

SHADES OF CITY LIFE. SPARKLING PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Latest New York Additions to the Slang Vocabulary—Why the Tartars Play a Good Ball Game—What the American Boats Bring to St. John, and Other Things.

How many American relatives are you entertaining?

The holy land crusade is over up river, and once more the Sunday desecrating steamers are idle.

The post office job has been assigned, and the ninety and nine outside the fold did not make travelling expenses.

Its between St. John and Alaska for first place. Up North they're putting up the ever tangible in barrels; down here the incoming hundreds are gobbling up our priceless fog.

We are getting more like New York every day. A herdic is the newest thing in the vehicle line in the town. "Wheelless" bicycles may be the next.

Nickola Tesla says he can send words to the heavens on a ray of light. Won't some philanthropic scientist please discover a way by which some poor impecunious St. Johnite can preserve fog and ship it to the sweltering States.

It looks as if the "Yellow Kid" were numbered among the excessive heat deaths. The "Blackberry Sisters" are his successors, but in the words of the patented stage villain, "their day will come!" also. In New York the people are engrossed in the World—Journal—baseball—bulletin war—its very warm there.

"Fix your hat," says your friend. You proceed at once to see what is wrong with your chapeau, but the joker again speaks, "Its all right," says he. This is supposed to be a late New York importation; isn't it a pity Customs Officer Kelly was not around when it was being smuggled over the line; what misery we might have been saved if he had seized it. "There's been a hot time in the old town" ever since the new song came out.

Now that the high priced bicycle has met its just death the kinglypins in the business are working a scheme which promises to take splendidly, and buy up for another season at least, the money output for wheels. Chainless machines are the latest, and the press the world over, has gone wild, very nearly, over the prospects of fractured records, facilitated locomotion, and a thousand and one alleged improvements. True this is an age of advancement, sometimes of a very startling nature, but is also an age of unprecedented bluff, when wonders are sprung so numerously upon the gullible public that they have to be taken as a matter of fact or you are put down at a pessimist, back number, doubting Thomas, or Jonah.

Talking about baseball, it is surprising the interest taken in the national league series of the adjoining republic by the people of St. John. Early in the season each person selects his favorite team and throughout the months of play the varying luck of that particular aggregation is followed with intense interest by the enthusiast. The Bostons seem to have a corner on the local market here, not because they are drum majoring the procession now, but no doubt on account of their being the most eastern and consequently the nearest team to St. John geographically speaking. Once and a while you will come across a Baltimore bully, a Cincinnati crank, or perhaps Louisville lover, but if you listened to their several stories they could trace out for you to the very day almost when their teams would capture first place and win the pennant. In St. John you have either got to be a supporter of the St. Johns, Roses or Alerts, or you care nothing for the game.

We often hear the question asked in St. John, "how is it that the Tartars of Fredericton put up such a rattling good game of ball invariably and seem almost invincible?" Well, if anybody should ask me I would simply tell them I considered them invincible indeed on the Scully's Grove diamond but when off that field there is some little chance for the other side to win. They are an exceptionally strong team, and if current talk is true there is no reason whatever why they should not be able to play gold-rimmed ball. I have heard, and from several sources too, there is a perpetuity of uniformed Tartars on the baseball grounds of the celestial city and around town. They are said to be always tossing the ball and at least five of them are wearing the national game paraphernalia constantly. From this one would infer that the Tartars were sons of wealthy men and didn't have to work, but the fact is plain they have to put

in a few hours toil when they strike St. John to play the game.

Have you ever stood leaning over the railing at Reed's Point wharf watching the big American steamers unload their human freight? the amusement is indeed rare, that is if you are in the right frame of mind. Generally the procession is started off by what whitewashed yankees of the sterner sex there may be aboard. Of course they're dressed a la mode, most always with little regard for taste. They have the very latest in shoes, hat, with particular emphasis upon the cravat. Uncle or aunt at the head of the floats is greeted with a salutation which the fresh young man perhaps thinks is awfully cute but in reality he is only one of the hundreds on the same boat. Aunty says we'll take a coach, nephew says, let's take a "cab" or "herdic" and after a bluster about checks and forced inquiry as to the names of the streets to be traversed before reaching their destination, the American citizen of six months, perhaps a year, again interrogates his relative carelessly producing his plated gold watch and asking "I have Bawstin time; when does it get dawk beah?" Well, aunty has lived a little longer than her nephew and with an innocent all swallowing look, tells him when it gets dark. He calls home "a bobtail town", the opera house "theater" and when a few more relatives stroll in he has forgotten all about them, poor fellow!

But the real genuine Americans. They stroll "off the yacht," papa in the lead, wrestling with two valises and another one. Materfamilias and daughters follow in Indian file perhaps, the girls looking jaunty and chic, mamma holding up her skirts and looking as if she had given up everything to the vasy deep. Papatired, out, drops the grips in front of the hungry horde of St. John coachmen; there's a tussle during which the tourist laughs loud, the girls are afraid of their clothes within, and mother is mad. Aboard the vehicle and they are away; then the next we see of them is on the street.

The elderly gentleman who a few years ago left dear old St. John at his Americanized son's request walks slowly up the floats, and breathing once more the pure air of his native city, and clasping the hands of his old friends, ten years are added to his life. He has failed considerably and the iron gray hairs of a short time ago have whitened. He enjoys his home trip beyond telling and is loathe to leave.

A pale, emaciated woman ascends the floats; she is not yet out of the twenties by a good six or seven years but she looks to be thirty at least, and of the factory labor type. A look of anticipation and happy relaxation seems to beam from her eyes; style very quiet, clothes not of the richest. Her home relatives meet her, and what a genuine love greeting it is! She's a hard working girl to whom "the States" is merely the battleground of life.

A chappie or two of the conventional type "capture the village, don't you know" and a robust ward politician follows. The first ogles the girls standing round; the latter wants to hire two hacks and ride two ways to two hotels—and so on until the last one of the procession is lost in the coolings mist and the watcher turns homeward, wishing for each and all of the travellers a merry vacation time and many happy returns.

N. Y. PAPERS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

They Learned of Victoria's Ascension to the Throne Weeks After.

On July 26, 1837, one month and six days after the death of King William IV, of England and the accession of the Princess Victoria to the throne, the Intelligencer published the first notice of this change of rulers.

The first news was meagre, very much the same sort of a skeleton story as is received in Washington now ten minutes after a lynching on railroad wreck west of the Mississippi, when the anxious correspondent is querying to know how many columns he shall wire. But this skeleton story was no query. It was the whole thing, and all that an interested public was to get till the next packet sailed in.

It came by the packet St. James, and arrived in New York on July the 24. The New York correspondent of the Intelligencer frantically rushed off about forty words to Washington late on the afternoon of the 26th. Newspapers were not published so early in the day then as they are now. Instead of going to press for a noon edition, it was nearer 6 o'clock when they got on the street, just about the time that the

sporting editions now come out with the scores of the day's ball games.

The despatch from New York arrived by special post a few minutes before 4 o'clock. By that hour the pages were all made up for the 6 o'clock going to press (Ben Franklin hand lever press at that). Naturally this influx of live news, with only two hours to make over a page, stamped the composing room of the great Washington daily, and the despatch was cut down to about five lines and stuck in between two advertisements as aforesaid. The current number of the paper does not say whether the proprietor went around to each of his subscribers and told them where to look for the news so they would not overlook it. The art of headline construction in that day was unknown, or at least not practised. Two lines of type were the most that any story ever got, and the head line over the announcement of the Queen's accession had a single line of full-face caps such as would now be considered insufficient for a good lively disorderly case in the police court. Here is how it read:

Special, 4 P. M.—By post, just arrived from New York. The King of England died on the 20th of June. This rumor is confirmed by vessels which have just arrived at New York.

The Princess Victoria has ascended the throne.

There it was. Note, lest the reader be misled, this was the whole story, not the headline.

Another interesting incident in the same line showing the delay in the transmission of news at that time was the story in the Intelligencer of July 7, 1837, which was seventeen days after the death of William. This story was headed 'The Latest from England,' and was prefaced by the statement that vessels from England had brought over European news up to May 27. Then followed this paragraph:

The state ball in honor of Princess Victoria's birthday was given on May 24. Neither the King nor the Queen were present. The health of the King is improving.

This was printed just seventeen days after he died.

Two days after the first report of the King's death the Intelligencer printed a more complete account of the change, not occupying more than half a column. It was clipped largely from the English papers, which were brought over on the St. James, and was principally as follows:

William the IV is no more. He passed away on the morning of Tuesday, June 29, at 2:30 a. m. He attained what may be called a good old age, being at the time of his death within two months of seventy-three years. At the present crisis when England is beset by evils on every hand, his death is viewed with severe sorrow, from the uncertainty how his youthful successor may act. So much depends upon her line of conduct that we fear she may be led to sacrifice principle for popularity; and at the beginning of her career make some false steps in politics from which she may not easily recover.

Immediately after the King's death, a messenger was at once sent to Lord Melbourne commanding him to an audience with Queen Victoria at 9 a. m. At 11 a privy council was held at Kensington. The Princess and her mother were present, and the young Queen took the usual oaths. The Cabinet Ministers, kneeling before her, swore allegiance and supremacy. Then the Ministry tendered the seals of office which the Queen at once returned to them. A proclamation of Victoria as Queen was agreed upon and signed by all present. The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex her uncles, signed first. It was remembered that she appeared to recognize no one except her uncles. She was very plainly dressed; a plain black gown, white cape, and crape scarf.—Washington Post.

NOT A SHOW FITCHER.

Wore Overalls and Was Not Pretty, but He Could Twirl a Ball.

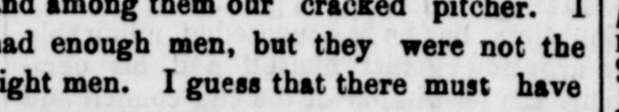
'My experience as a baseball manager was down in the oil regions when money was plenty and sporting blood was at fever heat. The most formidable team with which I had to contend was in a neighboring town, and whole fortunes changed hands before the championship was determined. The crowds were so strongly partisan that a few dozen stalwart policemen were always a necessity. We had to pay umpires princely salaries, and I never knew one of them to preside at more than a single game.

'So close had been the season's play that we were tied, with the decisive contest to be had in our town. For some reason that I have never been able to fathom, three of my best players had disappeared, and among them our cracked pitcher. I had enough men, but they were not the right men. I guess that there must have

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Reports have been reaching us daily from all quarters of sunstroke and great suffering from heat, and all the while we have been enjoying deliciously cool weather. Add to the climate lofty ceilings, perfect ventilation, and the best courses of business and shorthand instruction obtainable in Canada, and you have the reason for the success of our summer classes. Catalogues mailed to any address.

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CIRCULARS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 Prince William Street.

been wholesale boodling on both sides, for when the opposing team came to count noses they could find but eight. The flower of the flock was missing and our fellows felt jubilant. The enemy made a big effort to defer the game, but the umpire, one of our selection, stood pat on the proposition that they must either play or forfeit. Just to simulate fairness, we allowed them to choose any player that could find in the enormous crowd, and they decided that they would at least die fighting.

Their selection was a six footer, slim as a lightning rod, loose in every joint, red headed, freckled, and wearing a uniform that consisted of overalls and a check shirt. And he went into the box while the thousands shed tears because of laughter. The first ball described the outlines of a ram's horn and then shot over the plate with a sizzle. He had more wrinkles than a rhinoceros. He could start a ball toward first base, toward third base, in any direction except behind him, and the next thing you hear was "strike. Our fellows couldn't have hit him with lawn tennis rackets or minnow nets. They simply paralyzed us and carried away whole train loads of money. It is a matter of local tradition that the long 'phenomenon' was thrown in to an oil well by impoverished 'backers' of our team.

Darky Reading of an Old Text.

'Uncle Ben,' said Miss B., 'from what portion of the Bible do you derive so much comfort?' Laying his index finger in the palm of his hand, the old fellow proceeded as follows: "Well, de Bible says, 'Dem dat de Lord loveth he chases!' An' from de way He is bin chasin' o' me dis year, I know I mus' be one 'er His favorites.

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hunter about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

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at Rothessay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. H. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24 6-tf

Notice of Sale.

To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Saturday, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JULY next,

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the sixth day of October, A. D. 1890, between one William A. Beckett, of the one part, and the undersigned Annie Short, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Kings County, by No. 45, 485, in Book Y, No. 4, pages 263, 264, 265, 266 and 267 of Records, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage:

"ALL that parcel of land situate in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, on the north west side of the Long Reach (so called), bounded as follows: On the south east by the main highway road and by the water of the Mistake Cove; on the south west by the side line of the said lot and by lands owned by James L. Flewelling, thence north westerly by said line until it strikes the line of lands owned by Nancy Paisley; on the north west by lands owned by the said Nancy Paisley, thence north easterly by the said line until it strikes the north easterly line of the said lot and lands owned by James F. Paisley, and bounded on the north east by lands owned by the said James Paisley and George Inch, thence running south easterly by said line until it strikes the water of the before named Mistake Cove, with the exception of a certain lot located to the Trustees of Schools for the Parish of Greenwich and a certain other lot located to the Baptist Church for a burial place"; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated at the City of Saint John aforesaid, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1897.

Witness: ANNIE SHORT, Mortgagor. AMON A. WILSON, Solicitor.

BUSTIN & PORTER, Solicitors, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GEOW, Auctioneer.

Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the late section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, at, near or about McFee Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martins, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martins, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Roadway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, and being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right of way, Rails, Ties Siding, Turntables, Telephone lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges Casements, Property uses and appurtenances, in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of The Supreme Court against the said The Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabin W. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDIEE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John. R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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