

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

SATURDAY NIGHT DRINKERS.

The Rush on the Saloons Just Before Seven O'Clock.

Did you ever notice the rush on the bar-rooms just before seven o'clock on Saturday nights? Well it is interesting, in many cases sadly interesting. About half past six it commences, in fact just as soon as the drinking class of laborers and others can get home with their dinner pails, gulp down their evening meal, clean themselves and get up town again. They stream into the saloons in half dozens with their pockets full of small coin and a soap-shiny face. Its "what'er ye goin' 'have Bill"—and Tom and Jack, until the whole "gang," as they call themselves, have been treated. This is about five big drinks each, sufficient to start a commotion in their stomachs as well as their heads. A few other stops are made before the shut-up hour of seven and by this time the "gang" is feeling very drowsy, and on Monday morning you'll find a few flower-ers out of this bouquet sitting sadly in front of Magistrate Ritchie. His Honor says "four dollars or ten days," and a too loving old mother, perhaps, steps trembling for ward and tenders the price of her wayward son's liberty—part of the scant board money he has been paying her, no doubt. Nevertheless next Saturday he's with "the boys" again.

Then there's the old rum hardened habitual drinker who makes no bones about stepping boldly into the grog shop during the last half hour for his whiskey, gin or brandy. Its a sort of fixture with him to have his drink at this time on Saturday.

Perhaps one of the saddest sights during the anti-prohibition hours is to see the number of the youths who flock into the bars. They're not trained drinkers yet, in fact they have no real liking for the fiery beverage, but its pay night you know, and they must be what they think manly in a sort of a bluff, tough way. "Small ales," "sweet beer and ale" etc., are the drinks they call for and with one round of these they become wildly hilarious, laboring under the impression that they are actually intoxicated. Cigarettes and bad cigars are side dishes, as well as a bounteous supply of hard biscuit they take from the bar to let the rest of "the tellers" know they had just had "somethin'." It don't take long for these lads, big fellows perhaps, to secure the taste for liquor and the unreal

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

desire soon gives way to the genuine hankering.

The writer witnessed the following incident last Saturday night. Crowds were passing a big barroom in a central part of the town and it was hardly seven o'clock. A woman well dressed and with a pretty little girl by the hand stopped suddenly in front of the saloon and dodged in the door. The child stood outside, as if it were an "old song" with her. From where the writer stood the woman could be seen to pass a two-quart can to the mixologist, and waited in the little office for it. Two of the big brass handles were used in filling the growler, so it was presumed the woman had ordered "half and half". Snugly covering the can under her cloak she slid out the door again, yanked her child along and was soon in the crowd.

Seven o'clock arrives the curtains are partially drawn, a big crowd flock in to have "just one more" and they are quickly served. The barkeeper keeps his eyes well about him as the minutes slip past the legal hour and with the exit of the last customer the lights go out.

But perhaps a small establishment next door under the same management looms up more brightly as the main shop is darkened. Its sign reads, "Pool, Beer and Cigars."

Forgot to Remove the Ticket.

Last Sunday afternoon when the parade of the newly clad was at its prettiest and everybody thought he or she was just the "stunningest" person in St. John a pretty young lady boarded an electric car at the head of King street. She was given a seat by a gallant youth, for the car was quite full. Pretty nearly every person aboard the electric was in Easter attire and naturally each and all were scrutinizing one another in a sort of comparative way. So when the young lady entered she at once became the object of all eyes. Indeed she looked very fetching with her modish new garments and fascinating hat with the stylish "dip," but what is it that has caused a smile to pass around the two long seats? The new passenger had forgotten to remove the big price ticket from her head-

wear, and like a giant ornament in white and gilt the makers name etc., was readable even across the car. But the pretty Miss was innocent of it all and even smiled with the others at the joke of which she yet knew nothing.

Union Hall Disturbances.

An evangelist with a stereopticon is delighting large audiences every night in Union Hall, North End but of late he has been complaining greatly of disturbances from small boys and boys big enough to know a whole lot better. As a final experiment at having peace and quietness he offered a reward of five dollars for the identification of any of the noisy ones. PROGRESS is in receipt of a letter from a boy who regularly attends the meetings, in which he protests on behalf of himself and other boys against the charge that the lads are the only ones who have disturbed the meetings. He says the girls are far more disturbing with their giggles and chatter and, also that most of the noise made is by one or two men who have been stationed in different parts of the hall to keep order. Whenever a boy speaks to his friend, even in a whisper, these men run at them like a cat after a rat and in so doing make a clumping of feet and cause half the audience to turn about and gape. This of course stops the preacher and a certain lecture from the platform ensues, but always the boys are blamed. "Give the boys a chance," says the letter writer, "and let the hall people show they confide in them to be as quiet as others and they will be so, but no boy will try to keep quiet if he is hounded to death for asking his mate what the number of the hymn is."

One of Canada's Bulwarks.

A crowd of interested spectators thronged the quay, the blue naval ensign of Great Britain waved proudly at the overhanging stern and flanked lazily in a long narrow pennant from the topmost mast-head. The yellow funnel of the fighting ship belched forth smoky volumes and pent up steam now and then broke loose in petulant puffs. There was a bidding adieux of gilt-braided officers and their

wives, the captain's tiny son was carried up from the steamer to the dock and his miniature ship handed after him by a blue-jacket. Gonge rangs in the engineer's room, orders were whistled from the bridge and with the booming of cannon, Canada's man-of-war "Curlew" swept out the harbor Monday afternoon in full commission.

CAPT. HAMM SOUGHT THE LAW.

Because an Indiantown lad Would not be Roughly Handled.

Allan Johnston, an Indiantown lad, was up in the Police Court last Monday at the instance of Capt. Phillip Hamm of the North End Salvage Corps for having interfered with Capt. Hamm in his duties at a blaze the Saturday night previous. The young fellow made out a very good case, for himself, proving that the Captain's Salvage badge could not be seen, also that there were no ropes about to keep the crowd back.

He said he was roughly grabbed by the fire officer in question and thrust back into the crowd, which without any warning naturally angered him. He acknowledged offering some slight resistance, but nothing to warrant his being summoned for punishment. In fact this statement is backed up by a host of bystanders including some Salvage Corps members themselves. Nevertheless Capt. Hamm wanted, as he said afterwards "to make an example of him" and made out an information against him.

The Magistrate read the law on the case and said there was only one penalty, viz: a fine of forty dollars, but if Capt. Hamm did not press the charge he would allow the fine to stand. Of course it would have been pretty bad policy on the eve of the Corp's election of officers for Capt. Hamm to press the charge, so he was merciful. Young Johnston went free.

The above incident caused quite a flurry of talk in Indiantown, especially among those who saw the alleged trouble at the fire, all of whom agree that Johnston acted only natural. Many are of the opinion that some of N. E. Salvage Corps officers run away with the idea that their badges and office entitle them to act a great deal more

freely than is really necessary, and have license to go as far as being discourteous, even if it is a beardless youth they are dealing with.

The same thing is found in the city Salvage Corps. Certain members, many of whom are subservient in the daily duties, when suddenly they find themselves possessed of a little authority at a fire, use the general public sometimes scandalously. Everybody agrees that an excited crowd at a fire is a hard body of people to manage, but few will concur that a needless display of authority from a strutting young man with a rubber coat and a newly-lit cigar, "goes down" with intelligent bystanders.

By the way, the North End Salvage Corps seemed to have some internal trouble and last Monday after the re-election of officers Capt. Hamm proclaimed his iron-bound policy of discipline for the ensuing year. Some members who think he is carrying this hobby too far, are said to be considering the tenor of their resignations.

Chief Clark and the Locomobile.

The locomobile made its first appearance on the streets election day and was an object of great interest. In the short space of a few hours it had shown itself to all part of the city under the guidance of a New York expert. The machine looked a mere toy, but ascended with ease and celerity every hill it tackled, including King street, and with two men aboard. About noon the horseless carriage was given its first spin and in a very few moments the small boys were scattered all over the principal streets hunting for it. The loco's silent progress fooled them. "Where is it?" "its over this way!", and such remarks from the excited young fellows reached the ears of Chief Clark, and in a moment he was all alert to capture whatever it was that might be at large. He drifted down King street and found out that the locomobile was the cause of the juvenile unrest. An invitation was extended to him to have a ride in it and over toward Indiantown the Chief flew with the expert. On the rough pavement of the left-hand side the man at the handles slackened down the speed, but the Chief urged him to "let her out," despite the suggestions of danger forwarded by the expert. Finally "she was let out" and like a shot from a rifle the loco climbed the Baptist church hill on the return trip to the utter amazement of the natives.

FROM THE BOER POINT OF VIEW.

Confidence of Ultimate Success Exp. ed in a Burglar's Letter.

A British Uitlander, now a naturalized Transvaal burgher, gives in a letter dated Johannesburg, Feb. 20, and written to a friend in New York, an interesting account of the situation as it appeared from the Boer point of view at that date. He says: "Your letter dated Dec. 29 to hand a few days ago. I have just returned from the front [Tugela] escorting prisoners taken at Tugela last week, and as the mail per German steamer closes tomorrow, I take the chance of writing you. So far the burgher forces have virtually had their own way, and though Gen. French with 2,000 cavalry has succeeded in getting into Kimberley, all their commissariat train, numbering over 180 wagons and about 4,000 oxen, intended for the relief of Kimberley, has fallen into our hands. On the Tugela, Gen. Botha has three separate times driven Gen. Buller's forces back with heavy losses on each occasion, and we believe the relief of Ladysmith almost impossible. That the war will probably last six months longer is likely enough, but from what I have seen and known, we will not tire in the struggle, and every day longer in the field makes us more competent to inflict defeat on the enemy.

"The guns incident you refer to betokened carelessness on our part. Our men were so confident that Ladysmith was completely cowed that they never anticipated such an event happening, but having been once bit, there is very little likelihood of such a thing happening again. Ladysmith is approaching its end and another week should herald its downfall. Our engineers are hard at work constructing a gigantic dam, and by diverting the course of the Klip River, which runs through the town, will be in a position to flood the place to a depth of fifteen feet.

"As regards the future of the Republic it seems to possess every possibility of success. It is well that the war did occur. Our position will be all the more secure for the future, and the intolerable interference of the Colonial Office and the British Gov-

ernment in the internal affairs of this state will be for all time impossible. If the war brings us nothing else it will not have been waged in vain. But I am sure that it will mean more than this, and that in the days to come, our country will be looked upon by the nations with that esteem and respect which is hers by right of her prompt and courageous action. One very heartening sign is the presence in the burgher ranks of all nationalities, the Irish and Americans being largely represented, but the Frenchman and the German and the Hollander and Italian are there also, and it all helps to the breaking down of racial antipathies and makes for the international solidarity of all. Everything is full of hope and we are certain that we are going to emerge from this struggle all the better for its happening.

"Arthur Lynch is here and leaves for the Tugela front in a day or two as Colonel of the Second Irish Corps. No doubt you will hear of him when there happens to be more fighting. Would we had a few hundred more like him! It would make the struggle all the easier. But in spite of all difficulties 'we will arrive.' Our commissariat and other arrangements are excellent and it speaks volumes for the heads of departments that everything has gone on without scarcely a single hitch.

"The Boers are spoiling the prisoners taken by their kindness, and I can assure you that I have heard from the lips of prisoners taken, that they were really glad to be out of the war, for they had no heart in it. One prisoner whom I captured at the Tugela said to me on my disarming him that he had a brother with the soldiers and that he was sorry that his brother had not also been taken. Meanwhile there is scarcely a single case of sickness in our laagers, and every man is ready as he was at the beginning of the war. On the other hand the camps of the soldiers are full of sick and many are sick of the war.

Miss Pechis—Everybody seems to think I'm the picture of mamma. Do you?

Mr. Galland—Well, I should say a very flattering picture.

MIXED UP WITH A WATERSPOUT.

A Stirring Episode in the Voyage of a Little Schooner in the Pacific.

"It swayed and zigzagged over the ocean like the staggering gait of a drunken man, then swept with a roar just under our stern and carried away the spinnaker boom with it."

That was the way Capt. Rice described the encounter his vessel, the schooner Metha Nelson, had with a waterspout on the morning of Oct. 18, about thirty miles northwest of Point Reges, while she was making for San Francisco, Cal. The schooner was bound from Makawell, Hawaiian Islands, with a cargo of sugar. She had fair weather during all the voyage until the capes which mark the entrance to the harbor was almost in sight, when the wind began to freshen and come in fitful gusts.

The schooner was holding well up to the northeast to get a good slant of wind for the port after taking bearings from the Farallone Light. The wind, which had been pretty brisk at the break of day, kept increasing and a few hours after the sun broke through the banks of fog clouds in the eastward it was almost blowing a hurricane from the northwest.

When nearly abreast of Point Reges the vessel's course was changed and she was bowling in toward the harbor, with the wind almost astern.

Suddenly and almost directly ahead of the vessel there arose a great, tall column of water.

For a moment it stood almost directly in the track of the schooner and only a few yards in advance of its jibboom. Just as the vessel seemed about to pierce it, it moved slowly from the schooner, then swung off to starboard. Capt. Rice ordered the helm hard over, to pass to port of the column, and at the same time jumped down from the poop deck to give the men a hand in hauling up the sheets.

The work was hardly half done and the jibs and mainsails were flapping in the wind, when the great column of water changed its course and came swirling back toward the schooner as if to strike it al-

most amiss.

This time it came racing over the ocean with a roar and with the speed of an express train. The sailors dropped the ropes on which they were hauling and sought the protection of the heavy beams of the fore-castle head from the spars of the rigging, that they expected the next moment would be torn from the vessel and come tumbling down, a mass of wreckage on the deck.

Almost before the men could reach the shelter the vessel was caught in the vortex of air which accompanied the mighty twisting column of water, and she spun around like a top, lurching her portside under the water as she went. The vessel's stern swung into the twisting base of the waterspout and it was lifted high in the air while the bow sunk down into the waves and the water rushed in on the sailors over the bulwarks forward.

It was only for an instant, but in that instant there was a crackling of timbers, and the little heavily laden vessel groaned as though the life was being choked out of her. There was a loud report of smashing timbers, in the midst of it all. Then the vessel's bow rose, and with a quick roll to starboard that put her almost on her beam end the vessel sprang around, the waterspout travelling almost parallel to her inclined decks. The point of the jibboom all but poked into the twisting column as the schooner twirled around.

Slowly the schooner righted and when she came to an even keel the waterspout was well off to starboard of the vessel and travelling rapidly away. All danger to the vessel was past, and the greatest surprise to the crew was the little damage that had been done.

Home Science.

According to the Indianapolis Journal, Bob said: "Papa, what is a bookworm?" "A bookworm," replied papa, "is a person who would rather read than eat, or it is a worm that would rather eat than read."

"I want you to understand, sir, that 2 and 2 make 4."

"Did you ever try to prove that in a court of law?"

MAN AND BIRD IN COLLISION.

A Locomotive Engineer Has His Eyeball Pierced by a Pigeon's Bill.

A dove winging its flight over the tracks of the Southern Railway near Juliet, in Monroe county, Ga., collided with a passenger train going in the opposite direction at a high rate of speed yesterday afternoon. The bird's body plunged through the glass window of the cab. Its beak, sharp as a needle's point, pierced the right eye of Engineer Charles Wallace and the surgeons say it destroyed the engineer's sight temporarily and possibly permanently.

Engineer Wallace was at the lever of the afternoon passenger train for Macon when it pulled out of the Union Depot yesterday. The run to Juliet was made without incident. After the train left the station the engineer opened the throttle to run the train faster than usual in order to make up a few minutes lost time. The train was bowling along at a sixty-mile-an-hour gait.

The engineer's seat in the cab faces the track ahead. A window of glass an eighth of an inch thick protects him from the draughts, smoke and cinders. He was looking through this window when suddenly the body of the dove burst through the pane of glass and struck him in the face. He was blinded for an instant, and the pain in his eye made him realize at once that he was seriously hurt.

The fireman on the cab with Engineer Wallace saw the accident and relieved him of his post. The pain increased in Wallace's eye until it was almost unbearable and he finally went back into the baggage coach to get such assistance as was possible on the train.

The dove was killed by the sudden contact with the cab window. Its quivering body fell on the iron floor of the engine cab after striking the engineer, and was picked up by the fireman. So great was the momentum of the train and the dove's body that the glass window was not smashed by the blow of the collision. The hole through which the bird was hurled was clean cut like that made by a bullet fired through glass.