# Pages 9 to 16. PROGRESS. Pages 9 to 16.

### ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1900.

A Motorman's Job is no Soft Snap.

car motorman is one long round of all that is lovely have one more guess for their money. They sit on the front seat of an electric, directly behind the man who manipulates the handles, and drink in the delightful

People who think

the life of a

breeze, as the car burls along, obser ving all that is interesting en rout?. "Oh how nice it must be on front here all day," they say ; or at least think, but just then a team dashes across the track from a side street, or a passenger wants to get of in the middle of a steep hill, and as the man with the uniform shuts off the power with a startling bang and grinds away for dear life at both the handle and emergency brakes, the opinion of the enraptured passenger is a little bit altered.

St. John is not quite as bad as some other cities 'tis true, but there is at times enough of excitement in the life of a motor man here to distract an ordinary being. Only last Sunday, a day when the city is particularly quiet, two accidents were narrowly averted on Brittain street. The car was rolling along at the usual rate of speed, when about 75 feet ahead a mere infant toddled quickly out into the street and onto the car track. The motorman's quick eye saw the child as it started to run and shutting off the electricity in a twinkling, reversed the power and applied the brakes, bringing the big vehicle full of passengers to a full stop, and so suddenly too as to throw the passengers slmost out of their seats. The rails smoked from the friction of grinding wheels, but the baby got off uninjured, although the margin was a narrow one. The car had no sooner gotten nicely un der way again when a horse with carriage attached standing near the sidewalk reared and started to bolt away. Again the electric was cut short in its career, just in time for the conductor to catch the frightened equine by the head and save a general smash up. What with all kinds of working hours, a tremendous daily outlay of muscular power, a keen eye on all the streets for passengers, exposure to the weather and the responsibilties of piloting so many human souls about, as well as averting accidents. the motorman, even in little St. John, is a hard-worked fellow, more so than he gets credit for,

## TOWN TALES.

grow older. In the meantime a bow of ing they eat with the succulent sausage ten cents, or perhaps a quarter "on the her distinct from Lillian Pretoria, who is the world. labelled in blue, the third color, red, being worn by Margaret Roberts. Thus marked, the tiny patriotic trio receive their many visitors, blinking their soft blue eyes and dimpling their little pink chins in response to the flood of "baby talk" ever addressed them.

Tomorrow the triplets will be six weeks old and so far the parents are delighted to see th m growing stronger and prettier each week. Mr. and Mrs Seeds who are true Britishers, made a great hit with the general public when they decided on the babies' names, and in due time, no doubt Her Mejesty the Queen will be made acquainted of the birth of the little ones, also of their patriotic names, for there is a boun'y of several pounds sterling awaiting parents of triplets, no matter in what part of the vast Empire they live.

(Since this writing one of the babies, Lillian Pretoria, has suddenly died, much to the regret of the interested community.)

What we do Where Sausage know and what "Casings" we do not know Come From. would fill a pretty big book.

#### It looks as the English word Its "Empire" "umpire," which Nowadays, not "Umpire." Webster gives as as one "to whose

sole decision a controversy or question between parties is referee, or "an umpire; as in umpiring a game" will soon become extinct with the general public if baseball continues to be the most popular sport. It is very infrequently you hear the word correctly spoken nowadays. "Empire" is the new pronunciation, and from the small boy who brings in the lost ball, to his baseball-cri zy papa this is the way of referring to the man who judges the game. Baseballists say "empire", the bleacherites shout "chase the empire", as if they were a lot of Anarchists clamoring against Imperial Federation, and even the gilt-edged sport enjoying the luxuries of a seat behind the wire netting forgets his good grammar

and designates the ball and strike critic "empire", with particular nasal emphasis or the "em'. It somebody in the crowd should happen to say "umpire" he would stand out like a burnt hole in a blanket and its doubtful if some wouldn't wonder at what he was trying to say. But whether "umpire" or "empire" the man who keeps his eye on the ball in the St. John games is earning his scant stipend all right, and its himselt who knows it.

white ribbon on Elenor Kitchener makes | comes all the way from the other side of | yellow ball." but it is not very often any deeper plunging is indulged in by the native born. However a game, or series of games of straight pool was played in a certain well known billiard hall a few evening ago, which made the eyes of onlookers bulge away out. The contestants were two wealthy Americans, while a third party sat languidly by betting unheard of sums on shots and results. Fifty dollars a game was the stake and in the course of about an hour quite a few round of games were contested, the chilly cash being disgorged after each contest. Several hundreds of dollars were involved in wagers' not count. ing the X's and XX's the man sitting down placed on certain shots and possibilities. It was no big bluff the Americans were putting up, but merely a rich man's pastime which to the humble ten-dollar-a-week looker-on was somewhat of a new phase

> Its doutful if Gov. Theodore Roosevelt Thought it was of New York, the Republican vice Gov. Roosevelt. presidential candi-

of pool playing.

date was ever in St. John during his life time, although several people aver he was here last week. These persons, needless to say, have not kept themselves posted on American political happenings, or they would have known that Governor Roosevelt was in quite another place when they thought him basking in our own dear old tog and sunshine. Nevertheless the people who claim to have seen him say if it was not the ex police commissioner it was his double, for no two men could look any more like one another. The moustache was the tront street the same, similar eyeglasses, the prominent grinning teeth, identical stature and dressed quite like the governor of New York. He was pointed out as Roosevelt on the street by persons who devour the illustrated magazines and papers, but nobody authenticated the assertion that it was he. Even in a certain church last Sunday evening the congregation kept constantly "rubbering" at the stranger who looked like the Rough Rider candidate for the vice presidential

All the walks are laid out and fountain placed but there are a bundred or more details yet to be attended to before the architect's picture is realized.

Among the feastures of this year in the gardens are patriotic flower beds, in which is a Union Jack in correct colors and the British Ensign, surmounted by the letters V. R. and underneath is a floral crown in golden flowers. The piece is about 12 x 5 teet in size, and is attracting a lot of attention. Then there is the big conservatory cramful of beautiful blossoms and over 20,000 plants distributed throughout the big garden space. The fountain contains some rare water lilles, including a pretty red species, very rare. Two thirds of the garden plot is now being grown with grass, in preparation for next year's setting out of plants in beds, and in spots groves of shady trees have been planted for the benefit of those who will live some ten or twelve years longer. When all finished Rockwood's gardens will rival some of the best in Canada, the only thing liable to handicap it being the lack of shade trees.

Bruce Macfarlane, Harvey and Frads-Fredericton Paardebergers ham, the three Fred-Before a Camera. ericton soldiers lately returned from the

war, had their pictures taken in Bu k a:dt studio in the town of Celestials last Monday, and the conversation they carried on while the operator was arranging them in position and focusing the camera, would

The Seeds triplets of The Seeds Queen street are get-Triplets of along famously. Ap-Queen Street. parently they are the most popular little

girls in town and if their popularity lasts until they are young ladies it is safe to predict not one of them will die husbandless. Snugly cuddled together in a basket cradle, daintly padded in silk and muslincovered, they proudly "goo" back at one another and their mother, as if really con scious of the furore they have created among mammas and papas the town over It is truly remarkable the resemblance

the little ones bear to one another. Their

wouldn't it. Well here's something FROG-RESS didn't know, and perhaps lots of our readers are just as ignorant in the matter as we were. In a sentence the information can be imparted, vz:-Most all the "casings" in which sausage and bologna meat are stuffed come from Australia and Russia. They are not the intestines of sheep belonging to this country, but are imported ia enormous quantities from the Antipodes

and the Czar's realm.

In this country very few sheep are allow ed to mature, they are either killed when lambs or saved for wool growing purposes, but in Australia and Russia they are grown until quite old, giving that part of their body used for "casings" the required size and toughness. Many millions of dollars worth of "casings" are shipped to London every year and from this great depot of tade they are shipped to New York, which is the chief distributing point for America. They come in hogsheads and tierces and a \$1000 worth can easily be salted and packed down in an ordinary

sized tierce. Mr. Max Brand, representing the big sausage casing house of Wolf, Sayer & Heller of New York, Chicago, Hamburg and Australia was in town this week selling our local sausage makers. |He travels from one end of the continent to the other and se is hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of these odd goods. In the fall he takes his annual buying and inspecting trip to the sheep fields in New Z aland and Russis.

It is doubtful if many people in this city mother cannot tell them apart, but hop a outside the sausage tradesmen were aware to be able to distinguish them as they of the fact that the thin elastic-like cover-

Fredericton has This Occurred a very excitable in the Celestial Jewish resident, a merchant on City.

tellow who is pretty well liked by the young men about town, although the business men are not on exceptionally good terms with him. Last Monday two Italian musicans, daughter and father, landed in the Celestial City and at once started twanging their stringed instruments, the mandolin and guitar. Somehow or another the young merchant caused the displeasure of the big eyed Italian girl, who was very ready with her tongue, and she lost no chair. time in designating him a "sheeny." If it had been a man who had insulted him the young merchant might well have let go a fist or two, but it wasn't. However he threatened to slap the girl if she was so bold again. The incident caused quite a flutter among the talkative class, and pretty nearly everybody sided with the Fredericton young man.

> There are hundreds of pool players in With a St. John, quite a few of whom are real clever in piloting the

colored ivo ies into the various pockets of the table, and some quite frequently emerge from the scene of playing somewhat the richer. The game may be for a nickel,

Gardner Knott ought The really to be proud of Gardens his gardens at R ckat the Park. wood Park. In this last couple of years

he has transformed what was once an unsightly bog into a perfectly delightful spot, with its maze of prettily designed walks and lawns, flower beds and fountain rugged walls and shady spots-in fact a garden of which St. John may well boast. And yet the work of making this spot beautiful has only about commenced. Landscape Architect Vaux of New York drew very elaborate plans when he looked over the ground some years ago, and as yet these plans are only partially carried out. [ "horn-swoggle ?"

have made a horse laugh.

"Hurry up there and get you pom-pom in position or we'll charge you !" said Fradsham, who was growing impatient with his head cocked to one side in a photographer's vice.

"But let us know when your going to shoot," sail the redoubtful Bruce, "so as we can get to cover."

Then his big face wrinkled into a hundred smiles and the trio shook as they laughed inwardly.

The operator thought it was his turn to say something funny and suggested a little bit more veldt for the men to stand on. His witticism being appreciated he pushed the camera up toward the men a little further, when Harvey kicked about the short range and ducked his head, unknowingly.

"Now, all ready" warned the photograph man, with the shutter, bulb and tube in hand.

"Fire !' shouted Bruce and the three Paardeberger's ducked their heads. Fun is fun but this isn't fun, was written on the operator's face, as he yanked the plate-holder out and slammed the darkroom door behind him. As he reappeared with a fresh plate the boys in kharki straightened their faces and underwent the operation unflinchingly, after promising to pay for the plate they spoiled.

A Sickening Innovation.

Uncle Reuben-'What a dude Jake is since he came back from school !'

Uncle Joshus-"Dude! Should say he was. Don't it make you tired, though, to hear him say "inveigle" when he means

#### BASILY DONE.

How two Men Travelled on a licket for a Man and His Wife.

story.

'It was a slick trick, and it worked," said a well known conductor who runs in here. in telling of an incident of his last trip down to this place.

"He said he and the young man sitting

'Just before we left Dallas,' said he, 'I noticed a young lady and two young men get on the train and when I came through a little later to collect the tickets, found them sitting together in a double seat. When I stopped at their seat the man sitting next to the aisle handed me two tickets, one for a man and wife and a single ticket to Galveston. I took them thinking nothing of it, but on passing back and forth through the car several times after that I noticed that the man and wife did not seem to be getting along very well together, in fact their actions toward each other would lead one to believe they were perfect strangers, and during the day their actions became more and more noticeable until my suspicions began to be aroused. but as I knew nothing I held my peace until almost here, when finding the one who had handed me the tickets alone in the smoking compartment, I asked him if something was not wrong whereupon he came here. "tessed up' and frankly told me the whole

opposite to him when he handed me the tickets were from Kansas City, who, having lost their positions in that city, had started to come south to see if they could find something to do down here in Texas, and that they had gotten as far as Dallas when their money gave out, and having

been assured of getting positions in Galveston, wanted to come on here. One of them, by getting in a day and a halt's work, had made \$3; but as that would not bring them here they were in as bad a plight as before. The next day, however, they happened to drop into a ticket broker's office, but the only thing he had in the way of tickets to Galveston was one for a man and his wife. After consulting with each other they hit upon a plan and decided to take the ticket, paying their \$3 for it. They then went to the depot and hung around the ticket window until they saw a young woman but a ticket for Galveston, and followed, boarded the train with and deliberately sat down beside her, so when I came through the man sitting beside her politely took the ticket from her hand and passed it over to me, thus giving the impression that she was his wife, and in this manner the two adventurers

revolutionize work in the potato field," said the agent, as he seated himself in the barn doorway beside Philander Gregg. "I'm well posted on the merits of the article, but what I want to know is just how to approach the average farmer."

M'm," said Mr. Gregg surveying his caller with an appearance of chilling inhospitality. "I guess I am about near enough to the everage to tell ye. You want to approach him by the road at this season o' the year, for else yon want to stand still and let him tell ye which way to come. "You don't want to go step-steppin. over his strawberry patch, and on through his wite's flower-garding,' said Mr. Gregg. with a glance which applied his remarks to the case in hand. "That ain't the best way to approach an everage farmer, young affections. man, not if you cal'late to sell your paytent boe to him.'

INHERITED DISEASES. Greater Care Should be Taken of the Children of Consumptives.

The question of heredity, or the transmission of certain mental traits or physical characteristics from parents to children, is one that has been much studied, but of which as yet too little is known. Formerly the inheritance of disease was believed in implicitly, by physicians as well as laymen. and the list of maladies to which children were supposed to be almost inevitably condemned by the accident of birth was a very long one.

Among these hereditary diseases were reckoned consumption and scrotula, leprosy, gout, rheumatism, goitre, cancer, insanity, epilepsy and many other nervous younger generation escaping, if proper

cently regarded as one of the most surely

in the ordinary sense of the word, is readily transmitted from the sick to the well, when the invalid is careless in his habits. especially as regards expectoration. It is also acquired more readily by those of delicate constitution than by the robust.

The children of consumptive parents are seldom robust, and so are predisposed to any of the germ diseases, and living constantly in a house where the germs of consumption are necessarily abundant, they are very likely to become victims of that disease.

This is an important fact. It teaches us that since, as a rule, only the predisposition to the family disease is inherited, and not the disease itself, the chances of the

**Playing Pool** Vengeance.

#### Not the Best Way.

Now I have a patent hoe that's going to I gue!"

And the tone used by Mr. Gregg was so fraught twith unpleasant possibilities that the agent and his hoe vanished by the road before the silence had become oppressive.

Rather Unjust. Young Mother (on the train)-'Mom my's-itty-pitty-peshus lammy-angel-

dirlie-desdetweetestingatevyived, atsuti tis.'

> an shirt · Aspartes 心起 160%

Kylad Ian at this an

inherited diseases, and is still believed by Old Gent (seat in front)-'And they many to be so. But we now know that it blame a man for cursing the mother tonis a germ disease which, while not catching | ten cents.

editary.

care is used, are very great.

As we learn more about these maladics The bringing up of a child in a conhowever, one after another of them is resumptive family should be of a specially hygienic character. The best of foods, moved wholly or in part from this category floods of fresh air and sunlight not too and placed among the acquired diseases. Undoubtedly some diseases are really much study, long hours of sleep in a wellinherited, but their number is certainly ventilated room and, as far as possible, avoidance of exposure to the contagion of not large. Many diseases run in families the family malady-these are the weapons but are not on that account necessarily herby which the malign influence of inherited weaknesses of constitution may be overcome and many persons lives saved. Consumption, for example, was only re-

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