

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

A Car Conductor Registers, Not a Kick. Fare, But a Kick.

"I wonder what in the name of goodness that man thinks he struck a freight train?" angrily mumbled a car conductor to a last-seat passenger the other evening.

"Great heavens did you hear him! He was not satisfied with piling two valises, a big basket and a shawl-strap bundle aboard, but wanted me to hold the car until he ran back into the depot for his trunk—only a small one, he said. Would not it blister you?"

The fellow on the tail end seat was quite of the opinion that such attempted imposition was liable to either raise a bubble on one's heel or cause tuberculosis of the brain.

"I've been up against some pretty gally people since I've been running on this 'roll', but I'll be blamed if ever I encountered the likes of that. And him a Yankee too! Perhaps he thinks this is a rhubarb town and cars call around on the first of May to move the people, but he's wrong again. Wasn't he mad though when I refused to take his luggage?"

When the conductor had forgotten the incident and cooled off a little, chiefly brought about by his having to make a lot of change for new passengers, the tail-end passengers engaged him in a general conversation as to people who want their baggage carried on the cars.

"Now there's the country people," said the nickel collector, "they hardly ever take a car at Indian town when they arrive. If they're just down on a visit they sally forth for town, valise in hand, and think it only a pleasure to walk the whole distance. Five cents is five great big coppers to them with the purchasing power of a whole cent fresh from the mint in each. It would buy a pound of sugar on the 20 lbs. for a dollar plan, and enough elastic in the corner store to make a pair of garters. So they don't patronize us, they trilly on to the city, loving themselves to death for their economy."

"But if they should happen to have a small trunk, or too much baggage to struggle with as far as King street, they produce their wallet and perched upon their belongings on the end of the car drop it reluctantly into the box.

When these rural friends of ours have a lot of produce for market they bargain for its cartage and include themselves in the bargain."

"Country people are not the only chogs understand. Some town folks are just as bad. I've often had to stop ladies from encumbering the car with four or five big picnic baskets, various valises, or other such articles. And they get real angry too, threatening to report me to headquarters in nine cases out of ten. Sometimes they'll spread their things all over a vacant seat, and kick like steers when I ask them to remove some of them to make room for new passengers."

Some women insist on sitting in the smoker's seats when the car is not nearly full, others kick about men smoking aboard at all, while I once had trouble with a nervous old lady who thought the car was running too fast. I tell you this, conducting is no picnic, it's enough to kill an ordinary man once a week."

Where Our New Brunswick Dulce Goes.

The dulce we St. John people are privileged to eat pretty nearly all the year round is perhaps not half appreciated by us. Our American cousins are very fond of it, and hundreds, aye thousands of pounds are shipped across the border to them every year. But they seldom receive it in its fresh, crisp state as we do, for climatic influences has a deteriorating effect upon it.

In United States dulce sells at from ten to 20 cents per pound. Its pleasant salty taste appeals strongly to some people and is greatly fancied by many as a condiment. At a recent American dinner party it was served with sardines as the first course in place of oysters or little-necks and the combination proved to be delicious.

Although dulce is to be found in small quantities on the Maine coast, the Bay of Fundy is really the dulce region of this continent and large quantities are exported from there every year. Dulce, of rhodymenia palmata, to give it its scientific name, belongs to the moss family and it is

to the New Brunswick coast which Irish moss is that of Ireland. It is gathered by a certain class of people in large quantities and dried very much after the manner employed by fishermen in drying codfish. It is really a red, wedge shaped sea weed with leaves from six to ten inches long and from four to eight inches wide. These leaves are spread out on a framework of boards and allowed to lie in the sun until they are thoroughly cured when they are ready to be eaten or shipped as the case may be.

In olden times all mothers supposed dulce to be an unfailing specific for worms and children were forced to eat it in large quantities upon the faintest suspicion of the existence of such a malady. It is supposed to be efficacious in healing any irritation of the mucous membrane.

Dulce is not only known along the Maine and New Brunswick coasts but it also grows, although in not so fine a quality, in Scotland, Ireland, the northern coast of Europe and in Iceland. In the latter country a regular practice is made of storing it away in casks and eating it with the fish which forms so important an item in the diet of the people.

A Hero That Had No Reception.

Pte. Ambrose Pelkey of City Road is home from the war. No time was made over him at the depot, but his work at the front was just as much to be proud of as that of any of New Brunswick's sons on the veldt.

Pte Pelkey underwent his baptism of fire at Paardeberg. He bore his part in that useless charge across the river, which resulted in nothing but casualties and the retirement from the position occupied. The order, as the men understand it, was a misapprehension as far as it affected the Canadian Regiment, the intention being that Company G of the Gordons should go. As it was, Smith-Dorrien's blunder gave the Canadians a share in a less bloody, but not more effective charge than the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

Pte. Pelkey was also in the closing charge at Paardeberg. He was wounded within

sixty yards of the Boer trenches. The ball entered his right forearm and passed out above his elbow, shattering one of the nerves and paralyzing two of his fingers. He lay close to the trenches amid the hail of bullets, till the Gordons drew the fire off the Canadians and gave opportunity for getting to the rear. He reached the field hospital in time to have his wound dressed and get out to see Cronje coming into the British camp. "A short, gray-haired man, with a broad-brimmed hat, and wearing a long cloak," Pte. Pelkey's description of the redoubtable Boer general.

Heard In The Stilly Night.

Did you ever sit quietly in an open window on a summer night, when it was just late enough to leave the streets in a state of quietness and quite too late for your neighbours to still out of bed. If you have you perhaps have heard pretty nearly all the clocks roundabout striking one of the hours. The windows and skylights of your neighbours houses are open of course in the warm weather and when the various time pieces strike they can easily be heard.

The small mantel clock in the house across the street with its tinkling note is perhaps a minute or so ahead of your next door neighbour's old fashioned eight day tinker with its preliminary burr-r-r, and heavy gong stroke. The ordinary shelf clock with the pendulum and glass door is in the majority, although its tones are varied and variously stricken as far as speed is concerned. An old flat oblong clock, such as our country relatives swear by, with its painted dial face and fantastically decorated glass front, is heard to bang out the time of night in a series of weedy dull thuds, all the sound the half century-ago bell can muster.

Then on the gentle breeze floats the resonant notes of the stately marble clock on the mantel in that nice residence up the street. No jerky, spasmodic strokes emanate from this source, but calm, measured and rich tones, such as the new-fashioned spiral wire gongs produce. An explosion of wild burring and trilling away over in

that big tenement conveys the impression that an alarm clock has run away once again, exploded at the wrong minute perhaps, or maybe the head of the house has to be awakened to start work at midnight.

It generally takes ten or twelve minutes for all the clocks in the neighbourhood to do their announcing, as some are fast and others slow, but after that short period of bell ringing and gong banging in all shades and tints of tones quietness reigns supreme again for one short hour, but perhaps interrupted a little rudely by a few new-fangled time registers at the half hour mark.

Color Blind Women in St. John.

A lady told me the other day that she believed more than half of the people in St. John were color blind, and she based this opinion on a ten minutes' walk along a much frequented shopping thoroughfare. "I stopped," she says, "several times to gaze into the shop windows, when several other women also paused, as they always will if one person looks at anything, and each time their remarks on the articles displayed confirmed me in the belief of their color blindness. One window, filled with an artistic combination of ribbons in every tint of the season, was most attractive, and I was admiring the colors immensely when a voice at my shoulder said: 'Say, Min, ain't those new shades of blue awful?' 'Yes,' assented her chum, 'but I'd call that green—' 'No, it ain't; that's real blue.' Presently I came to another window filled with tasteful millinery, and more bows of ribbon, and this time a woman, as she went by me, said to some one: 'What things! Why will women put such horrid colors on their hats?' I looked at her's, expecting an object lesson in the art; but what did I behold? A combination of cheap gray straw, with some of the most hideous pink ribbon that neither matched nor contrasted with a decoration of impossible artificial flowers. The hat set my teeth on edge, but its wearer, who turned scornfully from the pure rose and Nile tones of those fashionable hats, was entirely oblivious to her own defective vision. She did not suffer because unable to appreciate the value of one color above another; only those who looked at her selections and heard her criticisms did that!"

HIS "DOPE" IN HER MUSIC ROLL.

Embarrassment of a Young Woman Whose Brother Played the Races.

Among the young people who attended an evening sociable at a well known New Jersey seashore resort the other evening was a young woman from New York visiting friends at the place. She is an expert on the piano and her friends had arranged the affair purposely to give her a chance to show her accomplishments. In the letter that was sent inviting her to spend a couple of weeks at the place she was asked especially to bring her own music with her, as everybody at the resort was 'just dying' to hear her play. When she arrived and her trunk was unpacked some of the first articles that came to view was a dark leather music roll that bulged out. Her friends clapped their hands in delight in anticipation of the great musical treat in store.

They wanted her to try some of it right away but the girl pleaded fatigue, and with visitors and receiving callers the time was well taken up until the evening of the sociable.

After going through the formalities of being introduced the visitor was finally asked by the hostess to play something. The big bulging music roll was produced and the girl went to the piano accompanied by the inevitable young man to turn. Twirling the stool around until it reached a height to suit her the girl seated herself and placing the music roll in her lap, unfastened the strap. It required several turns of the roll to disclose the contents, but when it finally was opened and spread out a lot of newspaper clippings dropped out and fell to the floor.

The young man who had volunteered to do the 'turning' hastily stooped and gathered them up while the girl looked on in a perplexed way, but this look gave way to one of mortification when he handed her the clippings and she saw that they were something relating to horse races. She stammered that there must be some mistake and that she had not received her own music roll, but she was convinced that no mistake had been made when her

own friends assured her that it was the same one she had brought with her. Many of those present by this time had gathered around the embarrassed girl plying her with all sorts of questions, until finally one young man, who had picked up the roll and was examining its contents, called out: 'Why, this is dope.'

'Dope' exclaimed several of the women, in chorus. 'What in goodness does he mean?'

They stared at the girl seated on the piano stool, who looked as if she was about to cry. One woman said loud enough for every one to hear that she had read about dope fiends, which she thought was something connected with opium smoking, but she didn't know that it was made of paper. The young man who had made the discovery that the roll contained 'dope' explained that the dope he referred to was but horse racing dope, or, in other words a record of the races. This statement straightened things out a bit, but he made a big hit with the owner of the music roll and her friends when he asked her if she had a brother. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative he remarked that of course that explained the whole thing, for probably the brother played the races and had put the 'dope' in the music roll by mistake.

When the girl returned home the first one of the family to greet her was her brother. Her greeting was naturally chilly, and when he asked her what was up she snapped at him.

'Jack do you play the races?' 'Yes sometimes,' he answered in surprise 'but how did you find it out?' She glared at him a moment and then said:

'Well, I've got your dope.' In the explanation that followed he told how he had taken the music roll to carry the 'dope' thinking the roll was an old one and not in use. A share in possible winnings straightened out matters.

Postal Delivery on the Plains.

The foreman of a ranch in California declares that rural free delivery is worth a thousand dollars a year to him personally,

because it keeps the hands at home. This suggests one reason why the service should be extended. Restless boys will be less anxious to go to the city, when every day the postman brings the best of the city to them.

Smoothering the Way.

The Duke of Cambridge is a brave soldier and a kind hearted gentleman, but he is not a scholar. He has been recently in Rome, and one of his experiences there is told in the London Chronicle as specially characteristic of all persons concerned.

On the occasion of a visit to the Vatican the duke, hearing from a friend that it was proper to talk Latin there, rather nervously brushed up a few phrases and passwords. The Vatican, on its part, hearing that the duke spoke nothing but English, was equally punctilious.

All guards who could speak English were ordered to the front. The chamberlains of English nationality or speech were required to attend, and the Pope himself practised the English sentences he had learned from an English resident in Brussels fifty years ago.

The gallant duke, when he arrived at the outer portals of the Vatican, was addressed by a guard, who said, 'This way, Your Royal Highness.'

The duke started with relief—he was rid for a moment, of his Latin. The same experience met him at every turn, and in the ante-rooms it was repeated. Reaching at last the doors of the pope's private apartment, the duke was met by a monsignor, whose mother was English and whose own accent is native, who offered to take His Royal Highness's hat.

Presently the pope, evidently priding himself on the vernacular, asked his visitor to 'seat down.'

'Well, I'll be hanged!' blurted out the astounded duke.

Newsboy—Say, cull, I sold out in two minutes dis mornin'.

Boots—How? Hollerin' 'bout de Chinee war?

Newsboy—Naw. Jest yelled: 'All 'bout de man wot froze ter death.'

LYDDITE.

The Terrible Effects of This High Explosive—Easy to Handle.

Nearly every nation nowadays has its favorite high explosive or fulminating force, intended for the charging of shells, the composition of which is supposed to be a secret. The object is to obtain an explosive which will have the most deadly effects, but can be handled without danger of blowing up people who use it and the artillery in which it is used.

Such an explosive was taken by the Americans in a limited quantity to Cuba to be used in the so called 'dynamite guns.' These guns were planned to throw shells containing high explosives, but the explosives were not dynamite. They had a greater explosive force than dynamite, and the substance used in them was easier to handle than ordinary gunpowder.

This substance was said to be practically the same as the explosive introduced by the French army, and called melinite, from the name of the inventor. But the English have made the most successful venture yet recorded in this field with their lyddite—a powder which enormous explosive force, and can be fired from a gun which is easily carried about.

Lyddite does not take its name from a man as is sometimes supposed, but from an ancient town near the coast of Kent, in England—the town of Lydd, where there is a government artillery range.

Here the tests are made which resulted in the preparation of the explosive; and the name of the peaceful Kentish village is now heralded all over the world in connection with a substance which has dealt death to hundreds of Boers and Sudanese. It has other odious qualities besides its explosive force, since its fumes are so suffocating as sometimes to drive even the bravest and most obedient soldiers from their trenches.

Lydd therefore shares the international notoriety which attaches to the name of Dumdum—that other peaceful village in distant Bengal, where are manufactured the expanding bullets which Great Britain has demanded and retained the right to use

against 'barbarians.'

The lyddite projectile used by the British naval brigade weighs forty five pounds, and is fired from a gun with a calibre of four and seven tenths inches. The weight of the projectile includes the five and a half pounds of cordite, another powerful explosive, which is required to throw it. The weight of the lyddite in the head of projectile is ten pounds—quite enough to break the projectile into fragments and hurl them with frightful force.

The whole projectile looks like a cartridge for a sporting rifle—many times magnified, of course. Twenty nine and one half pounds of metal are hurled about by the explosion of the lyddite, which also casts abroad sickening fumes, suggesting the vial of ill smelling liquid which used to be an offensive adjunct of the operators of the Chinese Infantry.

The South African Boers have, in their reports, ridiculed the effects of the lyddite, declaring that the British gunners were able to do very little damage with it. However, there can be no doubt that it helped to render the position of General Cronje untenable after he was surrounded; and it must be an important aid in beleaguering operations.

Dante and Khaki.

The store of inference from Dante's writings is now increased by the somewhat diverting hypothesis that the poet had khaki in mind when he said what is thus translated:

Ashes or earth when excavated dry Would with his raiment in color closely vie,

A Connecticut girl fell from her bicycle and hurt her knee. When they examined the injury in the drug store they found she had on three pairs of stockings—golf, plain white and the everyday sort. "No doubt her excuse for wearing all that hosiery was a thin one.

'William, a poor man came along and asked for a hat.' 'What did you do?' 'I gave him your Sunday hat.' 'What on earth did you do that for?' 'Well, I knew you would need your old one to wear when you go fishing.'