

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900.

## TOWN TALES.

Another-Pro-Boer Scheme—Canadian Independence.

The New York Sun was correct when it told of the thousands of "Canadian-Independence" buttons

being shipped in this country, for PROGRESS saw one of them right here in St. John during the week. This particular make of button was evidently intended for the French people as its lettering was in their language. No matter how many seizures are made of these "independence" goods they will still find their way to the lapels of that class of people who shouted for Kruger when the Boers were on top, but whose flannel mouths were padlocked when the British gained the ascendancy.

The people making the "Independence" buttons are speculators, and keen ones too, or else secret agencies in the Dominion have ordered them. This latter supposition is just as probable as the former. Canada does not seem to be the fond, loving Canada she appears to the outside world. At least as far as this particular part of it is concerned. She is not the tower of united strength our legislators would have us believe so often, that is if St. John is to be selected as proof of this assertion.

Far from it. We need go no further than our own dear city of Loyalists—at one time wholly loyal—to find bad spots in the fruit, or flaws in fabric. Every day may be heard disloyal views expressed, unpatriotic and un-Canadian words spoken, while it is a candid fact that there are certain people about town who openly disavow their love for Canada and the Mother Country. We had numerous examples of this during the heat of the war now about over. Every day or so a pro-Boer had to be shown the error of his way by the overbubbling populace.

Is it any wonder then that these buttons demanding independence for Canada are being literally distributed. The New York Sun in the course of its article says:

"Notwithstanding the Canadian customs seizure of a recent large consignment of 'Canadian Independence' buttons. It is quite evident that many of the significant emblems have found their way into the country. These are now being worn on

the lapels of the coats of a number of people.

For some years there has been in parts of Nova Scotia and Ontario, as well as in Montreal, a small but important faction of English speaking Canadians, who look forward to the independence of Canada. Among the French Canadians the proportion of independents is very much larger. Many of them occupy seats in Parliament. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself has said that he favors the future independence of the country. Mr. Monet, M. P., in a letter protesting against the sending of Canadian troops to Africa, wrote: 'I am not in favor of spending a cent to knit closer the bonds which unite us to Great Britain. We have hardly anything in common with the old continent. I am a Canadian and my ideal is to see Canada take rank among the independent nations as soon as she is sufficiently developed.'

A Dog That is a Policeman.

There's a big Newfoundland dog in town that is becoming noted for his peace-making proclivities.

"Yip" is his name and Jas. Crawford the Main street bookstore man is his owner. Ever since his puphood "Yip" has been imbued with a spirit of peace and goodwill, and no opportunity is let pass whereby he can get in a little of his missionary work. Now he is a great big dog, and full-fledged as a quarrel interrupter, seems to know as well as a human being when persons are sparring in fun or in earnest.

If in earnest "Yip" commences to dance about in a sort of a worried manner and finally plants his two front paws on the chest of first one and then the other of the fighters, until he has stopped the row. If the scrappers do not take kindly to his efforts he growls and snarls viciously until he is respected. Only a few times his tactics have failed.

Mr. Crawford says it nearly breaks "Yip's" heart to see the newsboys and street gents in their boisterous play, for at times it's hard for the dog to tell whether they are quarrelling or not.

Frequently he takes chances and

"floods" a couple of them for fear they are becoming a little too earnest and broil some. Bad boys and juvenile malcontents in general have learned to demean themselves unusually proper when hanging about the big windows of Mr. Crawford's shop, for "Yip" is a whole police force in himself. The other night a badly bred chap, after gaping for full a quarter hour at the dime novels and other literature to his liking, deliberately thumped the plate glass with his arm as he turned to go away. To this might have been damage he added the insult of a cud of tobacco.

Mr. Crawford was in the back shop at the time, but the sound on the window brought him soon to the door. "Yip" was on hand and was told all about the bad boy's depredation. The fleeing youngster was pointed out, and in less than a half minute the terrified culprit was lying on the sidewalk at the head of Long wharf, the dog holding him down with his front paws. He didn't offer to bite but gave the kid a good fright. When the policeman asked Mr. Crawford what the dog was doing with the boy, the whole circumstance was explained. The consequence is the bookstore front will have less bad boys gazing through it after this.

A Drinking Fountain Incident.

The attention of passers-by was more than attracted by the cries of a clad little girl in front of the Loyalist drinking fountain in King Square last Saturday afternoon. Somebody asked her what she was crying for.

"I—I put-me-eight cents on n there (pointing to the drinking tank ledge) and forgot all about it. When I—I went back it wasn't there!" boo! hoo! hoo!" Then a small crowd collected and a few men further interrogated the weeping child. She told her story over and over again.

A man offered her ten cents, but she refused. He insisted and she soon

dried her tears. An American gentleman gave her another dime, but this she insisted on returning with thanks. The donor however was persistent in his gallantry and would not hear of the little lady giving back the coin.

Then she started on a run towards the men who gave her the first ten cents. She caught up to him and told him of the money the other gentleman gave her and wished to return him his kind donation. This idea was also panned, so the little girl in her innocent grief at losing her eight pennies, found herself in possession of two shining dimes, while the men who gave them were delighted with her honesty and enjoyed not a little her chagrin and childish mortification in receiving the coin foisted upon her.

Some Stories About St. John Constables.

The city treasury must be pretty nearly depleted, if we are to take the vigilance of

the tax constables as an indication of the wealth contained in that big strong box. Indeed it has been a good many years since the local force of publicans has been so extremely active in gathering in all the stray shekels due the Chamberlain. The time honored bluff and moss-grown promise no longer goes down with the hawk-eyed collector. He has his orders to get the money or the person, and his crop of the latter has so far been abnormal this last issue of city bills.

There once was a time when a plausible story, with a righteous avowal or two, would so seize hold of the scant better nature of the average constable, that a man owing his taxes might be successful in getting a few days grace, but all this has passed away and the old time dread of a constable has come back. He is once again a lion rampant ready to seize upon his prey, and in consequence his prey tremble greatly in advance. All the old tricks such as not being in, sick, unexpectedly

called out of town, or illness in the family, cease to satisfy the man who seeks your annual tribute. He's dead onto all those dodges of ancient origin, and has only been easy on you in the past because the people at headquarters were not goading him on to collecting. But look out for him now! Perhaps you are.

Since the crusade against delinquents has set in some very funny incidents have happened. If constables were souled and berated like the ordinary being they would go round the corner every once and awhile and laugh until their sides ached. Here are a few amusing things they might tell if they would.

They would tell about the young man in a King street establishment who simply wouldn't pay, and who was earnestly sought out one day, even to the limit of the top floor. Here a bright idea seized him and the freight elevator was utilized in his rapid descent to mother earth, the constable chasing him from flat to flat like a mad dog. When the elevator brought up ker-smash on the under-ground floor the young man hid away in a dark corner and the money sleuth from City Hall lost the scent.

If one of these unrelenting constables would only weaken a he they might also tell this story: A saw filer had a holy horror of the tax collector and his writs. He had been bluffing and promising for a six-month. Finally the day of "pay or come" arrived and when the local Zacheas darkened the doorway, he upturned the big circular saw he was working on and dodged behind it. The hole in the centre of the cutting apparatus allowed him to view the constable's movements. He lay crouched behind the saw for a half hour, when another engagement caused the tax gather's reluctant departure.

The slim acquaintance a great many St. John constables have with the alien population gives food for a lot of laughs for those people who just love to see a constable fooled. Oftentimes enquiries are made of the very men wanted where these men themselves will be found. Of course unheard of places are given in answer and if the constable is long in finding them out he no doubt goes about on a great many fool's errands.

### HE WANTED A PICTURE.

Scientist who Braved Danger to Photograph an Alligator's Nest.

A picture of a battle between a negro and an alligator is not to be obtained every day. An Eastern scientist, who was collecting specimens near Manson's Shoals on the Brazos River, Texas, recently had the good luck to get one. The New York Press says he had offered Sharp, his negro guide, a dollar apiece for ten or twelve alligator eggs, provided there was a chance to photograph the nest.

Axe on shoulder, the old dark escorted the professor, who carried his camera, along the beach between the river and a jungle. The guide was discoursing learnedly on the ways of alligators when he suddenly stopped within a few feet of a nestful of shining eggs, and looked around cautiously in evident trepidation.

"Boss," said he, "I guess you better climb a tree, 'kase you don't look like you could climb a very far." Spec' dar am 'gators round here."

The scientist cast a glance over the immediate locality, and since nothing in the shape of a gator fell within the scope of his vision, he hurriedly began to make preparations to take a photograph of the eggs.

"Just stand right there a moment, Mr. Sharp, and look scared, and I will soon—" But he did not finish the sentence.

There was a noise in the jungle which sounded like an ox running through brush and over logs, accompanied by a hissing reminding one of escaping steam; and as the negro sprang into the air with a yell the amazed artist saw a monster alligator gliding out of the jungle. As the creature slid over the sand toward the negro it emitted angry barks, not unlike the croaking of a monster bull-frog mingled with the bellowing of a bull.

The darky's eyes had deceived him in one particular. He had failed to locate the position of his approaching enemy, and his second jump nearly landed him in the open jaws of the enraged gator. His axe fell from his nerveless hands, and with a howl of terror that alarmed the birds in the trees, he ran in another direction.

The man of science was too much interested in his camera to comprehend the

serious relationship that was apparently about to be established between the mad gator's jaws and his old guide's legs. He took a snap shot at the proper moment, and hurriedly prepared to take another.

The negro was not fighting his first battle. He had moved through the woods before with an alligator at his heels, and it had been his usual practice to induce a young and foolish hound to tell him behind him. While the alligator was eating the dog the negro never failed to escape.

He now thought of running over the picture maker, convinced that such a stratagem would give him time to get away while the alligator was gulping down the stupid photographer and his camera. He thought, as he afterwards said, "Dat a white man who had no better sense dan to be fool'n' round making pictures while a gator was 'most eat'n' up a nigger wuz jes' about de proper food to satisfy an old gator's appetite."

But more humane impulses prevailed, and he circled round the nest and recovered his axe. Reaching a place where he could swing it, he suddenly turned and drove the axe deep into the alligator's head.

### WHERE THE BOXER IS POPULAR.

Political Agitators in Cuba Rejecting Belief Our Troops are Being Sent to China.

"There is only one place in all Christendom where the Chinaman is now looked upon with admiration," said the man just back from Cuba. "This is down around Havana, where the professional howlers for immediate independence are bunched the thickest. These fellows look on the 'Chinks' as a blessing, even if they are trying to massacre all the Christians in the Empire. The agitators attribute the recall of half of our troops from Cuba to the need for them in China to protect our citizens and interests out there and they think it will hurry along independence for their beloved land. They hope for all sorts of trouble in China so that the United States will have to send more troops, and this they expect will free the island of the last American soldier. They want the American government kept so busy in the Philippines and in China that it won't have the men, money or time to fool with Cuba."

"Thus they hope the country will be dropped right where it is into their hands. The less of a well established government they have the better these chaps will like it for it will give them the better opportunity to work out their own schemes and fill their own pockets."

The conservative elements, even that part of it which wants eventual independence, hopes no such necessity will arise that the United States will remove the rest of the troops. And they feel confident that there is no danger of this. The volatile agitator, who is either way up in his hopes or everlastingly pessimistic, has taken the departure of the Second, Fifth, Eighth and ordered departure of the First Infantry regiments as the beginning of the immediate fulfillment of his wishes and so secretly he rejoices in the ructions of John China man on his native heath.

### Humors of the Siege.

In times of long-continued danger, men often seek to relieve the strain by turning to account anything which can be called a joke. The brave defenders of Kimberley found plenty to laugh at even in times of bombardment, and the recently published journal of Dr. Oliver Ahe lays stress on the humors of the siege.

It was very funny to see all the town's big swells either fetching their meat themselves or sending a member of their family for it. Parson's, lawyers, doctors, business men—we were all there, and it was a huge joke that we were all in the same box; but it is well that the joke didn't last too long.

At times the shelling was very severe, and buglers were constantly on duty to give warning when the big siege-guns of the Boers were fired. If the bugler got his little tune off smart, there were about fifteen seconds in which to dodge under a wall or crash into your fort.

Men took this convenience in different ways. One nervous man was actually seen to put up an umbrella when the bugler sounded the warning of a coming shell, while when another exploded within a few yards of an Irish policeman, the only notice he took of it was to remark:

"Begob, twat will they be playin' at next?"

I had a shell proof fort constructed

under my house, and my servants were told that they could come into it any time they heard the bugle.

Lizzie did come in a few times, when she was handy, but as a rule she did not bother, and was really very plucky.

John, our Zulu, preferred to get behind big water tank. I don't think that would have saved him, but he was happy there; so that was all right.

He was very funny. One day we heard Lizzie lecturing him about something, and he retorted: "Don't make such a noise! I can't hear the gun go off."

The boom of that gun would have extinguished a megaphone.

### THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED.

Stories About Him Which May or May Not Be True.

Many of the newspaper biographers of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, overlook the fact that he was one of America's small list of royal guests. Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, he made a brief stop at Vancouver Island, and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room, and learned by enquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full blooded Indian. The Prince asked the honor of a dance, but the girl having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Oregon, held her head very high, and, not knowing the Prince's social station, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipman. The Prince took the rebuff good naturedly. His time for revenge came when one of the governor's suite, not knowing of what had happened, begged His Highness's permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The Prince politely declined, remarking that his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw.

Another story of his visit describes a Canadian guide as pointedly remarking to him: "I had the honor, Your Highness, to show your royal brother, the Prince of Wales, over this same path, and he presented me with this magnificent gold watch."

"Ah, indeed!" answered Prince Alfred dryly. "That's more than he ever did for me."

In naval circles it is recalled that the Duke was not a favorite among the brother officers, being too forgetful of professional etiquette. A certain British admiral has often referred to a visit paid him by Prince Alfred when their ships lay in the same harbor.

The police, in his capacity as a captain, paid his respects to the higher officer, but was so inconsiderate as to appear in plain clothes. The admiral's rebuke was not less pointed because indirect when he said: "It would have given me sincere pleasure to extend hospitalities of my ship to the Duke of Edinburgh—this with a glance which swept the Prince's whole attire, from the captain of the 'Galatea.'"

It is but just to the Prince's good sense to say that he returned to his ship, donned his ceremonial uniform, and repeated his visit in becoming fashion.

The passenger in the sleeping car, awakened by the stopping of the train, pushed aside the blind and looked out. "Blitz & Schlath," "Kumpff & Donnerwetter," "Schligel & Knopff," Leopold Schwartzheimer," he said, reading the business signs that met his eyes. Well, I see we've got to Milwaukee."

"Stop!" she cried, as he attempted to kiss her. "You must."

He, having had but little experience in this sort of thing, was inclined to take her at her word. She noticed it, and hastened to repeat: "Stop! You mused—my hair. Then he resumed, but more carefully.

Farmer Hornbeak—Uncle Lyman Swank is the strongest old man I ever seen!

Farmer Hawbuck—How's that, Ezzy?

Farmer Hornbeak—Why, no matter what kind of a story ye tell him, it never reminds him of anything!

"Bobby, come into the house this minute; I want to give you a bath."

"Now, ma, don't you order me 'round so or I'll get irritated like pa."

Lady—I'm afraid you don't like work, my gold man.

Tramp—How can I, ma'am, as it killed my wife?