

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

The Circus
Made
an Impression
on Him.

Lemon Brother's
circus with its
pink lemons and
Rj his a pas-d
show, and scored
the usual success

with the small boy as do all such organizations. The features of it were far below the average and outside the big elephant and a few acrobatic acts nothing was warranted to startle the onlookers. But the crowd went nevertheless and at both the afternoon and evening performances the inside of the big tent appeared as a veritable lake of humanity, with the never failing attendance from the rural districts. With many of these country cousins of ours it was their first circus, and one can imagine their wonderment. Ever while about town they stared the billboards out of countenance. One countryman with the carpet bag's successor—the oilcloth valise—and a faded umbrella tried to board an electric car at the foot of King street by climbing over the wire grating. He threw his valise over first and then started to get aboard himself. When the conductor saw him he shouted to come round to the right side but with a scornful look the brown skinned son of the soil conveyed the information that it was quite within his gymnastic ability to board the car on any old side. Indeed he felt proud of his feat and smiled back with satisfaction at those whose risibilities were excited by his queer actions. An American tourist aboard was quick witted enough to take a snapshot of the countryman's mode of boarding the electric.

A Yankee
Baseballist
Who Flirted.

"Hi" Foster, the tall stiff backed Tutts College man whom the Alerts persuaded to remain over for a few days to join in the jubilation they were going to have when they annihilated the Blues on the big holiday, had a good joke played off on him a few evenings ago. Besides being a cool and determined ball player, Hiram's eyes are particularly keen with respect to all that's beautiful and fetching in the world of females. His triumphant advance to the player's bench after each inning is great fun for him, especially when there are a knot or two of pretty female enthusiasts on the other side of the wire netting. This happened to be the case on the day of the j. ke, and Hiram flirted. As each inning was hung up on the score board the collegian became more and more entangled in his "eye and eight" relations with the girls in the grandstand.

Baseball fell back to second place and Cupid drum majored the procession. A few wild plays, quite un Foster like told that something was wrong with the imported talent, but few eyes on the field were sharp enough to catch the drift of the trouble.

A search after the game revealed none of the sweet creatures that Hiram had already become enamoured with, but early in the evening as the American was enjoying his post-gastronomic smoke a 'phone message sent his big heart thumping again.

The voice at the other end of the wire was unmistakably female, and here's what is said to have been waited into Hiram's ear:

"O yes, you know who's speaking, why I was at the game today, sat in the grandstand and you smiled."

Nobody knows what "Hi" said, he warbled it so softly.

Then the girl answered, "Not particularly, I can see you on King street near the foot about half past eight."

Little did the genial collegian dream that "Dutch" Ervin of the telegraph, female impersonator and burnt cork comedian was the 'girl' behind the telephone, so he grabbed his cap and spick and span in his Yankee trappings left the Dufferin hotel to meet his girl. "Dutch" had a crowd in hiding at the corner of Canterbury street and when "Hi" majestically sailed past they administered the newspaper "boller" to him.

The trick was exposed in a jiffy and with all the look of a practical joke victim, blushes, etc., Foster joined the convulsed party.

If your not down to fighting weight don't hint anything about girls to the Tutts College twirler.

St. John
Editors Not
so Polite.

How would this sound coming from a St. John editor in refusing some effort of a subscriber. Its the way they do it in China, the land of Boxers and tea:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon the slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

"We have read the manuscript with de-

light. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, his Majesty, the Emperor, would order us to take it as a criterion and never again print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg thee ten thousand pardons. See—my head is at thy feet, and I am the slave of thy servant."

A Few
Pointed
Paragraphs.

When are lessees Scott and Briggs going to have the highway on the B and A. Grounds? They must not forget that the time for another shipment to South Africa is drawing near.

And that grandstand too, why its in an unsafe state. Last Saturday one fellow's legs came through the roof while a well known waterworks official sustained slight injuries by falling through the flooring.

Is Wes Friars of the Roses still going to pose as an orator, if so he better take a friendly tip and purchase a new book of origami recipes. Among his epigrams last Saturday were:

"I know-d-i!"
"Yez thought we were hasbeens eh!"
"And yez are on your own grounds too!"
"They've got their tails down now!"
"Your gittin too old Dan!"
"I tell yez we're the boys!"
"Where's all the Alerts gang now?"
"I tell you we can beat anything!"
Etc. etc

Long speeches too are wearisome, even when a Lepew or a Lurier has the floor.

Isn't it pretty nearly time some of our other city bands were doing the courteous thing by playing on the Hazen Avenue stand. The City Cornet band is treating the people to a generous programme every week, and to the best of music too, while over in Carleton the West Side band is holding open air musicals as well. It certainly looks as if the 62nd battalion and Artillery bands, which are really the bands of the people, are ashamed to present themselves, but still it they have an excursion or concert on the carpet they

expect the people to attend in large numbers. Come now bandmasters, let us have a few bars and you and your bands will be thought of all the more when your entertainment seasons arrive.

The street railway management has recently ordered the enforcement of the rule preventing passengers from riding on the front of the open air cars. While the habit was very little indulged in, yet those at the back of affairs perhaps thought it safer to keep the front platform clear, as a collision or some other accident might bring about actions for damages. And yet is a privilege visitors to the city greatly enjoyed, especially the Americans; who were thus enabled to view the town as they could in no other way.

That Bad
Habit of
Spitting.

The dailies have announced that a campaign is about to be started against expectoration in public places, in street cars, and if possible on the sidewalks. All the cities of any importance have laws regarding this ill-bred and dangerous habit and there seems no reason whatever why St. John should go blindly on as a microbe incubator. Luxury of the law and general indifference has given the careless public full license to spit whenever and almost wherever they choose, whether it be in the Opera House floor, the electric cars, or some other place or vehicle where crowds congregate. In most cases persons with coughs accompanied by expectoration are more or less diseased, and the doctors tell us that the emitted sputa when it dries bursts into germ life, entering into the very air. Then people wonder why it is tuberculosis is so prevalent, and why it should be that this or that young person should fall a victim to consumption, when all his or her parents and ancestors were the hardest of people. Dr. Bayard's unpollished letters on the causes of consumption and how to get over them are the most wholesome of reading, and everybody should digest them.

It was but a few days ago when a thin emaciated man entered a closed electric car and soon took to hacking and coughing. He spat out upon the floor and a lady with two children at once hailed the conductor to let her off. She walked the remainder of her journey, but in leaving the car tried not to convey the real cause of her abrupt departure, for the sickly man's sake. Others understood her action however and agreed with her, but finished their journeys aboard.

Street spitting is also becoming a very great source of annoyance, not to say dangerously common. At night whole crowds of fellows loaf about on corners and alleys and for a lady to pass with a skirt near the ground would be to have that garment bedabbled with tobacco juice and sputa, as well as a copious coating on her shoes to drag into her home.

If new laws are made to cover all these bad habits of a privileged public, they should be enforced to the limit, for as it is the town seems to be doing just as it pleases in this regard. Arrests would only be lessons and fines unmistakable warnings.

"End of
the Seat"
Hogs.

The "end of the seat" hog is just as much in evidence on the St. John streetcars as in any of the big cities.

and it seems time that some plan should be devised which might be tried on him, (or perhaps "her") in order to make it a little more convenient for passengers in a general rush. To be frank, there is no seat in any public conveyance than can be reserved by any first comer if necessity demands he move up to give the next passenger his right to enter. Take, for instance, the closed electric cars in winter. Only that old lady who rode one cold day to North End has ever dared refuse the conductors' command to "Please move up there!" It was she who absolutely declined to budge for the last corner, because, as she said, having warned that place, she meant to stay in it! Of course, the gently bred man or woman hasn't to be asked. It is not with the true lady or gentleman that one confounds the "end hog"; but how often, let me ask, has the experience been to crush over the knees and feet of an individual, and have him or her—it is usually her—say apologetically, "I am going to get out soon," and then find it is not the case, for you get out yourself at the next street or so. Unless we are careful about these little courtesies, life for us all will soon become a turmoil, souring of dispositions. Consideration to each other, even in a public street car, is but following out the golden rule. However, preaching is not in our line!

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color, price 10 cents.

MAN-EATING SHARK.

The Story a Mississippi River Pilot T. H. of the Old Owa Seleg.

Will a shark bite a living human being? The question has been debated hundreds of times, and came up for discussion the other night among a little party at a suburban resort. "In spite of the current legend," said one of the group, "I don't believe sharks will attack a living person. I have spent my life near the sea and have heard a hundred stories of swimmers being killed or bitten by the monsters, but all the tales were either at sea or on land or so vague they would never have passed for evidence in court." "Well, sir," said another of the party, "I believe sharks can kill men, and I have the best of reasons for my belief. I witnessed such a tragedy with my own eyes." The speaker was Captain McLaughlin, one of the oldest and best known river pilots in the Mississippi river service.

"It happened twenty-one years ago last April," said the captain, when pressed for the details, "but the circumstances are as distinct in my mind as if it had occurred only yesterday. I was out looking for ships, with my partner, Captain Tom Wilson, and the usual crew, and about twelve miles off South Pass we sighted a large sailing vessel, which proved to be the Zephyr from Bath, in charge of Captain Switzer. There was a rival pilot boat nearby, and we both made a rush for the ship to get the job of taking her in.

"Our party was nearest, when Captain Wilson and two sailors put off in a small boat to go aboard, and in their hurry they made a miscalculation and were struck by the bow and capsized. It all happened in a flash, but Wilson and one of the sailors were lucky enough to get hold of the overturned boat and hang on. The other sailor was thrown some distance away into the water.

"He was a big brawny six-foot Swede

named Gus Ericsson, and when we saw him come up one of the crew tossed him a circular life buoy, which he seized almost immediately. The buoy was amply sufficient to sustain him, and he put his arms across it and held himself out of the water fully breast high. We had another small boat and started at once to pick up the three men making for Ericsson first.

"When we were less than a hundred feet away I saw a gigantic tiger shark rise and start toward him, and at the next instant the poor fellow shot down out of sight, life buoy and all, like a man going through a trap. We were so horrified that we simply sat still and stared, and what seemed to be two or three minutes elapsed. Then the life buoy suddenly appeared. It must have risen from a great depth, because it bounded at least four feet into the air and fell back with a splash. O! Ericsson we never saw a trace. He went into that shark's jaw as surely as two and two make four.

"We rescued the other men all right," said Capt. McLaughlin in conclusion, and Captain Wilson is still alive to bear out what I say. That gentlemen, is my reason for believing that sharks will attack human beings. However, if any one can tell me what became of Ericsson, I am open to conviction."

By Loga Fan.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who spent some months in Spain last year, declares that the dark-eyed damsels of the fan and lace mantilla are quite as charming as tradition has pictured them. Ignorant they commonly are, their education being of the most meagre, but they are not dull. They are quick-witted, high-spirited and affectionate, and are possessed of a grace of speech and manner which rarely deserts them. Nor do they reserve their pretty ways only for the ballroom or the parlor; even ordinary shopping is lifted into a

scene of elegant comedy by the manner in which it is transacted. This is how a Spanish senorita bargains for her fan.

There is nothing so sordid about it. Her haggling is a social condescension that at once puts the black-eyed young salesman at her mercy.

"But the fan seems to me the least bit dear, senor!"

He shrugs his shoulders and flings out his arm in protest.

"Ah, senorita! You do not see how beautiful the work is. I am giving it away at six pesetas."

She lifts her eyebrows half-incredulously all bewitchingly.

"At five pesetas, senor."

He runs his hand through his black hair in chivalrous distress.

"But the peerless work, senorita! And this other, too. I sacrifice it at four pesetas."

She touches both fans lightly.

"You will let us have the two at seven pesetas, senor!"

Her eyes dance over his confusion. He catches the gleam, laughs back, throws up his hands.

"Bueno, senorita! At what you please!" And the senorita trips away contended with a sharp bargain, although—for Spanish gallantry, even when genuine—goes farther on the lips than otherwise—the price was probably not much more remote from what pleased the smooth-tongued clerk than from what she pleased.

Do Not Forget It.

It is a fact, that Nerviline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful, and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug-gist and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles only 25 cents.

SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

How old age and Character is Provided for in That Country.

Germany has a good many customs that are all its own. Among other things it has solved for itself a question that is sometimes a vexed one between servants and mistresses—the giving or refusing of a 'character.' Mrs. Alec Tweedie, describing in the Queen the system in vogue in Germany, shows how completely it answers its purpose.

Every man or woman seeking to enter the service of another, whether as artisan, clerk or domestic servant, is under obligation to procure a service book, which, after purchase, must be officially stamped by the police authorities. The police authorities enter in the book a description of the holder, having reference to age, personal appearance and religion.

When a situation is applied for, the prospective employer can see at a glance whether the applicant has been in service before, and if so, what kind of work has been done. If the applicant secures the situation, the employer writes in the book, 'Entered the service of so and so, of such a street and town,' adding the date, a description of the work required and the wages given.

The employer keeps the book as long as the engagement lasts, and on handing it back makes another entry, 'Let my service on such a date,' with a few lines as to character and the servant's reasons for leaving.

Thus the character book goes round, and the servant has nerves the uncomfortable necessity of asking her mistress for a recommendation. Forged characters are practically impossible, because the whole system is under police supervision.

Destitution in old age among domestic servants and the lower class of artisans has become an impossibility in Germany, for within the last eight years it has been made

compulsory for all who earn less than five hundred dollars a year to insure themselves against want in old age.

Although the law had been in force for so short a time, four hundred thousand persons received pensions in 1797 amounting to nearly fourteen million dollars, five millions of which were paid by the state.

Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster.

It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer, I made out a central body with several great arms or feelers waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet, to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

A shadowy giant about twelve feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At sight of me, he too was startled; but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags, and parted.

No Amount

Of brilliant advertising will make a fraud finally successful. Men are fools to try it. As for us we merely tell a tame truth and say Admanson's Botanic Balsam is splendid for coughs. 25c. all Druggists.