

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1900.

JOCKEY STOPPED FOR HIS CAP.

A Bottled Up Good Thing Spoiled by a Puff at the Gloucester Track.

When McIntyre, the jockey, was riding Meehanus, the beef and beans horse, to victory at the Aqueduct track on Wednesday last, his cap blew off just as the horses were turning into the stretch. The boy didn't pay any attention to the loss of his cap, not even involuntarily looking around after it, as some boys might have done, but kept to his work and brought the equine idol of Park row under the wire a handy winner.

'A little thing like that cost me \$2,000 of my good coin and \$20,000 winnings once,' said an old time turf follower as the bare-headed jockey dismounted and weighed in. 'I haven't got over feeling sore about it yet and every time I see a boy's top covering blow off in a race it makes me mad all over to remember how I was dumped, along with a lot of my friends, by such a pitiable little thing as the boy we engaged to ride the good thing losing his cap when the race was all but won.'

It happened ten years ago at Duke Thompson's merry go-round at Gloucester, across the Delaware from Philadelphia. I had an old skate that I'd been saving up for a good thing for a long while, and when I got him so he could clip off three-quarters in 15 flat, easy, with a lubber of a stable boy on him, I knew that he was cherry ripe, and was ready to cut the watermelon. When I'd let up on the old rogue the year before and turned him out, he hadn't shown anything whatever for months, nor contributed a nickel toward paying his feed bill. His dicky legs had been bothering him, and he couldn't get anywhere near the money. But I'd tinkered his leg into shape and I knew there was nothing at Gloucester that could make him sneeze at any distance from three-quarters to a mile when he was right. Well I got him right, as I say, waited for the opportunity, and then shoved him into a six-furlong sprint, along with a dozen or so other horses that were seasoned by constant running at Gloucester. Some of them were pretty good, too, as Gloucester horses went, but I knew that my old nag could win winking, and I passed the word around quietly among my friends that there'd be something doing when the horse went to the post the first time. I'd never given them any phony goods in connection with the way the horses in my string stood, if I was out for the money, I told them; and if there was to be nothing doing, I told them; so that when I sent out the right word about this old sprinter, they all made the nig to get on.

'I figured that my horse would be among the rank outsiders in the betting, 50 to 1, or something like that; but it leaked out somehow or another that the old plug was pretty nifty, and the books were leery of him. The best they offered was 10 to 1, and my \$2,000 swamped 'em so that most of my friends had to take 5 to 1 or less for theirs. I'd engaged a practically unknown lad to ride the horse in order to get a price but the bookies saw through that, too, and as I say, there was nothing near like the figure against him that there should have been on his running when he was last out. But when I was down with my \$2,000 and stood to win \$2,000, I didn't have any kick coming. It looked just like sticking up a Wells Fargo agent for \$20,000, and I told my friends so, and they dug some more, and when the old horse went to the post he was at 3 to 1, and most of the books stood to take vacations or go right out of business for good.

The old skate was a quick breaker, and he hopped right out in front at the fall of the flag, as I knew he would, and started to spread-eagle 'em. There was simply nothing to it. Rounding the back stretch the old horse was ten lengths to the good, and only cantering, and he increased his lead with every jump. Well, he may have had a little jab from the hyperdermic needle before he went to the post, but I'm not going to say that right out loud. Any way, he was just buck jumping down the stretch, and my friends in the stand that I'd put wise to the good thing were preparing to grab me and carry me on their shoulders to the place where the magnums were opened, when they all gave a gasp at once. The cap of the idiotic boy on the old nag had blown off, and if that pollywog-brained, mutton-headed, no-account imbecile of a boy didn't pull the horse up when he was twelve lengths to the good and winning on the bit, to look around for his cap, then I'll eat every danged hat on

The Year's Civic Programme.

Mayor Daniel's programme as outlined in his inaugural is not elaborate, still there are some things in it that will appeal to the people. He touches upon a number of subjects that have been discussed before and it is to be hoped that he will persuade the council to take some action in reference to them. Here is a part of his address:

Owing to the hilly and rocky character of your city, it is extremely difficult and expensive to keep our streets in good order and condition. I am aware that during the last few years there has been some improvements in the condition of our thoroughfares, but at the same time the demand for still greater excellence becomes daily louder, and I feel assured that our citizens will approve of any reasonable measure taken to attain this object. The Good Roads Association is entitled to our thanks for having a scientific test made of the stone in this city and vicinity, showing which is the most lasting and economical for street purposes, and in moulding opinion in favor of good streets. I think that when new work is undertaken or repairs of so extensive a character as to be practically new work, the city engineer should make the plan, and the work be carried on according to such plan. I leave to your consideration whether it would not be better to formulate a general plan of street building for the whole city whereby a certain amount of new and permanent work should be accomplished each year, and in this way our city gradually become provided with good streets, and thus not only enhance the comfort of the inhabitants, but also be an attraction for the summer time. All wide awake cities and places in Canada and the United States which offer attractions to summer tourists are alive to the great benefits which accrue from their presence and recognize that summer travel is an important source of revenue which should be carefully and intelligently promoted.

As the contracts for lighting the streets will end in July, 1901, it is important that the resolution of the council ordering the board of safety to prepare specifications and call for tenders for lighting the streets

these grounds and yell for more bats! The boy yanked the old skate almost to a walk, and, of course the other boys saw what a puddin'-head he was, and came right on. The kid tumbled to it that he was making a mistake only when three other horses of the bunch were on even terms with him, and then he started in to get the old nag a-going again. He did get him going again, but it was too late, and no use; my good thing was beaten by a tongue for third money, so that even the fellows who backed him all across the board were let down and out.

'I didn't kill the boy for sausage meat; but how I did think, and think and, think, and think!'

The Process Complete. Colonel Claybank, a fiery Southerner who went out of the Union when his state did, and fought bravely through the war, refused to be 'reconstructed' after the war was over.

'Once a Confederate always a Confederate,' he was wont to say, and although he recovered from the bitterness engendered in the four years of strife he regarded himself as an alien in the restored Union and refused to vote or to exercise any of the duties of a citizen.

When the war with Spain broke out, however, the old fire burned in his eye, and he offered no objection when his son, a stalwart specimen of young manhood, joined the national army and went to Cuba to fight.

One day, shortly after the battle of San Juan, the young man received a letter from him.

'Well,' he said, after reading it, 'father is back in the Union at last.'

'Does he say so?' he was asked.

'He might as well. He writes "United States" now without putting the word "United" in quotation marks.'

The son—Here are some college bills I haven't paid, governor.

The Father—But what have you done with that last check I sent you?

'Oh, that enabled me to leave the town.

on both sides of the harbor with electric light, on completion of present contract, be carried out at once, in order that we may have sufficient time to take such action as may appear best under the circumstances. Till that is done and we are in a position to know exactly what the cost will be under contract, I think it would be premature to discuss the subject of the city undertaking this service.

The new board of water and sewerage will have for its immediate and most careful consideration the important subject of increased water supply for the east side. From the emphatic manner in which this matter has been brought to the attention of the council of the fire underwriters, it is plain that most serious attention must be given it, but before any scheme of water extension is proposed it is necessary that accurate information should be obtained as to where the fault lies—whether in too small mains and distributing pipes, or in insufficient head at the origin of the system. One thing is certain if the water supply of the east side in its present condition is insufficient for domestic, manufacturing and fire protection purposes, this council will carry a very grave responsibility till it is remedied. I hope, therefore, that no time will be lost in ascertaining the cause, so that we may immediately apply the remedy.

The anomalies of our assessment law have, during the last few years, been crying very loudly for redress, and have engaged the attention of this council, as well as of many intelligent and disinterested citizens who are taking a special interest in the subject. The subject is beset with difficulties, not the least of which is the impossibility of enacting a law which will be perfectly fair and just to every individual, but I think we should be equal to the task of making an improvement on what we have now. In fact, it is only owing to the discretion of the assessors that the law has been in existence as long as it has. It is a fair subject for argument whether it is better to proceed by gradually amending our present law so that its most crying evils may be abolished—and I notice that you have been proceeding to some extent in this direction already—or to commence

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN INFANCY.

Hints for Those who Have the Care of Children.

During the first year of infancy the brain expands with mushroom-like velocity. This period of rapid growth is a practically quiescent one, so far as mental function is concerned.

The ideal care of infancy is very like that accorded to a thoroughbred colt or puppy. Systematic regularity rules the lives of these inferior beings in every detail of their management. The same systematic care is essential for securing to the child a stable and equable nervous organization. The infant's rest, sleep, food, exercise and bath should have at least as much care as is given to the same things in the case of the lower animals.

Freedom from excitement is a matter not sufficiently considered. To force a child into shrieks of laughter, for example, by grotesque sounds or sights, or by any means, while amusing to the unthinking looker-on, is detrimental to the best interests of the child. Placidity, although not so popular as liveliness in an infant is a more desirable quality.

The bath is at once a means of exercise, and a tonic to the nervous system. In ordinary health it should not be too warm. The movements of the arms and legs, and even the cry, during the bath, are exercise of value.

From the very first the child should be put to bed with the intention that it shall need no further attention until after awakening.

While rest and quiet are of great importance, the infant, during its waking hours, requires constant attention, although not of a nervous or violent sort. The evils of too much quiet are frequently seen in children's hospitals, where a child of inferior vigor lies quiet for hours at a time. The infant grows more and more languid and comes to exert itself less and less; the appetite diminishes until food is refused altogether. The child may now sink into a condition of serious ill health. In cases of this kind the child may be taken up and

with a clean sheet and prepare an entirely new act. The latter is the more radical method, and I believe would be the most satisfactory in the end. It means giving a great deal of time and study and work, almost more than you, with the very numerous and various duties of your office, can perhaps really give, but I am of opinion that you could settle on the main principles of a bill and employ some competent person or persons to work out the details. It could then be publicly and fully discussed, and, if approved, enacted into law. Whatever course you may adopt, I am sure you will not lose sight of the great importance of this subject to the general welfare of the community.

The condition of the harbor and its capacity for taking care of its present and constantly increasing business demands our immediate and careful consideration. The revenue during the last year amounted to \$40,231, an increase of between \$3,000 and \$4,000 over last year. I am informed by the harbor master that we have not sufficient wharf accommodation on the east side for our present business, and that even one more berth here would give much relief in this respect, and at the same time afford a handsome increase to our revenue. One of the difficulties we have to contend with in arranging for vessels is the fact that some of the wharves are owned by the city, some by private owners and some by the government. In former times when the carrying trade was done by sailing vessels, the largest of which could be accommodated at private wharves, this made no difference but since the evolution of the sailing ship into the steamer, with its great length and in many cases great draught of water, the private wharves have not sufficient frontage to take this business. As time goes on this evolution will be more and more complete, and there will be continually less work for the wharves with short frontage. These considerations point to the great desirability of a change in this respect, as it will be necessary, if we wish to increase our trade and even hold our own, to have one or more additional berths at our disposal on this side of the harbor, the revenue from which should be quite sufficient to make it a paying operation.

carried about the ward several times a day and encouraged to use its muscles.

During the early months and years the infant should receive the patient and gentle, yet systematic and regular, oversight of its mother; or better yet, if she is well her personal attention.

During the period of rapid growth the infant needs only the physical aids which promote its bodily expansion. Demands upon its mental organization are strictly to be avoided.

An American's Joy Abroad.

Mr. Julian Ralph, an American traveller and correspondent, has told, in a letter recently published, an incident, which will be pleasing to all Americans who like green corn—which, of course, means all Americans. 'Mr. Ralph, in the course of some years of travel, had never seen on the continent of Europe an ear of green corn.'

One day, in a hotel in Paris, he met a porter carrying a basket of genuine American green corn.

'Green corn!' he shouted. 'Is it possible that this is what I see?'

'Yes, monsieur,' said Madame Brunel, the wife of the proprietor. 'It is veritably the green corn of America. We grow it on our farm. So many of our guests are Americans, and so fond are they of this peculiar food that we have seen it to be to our advantage to make for them this singular produce on our fields in the country.'

'I took Madame Brunel's hand,' says Mr. Ralph, 'and pressed it. I raised my hand as one does who bestows a benediction. "Heaven bless you, madame," said I, with such evident sincerity that she could not take offence. "You are the most magnificent and most wonderful woman in France!"'

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

Tom—You saw the new play last night. Did you like it? Was it good?

Dick—I don't know, I haven't seen the criticisms in this morning's paper yet.

A STRANGE BULL-FIGHT.

A Case of Spanish Entertainment Upon the Journey Between Madrid and Lisbon.

When Stephenson said to the doubters who told him that a cow might get in front of his locomotive, 'So much the worse for the cow!' he perhaps did not realize that a cow on the track might make matters very much the worse for travellers. Cows have wrecked more than one train.

And something more formidable than a cow was found on the track of the railway between Madrid and Lisbon one pleasant day in July, 1895. It was between the rural stations of Mirabel and C. navel, on the Spanish side of the boundary line between Spain and Portugal.

The train had just come out, on a sweeping curve, from the hills and down upon a little plain, when the engineer saw directly before him, a herd of bulls on the track. Bulls are an important agricultural commodity in Spain, and some of these were destined for the arena.

They seemed very little disposed to retire from the track. The engineer slowed down as much as he could, at the same time blowing his whistle. Upon this all the bulls fled except one—a great toro, quite fit for the arena. This one, with his horns lowered, and roaring as if in response to the shrieked defiance of the engine, made straight for the train.

It was too late to prevent a collision. Train and bull came together, 'head on.'

It was indeed, 'so much the worse for the cow!' The bull was instantly killed, but the carcass lay so completely under the wheels of the locomotive that it was impossible for the train to proceed until the track had been cleared. To clear it was too great a task for the train hands. The conductor called the male passengers to his aid, and they crowded about the locomotive.

Meantime the great herd of bulls, scenting the blood of their mangled leader, flocked around, pawing and threatening. The nearer they came the more infuriated they grew; and finally they charged, pell-mell, like a whirlwind, on the little band of workers.

Then all the men abandoned their task, and took refuge in the cars. The bulls followed them to the very steps, bellowing and pawing. For a considerable time the strange spectacle was presented of a herd of bulls besieging a railroad train filled with passengers.

But there were some soldiers aboard, and these defenders of the peace soon organized a sortie. Finding a spot where the bulls were not in force, they picked up a quantity of stones and hurled them valiantly at the animals.

The bulls recoiled, charged again, recoiled once more; and for two hours the battle raged ceaselessly, victory now seeming to perch on one side, and now on the other. At last, as night came on, the bulls withdrew, and betook themselves to some distant shelter.

Then the employes and passengers were able to set at work again. The track was cleared, and the train proceeded on its way.

With The Eyes of Faith.

Some idea of amateur photography as it was in its early days may be gathered from an incident which the late Bishop Walsham How confided to his note book.

Before he became a bishop he used to call together the old men of the parish on New Years day, and on one occasion he displayed to his guests a photograph of two old men who had long worked at the rectory. They were photographed in their working clothes, one with a spade and the other holding a little tree as if about to plant it.

A very deaf old man, Richard Jones took the photograph in his hands, and looking at it said:

'Beautiful! Beautiful!'

So the rector shouted, 'Who are they, Richard?'

'Why,' he said, 'it's Abraham offering up Isaac to be sacrificed!'

The rector tried to undeceive him, and as the old men who had been photographed were sitting opposite to him, he said: 'You'll see them before you if you look up.'

Richard smiled serenely, but all he said was, 'Yes, yes, I sees 'em before me—by faith!'

Miss Daisy Putter—I suppose we must stop playing golf on Sundays now that we have a clergyman in the club.

Dick Whittington—Oh, no: there is room for all.