best assorted we have ever imported. All the latest novelties, as shown by the leading houses of New York, London, Paris and Berlin, are included in our assortment, comprising: Cut Jet Gimps; Black Silk Gimps; Black Gimps, in combination of Silk and Jet, Fur and Jet, and Feathers and Jet. Floral Broad Passamenteries, Black Silk Points; Cut Jet Points; Colored Worsteds Gimps; Colored Silk Gimps; Colored Bead and Spangle Gimps; Black and colored Yokes and Garnitures; Black and colored Bead and Spangle Allover; Black Silk and Feather Ruching. Boleros, in Black Braid, Silk, Jet, etc.; also in Black or Cream Lace. The Bolero has a most stylish appearance, and would prove an effective ornament to any bodice.

## Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

### LEPROSY IN CALIFORNIA.

Chinese Fatalism Exhibited in San Francisco.

The fuss recently made here over the discovery of a leper, remarked a resident of San Francisco, 'seems to me, in view of my knowledge of leprosy on the Pacific slope rather in excess of the urgent demands of the situation. At the same time, I very seriously question if the medical gentlemen who deny the dangers of infection from that loathsome disease do not go a little too far, and are not liable to reassure the alarmed public to an extent that may be dangerous. My personal observations of lepers in San Francisco have led me to believe that while one may with impunity handle a case of leprosy, and even live among lepers without being infected, for a considerable length of time, favoring conditions are pretty certain to communicate the malady. There is no other physical affection so slow in its incipience, so gradual in its spread throughout the entire system before making any surface show, as leprosy. Intelligent Chinamen, with whom I have talked on the subject, affirmed that it was positively known to have taken as much as seven years of germination and internal growth, from the date of infection until it made its presence known.'

"When I first went to San Francisco, I became acquainted with a physician who was an enthusiast, if not a crank, on leprosy. He was under the impression that stupendous Governmental rewards had been offered in the East for the discovery of a cure for leprosy, and he set himself at work to win those prizes, his ultimate purpose being, as I understood, the employment of the vast sums so acquired in freeing the neck of Ireland from the grinding iron heel of the hated Sassenach. It was a big contract at both ends, but he tackled it with a cheerful confidence that was at least interesting. He was by no means either a crazy man or a charlatan. If he could have had a balance wheel, or governor, or something of the sort fitted into his head, he would very likely have won well-deserved distinction, for he really had a great deal of ability, and was intensely earnest in whatever he undertook. In fact, it was that very earnestness, demonstrated in season and out, in all sorts of unexpected ways, that gained him high popular regard as a splendid specimen of the genus crank. He told me that he had been for years experimenting on Chinese lepers, with every alternative known to medical science, and many more that he had thought might have some effect, in all possible ways of administration and by every imaginable device of treatment, and the only result attained, as he admitted, was that he believed he had hastened to demise of hundreds of Chinamen."

"But that didn't make any difference," he said philosophically, 'as they were bound to die, and whether sooner or later could be a question of no reasonable consequence to them.'

"His oddest break in experiment, as it seemed to me, was when he thought of the allopathic school, took an excursion into homoeopathic ground in his leprosy chase. That was when he was just desperate over the clear fecklessness, as a Scotchman would say, of all alternative medicines approved by the schools."

"Pork," he said to himself, 'is the great article of diet among these heathen, and leprosy may be just a consequence of it—simply a pork disease. So I'll try how the theory of similia similibus curantur will work.'

"He was accustomed to supplying the Chinese patients with medicines, which they took with d. c. indifference. Instead of medicines he gave to a selected lot of them, in various stages of the disease, pork, a change which they accepted with delight. He stuffed them with pork

and enjoined them to eat nothing but pork, early often, and late, administering it with homoeopathic frequency of dose and an allopathic aggregate of quantity. The only satisfaction he got out of the experiment was that it seemed to facilitate the development of the disease.

"Several times I accompanied him in his visits to patients in the Chinese quarter. He seemed to be universally known there and the fact generally understood that she was experimenting to find some cure for leprosy. Neither the lepers themselves nor their friends appeared to have the slightest objection, or really to care what the consequences of his experimental treatment might be. He bore all the expense, and it amused him to fight the inevitable doom, as they considered leprosy, he was welcome."

"A little way out from San Francisco there were then—and probably are yet—large gardens where Chinamen grow Chinese vegetables for their colony. To them it was the custom to send the lepers when they became too individually conspicuous, by reason of their affliction, to be longer retained in the city. It was affirmed that one would never hear from them any complaints or repinings against their unhappy lot. The fatalism inherent in their being seemed to be conjoined with a lethargy induced by the disease, so that life and death had become matters of indifference to them."

"On the left cheek of a fellow blowing a spray of water over the white shirt he was ironing in a laundry, the doctor pointed out to me a white patch, perfectly round and about as large as a silver quarter. That, he said, was the first indication of the disease, the imprint of the finger of doom, and so far as he, or any other man in the world knew, there was absolutely no hope of recovery for the wearer of that silvery little spot. But the man in the laundry didn't seem to mind it. He was joking and laughing with his comrades as if his awful future was a matter of perfect indifference to him."

"A number of months after this I saw another of those silvery white spots, under circumstances that impressed the recollection of it in my mind with peculiar horror. I was living in a boarding house. Among the boarders was a young man whom I shall simply refer to as Mr. S., who was a fine, handsome, manly fellow, accomplished, educated, and with prospects in life as the manager of a flourishing manufacturing concern in which he had an interest. One day as I was passing his room he called me in, saying:

"I want to show you something, and have you tell me if you know what it is." He exposed the right side of his neck, and upon it, nearly down at the collar bone, I saw a small round, dead-white spot not larger than a dime. I believed that I recognized it as the leprosy spot, but, startled and horrified as I was, instantly resolved that I would not be the one to pronounce his doom, so I shook my head, looked as blankly unconscious as I could, and only replied:

"What is it?" "I don't know for certain," he answered, eying me sharply. "What do you think it is?" "How should I know?" I returned. He covered it, and said nothing more at the time. But, a few weeks later, he called me in again and said:

"I want you to look at that spot again, and see if you know any more about it now."

"It had already expanded to the size of a quarter dollar. Excepting in size it was just the same—merely a s. lotch that looked more like a blotch of par. fine wax than skin. It was less sensitive than the skin about it, he said, a pin-prick in it conveying no sensation until the thrust had penetrated the curicle. Again I shook my head and looked blank, but he was not deceived."

"You needn't say you don't know," he exclaimed, 'for you do. And so do I.' "He did. And he told me how he was infected several years before. As it the fatalism of the East had entered into his soul along with the ineradicable poison of the most dreaded disease of the Orient, he seemed to accept the situation with an equanimity that astonished me."

"Within a fortnight Mr. S. disappeared. After several days his friends grew anxious,

and enlisted the aid of the police in seeking for him. His accounts were perfectly straight, he had left a handsome balance in his bank and nobody could imagine any reason, other than foul play, for his mysterious disappearance. At length the newspapers reported the finding of the body of a well-dressed, good-looking young man by the bank of a little stream, away down in San Joaquin Valley. There was not a scrap of paper in the dead man's pockets, or anything upon him that might lead to his identification. His right hand still clutched a new revolver, from which but one charge had been fired, and their was a big built hole right through his head, from one temple to the other. Friends of the missing Mr. S. suspected that he was the suicide. They went to see, had his body raised from the grave where he had been interred and identified him. He had had the courage to die, rather than live as a leper."—N. Y. Sun.

### Not Used to Luxuries

The peculiar sorrows of a Pennsylvania colored man are thus set forth by the Record of Philadelphia:

A tall and heavy-footed colored man limped painfully into a large shoe store in Phoenixville one day recently, and began to complain to the proprietor that he had been swindled. "Dese hyar shoes," he said, "suddenly is de wust I ebad see. Day jes' natchelly got me all tied up in knots."

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired the proprietor.

The colored man scratched his pate for a minute, and said, "Fo' de Lawd, I doan' know. Hit sho'ly seem laik somebody done cast a spell on dem. Fast dey feels all right, an' den de nex' day dey hu's mos' drefull."

The dealer took a look at one of the shoes; then he began laughing. "You're not used to wearing shoes, are you?" he asked.

"Well, boss," was the reply, "I doan' wash dem much, da's a tack."

"Well, the trouble is, you've got them on the wrong feet."

"No, sah! No, sah!" cried the negro, "dey ain't nuffin' wrong wit mah feet."

The dealer explained the difference between right and left, and the customer went away happy.

### X-Rays Wanted.

In this day, when almost anything seems possible, it is not so very strange that a man like Mr. Edison should be called upon to work miracles.

The Electrical Review says that he received not long ago the eyepieces of a pair of opera glasses, with a request that he would fit them with the x-rays, and return them to the sender, in Vermont.

Another customer, writing from Pottstown, Pa., sent the following matter-of-fact epistle:

"Thomas A. Edison.—Dear Sir:—Will you please send me one pound of x-rays and bill as soon as possible."

The two orders were filed away together.

## Always Seasonable...

The line of work done by UNGAR makes a person's wearing apparel always seasonable.

If your clothes are in good condition, yet faded, have them sent to Ungar at once, and you will be surprised at the effect.

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