

BICYCLISTS OWN BOSTON.

THEY ARE NUMEROUS AND MUCH TO BE FEARED.

How Memorial Day was Observed in Boston—The Grand Army Parade—Why Fast Day was Abolished—The Silver and Gold Question Discussed.

Boston, May 31.—No matter what the holiday is, it may be the fourth of July, the Queen's birthday, or it may be Good Friday or Memorial day—the people are tolerably sure to make it one of sport and pleasure.

Memorial day was observed in Boston Saturday, and while the veterans of the late war marched to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of departed comrades, graves that are growing in numbers every year, while the number who visit them grows less—while the bands played and the veterans marched, thousands upon thousands of the present generation, yelled and shouted on the bicycle tracks, the base ball fields, the trotting park, and scores of other places were sports were the features of the day.

Fast Day was one of the holidays in Massachusetts for a great many years. It was usually remembered as the opening of the base ball season. A few years ago, the Boston Herald made a canvas of the churches all over the state to find out just how many people attended the services. It is remembered that the total number of church goers would not have filled the South end base ball grounds. Fast Day was abolished, and the people now celebrate Patriots day in its stead. The celebration is much more fitting.

The grand army of the republic is growing smaller every year, and Saturday the men who marched were, for the most part, old and feeble. They were in striking contrast to the young fellows of some of the militia regiments who accompanied them to the various places where Memorial day exercises were held. The young men carried the rifles which the fathers laid down years ago, and it would be hard for anyone who saw the companies march to recognize in the veterans, men who had been the victors in one of the fiercest wars the world has known; nor did the militia look like formidable foes.

A week before I had seen a church parade in Montreal. It was the Queen's birthday, and all the citizen soldiery from the Royal Scots in kilts and enormous bonnets of feathers, to the ordinary lobster back, marched down St. James street, the whole being a good exhibition of the Canadian militia.

Physically the men seemed to be about on a par with those who composed the Boston companies which marched through the streets here Saturday.

I don't think either could compare with the 62nd Fusiliers of St. John as I remember them. The New Brunswickers are as a rule larger men and make a most imposing appearance.

A holiday in Boston is now nothing more nor less than a day of wheels. Everybody has them, and they are all on the go. Saturday, Huntington avenue and Massachusetts avenue were alive with flyers and the Mechanics building was filled with them. Thousands went over the Harvard bridge to the new track in Cambridge, and while the parade was going by, the electric cars stopped running to let the wheelmen go by, so that the people who had to wait an hour or so in an electric also had wheels, so to speak.

The bicyclist is getting to be a nuisance in some respects. He is all right in the suburbs and in the parks, but when he comes into the heart of the city and wheels through the crowded streets knocking down people who get off the cars, and who cannot hear him coming, he is far more to be feared than the deadly electric. The police on the street squad and the police on the crossings do not know what to do with them. Within the past few weeks quite a number have been arrested for "Scorching," but the rabid bicyclist is as much in evidence as ever. Out on Columbus avenue, which is all asphalt, it is absolutely dangerous to get off an electric car in the evening. Bicyclists own the road way, and glide past by the dozen at lightning speed. The person who gets from the car to the sidewalk without being run into, or without having to make an exhibition of himself dodging a wheel is very, very fortunate.

Returning to soldiers and that sort of thing, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company is celebrating in Boston today. The Ancients and Honorables are swells, every one of them, and the name doesn't mean anything at all. The men who composed this corps 25 years ago may have been both ancient and honorable, but very few of them, it might be remarked, are living today, and while the organization itself may have years of history behind it the majority of its members have not.

The corps of the present simply exists for the purpose of wearing gay uniforms and getting drunk in a body once a year. They are good fellows. There is no doubt about that, and on their anniversary they observe all the old time customs, such as sounding the reveille by the company's drummers and fifers at an unearthly hour in the morning, getting dinner at Faneuil hall, listening to a sermon in one of the city churches, and getting home in cabs just before daybreak the next morning.

When the war scare was on—that is, the particular war that was to take place between the United States and England—no body regretted this ill-feeling more than the members of the Ancient and Honorables. They are going over to England this summer, you know, and they expect to have a good time, which of course they would not have if affairs had reached that point where the only way in which an Englishman could receive a Yankee would be on the end of a bayonet.

But that is all past now, and the Ancients are going over. They expect to meet the prince, and if they do not bring him back with them—well, enough said.

As the weeks pass, we hear more about silver and gold and see less of it in Boston. Some people hope to get on more familiar terms with the metals after the elections.

R. G. LAURENSEN.

CUBAN SPONGES.

With Demand Exceeding Supply, Prices Have Advanced.

One effect of the war in Cuba has been to diminish the export of Cuban sponges by fully one-half. The Cuban sponge fishermen get a licence to fish in Cuban waters only upon condition that they shall serve in the navy if required; and so many have been called upon for this service that the take of sponges has been materially reduced.

Cuba furnishes less than a third of the sponges used in this country, but the curtailment of that supply helps to put up prices that have been advancing for years. The supply of sponges comes from Florida, Cuba, Nassau, Mexico, and the Mediterranean. Ordinarily about two-thirds of the supply, in value, comes from American waters. The demand for sponges has increased naturally, while the world's supply has not kept pace with it. It has within recent years actually diminished, owing to careless methods of fishing and to over-fishing, to supply the increased demand.

The sponge is of slow growth; it takes two or three years for it to attain commercial size. In all countries in whose waters sponges grow there are laws against the pulling of little sponges until they have reached a certain growth, just as there are laws against the taking of lobsters and of some fishes under special sizes. These laws have been to a greater or less extent ignored. In some waters sponges have been fished for, with rakes and nets. This method has been prohibited in Nassau. It was found not operative in Florida waters, on account of the nature of the bottom.

With the supply not equal to the increasing demand prices have steadily advanced. One kind of sponge that sold here less than twenty years ago at 90 cents a pound now sells at \$2.50 a pound. The advance in other sponges has not been proportionately so great, but it has been large, and the tendency of prices is still upward.—New York Sun.

A Bank Note Story.

To the long list of bank note stories, the Leisure Hour adds this: A traveller stayed for a night at one of the largest London hotels. In the afternoon after he had gone away, a telegram was received from him stating that he had left a £5 note on the mantelpiece. On inquiries being made no note was found, but the chambermaid remembered finding a dirty piece of paper on the floor and tearing it away with the rest of the rubbish from the rooms along the corridor. The pile of rubbish was traced to the hotel dusthole, into which were shot the accumulations from the whole of the building. The manager gave orders for the dusthole to be cleared out and examined, and half a dozen people were set to work with sieves to discover some trace of the missing fragments. When nearly half the mass had been gone through one little corner of the note was found. Then another piece, rotten and dirty, was discovered and finally, after about an hour's sifting, all the pieces were found but one, of about a square inch in size. The pieces were washed and, and stuck together on an elaborate network of postage stamp strips. The bank paid the note; the traveller did not even say "Thank you," but merely complained of the inconvenience to which he had been put by the chambermaid's stupidity.

Three Great Remedies.

Sure Specifics for Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases.

These remedies are not a cure-all for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The great South American remedies each have their particular purpose. South American Kidney Cure does not cure rheumatism, nor is it a specific for indigestion, but no remedy, pills or powders, will give relief in the most distressing cases of kidney trouble as will South American Kidney Cure. Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, Que., suffered for three years from kidney trouble, expending in that time \$100 on doctors' medicines. He got no relief until he used South American Kidney Cure, and four bottles he says, effected a permanent cure.

When a remedy is needed for rheumatism, it is very much needed—and quickly. William Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., was nearly doubled up with rheumatism and suffered intensely. This was in 1893. He took three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure, and now says: "I have had neither aches nor pains from rheumatism since that time."

When disease affects the digestive organs and general debility takes hold of the system, these cannot be removed unless the medicine taken gets at the root of the trouble. South American Nervine owes its success to the fact that it works directly on the nerve centres, and removing the trouble there it rids the system of disease. Banker John Boyer, of Kincardine, who suffered from indigestion for years, was permanently cured by the use of South American Nervine. He says: "I have no hesitation in proclaiming the virtues of this great remedy."

FOUGHT THE PANTHER.

KIT CARSON'S COMPANION TELLS THE STORY.

He Had a Lively Fight With a Mountain Lion—The Animal Had Stopped a Bullet But It Did Not Prevent Him From Making a Desperate Struggle.

It was very late when Kit Carson had finished his story, but late hours were the rule at the "Rancho", and I was determined to hear my famous host's adventure with a cougar before I retired to my couch of buffalo robes. Maxwell was always a willing raconteur, never reticent like Kit, and he began at once:

"It was in the spring of 1854, I had been down on the Arkansas, near the 'Cimarron Crossing,' to bring a herd of horses that had arrived from Fort Lavenworth, up to Fort Bridger, where a regiment of United States dragoons were camped waiting for a new mount before beginning a campaign against the Utes who had been committing depredations in the northern part of New Mexico. I had with me a party of Mexican herders and three Americans, who wanted to go up to Frenchman's Creek, where their camp was located. They were old trappers, and went with me for protection, and I was mighty glad to have their company, as without them I would have to put up with the not very desirable society of the ignorant Grasers."

"We arrived at the foot of the Spanish Peaks without any adventure worth mentioning; had splendid hunting for our amusement, for game was abundant then, the country had no settlers, and deer, elk, bear and other animals fairly infested the whole region."

"One afternoon I took it to my head to ride a few miles off the trail to examine the lay of the country and creeks that run into the Arkansas, as I intended to trap in that vicinity with a partner who was to meet me at the Pueblo in about a month after I had delivered the horses at Bridger."

"I followed the old 'trace' leading northward to the Platte for about three miles ahead of the herd, then struck off into the hills at the mouth of a little stream on which, far above, I was satisfied I should find a good many beaver dams. I suppose that I must have ridden on through timber almost straight west for more than an hour when I arrived at one of the biggest dams I had ever seen. I got off my horse to examine the ground more closely, tying him to a pine sapling, while I went on foot along the edge of the water to find out whether there were any signs of anybody having trapped in that region. I had gone on in this way a quarter of a mile, perhaps, from where I had left my animals, when I heard a strange sound like the soft purring of a house cat. Looking up into the branches of a huge mountain cottonwood right over my head, stretched out on a big limb of the tree, not twenty feet distant, was one of the largest lions I ever saw! The beast was evidently watching me—whether he discovered me before I did him, or not, I don't know. Probably not, however, for I think he must have been asleep when I first heard his purring."

"As I looked into his great green eyes they seemed all ablaze. For an instant I was somewhat startled and surprised. I stood perfectly still, contemplating the vicious brute, when he suddenly, quick as lightning, changed his position from lying lazily along the limb, into one of more threatening aspect. He now assumed a most decidedly cat-like posture, his long tail beginning to oscillate slowly, plainly indicating to me that he was preparing to spring. All this took less time than it takes to tell; I knew that I hadn't a moment to lose; it was either I must kill the lion or he will kill me."

"I pulled my old rifle quickly and blazed away. The ball went exactly where I intended—right between his eyes—but the effect was entirely the opposite of what I anticipated. I expected, of course, to see the beast come tumbling off his perch dead at my feet. He did come down, but he wasn't dead. The ball somehow glanced off his skull. When he fell on me he knocked my rifle a dozen yards away out of reach, and there I was with an angry lion on me without any weapon to defend myself except a medium-sized knife that I always carried to skin and cut up game. It was sharp-pointed, very long and had a buck-horn handle which I made myself one day when I had nothing to do in camp."

"When I fired I stood by the side of a tall trunk of a great elm which had been blown down by a storm, and when the lion jumped at me and his weight fell on my body I was thrown with the beast clinging to me right over the log, the animal on top of me. My left arm was forced under the side of the trunk of the tree, but, fortunately, by poking my head close up to it I could keep the brute from biting my face."

"I was dressed in a buckskin suit; a heavy shirt, or rather coat, with a long cape of the same material, trousers of elk hid, all new, as I had put them on for the first time that morning. Everything about my clothes was strong and the claws of the beast could not tear through at once, or I should have been fearfully scratched up. The moment we struck the ground I began to lunge the knife into the brute with my right hand, trying to hit him in a vital part, but I was so handicapped by my cramped position under the side of the log, that I could not reach the region of his heart. I kept on jabbing him on the top of his back hoping to touch his heart by striking down through the shoulder, but in this I was not successful, and the lion was trying as hard to get at my throat all the time. At last his claws went through my buckskin leggings and I felt them dig into the calf of my leg and the blood run down into my moccasins."

"I began to get desperate now, and knew that something had to be done and that right quickly, for I should faint from loss of blood, then it would be all up with me, as the lion could turn me as he pleased and get at my throat. I began to lunge my knife around his back and shoulders mightily lively, and by sheer accident, for I

did not think of it, I happened to stick the sharp point of the long knife into the spinal marrow of the first joint of his neck, and in an instant I felt a convulsive shudder go through his body while he dug his claws deep into me—a death spasm—then his hold relaxed and he rolled on the ground dead as a drowned beaver. It was a lucky stroke; but for which the beast would have soon finished me."

"I got up; shook myself and found I was not hurt bad enough to prevent me walking to where my horse was tied, mounted him and in a couple of hours joined the herd. My companions went rather astonished at my bloody legs, and the adventure I had to tell them. In a few days I was all right again."

HENRY INMAN.

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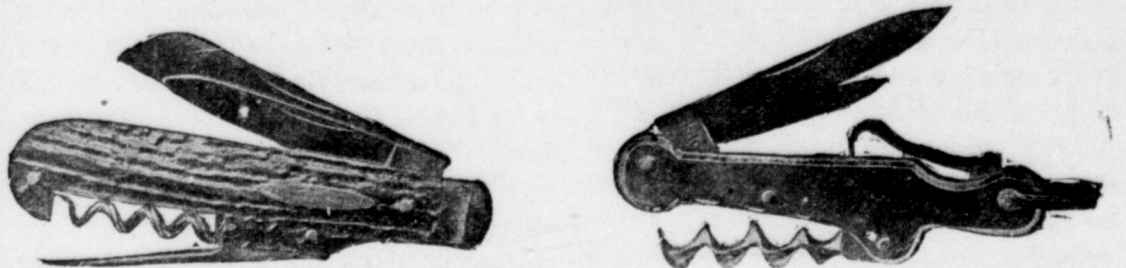
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