

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

## HUNDREDS OF STRANGE CARS.

That Arrive at Sand Point During the Winter Port Season.

St. John has been the winter port of Canada now for nearly a half dozen years, but it is doubtful if the people in this city yet fully realize what a tremendous volume of business passes in and out of the harbor during the months of hustle and bustle at Sand Point. This season's about at an end and during the comparatively short time the ocean steamers have been coming here this year the amount of freight which has arrived at and left Sand Point would stagger statisticians and make the mind swim in figures. That little branch railway from Fairville around by the way of Bay Shore to Carleton sees during the winter Port season more real active service than half the railways in America, speaking in proportion to size. And over its rails many millions worth of goods roll to and fro in their journeyings to Europe and in entering Canada.

From morning until night the shunting locomotives in the West Side Yards seem never to rest, their's is an endless task. Four or five big boats are at the wharves, perhaps, and they simply must have their freight without any delay and its faithful railwaymen they depend upon to keep their great maws full. A train of a dozen cars of bulky goods is swallowed as if a mouthful by some of the larger crafts and Oliver Twist-like the cry is for "more!" So great have been the demands at times for freight when more than the usual number of boats have been in port that the yard engines were found unequal to fill all orders and the track system and branch line to Fairville have become choked and congested with cars. Blockades several seasons ago extended far up the line. Each year however the system of moving and handling freight is becoming more perfect and few are the occasions nowadays when delays occur.

To the Sand Point visitor one of the first things to catch the eye and create an interest is the multiplicity of freight cars of all kinds. Some bear the name of a province or state thousands of miles away, others are refrigerator cars, stable cars, grain carriers, etc. Dozens of colors enter into the decoration of them and the trade marks of private concerns adorn many. This sight is not to be seen in any other city in Canada except Montreal.

The C. P. R. officials at Sand Point term all cars not belonging to their line as "foreign." They are kept track of by specially appointed clerks and in the course of months, perhaps years, each freight vehicle lands home again after thousands of miles of wandering. Since the present winter port season set in Sand Point has been visited by strange looking cars from the arid plains of Texas, which were coupled to C. P. R. grain cars on their way from the great west. Again California has sent out her rolling representatives full of luscious fruits and in their wealth of white paint these cars have been novel callers over in Carleton. The Southern States, the Rocky Mountain districts, great grain centres, Texan cattle fields, western meat packing cities etc., have sent forth their trains full of their own particular products to St. John for shipment to the great marts across the ocean.

Railway men have their own way of talking about cars and trains—a dialect

## LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

wholly their own, and which an outsider would find it hard work to decipher. With them freight cars are classified as "box," "refrigerator," "flat," "stable" and "combination." C. P. R. box and refrigerator cars are numbered evenly and the "flats" in odd numbers.

Appended is an incomplete list of the lines of railway, cars of which have brought freight to St. John this winter and which conveys more forcibly perhaps than anything else in the line of paragraphs how great and extensive is the business carried on through this port.

I. C. R.—Intercolonial.  
C. E.—Canada Eastern.  
W. C.—Washington County.  
G. T.—Grand Trunk.  
G. R. & I.—Grand Rapids & Illinois.  
M. & A.—Montreal & Atlantic.  
I. C.—Illinois Central.  
C. & N. W.—Chicago & North Western.  
C. F. T.—California Fruit Transportation.  
P. D. D.—Provision Dealers Despatch.  
M. D. T.—Merchants Dealers Trans.  
N. D. L.—National Despatch Line.  
S. R. L.—Swift Refrigerated Line.  
H. R. L.—Hammond Refrigerated Line.  
H. R. L.—Hartog Refrigerated Line.  
L. R. L.—Lipton Refrigerated Line.  
A. R. L.—Armour Refrigerated Line.  
A. R. T.—American Trans. Line.  
U. R. T.—Union Trans. Line.  
Soo—Soo.  
T. H. & B.—Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo.  
W. R.—Wabash Railway.  
B. L.—Blue Line.  
P. G. R.—Perry Grain Line.  
M. C.—Maine Central.  
B. & M.—Boston & Maine.  
B. & A.—Boston & Albany.  
N. Y. C. & H. R. R.—N. Y. Central & Hudson R. Ry.  
N. Y., N. H. & H.—N. Y., New Haven & Hartford.  
St. C. R. D.—St. Charles Refrigerator Despatch.  
W. & S. P.—Winona & St. Peter.  
B. & O.—Baltimore & Ohio.  
S. W. S.—Streets Western Stable.  
A. L. S.—American Line Stock.  
A. R. M. S.—Arms Stable Car Coy.  
T. A. C. C. D.—The American Cereal Co. Despatch.  
Big Four.  
Canada Atlantic.  
A. A. Ry.—Ann Arbor.  
B. R. & P.—Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburgh.  
S. I.—Shore Line.  
C. H. & D.—Chicago Hamilton & Detroit.  
T. & S. F.—Topeka & Santa Fe.  
C. & St. P.—Chicago & St. Paul.  
C. V.—Credit Valley.  
B., H. & D.—Buffalo, Hamilton & Dayton.  
M. C.—Michigan Central.  
C. & M.—Chicago & Milwaukee.  
S. E.—South Eastern.  
F. & M. V.—Flermont & Missouri Valley.  
G. C.—Georgia Central, (Plant System)

### MR. ROURKE HATES TOBACCO.

A Princess Street Resident Who is Fighting the Soothing Weed.

William P. Rourke, whose humble home is situated at the extreme eastern end of Princess street, is perhaps the most enthusiastic anti tobaccoist in St. John, if not in New Brunswick. He is also a man who is so wrapped up in the courage of his convictions, that no difficulty appears insurmountable to him when the cause which he so delights in forwarding is at stake. For a number of years Mr. Rourke has talked and done the more practical thing, acted, the part of a full fledged opponent of the succulent and soothing weed. Though exceedingly small of stature and advanced in years he never tires of arguing against its evils and of trying to make plain the many passages of Scripture which he claims have direct reference to it. On Monday last Mr. Rourke appealed to the Common Council for a lot of land at the foot of Princess street, which he said he wished to make use of as a playground and breathing spot for the small boys he has gathered together—a band of juvenile anti tobaccoists. Ald. Maxwell reported that the committee appointed by the board had looked over the plan. He suggested that Mr. Rourke be heard, and the board decided to hear that gentleman. Mr. Rourke talked at great length, pointing out the bad effects which followed the use of tobacco. It led, he said, to drink and was the cause of breaking up many happy homes. He appealed to the board to give the association ground on which to build their hall. The motion was laid on the table till the city engineer can be interviewed, as these lots will form a part of the construction of Crown street.

A PROGRESS paragrapher sought on Mr. Rourke and learned a great deal of the inside workings of his anti tobacco club of small boys, also of the senior society in which he was the prime mover some years ago, but which has since apparently fallen through. After pointing out the plot of ground, he wishes to rent from the city and which is really only an extension of the dump; but good ground, he unlocked the door of a building nearby which he said was the boys' place of meeting. The building is merely a shell, without inside walls or passage ways, but is soon to be finished. Mr. Rourke built it all himself and at his own expense. A flag-pole with a white flag on which are the letters A. T. A. tops the structure. Inside, crude seats are arranged in one part and trapeze, horizontal bars, archery alley, bowling alley etc, in other sections. While not pre-eminently up-to-date in particulars Mr. Rourke has been successful in arranging the gymnasium in a manner sufficiently interesting for the small boys, who are found there on Saturday afternoon in greater or less numbers.

Mr. Rourke said, the anti-tobacco association has had its ups and downs, its trials and a goodly share of tribulations. His own little club of juveniles recommended its meetings on the 24th of last month after a long lapse of time. There

were over forty names enrolled, including boys belonging to the neighborhood and to various other parts of town, quite a number of whom attend his meetings, which last a half hour on Saturday afternoons, after which play is indulged in. The lads are told of the evils of tobacco and are pledged to fight against its use whenever the opportunity arises. The Scriptures are made frequent use of, as the following quotations from the creed of the association will show:

"He that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Daniel—12:3.

"Know ye that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The books of the little Princess street club date as far back as 1888, and contain many names of well-known young men about town. The senior association has the names of Rev. Dr. Wilson, the late Dr. Pope, Recorder Skinner, Dr. A. A. Stockton and as many as twenty-five prominent citizens of today. However this organization seems to have had particular trials for it is not at present in a workable state. Mr. Rourke says it was suggested by some of these seniors that the younger people be taken in hand and instructed as to the evils of tobacco, a suggestion which he took up with zest, and which he has tried to keep alive all these years, though at times the struggle has been hard one. If the Council, he says, grants him the land he wants he will keep the anti-tobacco band in existence but if not he is afraid the good work will have to be sacrificed. He has already devoted weeks of time and many dollars from his scanty means to create an interest in the crusade against the "devil's weed," and if the christian people do not back him up in his efforts he will find himself unequal to the task. With a playground such as he desires Mr. Rourke claims he can gather about him a hundred or more boys in whom seeds of good advice can be implanted with reference to the smoking and chewing of tobacco, and evils which follow.

There can be no doubt about the sincerity and enthusiasm of Mr. Rourke in his self imposed mission, and in that regard he is looked upon as a most unique personage while unthinking people have at times jeered him.

Mr. Rourke deprecates the inactivity of the churches in the matter of tobacco using and claims nobody should be allowed to hold office or teach in them, who indulges in this habit. Temperance societies, he says, are exceedingly solicitous and strenuous in their efforts to keep men, women, boys and girls from drinking liquor, but they pay no heed to the root of the habit, which in most cases, he claims, arises from a desire for tobacco.

Speaking of the Common Council and the tendency of many of the Safety Board members on Monday to turn his remarks to ridicule, Mr. Rourke said, "but they're pretty nearly all smokers you know!"

Indeed is the East End carpenter in his unflinching stand for the abolition of the pipe, cigar, cigarette and snuff and in his own methods of campaigning to that end, a most extraordinary person!

### MORE FLOWERS FOR THE SQUARES.

The Fine Economy of Our Stingy Old Council.

King, Queen and Haymarket Squares, also the Loyalist Burying Ground are being made ready for the summer. A small corps of men are cleaning up the grounds and re-shaping the flower beds. Gardener John Beatty has a half dozen hot beds of baby plants pretty well under way in the Burying Ground, but it is hard to believe they will make any kind of a show when distributed over such a large area as the three big squares and graveyard. Surely this is the worst kind of economy on the city's part. To make our really beautiful city parks a laughing stock for outsiders by sticking down a few of the commonest garden flowers, is not the desire of the people who "pay the piper," even if a sometimes stubborn set of city fathers think it a waste of money to add a little more beauty to them. Last summer the only really pretty spot in town was the lower end of the Burying Ground, and it was nothing extra. What the city wants is a hot house of its own such as the Horticultural Association has, where it can grow its own plants all the year and have full and plenty, with variety, to fill the gaping flower beds throughout town. A very few dollars would build such a structure in the northern end of the Burying Ground, but will the council build it, that's the question. See some of the new aldermen about it, they're public-spirited men, surely!

### A Deckhand Who "Squealed."

A whisper from Indiantown imparts the intelligence that the atmosphere took on an indigo hue one day late last week when one of the river steamers had to undergo a second inspection, at the instance of a deckhand who had only a few days before received his walking ticket. The captain of the boat was in a most delightful mood, anticipating a satisfactory "bill of health" from the inspectors, and an early start on the river route, but he forgot to figure on the vengeance-thirsty example. A few weak points in the boats make up were explained to the man who judges the safety of the river craft, and in consequence the steamer's 1900 debut was postponed for several days. When the boat in question happens to be in port nowadays the informing deckhand seeks his bomb-proof lager, while the irate master mariner takes up the thread of his argument again and speaks threats which smell of sulphur.

### Forbidding its own Misdeed.

This story has never before appeared in print and it seems almost too good a one to let pass, when it only takes a few inches of space to tell it. When the first hay boat for South Africa, the Massapequa, was in this port loading they kept piling the bales above the deck. When all ready to sail the deckload was about nine feet in the air, and made the rigging and funnel of the boat look like "thirty cents," as the old phrase has it. The Canadian government was shipping the hay, government officials had inspected it and when the big boat was about to sail another servant of Ottawa stepped forth and forbade the deckload. Consequently the hay was levelled down to the legal limit. It was a unique incident of a government calling itself down.

### SAPHO AS SHE IS.

Clement Scott Critiques the Noted Recent Productions.

We all know—every man of the world knows—that such women as Nana and Sappho exist, but we do not want to see and consume their corruption. They are loathsome women!

For what is Sappho? A woman nauseated with vice in its most ingenious and artistic forms, the kind of woman who destroyed Greece, Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum in their triumphs of civilization. In her haunting, brazen, impudent manner she tells us that she has inspired artists not with her mind, but with her body, to create works of genius. Poets, artists, sculptors, painters have become wine in the sty of this Circe. She has come to the end of her tether, and with her "All that can be has been done," as Swinburne observes. She is old enough to know better, and her last infatuated craze, at the age of forty or more, is to pour the last dregs of her polluted and polluting love on a young, innocent boy, for whom she has conceived the worst and most unholy passion of her life. This is the degrading and sickening

creature against whom and against whose manner of life Daudet warns boys who are innocent of the dangers through which they will have to pass.

The book, I grant, is artistic; the play even when acted by an artist like Rejane, is not the most delightful thing man or woman can look. It has certainly no right in a theatre that calls to its doors men and women and boys and girls of every age and class.

But, unfortunately, the character seems good to an English actress who has acquired notoriety by coquetting with the most dangerous form of realism for the purpose of tickling the palates of the idle-born, hungry for a new sensation. The smart set that, sitting in the jury-box of art, had encouraged to the utmost extent of its power every form of the decadent and degenerate drama, that had sent our best and most brilliant dramatists away like lost sheep into the wilderness of uncertainty, was surely ripe for Sappho in all her aggressive realism.

America was led into a trap. America had helped to make a fortune out of the "Carmen kiss" and the crudities of a real-

istic Camille, and so America was apparently the field for the new Sappho, boomed into existence and flaunted in good citizens' faces on account of an immorality that was utterly unnecessary. It was a case of "trying it on the dog" that had proved faithful before.

London had not tolerated the "Carmen kiss" for forty-eight hours. That bold experiment was never repeated. But London changes with circumstances, and there was just a chance that Sappho, applauded in America, would edge her way into London somehow by means of bold advertisement, effrontery and the silent encouragement of the smart set. Herein lies a very formidable and salutary.—Clement Scott in April "Smart Set".

### New Cure for Consumption.

The juice of raw meat is the newest cure for consumption.

Zomotherapy is the scientific name for the new treatment, which has been formally approved by the French Academy of Sciences. Its inventors are Dr. Hericourt and Dr. Richet, two learned men who have devoted fifteen years to the study of tuberculosis alone.

As in France there are more deaths yearly from tuberculosis than from all other ills combined, war fatalities include, a lively interest is shown in the new discovery, which has so far been brilliantly successful.

Tuberculosis, reasoned Drs. Hericourt and Richet some years ago, is a wasting of the tissues that mean life. In such conditions drugs or any ordinary methods of treatment are useless. The imperative thing is to repair these tissues. But rapidly disappearing animal tissues cannot be repaired with vegetable matter.

More animal tissues are needed, and they should be supplied to the patient as quickly and in as large quantities as possible. Raw beef taken as food seemed the most feasible way of introducing the needed healthy organic life into the body as a substitute for the organisms being consumed by disease. As cooking would weaken it not destroy this organic life it seemed necessary that the meat should be eaten raw.

The theory was tested on animals suffering from tuberculosis, who were given raw meat to the exclusion of every other

form of nourishment. It worked marvelously. The patients recovered rapidly. But then arose the difficulty of applying the same methods to human patients, who, in the weakened state induced by consumption, are seldom able to digest anything so difficult as raw meat.

The doctors next tried separating the juice from the muscular portion of the meat on the theory that it was the juice alone—in other words, the animal's blood—which was beneficial. To one set of animal patients was given the muscular substances from which the juice had been squeezed, to another set was given the juice alone. The first set showed no improvement, succumbed to the disease and died. The second set recovered as if by magic.

Manager—Why didn't you engage young Renter? He gives promise of making a fair actor.

Assistant—He wanted too much.

Why, he told me he'd be perfectly willing to go out on the road if we only gave him a chance.

You must have misunderstood him. He wanted us to give him a show.