

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

John Callahan
Poor old John Callahan
McCarthy has passed out
from this scene of earth-
ly strife and turmoil, and
a figure which of late years has been famil-
iar to all townspeople is removed. John's
suffering covered a period of three months,
internal trouble, and death came in reality
as a relief. A comparatively young wife
and three little ones are left behind, but
the widow though naturally deeply aggrieved
at her husband's demise has a stout
heart and hopes to maintain her baby fam-
ily, at least as well as they have heretofore
been kept. The late citizen was twice
married and has a family of grown up sons
and daughters by his first wife.

John Callahan McCarthy was born in the
city of Cork, Ireland, and came to St. John
a long time ago. He was engaged with
masonry workers for many years and lived
quite comfortably. Some few years ago
he was seized with the not uncommon de-
sire to write what he termed "poetry," at
least he peddled "his" well-known literary
wares to good financial advantage for a
while, but as to their authorship nobody
seems prepared to assert.

It has in days gone by been whispered
along Newspaper Row that an exodiant
member of a morning paper staff started
the late John on his rhythmical career,
and wrote frequent effusions for the market
John had discovered, but nobody wants to
stand for that statement. Again, a legal
light of letters, whose mind is wont at
times to run in satirical grooves and funny
fancies is given credit by many for such
McCarthyite starz as "Almighty Voice"
and local political skits of that ilk. How-
ever, suspicion never fastened its talons
very hard into anybody particularly and
the question of the authorship of the late
John's periodical "poems" dropped.
Townspeople bought them and McCarthy
lived.

The country is full of poets and rhymers,
who, if they had claimed the attention the
late John Callahan did in his palmy days
would be wearing their hair a foot long
and affecting aesthetic mannerisms galore.
The late lamented Bill Nye wrote a
letter to our townsman poet and swapped
efforts on several occasions. Callahan be-
came quite chummy with the great Amer-
ican humorist through the mails and with
the assistance of friends who carried on the
correspondence for him. Even on the
floors of Parliament have McCarthy's works
been quoted, while such phrases as "grand
to be seen," and "fit for any queen" will
long linger in the memories of those who
have heard them so often.

Yes poor John is gone, and when a
PROGRESS writer called at his very humble
home in a Celebration street basement on
Tuesday the emaciated form of the well
known citizen was lying in readiness for
burial. His hands are closed over a tiny
white cross and a single candle burned at
his head. Father Walsh attended him in
his last moments and few have reason to
believe but that he sleeps the sleep of the
just.

She didn't think for a
moment that she was the
object of no little amount
of diversion for several
onlookers, but my, oh me! how she did
enjoy that soothing cigarette! It was in
the lobby entrance of a Germain street
gastronomical institution, or in smaller
English, a coffee house, and by the way a
place with decidedly religious tendencies.
The day was no other than last Sabbath,
about 11:30 o'clock, a time when most good
people are devotedly seated in their respec-
tive churches, and also a time when the
streets are as quiet as Halifax, on a real
busy day. The fair Miss with the dainty
white apron, which led those to suspect
her occupation was that of propelling food
to hungered customers, stood in the
doorway on that silent thoroughfare look-
ing anxiously up and then down the way
lest some straggling passerby would dis-
cover her love for the succulent weed, as
it marquerades within the slender rice
paper rolls. Anon she would hide her
curly head in the corner of the lobby and
exhale a cloudlet of smoke, then hide the
fast diminishing cigarette in the palm of
her hand. It took about ten minutes for
her to distribute the makeup of the little
cigar into the ambient air, and then with a
satisfied look and a glance along the street
again, she switched about and bounced in
the door to report for duty and help make
ready the mid-day meals of a few "steady"
eaters at the establishment. For the
boarders in the upstairs rooms of the Royal

the smoking Miss helped like everything
to shake off the Sunday ennui of those
doomed to travel in strange cities.

There's no doubt
St. John Boasts about it but that St.
Smile John can boast the
Working Horse. smallest delivery horse in
Canada, that of the Alderbrook Dairy on
Sydney street. This little creature is only
the height of an ordinary sized Newfoundland
dog and weighs pretty nearly the
same as a healthy carcass of living veal. A
real cute little equine is "Prince," so the
girls say and "isn't he just sweet" they
exclaim when he patters by in the shafts
and harness of the diminutive milk wagon.
It has been nine years since this Shetland
first saw the light of this world of hay
oats, work and automobiles and since then
he has had rather a chequered career.
When a baby he was in reality a "teeny
weeny" horse, about equal to a water
spaniel in bulk. He has lived as the pet
of rich men's children, the plaything of less
monied families and is now reduced in his
comparative old age to earn his daily quart
of oats in the harness of a laborer. Day in
and day out "Prince" hauls the cream,
choice butter and strictly laid eggs of the
well known dairy to "hurry" customers,
while two big horse teams deliver the milk
and heavy orders. The little horse's duties,
while they are continuous are not very
onerous and the exercise he gets no doubt
keeps his constitution in a good working
state. The S. P. C. A. however have on
two occasions thought differently and
sought to have "Prince" released from the
grim realities of earning his board, but
Mr. Turnbull of the dairy, whose business
eyes are not dimmed, argued that the little
horse was not at all overworked, nor were
any boys engaged to drive him who were
possessed of exceptional avoirdupois.
These explanations proved satisfactory to
the cruelty to animals people and "Prince"
still toddles through the city to the delight
of the small children, and to the advertis-
ing advantage of his master.

With automobiles run-
ning out to the park and
cemetery this summer the
St. John public can in-
dulge in such luxuries as
the most advanced cities in the world have
been enjoying for some time back. The
local stock company already formed are
making a bold step in introducing the
horseless carryall away down east here,
but St. John is not to be kept in the back
ground by any means, and as the coming
sunshiney months promise big things in the
way of tourist travel, baseball, early exhib-
ition, soldiers' return etc., the far-seeing
ones have on their thinking caps and many
a stray dollar will be hypnotized into their
purses. It is understood the steam car-
riages to be run to the suburbs will be
manufactured here in St. John, under the
direction of Mr. Patriquin, the practical
bicycle man on Charlotte street. About
the middle of June is the time stated for
inauguration of the new vehicle system, but
its hard to believe the carriages can be
made ready at that early date.

Mr. C. W. Sample, one
of the inspectors of the
Temperance and General
Life Insurance Co., show-
ed a PROGRESS representative some Boer
money on Monday last. One piece was a
shilling with Kruger's head on it and sent
out to this country by "Billy" McMullen,
of the 8th Hussars, who used to play a
clarinet in the Artillery Band, also in the
Williams Concert Band. "Billy" writes
that all Afrikaander currency is being bought
up at a premium in view of the near-
by abolition of that style of worldly
goods. The next make of £. and d. will
bear the "impress of the Empress" of
that big red patch so much bespattered
over the map of the world. For penny
pieces the Capetown people are offering as
high as from one to five pounds, and at
that rate Mr. Sample considers he has a
pretty valuable piece of coinage from the
land of kopjes and shifty soldiers.

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it
with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a
package and gives fine results.

The Baby
Owned the
Opera House.

When will unthinking
mothers tumble to the
fact that a roistering
youngster, brimful of
childish prattle is the most unwelcome
thing in the world at a matinee theatrical
performance. Some mammas have even
smuggled their infants into the Opera
House at evening performances, to the
utter demoralization of the night's enjoy-
ment of a thousand or more people. Fri-
day afternoon of last week when the Jessie
Harcourt Co. was playing a diminutive
human was also putting on a show in the
same theatre and as a rival to the people
on the other side of the footlights it
proved very formidable. Stirring passages
and pistol shots from the stage caused un-
limited mirth and agitation in the makeup
of the baby patron, who left the side of its
unconcerned mother and toddled gleefully
toward the orchestra to get a better view
of the actors and actresses. Its faltering
perambulations and chatter came pretty
nearly "breaking up" the orchestra, who
at the time were in the midst of a low-
toned "sneak music" seance as the villain
proceeded to extract "the right will" etc.
The school children who were privileged
to see the show for "this ticket and ten
cents" giggled and goggled and the baby
goosed back at them. The players stut-
tered and stammered, the people who want-
ed to see and hear the show frowned and
looked lightning flashes motherwards.
Officer Beckett considered the jecting of
one of Canada's "infantry" a brand new
phase of the rowdyism question and hesi-
tated about accosting the little one. So
the baby held sway and shared the after-
noon with the orchestra and moving pic-
tures, but the people on the stage they
weren't in it!

The violinists and harp-
ist who have been de-
lighting the St. John
public with their high
class and popular selections for many
months past are plodders in the varied
sense of the word, and as regular in their
musical labors as the solar system. Every
Saturday morning between ten and eleven
o'clock they render a pleasing repertory of
pieces on Newspaper Row. The only thing
to prevent this weekly musicale is of course
bad weather conditions, but otherwise local
newspaperdom has its ears greatly tickled.
Monday morning about nine o'clock finds
the foreign trio on Union street near
Sydney and as the hours flit by the
musicians move from place to place in the
same order as on the previous week.
Neighbourhoods have become so accus-
tomed to these regular visits that the weekly
nickel or dime is laid aside for the "harp
and fiddles" along with other trivial mon-
etary assignments, such as Sunday col-
lections etc. St. John people are not by any
means becoming tired of these musical
friends, quite the contrary; they are ap-
preciating more and more their harmonious
wares. Grand opera, light opera, sacred,
popular and dance music are equally easy
to them and not infrequently good fat sums
of money are "money-ordered" home by
them.

In connection with the
Harmony Club's show
in Fredericton on the
Queen's Birthday Pete
Williams and several other of the bright
young musical lights about town have in-
stituted a brass band pro tem of about six-
teen pieces—an aggregation, which by
the way, is going to open the eyes of the
people. It is no burlesque, but a double
octette of clever soloists, who can make as
much good music as a full-sized band. This
small but powerful party of instrumenta-
lists will be attired in khaki uniforms and
on the morning of the 24th will escort the
Harmony Club to the train from their
Prince William street rooms, and on arriv-
ing at the capital a big parade of the min-
strels will take place, headed of course by
the crackjacks. If the band music lovers
of St. John want to hear a small but good
thing they had better take in the Brother-
hood of Railway Trainmen's excursion, or
get up early and follow the khaki band
to the depot. An effort is going to be
made to keep the band together for future
occasions, for it is doubtful if this music-

hungry city will be laid waste by a flood of
harmony from our none too generous
bands. The City Cornet and Carleton
Cornet seem to be the only public-spirited
organizations of the kind, and the people
think the world of them for it too!

Here's what PROGRESS
heard in a Charlotte
street bookstore one
evening last week.

"No, Madam, we can-
not make that Testament any cheaper,
twelve cents is the lowest figure, in
fact they are originally priced that
low for the sake of religion and can-
not possibly be disposed of at a more
reasonable figure."

"Can't you make it ten cents?", said
the well-dressed woman.

"I'm sorry, we can't," replied the patient
clerk.

"Well, I can get one elsewhere for that
price," retorted the mean female with a
sort of guilty flush passing over her face,
for she knew she was talking falsely about
a pretty sacred subject.

"Pardon me, madam, but these goods
are sold for the Bible Society and distrib-
uted at cost, as I said before, for the
sake of religion, and as we are the only
distributors for the Society in town you
can't get one cheaper."

This kind of floored the Bible bargain
hunter and she then proceeded to negoti-
ate for the purchase of two Testaments at
a reduced figure, but the clerk growing
impatient cut her off by saying they would
come no cheaper singly if she were to buy
a thousand copies. After demurring fully
five minutes, while her companion clawed
over enough books to start a library, the
mean woman forked out twenty-four cents
and bought two Testaments, and the store
full of waiting customers had their turn.

Don't Fool
With the
Signal Cord.

"Give him two bells
will you please?" said
the car conductor to the
man who stood on the
rear platform as he had just helped an eld-
erly lady to the Paradise Row sidewalk a
few days ago.

The passenger pulled the leathern cord
twice, but instead of the car starting the
motorman looked around and waited
until the conductor gave the signal.

"What's the matter with the motorman?"
inquired the man on the platform in a hurt
sort of a voice, "he wouldn't answer my
ring."

"He knew it wasn't my ring," said the
cash collector, "and wouldn't put on the
power for a steam yacht. All these little
things count in case of accident you know
No matter how cleverly you may pull the
cord, unless you give the accustomed ring
in the proper key and correct time the man
at the front knows some stranger is mon-
keying with him, and he won't budge her.
His eye has to be peeled all the time
and I tell you he don't let the wax get the
upper hand of his ears either."

The Ancient Order of
Hibernian paraders car-
ried the Boer flag in
their big 10,000 people

turnout last week in Boston and
while a few sympathizers along the
streets saluted the emblem of the en-
emy of Great Britain the better class of
people treated it with the utmost indiffer-
ence. Beyond the exhibiting of the flag,
which as a curiosity was a little bit inter-
esting, the attempt at creating an anti-
British furor was a huge failure, and a
most decided "frost" for the green-plumed
knights of Erin. The very day the A. O.
H. men flaunted Kruger's flag, even the
pro Boer Boston Globe was forced to pub-
lish some real good war stuff which told of
the severe trouncing administered the
Irish American brigade and German legion
attached to Botha's forces. It was a bitter
pill for the Globe and its readers to swal-
low on that day, but the calm and dignified
Boston Herald gave the item its full and
truthful interpretation.

DeAuber—I am thinking seriously of
donating my paintings to some public in-
stitution. Which one would you suggest?

Criticus—Well, it strikes me that the
blind asylum would be just the caper.

What a Picture
Frame Traveller
Told Progress.

No matter what the
trade is, each and
every one has its sea-
son and particular
periods for the sale of certain classes of
goods. Perhaps one of the lines least
prominent in the eyes of the general public
is the picture frame business, and yet trav-
ellers tour the country in the interests of
this branch of industry continually, one
man representing a big Canadian concern
being in town this week. The drummer
in question told PROGRESS that he was now
pushing his summer goods, having long
since filled his spring orders, and in a few
months he would strike St. John again to
sell winter stock. "You might not think
so," he said, "but every time I start from
headquarters I have to pack up a different
lot of samples. In the winter I tour among
our customers with spring frames, which
include the heavy household picture mould-
ings so much in demand by the spring
bridal trade, after house cleaning etc. Then
in the spring I sell those bright colored
summers frames for amateur photographic
customers, and artists, also the general run
of people who are so full of the spirit of
sunshine that they would not think of buy-
ing anything dark or sombre. In the sum-
mer, and early fall I place my winter goods,
which of course are chiefly suitable for the
Christmas trade and include fancy and
gorgeous mouldings, costly beaded stuff
and expensive woods. These are chiefly
gotten up for gifts. Fashionable colors
have to be considered in the making of
picture frames and the caprices of old
Dame Fashion most certainly have their in-
fluence on even this comparatively obscure
corner of the business of the country.

Our Boys
Sending
Relics Home.

If all the relics and mem-
entoes of the South Af-
rican trouble which our
St. John boys are con-
tinually sending home were gathered to-
gether they would make the nucleus of
quite an interesting museum. Only a few
days ago the sisters of Fred Bettie of Ex-
mouth street, who went out with the Second
Contingent received a "call for parcel" card
and what was their surprise and delight on
receiving a packages from their brother on
the veldt containing a number of large rich
ostrich plumes. Of course they don't intend
wearing them, for they are treasures to
them from more than one standpoint. Then
again Bugler McMullen of the First Con-
tingent has sent to a friend in this city a
silver collar badge off one of the uniforms
of the Black Watch, who lay dead on the
battlefield. The red dust of the veldt is
still secreted about the figure of St. Andrew
and the St. Andrew's Cross. Another New
Brunswick has mailed home a bit of
Cronje's flag, while small bits of biscuit
and other army food have been enclosed
with letters. Bullets having carried out
their deadly errands and spent cartridges
are plenty about the city, sent from the
war zone, while several of the boys have
written home that they have secured fizz-
led-out shells and other "quib" explosives,
which they are managing to shift about
with their baggage in order to have them
gilded and placed on the parlor mantel or
some other conspicuous place when, tanned
and medalled, they return to "home sweet
home."

The four new delivery
wagons of Ungar's Lau-
dry have greatly bright-
ened the somewhat shab-

by appearance of the general run of such
vehicles about town and are conspicuous
for their up-to-dateness and beauty. In a
few days no doubt when Old Sol awakes
from his lethargy, after getting over that
eclipse ordeal, the town will be brilliant
with new delivery carts and expresses but
the builders and decorators generally will
have to spend some time and wear out con-
siderable grey matter before turning out a
better or more fetching job than the wagons
of the well known cleansing and renovating
establishment.

"These college sports are simply out-
rageous," exclaimed the good woman,
looking up from her paper.

"What's the matter now?" her husband
asked.

"Why," said she, "the paper tells that a
man from Yale beat McCracken of Penn-
sylvania with the hammer. Isn't it ter-
rible?"

"Do you believe that the meek shall in-
herit the earth?"

"Well, it stands to reason they never can
get it unless by inheritance."