

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

HOW THE CITY WAKES.

A Late Sleeper Sees the Town 'Gitting up' for the First Time.

Did you ever witness the city of St. John waking up on a Monday morning to start upon another week of workaday existence, and all that crowds into an ordinary seven days?

You may often have done so, indeed it may be that you yourself are one of the early risers, but to those who lie comfortably beneath the quilts until daybreak is far past year in and year out, the gradual resumption of business activity is not a little interesting.

Last Monday morning the writer, a self-confessed sleepy-head, was started out of bed by the brazen-tongued fire gong and a minute or two later found him on the street indifferently clad and rubbing his eyes in amazement as he recovered from a nightmare. It was a new experience to him and this is the kind of an impression the young day made upon his mind:—

It was about 5:30 o'clock, perhaps earlier; very few people were about and as far as the eye could reach in the uncertain light of half day and half night, nothing warranted to attract attention came into view.

It was day all right but through the murky clouds there came no sun rays. Electric lamps were still burning and throughout the long line of business establishments none were open save the ever-alert saloon, intent on capturing the stray nickels of the working man on his way to his labors. A thick haze hangs over the town and for blocks away the noisy voices of the firemen can be distinctly heard in the stillness. Truly the city was generally speaking, "in the arms of Morpheus."

The sky after a while becomes grayer and the houses round about send forth from their chimneys thin streams of smoke, and about the principal streets the morning paper boys shout out their daylight cry, "Tellygaff or Sun-n!" Night policemen return to the Central Station, factory employees bustle on to work with kettles in hand, and anon the first electric car with its sleepy-eyed conductor and motorman grinds by all lighted up. The sun breaks through and presently the 8 o'clock workers are bound to their numerous scenes of employment. Factory chimneys give forth dense volumes of smoke, teams and sleighs clatter about and it is no time before the streets are noisy with the chatter of school children. Then follow the employer and other bosses to their labors, and about 10 o'clock the government employee. Another day's begun for all, though its almost half over with some before others make the start.

SLEEPY HEAD.

St. Valentine's Day.

How many friendships were more firmly cemented and how many were hopelessly shattered on Wednesday last, St. Valentine's? It has been said the old custom of sending love tokens and tokens of other than affection, was dying out, but when PROGRESS enquired of several of the leading dealers it was found the demand was fully up to the average. Hideous caricatures covering every occupation, all classes of society and people had been exposed for sale for three weeks prior to the 14th as well as the gaily tinted and pretty lace valentines so dear to the sentimental swain and his susceptible sweetheart. The usual number of these were sold and heavy mails on Wednesday was evidence that they found their marks. At night the young fry held high carnival about the doorways, slipping their homemade mis- sives under the portals, yanking at the bells and scooting off for dear life. Not a few more mischievously inclined ones were caught by irate householders and presented with valentines conspicuous by their absence of elegance or good feeling.

A Vulgar Maiden Squelched.

At the matinee in the Opera House a week ago today a well-dressed maiden sat demurely with all the saintliness in her face that is allotted to young women her age, and shortly after the curtain went up was joined by a young man, who was to look at evidently the first stamp of a gentleman, but appearances are often deceiving. In a tone quite audible to the rear holders ahead the two told another some of the most indiscreet yarns, far past the limit of good conversation. Those about were greatly incensed at the outrageous talk and just as the young maiden was telling her friend that "she knew lots more of them," a lady seated in front turned square around and with a withering look

BRIGHT LOCAL TOPICS

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

said, "Well then you had better choose a less public place to tell them!" The maiden turned ashy pale and the young man went hurriedly out. The lady's interruption was greatly appreciated by those within ear range of the vulgar couple.

Lots of Vaccinations.

At the rate the people of St. John are being vaccinated it would appear that the populace is pretty badly frightened over the smallpox scare, and yet their caution is highly commendable. On Monday the Board of Health Office authorities were forced to replenish their supply of vaccine, purchasing a good many more dollars worth. Since the loathsome disease has attained to startling proportions in the province the health board has distributed 3,200 tubes of serum, representing 3,200 vaccinations, or near to that number. Since Monday the number of applicants for vaccination has been increasingly large. Sometimes the vaccine varies in quantity in the tubes and two have to be used in one operation. The objection raised by some who claim the "free" doctors use the same instruments on all applicants, need not be considered seriously. Every vaccination is made with a clean lance, made clean in a strong solution before being used again. As to inoculating two or more persons from the arm of another, it is not practised in the "free" stations, as the idea of its worth is losing its hold upon the medical fraternity. A fresh supply of vaccine is used in every case, which by the way is somewhat expensive for the authorities, who buy the tiny tubes of serum at the rate of a dollar for ten, or ten cents each.

These tubes are labelled "good until June 1900" or some other date, losing their efficacy within a certain period, although they are hermetically sealed, wrapped in oiled paper as well as being boxed in hardwood with a rubber casing enveloping all.

An Odd Police Patrol.

Last Monday evening the peculiar shaped delivery wagon of the Oak Hall clothing house was called into requisition by the police, and served as a patrol. A man had been found stealing an overcoat in a Mill street establishment, and this mode of getting him to jail was found more expeditious. It was a funny sight to see the fellow's legs dangling out the end of the huge acorn-shaped vehicle, with the police officers tagging on behind like mourners at a funeral. And yet to more sensitive minded citizens the scene was a disgrace to St. John, a city that boasts of its modern institutions in many other lines, but which as yet has to cart its offenders to prison in the first conveyance that comes to hand—a dumpeart, a sloven, grocery wagon, or curious affair, such as the Oak Hall delivery. It still fresh in the minds of many how the city flatly refused the offer of the Local Council of Women, who volunteered to raise funds for a police patrol, such as they did for the ambulance. And even this hospital conveyance, which has become indispensable, is being grumbled about by a lot of antiqueminded aldermen and civic officials as an additional expense. But they strain at a gnat in this regard and swallow camels in appropriating funds for far less worthy objects.

Did Rev. McKim Forget.

Rev. R. P. McKim, rector of St. Luke's church, North End, has discovered a reason for the British reverses in South Africa. In his sermon last Sunday morning he depre- cated the action of the British generals in fighting on Sundays, and laid this down as a reason for their chain of defeats. Did the able-minded rector of St. Luke's forget that on June 11th, 1815 (Sunday) the forces of Napoleon were routed by Wellington? Even the great and glorious battle of Manila was fought on a Sabbath by the great and glorious Admiral Dewey!

Received no Medical Attention.

William Clark of Sheriff street, N. E., who sustained a broken ankle on one of the Sand Point steamers last Monday night was conveyed all the way to his home in

the other end of town, a long and tedious drive, without any medical or surgical attention whatever. His injury was most painful and the only judgement given as to its extent was that of the unskilled workmen about. Even the ship's doctor, an official right on the spot, failed to put in an appearance, and groaning with pain the unfortunate shipboarder was carted miles away unbandaged and uncared for.

TERRIBLE FIBRE OF THE BOERS.

A Sergeant's Account of the Battle of the Tugela of Dec. 15.

Sergt. Alfred Mills of the First Battalion of Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who were in the rout of Gen. Buller's forces at Tugela River on Dec. 15, writes to his parents of this city some fresh details of that battle. He says:

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I have been in my first battle and how I am going to describe the horrors of it to you I don't know. The night before the battle we were all served out with extra ammunition so that each man could go into action with 150 rounds. At the same time our commanding officer told us the Irish Brigade were to attempt to cross Tugela River in the morning and would try to turn the enemy's left flank. He asked me to tell the men to keep up the honor of the old regiment. Reveille was sounded at 2:30 that morning, and shortly after our brigade was on the march toward the Boer position which was on the very high hills on the other side of the Tugela. The river is about thirty to fifty yards wide and the Boers had it one mass of barbed wire entanglements. The Irish Brigade marched to within 1,500 yards of the river in quarter column and halted, but shortly after ordered to advance another 500 paces. All the commanding officers wanted to extend their battalions, but Gen. Hart wouldn't have it, and so, much against their will, we started to advance again in quarter column.

"There was a square burnt patch in front of us. After we had gone a little way, and when we came near it, the first Boer shell burst right in the centre of it. This did not do any harm, as it was only intended to find the range. The next shell, however, came a few seconds later, and before we had time to extend, burst right in the middle of my company and knocked over two whole sections. I was on the right of the company. Sections 2 and 3 got the shell. I escaped. I looked around after it burst and was almost overcome with horror when I saw two of my comrades with their heads blown clean off, and the remainder of the two sections lying on the ground mangled. As soon as the effect of the shot was seen by the enemy, their rifle fire commenced. They had all the ant hills marked white to give them the range and as we were on a broad open plain our men began to drop fast.

"Although bullets, shells, shrapnel, case shot and machine explosive bullets were flying around us, we still kept advancing. The whole battalion was extended in firing line by this time with our three companies of the first battalion in the most exposed positions. The Boers had burnt all the grass in front of their position, so the black ground would show up our khaki uniforms. We kept making short rushes of about one hundred yards each, firing a few volleys from time to time, until we arrived within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy. We could not very well advance much farther on account of the river being between us and the enemy. It was at this short range where a great many of our boys fell. Lying on the bare ground they could be easily seen by the Boers.

"I managed to get behind a small tuft of grass and by shoving my head well into the ground when the Boer fire became too hot I was not hit, but with all my scheming there were thousands of bullets that came within range of my retreat. As balls began to rain thicker some went between my legs, some under my arms as I lay face down, and more just missed my head by an inch or two. Once I put out my hand

and got a bullet between my fingers. Another time, without realizing what marks they were for the Boers aim, I had crawled behind one of the ant heaps when a man of the Enniskilling Fusiliers shouted 'For God's sake, get away from that ant heap!' I crept off. A moment later a shrapnel shell struck the heap and blew it to atoms, killing and wounding eight men who had crawled up behind it. The Boers must have thought our whole line killed for they changed the direction of fire to the advancing reserves behind us, and would only direct their guns at us when we got too active with our rifles. I fired 140 rounds, but hadn't the satisfaction of seeing any of my shots take effect, as the Boers were completely under cover in their trenches.

"To add to the horror of the battle, 'twas a burning hot day. The sweat poured out of us like rain. The thirst was harder to endure than the enemy's fire. I lost my water bottle in the dark before going out in the morning, and was so thirsty when my mouth was filled with dust I could not spit it out. My only thought was where I would get the bullet when it came. I was certain I would not get back without being hit. One young fellow of the Enniskilling Fusiliers, who was lying beside me, got so thirsty that he raised himself up from the ground to drink saying to me, 'I can't stand this, chum; I must have a drink.' He had the drink, lay down again, and was instantly shot dead. As he rolled over he cried: 'Oh! Oh! Mother! Mother! and died with the words on his lips.

"Before I saw that young fellow die and heard his last words, I was as cool as I if I were only on a field day at Aldershot; but when his last mournful cry reached my ears, it made me think of you and all at home, and it was with a heavy heart that I went on fighting till we got the order to retire. While we were lying so near the enemy, we didn't care a bit for the rifle bullets which do their work clean and neat; but what did terrify us was the shrapnel, case shot and explosive bullets which were on our flanks. Every few seconds one of these would go screeching over our backs, so close we would involuntarily feel our bodies to see if we were wounded, and every time on looking to right or left we would see fellows writhing in awful agony from the effects of those whizzing shots. The battle lasted from 5 a. m. till 3 or 4 p. m. Most of the infantry had retired by noon. I did not hear the order to retire and was a good half hour lying with a dozen Connaught Rangers and Fusiliers in the firing line before we noticed the whole army on the right had retired. I then gave the order to fall back, although I thought it certain death to stand up. Of us all, only four got out of range without being wounded or killed.

"All the horrible sights I had seen up to this were nothing compared to what I observed as I retired. Every two or three paces, I would have to step over some poor fellow, either killed or frightfully mangled. About four hundred yards from the river I found one man of my own section, named Dowling, and gave him a drink out of his own bottle. Seeing the terrible wound he had I tried to carry him off the field. I called a sergeant of the second battalion, who was near to give me a hand. He has since been mentioned in papers for it, but I have not, though I sat half an hour under heavy fire with the wounded man till I got help to carry him off.

"Shortly after I left Dowling in safe hands a 45 pound shell hit right under my feet. As good luck would have it, the thing didn't burst until it was well under ground. The shock flung me ten yards away, not hurting me in the least. Had it burst a second sooner, it would have blown me to atoms. Some officers were so astonished to see me come out alive, they gave a cheer when they saw me unhurt. After that experience, I got safely back, and almost drowned myself when I came to water, I was so thirsty. I had at once to act as color-sergeant for C. company. All their sergeants were killed but one, and he was wounded."

"SIX CARLOADS OF DAGOES."

The Lowest Class of Civilized People Being Dumped Into Canada.

Since the Sydney boom has been on over six carloads of Italian and other foreign laborers have passed through this city for the Cape Breton capital and nothing has been done to stop them by the authorities, nor are any efforts put forth at their destination to collect the usual tax. It is quite true the "dagoes" are to do the most menial of work, but to allow such enormous importations in view of the stringent alien laws of the United States against Canadians seems rather like a one-sided affair. The U. S. officials are like hawks about the boundary lines and prevent a suspected Canadian exodus without the least scruples, sending him or her back or at least preventing them entering Uncle Sam's domains. Canadian trained nurses have been turned out of employment in Buffalo after having lived there some time and sent back to Canada, and yet the Canadians have to bear the indignity of having trainloads of these low types of civilized people dumped in their midst from the adjoining republic, to underbid them for work and convert their towns into a pot pourri of humanity.

Their Names Explain Them.

Outside of the usual quota of tall people named Short, colored families with White as their surname, St. John boasts a few families the heads of whom are engaged in occupations very tersely described by their names, for instance; we have Mr. Fred Dorman, the genial gatekeeper, who as a guardian of entrances at the big exhibitions each fall, athletic meets etc, is regarded as a professional in that line of work. Then J. A. Mailman is one of the ablest letter carriers in town. At one time one of the principal residential streets boasted families named Steele, Nichols, Brass and Gould and another street included among its residents people named White, Black, Green, Brown and Gray. Perhaps those who read this may know of even more notable cases in the line of family cognomens.

Evangelist L. J. King.

Evangelist Louis J. King, whose meetings on Fort Howe last summer and autumn caused so much excitement, was in town on Tuesday last with his wife, proceeding to Fredericton on Wednesday where he is visiting his parents. Mr. King said he had been holding revival meetings at Norton for some time past and baptized four persons. He intends returning to St. John in the late spring or early summer to reopen his mission on Main street, North End.

Rainy Day Car Traffic.

In the torrents of rain of last Tuesday the electric cars did an enormous business. At the dinner hours, twelve and one o'clock also at tea time, each car was filled to overflowing and it was with difficulty all the fares were collected. The average number of five cent pieces taken on each car for a single trip was in the nineties possibly as high as a hundred. Then the Opera House crowds going and coming later at night, greatly increased the heavy traffic of the day.

Her Dogs.

Summer in Dawson, says the Independent, is delightful, and even the winters, declare those who have stayed there in that season, are glorious. Many are the stories told about the wondrous beauties of the trail over the ice and the White Pass, where even women have gone, handling their dogs from day to day, as the men handled theirs. Every man and woman there has a story, all interesting and some thrilling.

"I used to like to start out first in the morning," said a Detroit woman. "Once, as I hurried my dogs down the trail in the gray dawn, I saw three stray animals romping on the way. Now, if you catch up with a stray dog on the trail, he is young; so, my heart fluttering with joy, I began whistling to the half wild creatures. 'At first they paid no attention to me, but kept romping and leap-frogging up and down the trail. I slowed up my team and put myself in front, the better to make my peace with the renegades.

"When we had come within a hundred yards of them they stopped playing, sat down and stared at us. I whistled again and they all ran. How foolish I felt when it suddenly dawned on me that I had been trying to harness three wild wolves!"