

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

How a
Dude Was
"Gooseberried."

There's a dude
in town who is
somewhat of a
masher, in fact
his eye for the

beautiful among the female sex is decidedly keen, and in consequence in his not by any means short stay on this earth he has met many young ladies and many young ladies have of course met him. Well, one of this dude's latest acquaintances was a very stylish milliner to whom he paid his best and most ardent attentions, but a room mate friend of the young lady's greatly bothered him. This third party was a "gooseberry" of the worst type and as the boarding apartments were as much her's as her friends nothing could be done in the matter. Then a genuine idea struck the dude, he would evince his dislike for "gooseberries" in a most marked way. Accordingly he frequently brought choice confectionery for his fair lady only, only being spelled with a capital O. Still the bothersome party did not pay any attention to his objections. So finally the masher blandly invited the object of his attentions to lunch with him at White's, wholly ignoring her room mate. This thought he, will be the proverbial last straw—but it wasn't. He and his friend had no sooner become nicely seated in the dining room of the well known caterers when the "gooseberry Miss" and a girl friend tripped merrily in, and took the two remaining seats at the same table. This was a stunner for the dude, but still there was worse to follow. The girls hurried through their dainty repast and bidding a grinning adieu to the spoony couple giggled their way to the cash desk where they informed the clerk that Mr. upstairs would settle the bill. Then they treated themselves to some of White's best chocolates and departed in high glee. The dude bore the "scorch" with Christian fortitude, that is until he was alone, and now he's decided to take no more chances with "gooseberries," so his allegiance to the milliner is at an end, while the third party gets the blame of it all.

Credulous
North End
People.

A fire insurance man told PROGRESS on Tuesday that his company had written an unusually large number of policies in the North End district through which the Fairview woman's predicted fire is to sweep on the 18th of this month, since an account of the strange prophecy appeared in these columns a few issues ago. The people seem to believe that a great blaze is in reality going to devastate their neighbourhoods and some are taking every precaution to be well prepared when it arrives. One Strait Shore woman has gone so far as to plan a visit for her family to their aunt's home on Brussels street on the fateful occasion, and

her husband avows he's "not going to the mill" that day. This householder further confesses he has all his valuable papers secure, and when the 18th arrives he is just going to lock up the house, "go to town, and let her burn!"

Electric Bell
Fooled the
Japs.

A half dozen Japanese sailors were at a loss to know how to gain entrance to Richard's boarding house on Prince William street last Saturday afternoon. They had their baggage with them and looked as if they were tired out. The chief and only difficulty was the door bell and this they did not seem to know how to manipulate. It was an electric push button and something evidently entirely new to the slit-eyed fellows from the far-off east. One chap tried to pull it out with his fingers, but failing to get a grip on the slippery little knob he gave it up in disgust. Another Jap vainly endeavoured to pull the whole attachment off the door-post, but a passerby noticing his dilemma solved the mystery amid a shower of face beams from the greatly relieved Tokionians. About town too these Japs attracted considerable attention.

St. John
Painters Tackle
a Big Job.

The C. P. R. grain elevator and conveyors at Sand Point are being painted to preserve them from the influences of the weather, and it's a mighty big job you bet. The work was started almost two weeks ago, but as yet very little of the granary's monster surface has been colored red. It is not in the usual way the painting is being done, but by the spraying system, such as was inaugurated in coloring the World's Fair buildings at Chicago some years ago. The paint is placed in a half gallon pot with nozzle and spray attachment, and by a rubber hose connection with pumping machinery far below in the engine room compressed air forces the paint through the sprayer onto the building. Six men are engaged under the foremanship of J. H. Daley of this city. In fact all the painters are local men.

To give a concise idea of the magnitude of the job Supt. Daley has undertaken a few figures might be quoted. The elevator is 195 feet long by 95 feet wide and is 154 feet high. This furnishes a vast expanse of surface to receive paint, while the long stretches of grain conveyors aggregate nearly three thousand feet, or about five eighths of a mile in length. Twenty casks of mixed paint, with 45 gallons in each

cask, will be used and 100 gallons of white paint. This amounts to 1000 gallons of paint. It is expected the work will consume the best part of three months. It is being done by the C. P. R.

Painting on the exterior of so monstrous a structure with its sheer dizzy height, and hot sun rays beating off its iron sides, is a new experience to the St. John men at work, but when PROGRESS chatted with them from the fourteenth story window of the elevator on Monday, they seemed quite used to their limited territory on the suspended platform and looked about and below them as if they were on terra firma. But the PROGRESS paragrapher was frightened to death almost.

That Queer
Little Shunting
Engine.

The queer-looking little locomotive that shunts about the I. C. R. yard, and which seldom pokes her nose outside the Mill street limit except when helping the Pacific Express up the heavy grade to the bridges, is a regular old stager at railroading, and has some time since passed her twenty-fifth anniversary in the service of the Canadian Government. She is indeed an antiquated piece of rolling stock, built so long ago by Baldwin's of Philadelphia but her driver and fireman loyally declare she can yet put lots of locomotives to the blush in a hauling test. Her style is all her own, but it's a good style, they assert, and many things will change and people pass away before the shunting "bunty" will be handed over to the locomotives undertaker, the junkman.

"Nero" Sees
a St. John
Fire.

Among the first persons at the fire in a St. John fire. Clerk's last factory off St. Patrick street last Saturday morning about 2 30 o'clock, was Manager W. S. Harkins, the popular theatrical man, and Mr. Joseph Brennan, the Nero in "Quo Vadis." A great many more people were out to that fire than generally attends a blaze in the early morning, for the glare about and density of the smoke advertised the event for blocks and blocks. Mr. Brennan was recognized by a lot of people as the Nero in the play although the cosmetics of the dressing room were a very absent article. This of course is not intended as other than complimentary to the clever actor. But the crowd stood by and smiled as Nero's eyes followed the progress of the flames as if drinking in the scene, and some were heard to whisper nearby "Nero has a fire for an inspiration now," or words

to that effect. The regret of the Roman Emperor in "Quo Vadis" at not being privileged to see a "goodly fire" in order that he might write a poem much superior to his Troiad on the burning of Troy came back to the bystanders amusingly as they watched Mr. Brennan ogling the flames. By the time the Harkins people get back here from Halifax we may expect Nero to recite a localized epic to his enraptured retinue. Perhaps these verses if rendered will be made to "blaze enough."

Special Postal
Delivery
a Failure.

About forty letters a month pass through the post office for special delivery, that pet scheme of Postmaster General Mulock. This is in clear-cut figures about one letter a day. Twelve cents is the postage, two cents for the regular stamp and ten cents for the special delivery. The catch-baskets in the post office are scrutinized every half hour and when a "special" is discovered it is at once hustled to its destination by a messenger for that purpose, who does other work in the mail centre. Electric cars are made use of in the delivery of these special missives, which as yet have very few senders.

Furious
Fire Cart
Driving.

Some day there's going to be a serious accident to some of our local fire department wagons en route to a blaze, for the way they tear and dash to a fire is something fearful at times. Only last Saturday night when a second fire was discovered in the Clarke factory on St. Patrick street, the Salvage Corps wagon, No. 3. Hose cart and No. 2 Hose cart came very nearly mixing matters up at the Golden Ball corner. The Salvage wagon and No. 3's, both from the same station, plunged down Union Street at race-horse speed, taking both sides of the car track. At the corner of Sydney No. 2's double hose cart swung furiously into Union and I tell you there were some pretty scared looking faces on the driver's seats and sidewalks. No mishap occurred, thank goodness, but it was only by charioteer driving a catastrophe was averted. And the old twenty-year old hook and ladder truck, some day it will throw up the sponge and come down in a heap. To see this creaking, grinding mass of heavy ladders etc., being dragged along at express speed fills the bystander with fear for the safety of those aboard it. Especially when at Dingee Scribner's corner on King

Square, does the heart of the onlooker stop beating, when "Larry", high up on the truck guides the big horses dashing around. The long heavy vehicle almost bends with the strain of the slew, and considering its age and the rough service it has seen it would not be surprising if some day the whole shebang would collapse. Then perhaps St. John could get some modern fire appliances, including a Hayes Truck (extension ladder), and progressive merchants could add to the premises at the sanction of the underwriters.

The Joke
Was on
The Reporters

Not many weeks ago the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. engaged on their messenger staff a little bit of a fellow, in fact the smallest despatch carrier St. John has ever possessed. On one of his first telegram errands, which happened to be to an evening newspaper office, a lady paragrapher dubbed him "little Bobs," which is today the only name he is known by among the pencil pushing fraternity. "Little Bobs" bounced at once into the favor on Newspaper Row by his manly bearing, his tendencies toward being seen, not heard, which used to be a lost art with the messenger brotherhood not many months ago, and for his all round "cuteness," as the newspaper women termed it. One day a few members of a morning paper staff concocted a plan whereby they might so raffle the silent nature of the diminutive Sphinx, that his almost unknown voice would be heard in one of its high keys. So when "little Bobs" hustled in to the city editor's desk with a war dispatch, the plotters called him aside and asked if it was true that he attended a Catholic church. "Bobs" nodded yes. "Well then," said the reporters, "we're sorry but you'll have to stop coming here with despatches." There was no answer. No sooner had the little fellow closed the door when the C. P. R. Telegraph Co., was rung up on the 'phone, the joke explained, and asked if it couldn't be kept up at that end of the wire. When "Bobs" returned to his headquarters the question of religion was again put to him, and gathering himself together for another attack upon his religious belief, he looked his boss full in the eyes. When given his choice between his job and his religion, the manly little chap tossed his thumb over his shoulder and in a calm and decided manner said to the head clerk, "you can keep your job," and prepared to depart, but he didn't. The joke was on the newspaper people and the telegram clerk for "Bobs" was as silent as ever. Now he's almost as popular in the paper offices as his namesake out in South Africa.

Stern Judge—Madam, did you go away and leave your baby in the lurch?
Hartless Mother—No, sir, I left him in a basket.

A DOCTOR'S VISIT.

How a Country Physician Was Taken to the Woods.

Many remarkable stories are told of extemporaneous doctoring and denistry in a winter logging camp. It is fortunate that the average lumberman is tough, both inside and outside, for "logger's fare" cannot be of the best, and the work is as severe as the weather often is. Moreover it must be a pretty serious case to warrant getting a doctor from the nearest settlement, a feat in itself almost as remarkable as some of the camp remedies.

The Lewiston Journal gives an account of a doctor's recent visit to a camp in the far Brasau region, in the great Maine woods. He was a country doctor of course so that the lack of street-cars or cabs did not discommode him seriously. And an automobile would only have been in the way.

The call was such that he could not ignore it. Dressing in a big coat, with leggings and snow packs (low moccasins), after the fashion of lumbermen, he went to West Cove on Moosehead Lake. There a lumberman from the camp met him, and with a hand-car the two men set out over the rails of the Canadian Pacific for West Outlet.

Once they had to stop and unload the car on their backs, in a gully, to let a freight train pass. From West Outlet across the lake a part of the surface was free of snow. Over this the two men went on skates. Here there was danger of falling into the great "wrinkles" made by the crushing together of masses of ice—spots which are dangerous and treacherous.

When they reached the mouth of Moose River the doctor, although by no means a "tenderfoot," had to admit that he was fagged out. Not so his wiry companion, who had found a hand sled he had left there on his downward trip, and unceremoniously packed doctor and bag thereon.

Then they started over the "tote" road, the doctor walking when he could and riding when he must. His companion did not seem unusually tired when they reached the camp. One of the "bosses" had met with a bad accident, which needed prompt surgical treatment.

Before the doctor was done there, the men at a camp ten miles above heard of his presence. A messenger came for him with as much haste at the condition of the trail would allow. Ten men were down with grip, and two had pneumonia.

The doctor went. As he expressed it, he had to go. He believed the men would have loaded him upon a sled and carried him, willy nilly. He reached home after six days in the woods.

Intemperance in Eating.

Volumes have been written and millions of words have been spoken against overindulgence, or any indulgence, indeed, in alcoholic beverages; and whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the harmfulness of a temperate use of wine or beer, there is none whatever as to the dangers of intemperance in that direction. But how many persons ever stop to think of the fatal effects of intemperance in eating? Even insurance companies, which would refuse to insure an habitual drunkard, make no inquiries, as a rule, concerning

the applicant's habits about eating; yet as regards the shortening of life, many physiologists assert that overeating is more destructive than overdrinking.

The organs of body are able to assimilate only a certain amount of nutriment, which is proportioned to a nicety to the daily loss of substance in the different tissues.

If more food is taken than can be utilized, the liver and the kidneys are called upon to get rid of the extra amount. This they are perfectly able to do once in a while, especially in the young, and a Thanksgiving dinner, and even a Christmas dinner a month later, can be disposed of with ease if the organs are not habitually overworked. But if they have to dispose of a Thanksgiving dinner and two other heavy meals every day of the year they will rebel and finally give up, exhausted, long before the proper time.

No adult leading the average life needs three full meals a day; indeed, three solid meals a day are, it is safe to say, absolutely hurtful to nine-tenths of us.

It is of course impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule, as to the taking of food, which will apply to everybody under the circumstances, but it is pretty safe to advise almost everybody to eat less.

The Roman catholic church prescribes certain rules as to fasting during Lent, which all its members are commanded to observe. According to these directions, only one full meal can be eaten in the day—either at noon or in the evening. In the morning nothing is allowed but a piece of bread with coffee, tea or chocolate; for dinner, they may be served a full

meal; then, for luncheon or tea, what is called a "collation," that is to say, a light repast, is permissible.

The hygienic excellence of these rules is beyond dispute, and the only quarrel the physician has with them is that they are binding upon the members of that church, and upon them for only six weeks out of the fifty-two.

LOCAL PREPERATION.

Some of the Difficulties Attending the Sweating of the Body.

Although the sweat glands are distributed very generally over the body, local excess of perspiration is not uncommon. Some people perspire freely about the angle of the jaw while eating; in others, beads of perspiration may be seen standing in and near the eyebrows while the rest of the face is quite dry; and attacks of neuralgia are frequently accompanied by increased moisture over the painful area.

The part most frequently and most unpleasantly affected with local sweating are the hands and feet. The condition may vary from simple moisture to a state in which the hands or feet are constantly wet or even actually dripping.

In one well known case, quoted by medical writers, of excessive sweating of the palms, about two tablespoonfuls of fluid were exuded from one hand every five minutes. The poor woman had to wrap her hands in towels at night, and during the day was obliged to carry a handkerchief constantly in each hand.

The greatest distress is caused by profuse sweating of the feet, for this may really incapacitate the sufferer. In extreme cases,

the skin of the feet is sodden and the epidermis peels off, leaving the soles raw and tender. In addition, there is often a disagreeable odor, which is not due to want of cleanliness, but which is sometimes thought to be, and so mental distress is added to physical.

The treatment of perspiring feet is difficult, but by no means hopeless; for while the condition is not often cured, it can usually be ameliorated.

Too much warm local bathing is not advisable, and when the odor is not marked, once a day is often enough to wash the feet. Sometimes salt baths help. The feet should be patted—not rubbed—with a damp cloth, and then with a dry one several times a day, the stockings being changed at the same time and the skin dusted with fuller's earth, oxide of zinc and magnesia, boric acid and bismuth, Venetian talc, or some other smooth powder.

The stockings may be dipped in a solution of boric acid after being washed, so that they are constantly impregnated with this antiseptic. Sometimes better results are reached by using zinc, bismuth, or boric acid in the form of an ointment. Sometimes lotions of tannin in solution or brandy, or some other astringent will give relief.

If these simple measures do not suffice, more severe ones must be tried, but these should be undertaken only under the physician's care.

The frog—I feel like I had just been 'to a brewery.'
The lizard—Why so?
The frog—I am so full of hops.