

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Last Saturday's Celebration Had last Saturday been a fine day St. John without a doubt would have gone almost as wild as it did on Ladysmith day. As it was the youthful portion of the populace braved the torrents of rain and plentiful mud, and King street, as well as the other principal thoroughfares were vocal with patriotic songs and hearty British acclaim all afternoon and evening. Making's relief was celebrated right heartily, but not nearly as vociferously as it would have been had the "chestnut" rain held off for a breathing spell. Here are a few incidents of the afternoon which the daily papers failed to find:

The clerks of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's turned out in force and emulating the example of their truly patriotic employers, who sacrificed the busy half of Saturday in honor of the occasion, did the town up good with their shouts and joyous capers. About forty strong they marched into the big stores of Macaulay Bros & Co., whose clerks were not granted the holiday, and after making a circuit of the lower floor departments reached the street again. The invasion almost created a stampede among the popular firm's help, but the M. R. & A. boys were very gentlemanly and only stopped a minute to exchange courtesies. One of the members of the Macaulay firm however was a little put out by the demonstration and was very desirous for a moment of having a policeman come within range of his vision. But he cooled down and laughed the matter off by saying, "Darn it, why didn't you let us know you were coming and we'd a' had a reception for you?"

George Beverly, the bustling little hardware man on Germain street couldn't contain his loyalty and found himself incapable of demonstrating as much as he would like to, so he got together a crowd of Fort Howe urchins and presented them with flags and horns. The leader of the juvenile band rode an old plug of a horse with long shaggy Boer whiskers on his feet. In grotesque get-ups and hauling two impoverished cannon, made of stove-pipe, the youngsters went through the principal streets, now and then causing the merchants who "kept open" a lot of anxiety by pointing their "cannon" at their plate glass fronts and with much military form set off a jumbo cracker therein. But the hottest experience the urchins had was when their mounted general led them triumphantly through the Country Market. Clerk McGonigle nearly had a fit and from the ambush on either side came deadly volleys of eggs of the Louis XVI period. Battered, but nothing daunted the relief column merged into Charlotte street to the consternation of the bunch of loafers, who own that particular entrance. Clarke Bros., the photographic firm, built a ten-foot Kruger and had it suspended

ed from a long pole out of their second-story window. Poor Oom Paul! he didn't last long. First the rain, characteristically Canadian, melted the glue that held on his whiskers, and the familiar hoop of capillary substance than circles the Boer king's round features "faded away and gradually died." A few unfriendly brickbats were decidedly efficacious in bringing about the dismantled state of Paul's face. Finally Messrs. Clark had to pull the effigy indoors to save their glass front from destruction, for patriotic bricks, eggs, clubs etc., were aimed at it from all corners of the compass, and the Clark boys commenced to look anxious when they began coming "point blank" fashion.

Saturday evening a crowd of small boys had great fun with the old man who takes charge of the Laborer's Bell on Market Square. While the Artillery soldiers were firing the salute they started to toll the bell in the wildest fashion. It was only a few seconds before the caretaker was out from his rain-sheltered position under the lee of the corner building in hot pursuit of the mischievous ones, but just as he arrived at the big bell, the cannon roared and a flash of flame shot over in his direction. He was terrified and retreated in quickest order. The boys returned and again clanged the bell, and once more the caretaker chased them away, only in turn to be frightened off by the noise and belching fire of the field piece. This see-saw state of affairs lasted until the salute was finished, when the fun-loving boys were finally put to permanent flight. A thousand people laughed until their sides ached at the joke.

Over in Indian town too the blither spirits started ringing the fire bell at the head of the public steps until Officer Covay came along. His efforts to storm the heights upon which the bell stood were futile and in this case brass buttons cut a very diminutive figure.

St. John Men in Sydney, C. B.

"Bob" Armstrong of the Victoria Rink has recently returned from a trip to Sydney, C. B., and, says it's the greatest town in America, that is for business ventures. In support of this broad assertion the genial R. J. says that anything fit to buy can be sold there, and describes the new iron laboring population, as "six thousand men turned loose every Saturday night with a week's wages they don't know what to do with." George Strang, late of the St. John street car service, is running a restaurant and doing very well while Jim Slater "Bob" describes as wearing a "silk

front coat." Slater declares he only owned \$35 when he landed in Sydney, but now he's doing well. H. H. Maggee of St. John has one of the best hat stores in Canada over there and has great prospects, while fellows from the winter port city are sprinkled all over the town. "Start an apple stand over there and you'll make money," says "Bob" and he generally knows what he's talking about in that line.

Two Show Passes for a Coffin. The stage manager of the Lyceum Company which played here last week has very exact ideas as to the price he should pay for the hire of properties for the various plays put on by his aggregation, especially the hire of coffins. Now a coffin is not the pleasantest thing in the world to make a barter over, but the Lyceum Co., man made no bones whatever in regard to his aversion to paying three complimentary passes for the loan of one belonging to a South End vaudeville troupe. He considered two "deadhead" tickets sufficient to meet the obligation, but the man with the body box thought otherwise. It was a real pretty coffin too, as coffins go, with black cloth, and silver studding, but three passes was too high a figure. It didn't matter much to the showman whether Ophelia, Hamlet's sweetheart, was enclosed in a silver studded casket or a black painted one, so he negotiated elsewhere and procured a very modest coffin or the two passes aforementioned.

Hard on the Curtain Hoister. On Monday evening when the Harkins Company opened up their annual engagement in the Opera House with "Blowing the Wind" Mr. Arthur Elliott and Miss Dalglish were accorded no less than six uproarious curtain calls for their dramatic climax in the third act. The sensation was delightful to the audience, that of letting its whole soul go out to the artists who had worked them up into such an excited state, and certainly delight of another brand must have filled the breasts of the recipients of such unstinted plaudits, but the poor man away up in the stage flies who hoisted and lowered the curtain, did anybody think of him in the future? Its safe to say he was at that time as far away from their minds as the surrender was to Baden-Powell, but he says himself if there had been another "call" he would have had to let them signal and signal until he took another lease of the atmosphere. To hoist the heavily painted and varnished Opera House curtain is no easy job, although the labor is greatly facilitated by the drum arrangement upon which the

steel cords are wound. Six curtain calls means six "hoists" and six "drops" of about twenty-five feet, which when done in quick succession is sufficient to start the perspiration all right. Yes, Fred Dorman, the curtain man, said it was not like taking a spin in a locomobile when they flashed the electric light signal on him six times last Monday.

That Glare Across the Harbor. Persons walking down King street after dark have perhaps noticed away off in the distance, across the harbor, a frequent glare of light, lightning up the very sky in its lurid flashings, and have wondered what it is. Strangers especially are curious as to the causes of the intermittent illumination. The light comes from the blazing furnaces of the Strait Shore Rolling Mills where for a long time both day and night gangs have had to work, to keep up with the rush of orders.

PROGRESS watched the iron rolling a few nights ago, which proved a very interesting scene. Heaps of scrap iron, tin, zinc, etc., including an indescribable array of cooking utensils, cutlery, horseshoes, nails, spikes, building materials, toys etc., were tied together in dainty morsels for the livid furnaces. Then when they were heated spotless white, a leather-clad man with heavy goggles protecting his eyes picked the big lumps of hot iron weighing about 160 pounds with giant tongs fastened to an overhead trolley. The opening of the furnace door and shimmer of the heated iron is what makes the glare seen on King street, a mile off. When taken from the fire the hot stuff is trolleyed to the rolling machines and there in a few seconds the melted tin cans, old scrap and general junk, is flattened out in nicely shaped bars of good iron, much of which is used in the nail and horseshoe factory adjoining.

Dilatory Civil Servants. Summer is right on our heels, although at times it doesn't appear very much like it, but some of these days when we least expect it the sun will shoot down his rays with greater force and then we'll be a little sorry we were growling about the unseasonable weather. And yet in view of this near approach of the sunny months the civic authorities have still neglected to have the fountain in King Square made presentable. It was an unfortunate gale of last winter that caused one of the big trees within the fountain rail to be blown down, breaking the iron fencing, and in consequence the whole railing has been removed. The sodding about the fountain is worn "threadbare" and badly broken up. Surely some

improvements are to be made here and what once was the redeeming feature of the ill kept square preserved in what little beauty it possesses.

Chief Clark's Ultimatum Disregarded Chief Clarke of course did his duty by posting those "firecracker, squib etc." posters all over town in view of the 24th, and other celebrations, but he might just as well have issued a proclamation advising everybody to use all the explosives possible, for it appeared as if that is just what they did. Whoever saw or heard so many fire crackers on the streets of our city as on Monday night when the Making celebration was prolonged? Every boy and man, yes and lots of the gentler sex too, seemed to have the fire cracker fever. It was next thing to dangerous to traverse on the public way, so fast and furious was the fusillade. Beverley, the hardware man ran out of crackers and telegraphed away for hundreds of dollars worth more, Watson's were almost depleted of their store of this class of goods and the other places about town did an unheard-of business. If this is for Making what will be done on the capitulation of Kruger and when Pretoria is scooped in?

Dry Sundays at Rockwood Park Mr. Belyea of up river is the Hanningtonian selection as caterer in Rockwood Park this summer. Of course Mr. Belyea has been impressed long before this with the enormity of the crime of selling cooling drinks for parched people on the Sabbath day, no matter how inadequate the "cup of cold water" system is, or how hot the day may be. He is about laying in a goodly supply of beverages and penny sweets, for sale only on week days when a crowd at Rockwood is a very uncertain quantity indeed. But its altogether likely Mr. Belyea knows his position in the matter, however PROGRESS prophesies he will be wiser on the subject before many weeks. A merry-go-round, made up river, is being placed in position by the new park caterer, by which means Sunday losses are expected to be made good throughout the week. Hundreds are still dubious nevertheless.

Better Recruits in 62nd Battalion. "What effect has the war spirit on the recruiting of your battalion?" asked PROGRESS of a 62nd officer this week.

"Its brought in a very superior class of men," was the answer. "Men of excellent physique, and beyond their majority in age, also a better type of citizen socially. The war spirit has enthused a class of men who would take little interest in military affairs if not especially aroused, and instead of an overabundance of more youthful newcomers we have a whole lot of big burly and intelligent fellows."

Proved Too Much. The troubles of housekeepers with their 'help' are endless, and many that actually happen are quite as funny as those that find their way into print through the active imaginations of the gifted young men who write for the comic journals.

The mistress of an establishment went into the kitchen one morning to see how her new cook was getting along. There was a wash basin in the sink, half-full of water, and a cake of soap was floating in it. "This is wasteful, Keturah," she said. "When you wash your hands, always take out the soap and empty the water." "I haven't used that wash-pail at all today, ma'am!" replied Keturah, indignantly. The next day Keturah was hunting for a new situation.

The Villain Triumphs. "For the last time I ask you," he hissed, "will you give up the notion that you can recite melodramatic poetry." "Never!" replied the woman, his wife, pale but resolute.

His face grew terrible to behold. "Then," he cried, in a voice vibrating with passion, "I shall assume that I can tell Irish dialect stories."

Now she grovels at his feet and implores him to be merciful.

So Far as John is Concerned. "Marry you!" cried the widow, "and dear John dead only a month."

"Oh, well," replied the eager suitor, "he won't be any dearer in ten years."

MIX-UPS IN PRINT.

Amusing Mix-ups Creep into the Best Regulated Newspapers.

Dreadful execution is done sometimes by the man behind the types. Once a newspaper man wrote an 'ad' for a theatre and in it said:

"From half past eight till half past ten You laugh and laugh and laugh again."

The style on that paper called for expressing the hours by figures, so when the 'ad' appeared it read like this:

"From 8 30 to 10 30. You laugh and laugh and laugh again."

The sporting editor of a San Francisco newspaper had among his notes an item which said: "The young salmon are beginning to run." The next morning the statement was printed on his page that "The young salmon are beginning to swim. When the editor asked him it happened the proofreader said cheerily:

"That's all right, Billy. You had that mixed up with your turt stuff, but I frightened it out for you."

"But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" persisted the editor.

"I couldn't," was the reply. "Whoever heard of fish running?"

One morning the readers of an esteemed contemporary were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "The Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town with whom the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say: "In ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day

to explain that 'the types' made them say that the Scotus did so and so, when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for Supreme Court of the United States.

It was the mistake of the makeup man that put a face powder puff between two death notices.

Style is everything in a newspaper office and some papers spell 'theatre,' 'centre,' 'livre' and so on with a final 'er.' That is why one of these papers a while ago announced that a celebrated French actor received a salary of '80 livers.'

This Minister Not an Expert.

"It's funny our minister never married," remarked the young husband, who had just refused his wife an Easter bonnet, in his endeavor to change the subject; "I think he'd make a good husband."

"Well," replied the wife, warmly, "he didn't seem to make a very good one when he married us."

A Lobster For Tea.

Yeast—Did you tell your wife you were going to bring me home to tea with you tonight?

Crimsonbeak—Yes, I did.

"And what did she say?"

"Then we should have a lobster for tea."

No Earthly Use.

"There, now," said Borem, after a long and tiresome dissertation, "there's a little good advice for you for nothing."

"Yes," replied the longuffering friend "that just about what it's good for."

THE SALUTES OF ROYALTY.

The Czar of Russia is Permitted to Give His Hand to Rulers Only.

If you were a mere monarch you would have to salute each person according to rules laid down painfully by men who have studied these things out for you and your brother monarchs.

Were you the Emperor of Austria the only sign of your friendship that you could give to an ordinary mortal would be to bend your head slightly and smile faintly. You might give your hand to other sovereigns or to ministers or to particular friend but ceremony prescribes that if you do such a rare thing you must merely lay your august fingers into their trembling palms and then withdraw. If they act after the ceremony as if frostbitten you have lived up to the traditions of the imperial house.

The Czar is permitted to give his hand to rulers only. But he has a great comfort. It is not only his prerogative, but his duty, according to court etiquette, to kiss his cousins, and as most of his cousins are females it is a duty that is the reverse of unpleasant. There was terrible trouble among the old ladies of the Russian court when President Faure of France was on his way to make a visit to St. Petersburg. "He is a ruler," said one, "consequently our august master must shake him by the hand." "No!" said others, shocked beyond measure. "No! His father was only a person in trade, and he himself was only a tanner. Our Czar can not shake such a creature by the hand!"

So acute did this question become, His

Majesty finally received the President in private, and his form of greeting was kept secret.

Most Wonderful of All.

The broomstick train, as Doctor Holmes called it, the electric car operated by the overhead trolley system, had just been introduced to Aberdeen, when two farm servants came to the Scottish city to spend a holiday.

They made their way at once to the terminus of the street railway, and looked with much wonder at the new creation. Finally they resolved to have a ride. At the end of the ride one of them expressed their united opinion.

"Wull," he said, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rape aneth street; in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine; but, mighty man, wha wad 'a' thoct they could ca' them wi' a fishing-rod!"

Moses Sought Ecclusion.

Mr. Jackson: "Mose Johnson got fine' two dollahs an' costs fo' drunkenness, an' his wife came 'roun' an' paid it an' took him home."

Mr. Linkum: "Yes. She suspected dat he wanted to go to jail so's to get out ob house-cleaning!"

R. I. P.

"I am content to be numbered among the politically dead," said one politician.

"I don't blame you," said the other. "If I were in your place I'd rather have an epitaph than to have nothing at all said about me."