

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Some Tony Crafts in the Harbor.

The part played by a yacht in the financial king's existence, the value of a few hours' marine seclusion to the business man, is being realized this season as never before. Formerly the costly yacht was a costly toy, and nothing more. Today it is a life saver, a brains' savior, the healer of exhausted nerves. At least, the millionaires who hold their riches by the sweat of their brows, as it were, are trying what these luxurious vessels will do for them after a day's struggle in the street with speculation and investments. St. John was visited by several of these excursion crafts early in the week, some of them resting at anchor in the harbor for quite a while. Sunday afternoon the handsome steam yacht Akela, owned by W. H. Ames, the Boston merchant, and owner of the big Ames building, arrived from Eastport. The Akela is 75 tons register and is a handsome looking craft. She sailed Monday for Digby. The pleasure yacht Zuero, sloop rigged, and owned by Dr. R. H. Derby, a New York physician, accompanied by his town sons, had the yacht down to New London to witness the Harvard-Yale races. The Zuero is 22 tons register. She went up the river Monday. The steam yacht Sapphire, of the New York Yacht Club, Mr. H. R. Drummond, commander and owner, arrived in port Saturday morning from Bar Harbor. Mr. Drummond is summering at Bar Harbor, and took a run up to St. John. The Sapphire is 120 tons gross, and 60 tons net.

"Big Mill" Automatically Protected.

Last Saturday night when the fire bells heralded a blaze in the vicinity of box 121 the whole of North End, particularly Indiantown, was aroused although the hour was quite late, for box 121 is rung in from Stetson & Cutler's mill the king pin sawing establishment in these parts. Should anything happen to the "big mill" a great many North End homes would be affected, and its out-and-out destruction would be nothing short of a public calamity. As it happened the fire was about the mill, in one of the outside sheds, but not at all of a serious nature. Had a configuration occurred it is doubtful if the whole establishment would have been consumed, for, as far as being protected from the fiery element is concerned Messrs. Stetson & Cutler's mill is almost fireproof. It is fitted with a system of iron pipes which are distributed throughout the big structure, every foot or so of which is supplied with a thin soldered nozzle. When the heat reaches these sealed sprayers the lead melts off and a great pressure of water is released. With a half hundred or so of jets of water at work a blaze would find it hard work to live, let alone progress. A huge tank on an elevation nearby contains the thousands of gallons of water perpetually ready for these emergency pipes.

St John's Saturday Night Last Foxy Newsboys.

About twelve o'clock Saturday night last two tiny newsboys, barefooted and with bags of fruit in their hands were sitting contentedly on a King street doorstep ravenously indulging in their purchases, which no doubt they afterwards gave an account of to their parents, who were anxiously awaiting the return of the paper peddlers and their cents. "Say little chaps," said a philanthropic citizen who was hustling toward his abode, "hadn't you better hurry home, you know it's awfully late and your mother is perhaps worrying about you." Then one young fellow's face lengthened out like the mercury in a hot wave, and those irresistible fake sobs of the foxy newsboy soon followed. "I—m, a—a-fraid to—oo go—o home, until I sell—l, all—al my pa—pers oo! oo!" Of course the philanthropic citizen purchased the remaining newsheets and again admonished him and his companion to seek the shelter of their respective domiciles, when he was surprised to hear both break out laughing and, sing together. "I left my happy home for you!" And they sauntered down the street each tackling a fresh pear.

How Yankee Politics Affect St. John Business. You might not think so, but the presidential election excitement in United States has its effect on St. John, and not a very enlivening effect either, quite the opposite, for instance: Chas. F. Woodman the millowner has had to shut down his shingle sawing establishment on account of the market collapse in Uncle Sam's domain. The bottom has simply fallen out of trade in this make of building materials. By the closing down of this mill almost half a hundred men are without work, so allowing these men to be earning from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day it can be seen the selecting of a chief executive across the border has a far reaching influence not overly conducive to making a man rich. Then there are other branches of trade which are affected by the abandonment of business by the Americans in order to yank at the political wires. St. John is feeling it, but the tradesman on the other side of the imaginary are feeling it worse.

Young Canada In North End Is True British.

Private Frank Spragg, one of the returned Cronje captors is the ideal of the North End small boy just now, and it ever war breaks out again and Old England's bit of bunting, is threatened you can depend upon it there will be an unusually big quota of candidates for the front in that end of town. As soon as the small fry in Spragg's neighborhood learned of his return in a few days they started to collect barrels and boxes and also to organize a military corps, and what a lot of amateur soldiers they were to be sure! Armed with lath edgings they formed up fully a hundred strong and paraded Simond, Sheriff, Main, Harrison and Chesley streets with all the pomp of a regiment of the Queen's bodyguards. Several marshals stood on either side with long poles and prodded out of the ranks every chap that was not carrying an edging. The bigger boys were placed in the front files, and some of the tail-enders were mere infants, skirted and bibbed, hardly able to toddle along to the irregular beat of the two tin wash boilers. It was no burlesque on the part of the boys, they were in dead earnest and even the smallest of them were agog with excitement. Their baby eyes fairly popped out of their heads and it was a matter of great pride for them to receive the plaudits of amused bystanders. Progress only regrets its inability to secure a photo of the juvenile army for reproduction, for certainly the sight was enough to inspire loyalty in even a Fenian. When dark night came the boys started their bonfire and until late the celebration was maintained in front of Spragg's house. The returned hero thought more of the reception his little boy friends gave him than all the other welcoming formalities put together.

Street Talkers Kept Her Awake.

A small party of young men including a tenor singer, a speedy bicyclist, a gymnast and an electrician were talking over a half dozen interesting subjects on Union street in front of a large dwelling house last Saturday night. The hour was late, approaching midnight, but the talkative crowd never thought of this, but kept mumbling away like the machinery in a rolling mill. Bye-and-bye a window squeaked in the third story window of the house in front of which they were standing and a woman's little voice asked pleadingly. "Gentlemen, will you please move on and disturb some other house in the neighborhood, we can't get to sleep at all?" One of the party pretending he thought the woman was in earnest about disturbing some one else in the neighborhood asked if there was any particular family she cared to have made miserable. This remark drew the enemy's fire, for the quartette jumped aside just in time to escape the contents of a large wash water pitcher. Then they moved.

Tears of Joy and Tears of Grief.

The depot was packed with humanity on Monday to welcome home again our brave heroes of Paardeberg and every heart was throbbing with love, joy and loyalty. A mother was there to welcome her wounded and sickened son, a son she oft-times thought perhaps she would never clasp to her bosom again, and when he bounced into her loving arms, she fainted for joy. But little did that vast throng of people think of the sad home-going of that youthful bit of mortal clay in the coffin nearby. There it rested, the victim of Sunday's drowning at Bay Shore, amid all the gladness and outburst of that hour, awaiting removal by train. Nobody stood by, as if to guard it and some even jumped upon the truck beside it to view the soldiers. Did anyone think of the meeting of that Dorchester mother and her son? Its doubtful. An only child, who had written but a day or so before that he would be home on Tuesday to spend his vacation. He was home Tuesday, but in his coffin. What a contrast between the hysterical joy of that North End mother and the heart-rending grief of Mrs. Lockhart, upon meeting their dear ones. And both boys were in the depot at the same time, one coming home, the other going home.

Baseball in Front of St. Peters.

Perhaps the clergy of St. Peter's church did not know it, in fact they certainly could not have known it or else they would have stopped it, but two of the liveliest games of baseball were in progress right alongside their church on Sunday last in which no less than thirty seven boys participated. It was early in the evening, just before the service, and the shouts and cries of the delighted boys could be heard a block away. One crowd of fifteen players were having a game of "flies" directly in front of the broad front entrance of the sacred edifice, while the other chaps had an improvised "scrub" match on by the eastern side of the church. In all the abandon of a baseball-excited crowd of boys they pitched, batted and ran the bases, as if it were any other day but the Lord's and it was well for them the Father Rector did not happen along, or they would have been justly reprimanded, in fact the police might have interfered had they seen them even though the chapel yard was enclosed.

A Correct Speaking Newsboy's Triumph.

Every night after the American train arrives at 11 o'clock, or thereabouts, a half dozen or so newsboys make the principal streets and hotel offices vocal with their Yankee paper announcements. "T'day's Boston Globe or Hur'd!" is the usual, in fact almost universal cry, but on Tuesday night last a new lad started in to the American paper business and bids fair to succeed if he sticks to his correct pronunciation. While all the other boys were flitting here and there among the stray passersby with their "T'days Boston Globe or Hur'd!" the new boy quietly asked each person if he wished "To-day's Boston Globe or Herald." There was no "Hur'd!" about his announcement. An American, a Bostonian no doubt, stood at the head of King street and smiled as he listened to the approaching squad of newsboys. He refused all their offers, but when a few feet behind the new boy told what he had for sale he said. "Yes my little chap I will have a Herald. I really don't want it for I will get one in the morning's mail, but you are the only boy I've heard say Herald, and you deserve encouragement. Don't say "Hur'd!" my boy, its not right." Then he inquired where the boy went to school etc, and both departed the wiser.

GILLMORE'S SPANISH FRIEND.

Kind Deed of an Enemy, Which Met With Quick Recognition.

During the period of his imprisonment by the Filipinos Lieutenant Gillmore and his men were at one time thrown into an old barrack with a party of Spanish prisoners, including a major general. The latter in some way obtained money, which he divided among his men and with great generosity sent 50 Mexican dollars to Lieutenant Gillmore, asking him to accept them, with his compliments. Gillmore made the condition that it should be considered a loan, to which the Spanish general graciously assented, and he used the money to buy shoes and clothing for his men, something they sadly needed, for they were almost naked. After his rescue Gillmore learned that the Spanish general, who had also escaped from the Filipinos, was in the city of Manila, and he offered him 50 silver dollars as repayment of the loan. The general was quite indignant and refused to accept it. When Gillmore reminded him of the agreement, he smiled and said that he had consented to it only because he feared the Americans would not accept the money otherwise. Gillmore told the story among the other naval officers at Manila, who passed around a paper and collected a handsome sum, which was expended in the purchase of the most appropriate and expensive piece of silver that could be found in Manila. It was engraved with a brief statement of facts and presented to the Spanish general with appropriate ceremonies as a token of gratitude and admiration from the navy of the United States. Then he was invited to a reception upon the flagship, where every officer in the fleet who could be spared welcomed him and thanked him in person for his kindness to Gillmore and his men.—Havana Post.

Mixed Emotions.

The feeling of Ireland toward that part of Great Britain which the London Chronicle calls the 'predominant partner, is illustrated in a story of a waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" asked a customer. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get home rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blay'ards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get home rule, annyway."

Then as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"

Another Butler.

In an examination of divinity students for ordination, in England, one candidate was so poorly equipped for his mental struggle that the bishop only ordained him on his promise to study Butler's Analogy after ordination.

The student was the guest of the bishop; so the next morning, when he departed, the reverend gentleman shook his hand cordially and said, as he did so: "Good-by, M. Greely; don't forget the Butler." "I haven't, my Lord," was the surprising answer. "I just gave him five shilling!"

Wooden, at Thht.

For the special benefit of bird lovers, although others may enjoy it also, the Cincinnati Enquirer records this conversation. "Burds is intelligent," Mrs. Brannigan

observed as she encountered her friend, Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em anything. Me sister has wan that lives in a clock, an' whin it's time to tell th' time it comes out an' says cuckoo as many times as th' time is."

"Tis wonderful!" said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "It is, indeed," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' the wonderful part of it all is it's only a wooden burrd at that!"

BANFF'S POPULARITY.

It is Attracting More Travellers Than the Yellowstone.

It may not generally be known that in the Canadian Rockies, says the National Park Gazette is a more popular resort than the Yellowstone; yet such is the case. Notwithstanding that the praises of the latter have been published in all quarters; that it embraces one of the most picturesque regions in the United States; that its climatic conditions are supposed to be exceptionally fine; that it is within easy access of many large cities and densely populated communities, or that there is expended on it yearly more than twenty times the amount spent on this park, it is gratifying and speaks volumes for Banff that the number of people who visit this park is in excess of that of the Yellowstone. A good index of the travel in the two parks may be seen in the number of visitors registered annually at the hotels of the two respective resorts. Here are the comparative figures for the past five years:—

Year.	Yellowstone.	Banff.
1895.....	2,470	4,924
1896.....	2,408	3,995
1897.....	4,870	5,687
1898.....	2,207	5,687
1899.....	3,637	7,387

With this continually increasing travel will come a more intimate knowledge of the country at large, and Canada, the land of Thule, will be known as she is.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

The Sad Experience of a Mendicant in New England.

He was ragged and slouchy, but he appeared to be strong and in good health, and the Boston man who had been struck for 10 cents looked the man over and replied:

"Why do you hang around the city and live in this way when you could at least earn your board and clothes out in the country?"

"In which direction, for instance?" he asked.

"Why, go out among the farmers. They must want help this time of year."

"Do you know anything about the New England farmers?"

"Not much; but some of them would surely give you board and lodging to dig potatoes or husk corn."

"They would, eh?" he smiled. "My friend, don't you bank on the farmer if you don't want to get left. I've known him for these last ten years. See this scar on my head? D'you notice that I limp in my walk? See how my nose has been broken? If I dared peel off here, I could show you the scars of 20 different dog bites."

"Is the farmer to blame?" was asked.

"You are dead right he is!" was the reply. "I'll take my chances with trolley cars, police, bicycles, mad dogs, runaways etc., but I don't want to run up ag'in no New England farmer!"

"What's wrong with him?"

"I never stopped to find out. Indeed, I never had time to stop. About the time I had got through the gate and had my tale of woe worked up the New England farmer and the New England bulldog made it their business to jump over the fence and run me into the next county.

Why, I've been found dead on the highways 14 different times; and there's no giving figures on the times I've been mortally wounded! No, sir-e! Tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work up no New England farmer job on the undersigned!"

M. QUAD.

A Life Pendulum.

The thousands of persons who recently witnessed one of the most daring rescues in fire annals would no doubt unite in voting that a teamster, a sailor and a fireman should have a tablet in the proposed 'Hall of Fame.'

A fire started in a New York tenement, and spread with such rapidity that those on the top floor were cut off from escape. An old man, a sick woman and two little children appeared at the windows imploring aid.

A passing driver snatched a large rope from his wagon and ran toward the fire. A sailor followed him, and the two calling a fireman, bounded up an adjoining high building and broke through the skylight to the roof.

The fireman was lowered and the rope set swinging. Aided by hands and heels, he increased the swing of the pendulum until it reached the desired window into which he climbed.

Grasping a child, he swung out to the corresponding window of the next house, where willing arms relieved him of his burden. Three times the performance was repeated, the wild applause of the crowd below attesting its appreciation of the splendid bravery of the man and of the ingenuity and presence of mind of the helpers on the roof.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use.