

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

BREEZY PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Ball Game Between the Houltons and St. John's—Brought to Justice for Diluting Milk—The Triumph of the Crescent—What is Going on in the City.

I wonder if that baptist convention badge third baseman Shannon wore in Friday's game, a week ago, had anything to do with the Roses defeat.

By some slant of the fates or meteorological coincidence the St. John Bicycle and Athletic Club were furnished with a fairly fine night for their sports on Wednesday evening last.

The boys bore up with job-like patience, but the virtuous quality in them had been worked up almost to the safety-valve limit during the season, and farther check-mating on the part of the elements would have caused little streaks of brain softening among them it is stated by cranium specialists.

A week from Monday will be Labor Day, a public holiday both in Canada and in the adjoining republic and yet no move has been made by the citizens of St. John to have this twenty four hours set apart in honor of the nation's mighty throng, commemorated. Perhaps, and no doubt the jubilee festivities drained too heavily upon the resources of our local celebrants to warrant a repetition of such displays, even in much less extensive degree, at so near a date. However one would think the hardy handed population would not let their red-letter day slip by unnoticed except by the flaunting of a few extra yards of bunting and by out-of-town celebrations.

One would think in noticing the deep tiers of bicycles, "male and female," as they stood continuously in the big lobby of Main street Baptist church this last ten days or thereabouts, that indeed the rubber-footed machines had come to stay. When the virtues of a "new" thing is given so much recognition by the broad-clothed brethren of the hard-shell Baptist denomination it must indeed be worth having. Almost every style and make of bike seen in these parts was represented sometime during the Convention season, pastors and delegates from all corners of the three provinces bringing with them their wheels and making use of them while in the city.

The Roses baseball team are commencing to regard the seventh inning in any of their baseball matches as their fateful at-the-bat season. In it they either lose or win. Three games in succession they have won in the seventh, while again they have lost at that stage of the game. In their first game with the Houltons they pilled up a big score during the lucky inning, but the pile wasn't quite as high as the visitors afterwards raised. Mentioning the Houltons it might just be here stated that they were the most gentlemanly lot of players that ever struck St. John; but perhaps that is saying a little too much. At any rate they were as well-behaved as any who ever visited this city since the days of "fire eating" and "high-ball" baseball.

It is indeed a rare incident when a man is brought to justice for diluting milk with water, although such crimes, I suppose it has reached that stage now, are fully deserving of an exacting penalty. In a great many cases the milkman's best cow is the old oaken bucket or the new fangled pump and in winter when his money making facility is frozen up he wishes he was out of the "milk" business. Since the tuberculosis scare has been in vogue the lacteal fluid has undergone enough of the severest cross-examinations and analytical "scrutinizations" to turn it a "why" from its natural color and likeness altogether. We now have hygienic milk farms as well as corsets under that name, sterilized milk for the incorrigible infant and the pasteurized article for any who wish it. What avenues of shekel-gathering have been opened up by that germey looking word "tuberculosis"!

But return to my text, as Rev. Mr. Thirdly has it; a case of actual fine-imposing for watering milk is reported from the Norton district along the I. C. R. One resident existing under the romantic cognomen of Valentine Cripps, who was accused, tried and found guilty of adulterating his dairy product and of selling it in such a state to a cheese factory near by, was fined thirty five dollars. No analytical explorations were necessary, the fact being quite evident that the milk had been mixed. This is another case of drowsy justice waking and catching one of the many in the very act of wrong doing while his many predecessors and unlimited number of successors have and will doubtless go scott free; the funny part of it all is to me, the fine

was imposed in the country, where, it it had been in the city with its thousands of people, and all or most of them using questionable milk, the case might not have been thought so much of.

I consider the bakers of North America to be perhaps the most providentially favored tradesmen of all occupations. It only necessitates an inordinate uneasiness in the wheat market to set them universally on the qui vive for raising the price of bread, a cent or two cents according to the height attained by the cereal product on the great markets. Now take for instance the present upheaval in wheat markets in our own dominion and across the border. No sooner had the telegraph ticked the intelligence of a heightening in wheat, than St. John bakers set about to consider when and how much extra they should make the bread-eating population pay for their chiefest food. Flour they claim has gone up a dollar and a half per barrel and consequently, in order to make their bread business pay they must of necessity tack on the extra cent. This may all be very true for the time being, but just wait and see if the bakers remove the proposed extra charge with the same readiness when wheat drops to its normal, or below par, status.

The last sensation among the pugilistic elite has been caused by the startling announcement that John Lawrence Sullivan, the immortal John L., will in the near future seek the suffrages of the people of Boston for the exalted position of Mayor. No doubt this pet bruiser has, through the all-sufficient agency of a preponderous head, natural or otherwise, come to the conclusion that the majority of those living in Boston, that alleged seat of culture, are so in love with John himself and his fistic argumentative force, that his coming candidature and election would be the surest possible. There is one thing about it; Corbett's victim will not in a year receive the remuneration in presiding over the civic-political board that he has often gained by a single brutal blow when presiding over the roped circle is his most unparliamentary fashion, nor will he receive one thousandth part of the plaudits of the world's population, nor the amount of notoriety. All these count in human nature. Still John L. may want to end his days in as honorable a manner as possible and tiring of the gloves as a mode of earning a living turn his power, mental no doubt, in a more foreign direction, perhaps simply for the pleasant diversion he thinks it will afford. We will all look for the outcome of his debut in civic affairs in breathless silence. The Athens of America with a bull-dog fighter for a chief magistrate; just think of it!

There is not the least doubt about it but that St. John is British through and through, from the "proposed boulevard" on the south to Reed's Castle on the north and from its western limit to eastern side of the dilapidated post sticking up out of Courtney bay creek. The least flurry of warlikeness sets the population moving as only such displays do and once agog with that good old lion like feeling it is some time before our city is restored to its original ways. Despite the fact that our town was chock full of United States people last week, and cooing and billing with the American eagle was quite in order, it only took the single thunder boom of H. M. S. Crescent's arrival gun to fill the breast of every queen lover with that indescribable emotion, peculiar to the Union Jack born; Her Majesty's ship was in port and citizens, old as well as those of more recent generations, would enjoy an object lesson in the empire's fighting might and peace preservative power. "Her Majesty's Jollies" filled the town and owned it freely while they remained, while on the other hand our citizens, their wives and families took possession of the Crescent. The warship's short stay was of high mutual enjoyment and notwithstanding the early hour on Sunday morning a large crowd congregated on the wharves to wave a parting salute and raise a farewell cheer as the flagship with her six hundred odd tars and officers departed. The Crescent's siren bid adieu to the country for miles around.

VALDIKIR.

ST. JOHN'S 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. You may not remember me among so many, but may remember placing me with Mr. A. McAfee, Waterloo, N. B.

EDWARD BAIRD.

Business and Short-hand circulars mailed to any address. No vacation.
S. KERR & SON.

IN NEWGATE PRISON.

The Prison was a Nolsome Place in Queen Elizabeth's Day.

In St. Nicholas there is the story of 'Master Skylark,' the story of Shakespeare's time, written by John Bennett. One of the leading characters, Gaston Carew, a ruffling player, has been put in Newgate for killing a companion at cards. The hero, Nick Atwood, the 'Skylark,' visits him there:

It was a foul, dark place, and full of evil smells. Drops of water stood on the cold stone walls, and a green mold crept along the floor. The air was heavy and dark, and it began to be hard for Nick to breathe.

'Up with thee,' said the turnkey gruffly, unlocking the door to the stairs.

The common room above was packed with miserable wretches. The strongest kept the window-ledge near light and air by sheer main force, and were dicing on the dirty sill. The turnkey pushed and banged his way through them, Nick clinging desperately to his jerkin.

In the cell at the end of the corridor there was a Spanish renegade who railed at the light when the door was opened, and railed at the darkness when it closed. 'Cesare el Moro, Cesare el Moro,' he was saying over and over again to himself, as if he fears he might forget his own name.

Carew was in the middle cell, ironed hand and foot. He had torn his sleeves and tucked the lace under the rough edges of the metal to keep them from chafing the skin. He sat on a pile of dirty straw, with his face in his folded arms upon his knees. By his side was a broken biscuit and an empty stone jug. He had his fingers in his ears to shut out the tolling of the knell for the men who had gone to be hanged.

The turnkey shook the bars. 'Here, wake up!' he said.

Carew looked up. His eyes were swollen, and his face was covered with a two day's beard. He had slept in his clothes, and they were full of broken straw and creases. But his haggard face lit up when he saw the boy, and he came to the grating with an eager exclamation: 'And thou hast truly come? To the man thou dost hate so bitterly, but will not hate any more. Come, Nick, thou wilt not hate any more. 'Twill not be worth thy while. Nick; the night is coming fast.'

'Why, sir,' said Nick, 'it is not so dark outside—it is scarcely noon; and thou wilt soon be out.'

'Out? Ay, on Tyburn Hill' said the masterplayer quietly. 'I've spent my whole life for a bit of hempen cord, I've taken my last cue. Last night, at 12 o'clock, I heard the bellman under the prison walls call my name with those of the already condemned. The play is nearly out Nick, and the people will be going home. It has been a wild play. Nick, and ill played.'

Compromises.

Though life is said to be made up of compromises, there are a good many people who do not like them.

Marriage in particular is said to be an affair of compromises. One gentleman said of his experience:

'My wife and I began our married life by a compromise. She wanted to go to Quebec for our wedding journey, and I wanted to go to Niagara, and so we compromised on New York city, where neither one of us wanted to go. All our compromises since have been much of the same character.'

Rather more profitable was the compromise recorded of another married couple. In this case the husband wished to have flannel sheets, and the wife wished to have cotton ones. 'And so,' said the husband, in relating the arrangement arrived at, 'we compromised on cotton.'

In this case somebody at least was satisfied.

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways to go into business. One is to pick it up by experience—slowly, imperfectly. The other way is to go to a business school—a school that picks out what you have got to know in business. If you want to be better than the average, write me.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELLOUS Transforming Sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler 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.

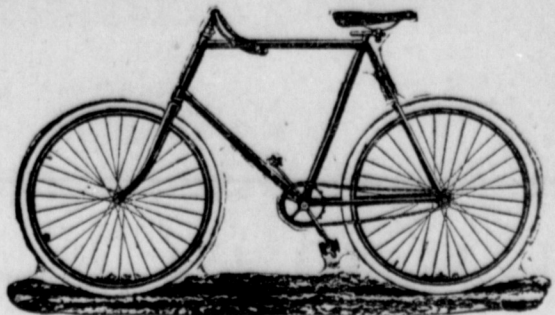
WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPOLD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rosheary 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 Rosheary Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pagsley Building. 24-6-11

Down

.....GO.....

HIGH PRICES.



OWING to the lateness of the season I will offer STRICTLY HIGH-GRADE BICYCLES, guaranteed for two years, manufactured by the Victor Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, at the following Net Prices.....

Washington Special

Former Price \$100.00, NET PRICE \$44.50

E. & B. Special

Former Price \$85.00, Net Price \$39.90.

New England Roadster

Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$34.60;

I can also sell you a wheel manufactured and guaranteed by the Chicago Scale Co., at \$29.90, wheels are all up to date, (1897 models) finely finished and decorated, a guarantee as Good as Gold with each wheel. Second Hand Bicycles \$5.00 to \$15.00

Second Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange for New Machines.....

The Latest Out Bicycle Electric Light, Retail \$4.00.

ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, TYPEWRITERS at Rock Bottom Prices

Organs \$40.00 up
Sewing Machines \$19.50 up.

The Handsome Mozart Organ..

Guaranteed Twenty-Five Years,
Beautiful Tone—Six Sets Reeds—
Eighteen Stops—Magnificent Case
Former Price \$175.00,
Net Price, \$69.90.

THE HANDSOME PERFECTION SEWING MACHINE,

Full set of attachments, Guaranteed for Ten Years, Former Price \$75.00,
Net Price \$29.00....

The AMERICAN

.....TYPEWRITER

Send for Catalogue.

Retail Price \$12.00.

TERMS CASH C. O. D. or Instalments of \$2 per month.

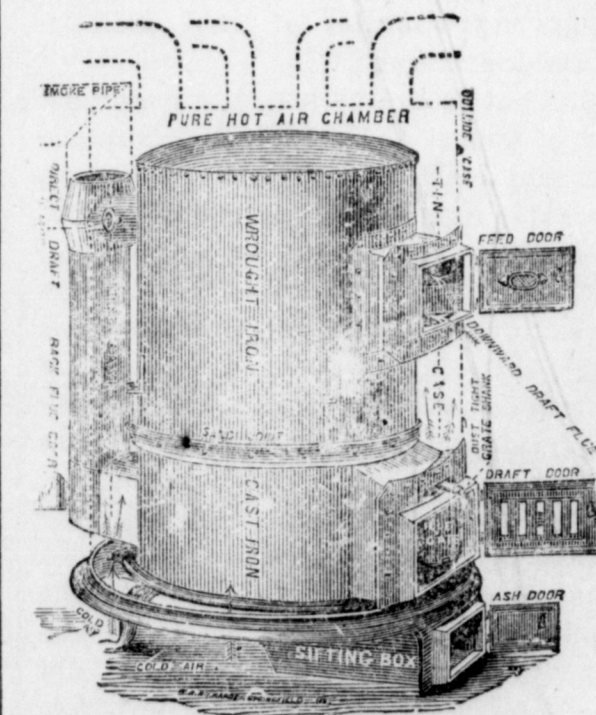
WANTED a Smart Hustling Agent to take exclusive control of the American Typewriter, in the City of St. John, to whom discounts will be furnished on application.

D. A. McLELLAN,

West New Annan,
Colchester Co.,
Nova Scotia.

Manufacturers Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Prepare For Winter.....



Now is the time to have your old Furnaces repaired, or to decide about a new one. A little later the Fall rush will be on, therefore we would suggest the desirability of having this work attended to now, when it can be done more promptly as well as more cheaply.

FURNACES for WOOD or COAL—All Sizes.....

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 Prince William Street.

P. S.—A Second-hand Furnace for sale cheap.

T. O'LEARY,

Blair, Ruel & Blair,

...RETAIL DEALER IN....

Choice Wines and Liquors

BARRISTERS, ETC.,

and Ales and Cigars,

16 DUKE STREET

49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.