

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

Gooley and Sunday Business. "Say, phwat do ye tink of dem man-o-war's min, dey are de boys," said Gooley to Haley in front of the Market one day this week.

"Oi think dey're all right, all right," said Haley. "Yis, I war going down to Reed's Point last Sunday," remarked Gooley, "whin all iv a suddin the rain kem down in barrells full. I was purty full meself when I met some of thim sailer byes, I wint along wid thim. Mebbe we didn't have an iligant toime. Do you belave me Haley that dey sid that they' bin all over the wur ruid an' that they'd seen no place that cud begin to compare wid ould St John. Thim we had some more of dat Sunday wet stuff. I tell you wan dr-rink iv dat whiskey wud take away your br-reath. Oa, we'd a gr-reat toime to be sure."

"Well, Gooley, shure an' Oi don't know how ye kin stand it. Ye seem to be a regular thirmahometer ivery Saturday noight. Ye git full and never git up before the judge at all, at all; how do yees do it?"

"It's jest loike this, Haley. Oi go an a bit iv a toime on Saturday as soon as Oi git me pay at foive o'clock. Thim I fill in till sivin. Well per-rhaps Oi knows some iv the pilicemen on the beat that wud loike to hev a dhrop thimselfes. Oi interjuce thim to the bottle, they take their sup and 'thin everything is all right. Do ye know, Haley this is a gr-reat age an' dat Sunday mind-yer-own-busy-ness statue is a gr-reat law."

These have been busy times for the conductors and motormen of the St. John Railway company. The exhibition has kept them on the jump. In all the bustle and bustle there were some who made special efforts to "beat" the conductor, but the man who held the nickel-in-the-slot machine was on to them, in fact the conductors seem to have the faculty of scenting money. There was some fun at the head of King street section the other day when the driver of a two horse team, suddenly halting with his load, jumped off and picked up a roll of greenbacks as big as "Dinny Flynn's" wrist. The finder stood for a moment looking about, apparently waiting for a claimant, and as none came he resumed his seat on the wagon and as the horses moved on he was seen counting the money. The bunch of conductors and motormen seemed breathless and not at least for a minute did one of them dare speak. Finally a bright north end trolley shifter said: "Well, that beats—, the idea of that"

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

An Old Soldier's Experiences of the Boer War of 1881. Written for Progress Readers.

"What does it feel like when you are in action? Well, to tell you the truth when the critical moment arrives you hardly get time to study your feelings at all. It all seems like a dream to you when its over, but when you are in it, it's a kind of hell!" These words were spoken recently by an old soldier whose breast of medals denoted that he had fought in several engagements, and whose hair had long since grown grey in the service of his Queen and country.

"Well," he continued, "there's no one knows what it really is like unless they have been through it all. It's all very well for people to sit at home comfortably by their own fireside and talk about what ought to be done or rather what they think ought to be done, and criticise the movements of Genl. Buller or the tactics of Lord Methuen or Genls. Warren and French, or even the affairs of poor old Kruger himself for that matter. But place 'em on the field, under the same circumstances, and then where would they be?"

After all said and done though its poor little Tommy Atkins who has to do all the hard work—and— The marchin' and the fightin', Whilst the big "pots" sit at home, And, do the speechmakin' and writin'!

"But, that wasn't what you asked me," (and he scratch'd his head in thoughtful money lying there all this time and not one of us seeing it." A madder lot of men would be hard to find and when the motorman with the next car came along he was mad too. The next time you are in the vicinity of the King-Charlotte street branch just take a glance around and notice if you observe any of the boys casting their optics on the pavement in a vain search.

meditation) "What's it like in action?" "Well, as a rule, you don't have time to think of any thing else except the enemy in front of you and the loading of your rifle. Perhaps you have been marching for hours and hours at a stretch over a rough and un-even country, with a cumbersome marching order kit upon your back and a heavy rifle slung across your shoulder; both of which after a time become as a mill-stone round your neck. You are praying hourly, almost, for the enemy to come in sight so that you may the sooner get 'stuck' on them and get it all over. Imagine then, not getting more than two or three hours sleep at night for weeks, and what little you have had has been upon the bare and often damp ground; a craving for food and drink which cannot always be satisfied, and the former—when you do get it—consisting generally of the detestable "Bully" beef and "Hard tack," and the latter very often of the color and taste of ditch-water; and then, perhaps, under these conditions, you would be inclined to ask yourself the question: Is life worth living?"

"And when it does come to fighting, the thought of death has almost lost its terror. You march on the enemy in advancing—you know that there must be no turning back—no faint heartedness—it is life or death, and you have grown to care very little for either, but are determined

if there is such does not appear in this case. There is a clause somewhere in the liquor law entitling the informer in each case of conviction to a certain sum. This worthy person ought to be on hand to claim his reward and perhaps earn a chance to get on the police force.

to fight—for the sake of fighting, and because you know that it is your duty!" "I remember a little incident of my first campaign, which was in the Boer war of 1881, I had been thinking of the friends and relatives I had left behind me in dear old England, and—to tell the truth—I had begun to feel rather fluky as this was the first time I had been on active service. We had been marching, heavy, before we came in contact with the enemy. Presently the bullets came whistling round us like a strong wind blowing through the rigging of a ship in rough weather, and I saw several of my comrades fall wounded to the ground including a private belonging to my regiment who stood right next to me in the ranks. He was shot in the arm, and the blood spurted down his coat-sleeve in streams. The moment I caught sight of that, I was a new man! It some how put fresh courage into me, and I kept on loading my rifle and popping away as if it had been an every day occurrence, until a stray bullet struck me and I was conscious of a peculiar numbness and then a sharp stinging pain in my left thigh, which gradually got the better of me, until I found myself getting weak from the loss of blood and totally disabled. The next thing I knew that I was being carried to the rear on a stretcher, and then for the first time, I began to realize what it was like to have been in action!"

Have you ever noticed that nearly all policemen get fat? Well, they do. This would seem to disprove the theory that walking in the open air is a means of reducing superfluous weight. New policemen start in on their beats some of them not weighing more than 135 pounds. In six months they would tip the scales at 160 pounds, and in a year perhaps reach the 200 mark. It must be the slow sauntering pace of the finest in the open air that does it. A policeman is not supposed to go faster than a walk on his life. If he did he would break all

rules of precedent. The average policeman is supposed not to worry himself, hence his adaptability to take on flesh. The St. John "coop" does not generally have much brain work. His mental labor is very meagre. The percentages of criminals he hunts down from information derived through his own acuteness, would not fill a very large margin. In fact it is said that they have nothing else to do but to draw their salary and get fat.

that sum, felt rather sore on getting beat. They, or some of them made a complaint to a certain police sergeant who is very officious; the sergeant in his turn made a great hullabaloo as to what he would do. However the big good-natured sergeant in charge of the exhibition police heard of his threats. He quietly took the officious one aside and told him it would be better if he would attend to his beat instead of interfering with the work of others. The sergeant took the hint and vomoosed, while the fakir plied his vocation to the tune of the "Campbells are Comin'."

The most glaring sham on the grounds was that of the "Hooty Gooty" show erected near the merry-go rounds. The thing with the funny name was nothing more or less than the circus employee who figured in the court here a short time ago. This gentleman is the possessor of a wooden leg which he uses very dexterously in his antics of a "Freak Filipino."

Nearly everyone in St. John knows "Coke" O'Brien, the well-known character. He is an in-offensive individual with a tendency alcoholicly inclined. The following is the latest episode in which the redoubtable "Coke" was the central figure and chief actor. Last Tuesday night as the bibulous "Coke" was taking his evening stroll along Britain street, gently picking out his footsteps he wandered to the door of a tavern in that precinct. Imagine his surprise when he could not gain admittance. The reason for this was self-apparent. The shop was crowded with the jolly tars and marines off Her Majesty's man-of-war ships Crescent and Psyche. "Coke" however, nothing daunted, shied his cap into the bar, thinking thereby to gain admittance; this ruse however failed him. As cute and as cunning as a fox he still persevered until a happy inspiration struck him. With an unearnably yell he shouted "Hurrah for the Boers!" His shout was not heard for the first time, then in a voice which would have done credit to the megaphone barker heard at the exhibition he again repeated "Hurrah for the Boers!" This time his message was heard and answered promptly. With that dash and vim which goes with a British soldier or sailor the door of the tavern flew open showing the tars and marines in quest of somebody's scalp. The trouble was averted through the intercession of the tavern keeper. "Coke" started the affair out of a spirit of mischief more than anything else. He is as patriotic as many that wear Her Majesty's uniform, but it was luck that saved him.

Twice during the year man feels the need of rest—just before his vacation and again immediately after.—Elmira Gazette.

BICYCLE CLUBS FOR USE IN WAR.

Plan To Organize the British Wheelmen Generally Into a Militia Army. During the past two or three years the possibility of the bicycle in military operations have been discussed earnestly in this country and elsewhere, and experiments have been conducted which indicated that the wheel's usefulness in the field was a matter of no small importance. Indeed, as between the bicycle and the horse, preference was some time ago given by competent authorities to the former. In England, however, at the present time serious thought is being given to the need of increasing the defensive strength of that nation, and the sentiment in favor of the wheel as an engine of war is probably stronger there than in any other country. According to the London Telegraph, a report to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, soon to be submitted by Sir Frederick Maurice, concerning the experiments in Sussex, will constitute the strongest sort of argument in favor of bicycles for the all-round use of officers and soldiers.

For some time cycles have been in common use in the regular army and in the volunteer corps of England, and the wheelmen among the latter have been formed into small battalions, ready, should occasion demand, to assume the role of mounted infantry. By the last volunteer returns the number of cyclists enrolled in infantry battalions was 3,473, while only 346 men on horseback comprised the mounted infantry. In the last few months, however, the percentage of wheelmen has increased greatly.

Particular attention is being directed to the importance of military cycling in home warfare, and it is said that the Commander

in Chief of the British forces, as well as several other military officers of distinction, have come to recognize the wheel's value in this branch of the service. Gen. Maurice has mapped out a course of defence which he is satisfied would be perfectly feasible and of extreme value in the event of an attempted attack of any of the interior cities of his country. He would require all civilian male cyclists who own wheels and can ride them, who are of proper age and give promise of becoming marksmen to take their places among the regular forces for national defence, and, upon order to scorch away with arms and ammunition and rations sufficient for one or two days. For the great number of wheelmen necessary to carry out his plan the General would look chiefly to bicycle clubs rather than to individual riders. The practicability of converting cycle organizations into infantry corps would not be an experiment, inasmuch as the scheme has already been tried in Sir Frederik's own neighborhood and the result has been most satisfactory. Intelligence, united action and accurate marksmanship appear to be the requisites which, in the Generals' opinion, the cycle corps should possess most thoroughly, and the necessity of their concerted movement is regarded as deserving special consideration.

Recent operations with corps of bicycle infantry have shown how to overcome some of the difficulties to be encountered in moving one or more columns of wheelmen over roads running in similar directions, in order that the entire force may reach the desired place simultaneously. In short, Gen. Maurice's observations and experiments are looked upon as of the highest importance in solving the question of how best to provide for defense within Eng-

land's home borders.

The proposition to enlist bicycle clubs for the country's protection is certainly a novel one, and the scheme should be found as practicable on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.—N. Y. Sun.

Engine and Elephant.

In certain parts of India railroad engineers have many difficulties to encounter, some of them more amusing to read about than to experience. Of one such difficulty an exchange tells the following story: A freight-train was lumbering along, when a big elephant came out of the woods and undertook to butt the engine off the track. The engineer did not like to charge the brute, for fear of an upset, and several times reversed the engine, in the vain hope that the elephant would take that as a sign of surrender, and retire.

Finally the elephant backed into the engine, and setting its forefeet firmly between the rails, endeavored to push the train backward with its hind quarters. The engineer promptly put on all steam, toppled the elephant over a small embankment, and before it could recover its senses the train passed on.

Not Available.

When, at three o'clock one morning, Mrs. Newman was convinced that she heard a burglar in the parlor, she cautiously awakened her husband.

"Very well," said Mr. Newman, with a drowsy patience born of frequent similar alarms. "I'll get my revolver from the drawer, and go down and investigate."

"But, William," said his wife, with a sudden gasping remembrance, "Your pistol isn't here, dear. I—I tied it up with ribbons on an ornament under your father's sword today!"

BRUIN MEETS A TRAP GUN.

Farmer Shuck's Plan Right In Theory, but Dangerous for His Pig.

The black bear of the Alleghenies is nothing if not a humorist. While his days are usually few and full of trials, he makes the most of them, often to the chagrin of his lord and master, man. His appetite for young pork is often his undoing, but there are some smart bears who manage to catch a shot or two once in a while without coming to grief.

Farmer John Shuck, who lives away back in the mountains, makes a business of raising hogs. A year or so after he started in the business all the bears within a radius of 100 miles had heard of it. At least that is what Shuck thinks. At any rate, Shuck's young pigs began to disappear at an alarming rate from an inclosure which he deemed impregnable. At first he did not understand it. Then a friend suggested bears.

Full of the bear theory Shuck loaded a shotgun with slugs and laid in wait for his enemies. Six nights he sat up without result, and on the seventh, when, tired almost to death, he went to bed, two of his pigs disappeared. Then he thought of a trap gun.

Shuck's trap gun was an elaborate affair, calculated to kill everything within a radius of ten miles when it went off. It was loaded with slugs to the muzzle and pointed at the open door of the sty, where, he reasoned, any sensible bear would enter. A string across the door provided the necessary exploding arrangement.

After setting the trap the first time, Shuck went to bed confident of having bear meat for breakfast. About midnight he heard the gun go off. Rising hastily, he hurried to the sty, and arrived just in time

to see the favorite of his flock disappear, personally conducted by a large black bear. With his customary curiosity Bruin had sniffed at the gun before he ventured into the sty. A paw caught the string near the trigger, exploding the trap without harm to the bear. Unfortunately, the buckshot tore through the sty, killing four pigs and driving the remainder out of the sty. Bruin caught one of the fugitives as it came out and scampered off with it, carrying away a whole hide and a supper besides. Shuck has abandoned the use of trap guns as bear destroyers.

His Denomination.

Three men once stepped up to a noted revivalist, at the close of one of his evening meetings, and asked him to decide a point concerning which they had been disputing.

"One of my friends here," said the spokesman, "contends that you are a baptist."

"Why does he think I am a baptist?" interrupted the evangelist.

"Because he has seen you assisting enthusiastically at a baptism by immersion. My other friend is equally sure you are a methodist."

"Why?"

"Well, he has heard you say 'amen!' with much fervor when some good methodist brother has been praying. I differ with both. I say you are either a congregationalist or a presbyterian."

"Why so?"

"Well, I notice you always stand when you pray."

"My brother" was his reply, "I have almost forgotten, but I think each one of you is right. I belong to all four of those denominations." This in the larger sense, was doubtless true.]