

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

BREEZY PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Brave Act of a Little Girl in Rescuing a Companion from Drowning—The Trials of the Base-Ball season and other Sparkling Little Every-day Incidents.

The daily papers noted the fact one day during the week that an anti-tobacco enthusiast had reported a number of lads for smoking cigarettes while in attendance upon one of his private lectures on the evils of the popular weed. The citizen in question is perhaps the most pronounced smoking-habit hater in the city, and does not let an opportunity pass in which he can denounce it in the strongest terms.

In speaking of anti-tobaccoists it reminds us of the time, a few years ago, when the Anti-Tobacco Association was in full force in this city. While in the main the Association undoubtedly did much good nevertheless their crusade lost much of its force because of the startling comparisons made by some of their numbers between alcoholism and the tobacco habit. Some who can be classed as cranks went as far as to place smoking on an even lower and more debased scale than drunkenness; but the public wouldn't hear of it and from that time until the present, little or no seriousness has been placed in the ravings of St. John's few hyper-critical cigar and pipe abstainers.

We of the sterner sex are naturally apt to think that bravery and fortitude alone belongs to the hardier type of humanity—man. Not so; we are frequently and very forcibly reminded of woman's stoutheartedness, the incident at Drury Cove a short time ago demonstrating with particular clearness that even in young girls we find bravery and firmness worthy of the bravest.

Little Miss Morton of Pitt street is the heroine of the suburban accident, which, if it had not been for her presence of mind, would have resulted fatally. She with a number of others were out in a row boat when in some way or another the largest one in the party, a young woman, fell overboard. The Morton girl, fully self-possessed gave her orders to the panic-stricken occupant of the boat and by almost unnatural effort pulled the exhausted woman aboard while the other laid crouching in terror. After the episode the rescuer further ordered to have the boat rowed ashore, managing the whole affair without the least show of fear or faintheartedness. This is one of the traits the periodicals of the day endeavor to attribute to the faddish new woman but which in reality is only one of the natural reserve qualities, found in our fairer companions, as emergency calls for them.

Each baseball season seems to have attendant upon it those irritating little stories about unfair treatment, "roastings" from umpires, and hard usage at the hands, yes and the vocal organs too, of the crowd. Baseball is not alone the only sport in which these grievances are often claimed, but football, that "gentlemanly game," has been known to have stirred up the feelings of certain factions to such an extent that etiquette and even commonly decent treatment itself has been suspended for the time being. It really seems a pity that fair honest sport cannot be maintained in our provincial towns and cities without a long train of stories alleging "frosts," "roasts," "scorchings" etc. etc. sandwiching the field events throughout the popular season.

Perhaps the prize kickers in the journalistic line in this part of the country are the papers of Fredericton. In their columns you can find any word you wish in the vernacular of a professional mule; and many idioms, quite novel as well as original along the same lines also appear in them. However there is almost everything in having a writer with personal interests at stake wielding "the mightier than the sword" in such cases. Who doesn't remember the chilly days of football fall when that decisive game was being decided upon, did not the types of our sister city's popular papers orate in voluminous articles. It must be confessed however that St. John did pretty well towards balancing the question as far as sporty writing was concerned but her footballists spared their strength and mental capabilities for the day of actual strife when Capt. McLeod (handsome Harry) and his confederes discovered defeat on the Shamrock grounds.

Halifax is more English and as a consequence the papers of the garrison city are decidedly conservative in the matter of sporting criticism, even more so than St. John journals, although in hockey times some very worm lines have been set up, but when it comes down to whole hearted hospitality and welcome, it takes the American towns to extend it. It was during the recent trips made by the two local baseball teams, the Roses and St. Johns to Eastport and Houlton, Me., respectively, that this fact was particu-

larly exemplified. The St. John club players cannot speak too highly of the manner in which they were treated by their victorious hosts, while at Eastport the Quoddy's spared neither money, time nor trouble to make the visit of the boys from North End a memorable one. One of the features presented took the form of a social assembly dance, over one hundred invitations being issued.

Such expressions of good fellowship and cordiality, overshadowing sporting wrangles and differences, cannot but promote that seemingly unknown quantity and quality among our field sports and their followers.

Have you noticed the linen hats of various hues being worn by the sporting fraternity? They just struck the city about two weeks ago and are said to be the last hot weather craze in the States and Upper Canada. The absence of this cooling headwear during heated July cannot be attributed to our lack of up-to-date dress, but more probably to the absence of such torrid waves as have been flooding the American cities of late. Colds in the head are quite in vogue among those wearing the linens in St. John.

I'll venture there has been more self-inflicted kicking done this week than for some time past. In the first place a second issue of jubilee stamps has reached our city including all the popular denominations such as "halves," "eights," "tens," etc and those ever-alert stamp speculators are out of pocket considerable by the government's "mean" trick. They were caught at their own game.

Again those baseball enthusiasts who placed their good money on the St. Johns against the Roses—they lost too.

Anent Sunday funerals over, which there is, and has been, considerable discussion in the past, I note the absence of them, practically, in Toronto. The law there prohibits Sunday funerals except when deaths are caused by contagious diseases in which cases more speedy burials are necessary. It is therefore quite uncommon there to see palled corteages on the day of rest.

Toronto's first step against dead-burying on Sunday was taken by the clergymen of the city who found the custom growing to such universal proportions that their day of labor was growing even more and more laborious. Preaching in the morning, conducting perhaps more than one funeral in the afternoon, sermon again in the evening, besides after-meetings, Sunday school attendance etc. The reverend gentleman joined hands in the question and secured legislation against the unnecessary holding of burials on the Sabbath. We in other cities should follow suit. It would only be kind in us to so arrange these little matters so that the day of our funeral would not fall upon our friends and the clergyman's busy day.

Now that the bicycle has taken such a prominent place in the lives of many world inhabitants an observant person can almost delineate the character of riders by the manner in which the silent steed is managed. Bicycle sitting posture, styles, handles, and color all seem to serve as indices whereby the characteristic traits of the wheelman or woman can be singled out. You find the sober-minded in most cases riding a plain wheel with upturned handles; the more spirited cyclist with "ram horns" and gaudy enamel; while often times curious combinations are come across, leading one to believe the owner of such a wheel had a taste peculiar to himself or herself. However, let any one of them run over a tack and individualism vanishes.

People need not go to the Klondyke for a real cold bath, Bay Shore is much nearer and cheaper.

The person who originated the idea of rainy days for Torryburn picnics has died a natural death.

A party of Americans went up river on the steam yacht "Dream" on Tuesday flying nothing but the Stars and Stripes. Its well proprietor McCormick of the Victoria, or one of our Grand Lake men-of-war did not come across the pleasing

Boston, Mass., June 9, 1897.

DEAR SIR—Some five years ago my father gave me a three mo's course at your college. Today I am an equal partner in the firm of Lornie & Baird, of this city. I can trace my success directly to your college, and wish to convey my sincere thanks for your very kind personal attention to me.

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crew. We do not want a repetition of those jubilee "atrocities."

While the American Bank Note Co. doubtless executed a work of art in the jubilee stamp, there is one fault about it which will in no wise justify their getting "stuck up" about it, and that is lack of muscilage.

THOUGHT HE WAS A HERO.

Dilemma of the man who Held a Burst Bathtub Together.

One of the most ridiculous situations which at the time bring the coldest sweat out of a man's brow, and ever after remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bathtub—he extemporized one out of a small washtub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub and, clasping his arms around it held the already fast swelling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in—but what a situation. He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position, until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink room and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.—Ansonia Conn., Sentinel.

An Exposure of Hideous Practices. The Newspaper Nedelja describes the discovery of hideous practices among the beggars of South Russia who mutilate children for the object of rendering their appearance such as will excite pity and thus draw money from the charitable.

The paper tells of a girl eight years old who was stolen from her parents by beggars. The child was gagged and taken to a cellar, where her captors discussed the methods to be employed in mutilating her. Finally her face was smeared with pitch, which was then set on fire, the flames searing her face and blinding her.

Then the beggars disjointed her fingers and afterward cut her feet to make her limp. The girl, who has been rescued from her captors, says she saw corpses of two boys in the cellar who had presumably succumbed to the tortures inflicted upon them. Inquiries show that such practices are extensively followed by professional mendicants.

Nothing will make a man's throat feel better so quick as to find he has been sucking a suspender button for fifteen minutes instead of a cough troche.

The Clerk

pegging away for small wages should make himself worth more so as to be ready for a better position. The position will not wait while he gets ready. Learn shorthand, first, to save time; by mail. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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