

St. John Boarding Houses.

The Trials of a Stranger Who Tried to Get a Temporary Home, Pro Tem.

When a stranger in St. John starts in to hunt for lodgings or a quiet, family sort of a boarding place he begins to court trouble and with the assurance that he is going to win the same.

Our quiet Winter Port city, no doubt, has some excellent private families who are willing for a reasonable consideration, to take in one as a boarder, provided he can show certificates of good character, but there are some boarding and lodging houses which are enough to drive an ordinary well-behaved man to look upon the vintage when its real rosy.

PROGRESS is able to identify a gentleman who has been hunting for a boarding place which would just suit him for a straight year and he hasn't found it yet. He asserts that he has carefully observed himself and analyzed his conduct towards his fellow citizens, and he can't see where he is to blame for all the trouble he has experienced in the pursuit of a quiet, home-like place where he could be well treated, not have his private affairs inquired into all the time, and have the good treatment keep up.

He recklessly advertised in PROGRESS his desire for a room with board in a private, quiet family. It was particularly specified in the advertisement that the location must be central.

The advertisement had not been in two days before the man had 30 letters in response. The third day he got 47 and there were almost as many on the fourth day. It seemed to him as though about every private family in St. John was yearning for a boarder, just one.

The man spent hours reading the letters and classifying them. About one third of the answers came from such "central" locations as West End, North End, South End and some from the valley. The letters were read and reread and, finally when the bunch had been cut down to about 20 letters the advertiser started out to inspect some of the "private-family-quiet-neighborhood" accommodations which the writers had represented that they possessed. Of the 20 families nine had anywhere from three to 11 boarders already in the house. Eight of the private families had signs out signifying that they kept boarders and inviting any passerby to come in and hire a room with board.

The one private house which had failed to put out a sign to flag stray boarders had four outsiders in the house at that time and was looking for more. Finally the searcher after board in a quiet, private family, found just about what he thought would suit him. It was a house on Blank street and in a fashionable neighborhood. The lady of the house dilated and enlarged and likewise dwelt on the superior advantages her house possessed over any other private residence in all St. John which would condescend to accept an outsider within its walls. She grew eloquent over the location, the modern plumbing, the social standing of the neighbors, and the view to be had from the front. The room she was willing to let, she said, was not over large, but it was airy and altogether delightful. The caller suggested that he would like to look at it, and the lady said she was having it put to rights by the servant and it would be ready for inspection in a few minutes. Then she wanted to know a whole lot of things about her caller. The first thing she asked about was regarding his church connections. Was he a member of a church and did he go regularly? The caller began to feel like counterfeit money at these questions, and he faltered out that just at present he wasn't very strong in the church line but he intimated that he was thinking of joining one pretty soon. The lady said: "Of course, don't you know, you, ah see, well, really, you'll excuse me, but the fact is we never have taken any one to live with us, and you won't mind if I ask you a few more questions, will you?"

"Oh no, not a bit; I rather enjoy it," said the caller, who decided if he had to lie he would be as cheerful about it as possible. Then the lady looked very solemn and impressive as she asked her caller if he drank. Never, he said, not a drop in fact; he abhorred liquor, and said so with great fervor. "That is so nice," said the lady, and then she proceeded with her cross-examination. Would her caller be willing to pay in advance?

Did he stay out late nights? Would he mind if he angel child practiced on the piano from 6.30 to 8.45 in the room under his sleeping apartment? Did he think he should have the privilege of smoking in his room, tobacco smoke makes such a

smell in the curtains? Had he many friends who were likely to call on and keep the servant running to the door?

The caller said that he'd just a soon pay in advance as anyway, that he never smokes anywhere but in the street, but that he does work nights, although he has contracted the habit of taking his shoes off in the street and entering a house in his stocking feet so as not to disturb anybody. Naturally he said, he had to sleep forenoons, but the piano practice would be all right, as pianos always had the effect of soothing his nerves and lulling him to sleep. As regards callers coming to the house to see him, the man said that he hadn't a friend in the world who would ever think of calling at his lodgings, so everything was satisfactory on that score. Finally, the frowsy servant having announced that the room was ready to be inspected, the lady showed the caller to the "not large but airy" sleeping apartment. It was right under the roof, and about big enough for a good wardrobe. The floor was covered with matting and a pair of curtains that might have cost 27 cents at a bargain sale were hanging over the one window with narrow panes of glass.

There was no closet nor wardrobe connected with the bedroom. The bed itself was a three-quarter size and concoined in the middle. The lady appeared very proud of the little place. She said in a sort of grandiloquent manner, not forgetting to mention the superior location and the high-toned neighbors that she would let the caller have it all for \$3 a week. As he had advertised for room and board, that looked pretty cheap, and he made some modest inquiry about meals!

No, never; she said the man could eat outside, but, really she didn't know where she could get table board around that neighborhood, for all the neighbors were so high-toned. The caller began backing water after all that, and diplomatically praised up the room, told how he always did have a horror of a large room, in which size he said he always felt lost, and he promised to let the lady know his decision by the mail of the following morning. She got the decision all right, but she didn't let the garret room for \$3 per week. The last one of the remaining 20 letters developed a neat and cosy flat, of which the tenant was a widow who did condescend to let a few rooms, but no board. The place was clean and wholesome, and after his long and fruitless search for home comforts, the wayfarer, finding he could get table board in the same neighborhood, hired the furnished room. The lady said his rent would be \$2 a week until cold weather. When the steam was turned on, she said, the rent would be \$2.50. The man without a home took that room and moved in, for the lady said it was quiet there forenoons.

It was quiet, comparatively, that is, if the comparison was drawn between that and a factory.

All the street hawkers in St. John drove past there bawling their wares every forenoon but Sunday, and the street musicians held daily conventions on the corner.

Sleep was almost out of the question. A female with a cracked voice and a delusion that she was cut out for a prima donna practiced all day long at an open window across the street, and a man with a hair lip and a banjo occupied an adjoining room, where he practiced a new system for learning to sing and play rag time.

It was a happy little home, not, but the wayfarers had grown weary of moving about, and the thoughts of more hotel life appealed him, so he stuck it out for a few weeks. Then a couple of business college boys moved into the room at one side of the seeker after comfort and rest, and two girl clerks moved into the room on the other side.

The collegians and the salesladies used to poke their heads out of the windows and exchange gush with each other mornings, all of the same having, of necessity, to pass by the tired man's window. The situation was becoming unbearable, but the first pay day for the room after that, saw the finish of the seeker after a quiet home.

Again he advertised for board in a quiet home like family, centrally located and having all the comforts of a home, and he got nearly 25 replies to that. He visited all the people replying within walking distance convenient to which he had specified the place must be, and after spending three days in his search he finally compromised between a furnished room in a noisy neigh-

borhood and a hotel in which he had thought of taking refuge, and went to live in a high toned boardinghouse, where he was shown a good sized room, with bath across the hall, and enough easy chairs and hassocks to make him feel rested the minute he entered the place.

The bed was a perfect dream, a set of fine woven wire springs and thick mattress being on it, an abundance of clean bed-clothing and a counterpane which was snowy in its whiteness. The pillows were twice the size of the pillows in the average boarding house and they must have been filled with down, they were so light. The boarders, the lady said, were few in number, and very select. The references of the new comer being satisfactory he was taken in (more ways than one) at the rate of \$6 a week. The first meal was entirely satisfactory (the man learned later from experience that an extra meal was always a feature of the arrival of a new boarder.) but after it fell off. The new man slept the sleep of the just, and entire contentment his first night in the new nest. The bed seemed to fit him all over, and he fell asleep dreaming that at last he had found the acme of boardinghouse bliss. The next night he missed a hassock. The following day the best easy chair was missing, and the landlady explained that one of the star boarders was sick, and she had borrowed it for him, but would bring it right back.

It never came. Then the pillows of down disappeared, and were replaced, by some that were filled with hen's feathers and were as hard as could be. They never came back. The landlady said she guessed the servant had gotten them mixed with the pillows from some other room, but she'd see about it.

She must have had a bad eye, for they didn't reappear.

The second easy chair disappeared one day, and its place was taken by a stiff-backed chair, that gave the man a back-ache when he tried to sit in it. The hired girls kept going, but they didn't come as fast as they disappeared, and for days at a time the boarders lived on excuses from the landlady and complaints regarding the troubles she was having in getting servant girls, supplemented by bakers' bread and canned meats.

There were factions, to none of which the stranger belonged, and among the old boarders in the house, and squabbles were features of about every meal. One day a new boarder came and was shown a room fitted up with the exhibition bed and furniture which caught the stranger boarder in the first place. The easy chairs the pillows of down, the hassocks and all the fittings were there. The newest man rented the room, and that night there was another splendid meal. Then the searcher after a home in a quiet neighborhood, and with a private family, paid his bill and moved into a hotel again.

He is there now and proposes to stick to it. If there are any nice private families, centrally located who are willing to take just one boarder and let him mind his own business while the family attends to its business he hasn't been able to find it. Meantime, he has sworn off on boarding-houses, lodginghouses and eating in rest aurants.

He (impulsively)—I'll see your father and end all uncertainty at once, darling. She (cautiously)—No, no. Wait till next week or the week after, dearest.

He—Why? She—He's breaking in a new pair of shoes.

He—What makes you wear shoes that hurt your feet?

She—Dear me! If they didn't hurt me I wouldn't remember they were new.

"Adam never was a boy." "That's so. Well, he did pretty well, considering he hadn't any bringing up."

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Landing of the Loyalists.

How They Arrived Here 117 Years Ago—Troubles of the Loyalist Society.

Yesterday was the 117th anniversary of the founding of St. John by the Loyalists, but few would have known it from any special display of bunting or other marks of celebration. The institution of this dearly beloved city has become almost a pleasant myth with those who inhabit it and the rising generations are growing to know less each year of the very important facts of history connected with the settlement of the rocky site upon which St. John now stands. The landing of the Loyalists in St. John was an event in Canadian history not to be forgotten, and from that May day so many years ago the most easterly part of what is now Canada has grown in importance, wealth and commerce.

The St. John Loyalist Society was instituted in 1889 and is composed of descendants of the original settlers. The Society will listen to Rev. W. O. Raymond preach on Sunday evening in commemoration of the 117th anniversary, but otherwise the founding of St. John will receive no recognition. In fact matters have been going along very unsatisfactorily of late years in the Loyalist Society. The interest in the object of the organization has seemingly fallen greatly off, and few names are being added to the rolls. Of course there is a cause for so much disinterestedness, and laxity on the part of certain officers is charged. Perhaps the most important office in the Society is that of Historian and it appears as though this, or these officials have been exceedingly backward in their duties. No new data has been furnished and consequently many families, who are living in town of Loyalist descent, have not been "authenticated," so to speak by the Historian and are not invited to join. The chief interest of the Loyalist Society lies in the historical data supplied by its Historians, but as stated before, these officers have been neglecting the duties expected of them and consequently the enthusiasm of the Society has faded away and is gradually dying.

PROGRESS is indebted to the late J. W. Lawrence's "Footprints" for the following interesting bits of St. John history:

The Loyalists at New York.

At the close of the American Revolution Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-chief at New York was waited on by Rev. Samuel Seabury D. D. and Col. Benj. Thompson on behalf of the Loyalist desirous of going to Nova Scotia. It was agreed that: They should have vessels to carry them and their cattle and goods.

That they should be provisioned en voyage and a year's provision supplied after landing, also purchase money.

Also that clothing and other needs be supplied in proportion to size of families.

That medicine, millstones, ironwork, saw mills, etc., be granted, as well as nails, hoes, axes, shovels, ploughs, farming implements, and so forth.

Tracts of land free from disputed titles were surveyed and divided at public cost in lots of from 300 to 600 acres for each family. Two thousand acres was allowed in every township for the support of a clergyman and 1000 acres for a school. Muskets, cannon ball and powder were allowed for home defences.

Exploration and Arrival.

The St. John river was explored by a party from Massachusetts in 1761 led by Israel Perley. Mr. Perley was the founder of Manguerville, dying in 1813 at the age of 74. The harbor of St. John was surveyed by Capt. Bruce of the Royal Engineers the same year.

In April 1783 the first fleet left New York for the river St. John with Loyalists. There were about 3000 men, women and children aboard. On the 18th day of the next month they landed on the present Market Square from the "Camel," Capt. Tinker; the "Union," Capt. Wilson; the "Aurora" Capt. Jackson; the "Hope," Capt. Peacock; the "Otter" Capt. Burns; the "Spencer," the "Emmett," Capt. Reed; the "Thames," the "Spring," Capt. Cadish; the "Bridgewater," the "Favorite," Capt. Ellis; the "Ann," Capt. Clark; the "Commerce," Capt. Strong; the "William," the "Lord Townsend," the "Sovereign," the "Sally," the "Cyrus," the "Briton" and the "King George". Vessels continued arriving all summer. In October the full fleet arrived with 1200 people. These with numbers before found shelter in log houses and bark camps. Transports with stores and troops arrived as late as December. The troops tented all winter on Barrack Square. Parr Town, as St. John was first called, and Carleton across the

harbour had at the end of 1783 about 5000 of a population.

Commence to Build a Town.

The Loyalists received a lot of land with 500 ft. of boards, shingles and bricks. Most of the erections at first were log houses, the lumber being used for roofing. Over a million and a half feet of boards were distributed and a million and a half shingles. Lines of streets were run and trees cut, but stumps in many places remained for years. Carting between upper and Lower Cove was along the shore, and provisions from the beach had to be carried to the dwellings on the back. The British Government provisioned the Loyalists for the first year, two thirds for the second year and one third for the third year.

The above quotations will give an intelligent idea of the "landing of the Loyalists", so much spoken and heard about, but generally not known in detail. To follow on and give historical extracts of the consequent doings of our St. John forefathers would take up more space than PROGRESS can possibly spare in this issue.

Appended is an incomplete list of the membership of the Loyalist Society, descendants of the people above written about.

Alward, Silas,	Allen, Sir John C.
Allen, T. Carleton,	Anderson, James,
Bayard, Dr. Wm.	Belyea, Dr. E. S.
Belyea, Jas. A.	Brundage, Thos.
Bustin, Thos.	Burkhardt, C. W.
Baxter, J. B. M.	Clinch, Peter,
Cornwall, Mrs. Ira,	Cowan, R. S.
Charles, H.	Cunard, Col. Wm.
Currey, L. A.	DeForest, S. S.
DeForest, Clarence,	DeForest, Arthur F.
D. Forest, Louis C.	DeForest, Frank,
Dixon, M. B.	Dole, W. P.
Drake, Jer.	Drake, Bruns.
Earle, A. O.	Everett, C. A.
Everett, Hon. L.	Flagler, I. S.
Fowler, E. C.	Fowler, Judson M.
Gardiner, Sam.	Harding, Wm. S.
Harding, James S.	Hannay, Jas.
Hall, S. S.	Hart, J. Twining,
Hatheway, W. H.	Harding, John H.
Harding, Chas. S.	Humbert, Thos. C.
Humphrey, R. B.	Hazen, J. D.
Holly, James,	Jack, I. Allen,
Jack, D. R.	Jones, Simeon,
Jones, R. Keltie,	Jones, Geo. W.
Jarvis, Wm.	Kaye, Ed. G.
Kerr, John,	Knowles, J. N.
Manning, James,	Mayes, G. S.
Manning, Ed. I.	McLean, H. H.
McCready, J. E. B.	McDonald, Chas. A.
Moran, Robt.	Murray, Frances R.
M. Kiel, Fred.	Northrup, Isaac H.
Oliva, D. Miller,	Olive, Stanley G.
Otty, G. O. D.	Palmer, Phillip,
Peters, Harriet,	Pickett, H. H.
Price, Mrs. M. C.	Raymond, W. O.
Robertson, John,	Robinson, T. B.
Roop, J. W.	Roberts, David S.
Roberts, C. N.	Second, Mrs.
Sealey, D. I.	Skinner, C. N.
Smith, A. C.	Stockton, A. A.
Stevens, W. B.	Short, John D.
Tapley, Arch.	Tapley, Geo. H.
Tapley, G. L.	Tapley, Edward,
Trueman, G. H.	Thorne, W. H.
Taylor, Chas. S.	Tilley, H. C.
Tilley, L. P. D.	Thompson, W. Chas.
Underhill, Jacob D.	Vroom, W. E.
Waterbury, D. H.	Wilson, A. A.

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Automobile Instruction Book.

"Electric Automobiles: Their Care, Construction and Operation", is the title of a very valuable little volume which has just been issued by Herbert S. Stone & Co., the Chicago publishers. The author is Mr. C. E. Woods, a practical electrical engineer and inventor of the Woods' automobile. The book is by far the most useful volume on the subject published, its information is accurate and up-to-date and its instruction is along just the lines which the automobile owner and operator requires. The book contains all the regulations of the Automobile Club of America and the racing rules in France—besides a chapter on the street operation of electric vehicles. There are also numerous illustrations, showing the entire construction of the carriages and batteries. The book is invaluable to persons interested in automobiles.

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