

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

An American's Opinion.

An American had a letter in last Sunday's New York Sun in which he gives his opinion of Halifax and St. John. This opinion is amusing if ridiculous. The writer seems to have been more concerned with the taste of liquor than anything else, perhaps it is this taste that accounts for his peculiar ideas. This is the letter in full:—

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 28.—When the Yankee longs for a complete change of scene and of everything else he doesn't have to go to Europe or to other distant lands; he has merely to take a little trip into the Maritime Provinces of Canada, next door to the State of Maine. From Bangor to St. John, N. B., one travels in about five and one-half hours by train, and no sooner is the border crossed than the oddities of Blue-nose land become apparent. The further one goes the more strange things he finds, and each of the provinces has habits and customs peculiar to itself.

Of all the cities in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax is the most interesting, and travelers say that it is decidedly European in its general aspect and atmosphere. It has about 51,000 inhabitants, but one would think that, with all its natural advantages, its population should be five times that number.

One of the first things the Yankee notices the street crossings. Many of the crossings run diagonally from corner to corner, instead of directly across the street at right angles, as in the States.

The two great sights are the Citadel and the Public Gardens. The Citadel is a big fortress occupying the top of the westerly end of the peninsula. It is an immense affair of stone and earth, with complicated subterranean passages, massive granite walls surrounded by deep ditches, high parapets bristling with big guns and a fine parade ground stretching down to the outlying street. Plans have been made for a new and greater fortress at Halifax, but for some years yet a big fort on the hill will be the home of all the Tommy Atkins stationed in the city.

The public gardens are extensive and very beautiful, and here on Wednesdays when there is a good-sized garrison, a regimental band plays for the entertainment of the middle and upper classes. On Sundays another band plays for the common people. One concert is as good as the other, but the classes never mix, each keeping to its own appointed day. This promotes peace, pleasure and satisfaction. Halifax has several clubs, frequented chiefly by Government officials and officers of the army and navy. There are also many billiard rooms, but pool tables are few. Brandy and soda is a drink much in favor among the prosperous, although some prefer the white Scotch or Irish whiskey straight or in the rather strange mixture that serves for punch in Nova Scotia. The masses, including the private soldiers and the naval sailors, indulge as liberally as their means will allow in a kind of brown ale, which could not be given away in the States.

Single drinks of this ale are the exception. In every saloon or tap house will be noticed a shelf upon which stand rows of earthen or pewter pots—pitchers, Americans would call them—and above the pots, suspended upon nails, are six times as many pewter mugs. The Tommy Atkins or the jackets come in, usually in moxy bunches of half a dozen or more, and instead of each ordering a drink or one calling the others up to the bar, they chip in, each contributing his share toward buying a pot of ale. Then they go off into a corner by themselves and grabbing each a mug from the nails, speedily put the pots contents out of sight. Should a generous stranger drop in and invite all hands to drink, they would take B and S—brandy and soda—but this sort of windfall rarely drops into the ale houses of Halifax. Halifax has several good sized hotels. They never fail to give you oatmeal at breakfast, and while you are eating a half grown girl, whose costume suggests Cigarette or Trilby, is likely to come in and urge you to buy a morning paper. There won't be much in the paper aside from news of the Boer war or of the movement's

of Earl Minto, the Duke of York and such notables, but it is always desirable to buy it, for the sake of getting rid of the news-girl.

Should the guest desire to know what troops are in garrison at Halifax, the table girl can glibly reel off the entire list, together with the names of the officers and some brief account of the recent prowess of the regiments. The hotel has no elevator—no provincial hotel has such a thing. If one desires to be directed to the elevator he should inquire for the lift.

Halifax has become somewhat Americanized of late, but it will never be called swift. Not so many years ago a Yankee went down there and established a street car line. The venture was a failure, because the aristocratic element would not patronize such vulgar conveniences as horse cars, while the poorer classes couldn't afford to ride. The promoter finally tore up the rails and shipped the cars, and for years the remains of the cars were to be seen piled up in a suburban pasture. Another man, a native of the province, built a cotton factory, but that, too, was a failure, and very soon it was made into a brewery, which enterprise prospered finely. Today there are cars and some evidences of progress, but life will never be exciting in the old town unless a great war should come and some powerful naval enemy try to capture the place.

In St. John, N. B., called by the natives 'Sn John', are to be found some of the peculiarities of Halifax, but not many of the attractions. In both cities, as all over the provinces, one turns to the left, as the King direct, not to the right, as in the United States, and for that reason the stranger from the States is continually bumping into pedestrians or crashing into carriages along the road.

The street car conductor in St. John goes through the car holding out a little leather box, with a tiny slit in its top. The fare is five cents, but American rickshaws won't be accepted. No one in the provinces will take a nickel. If the passenger hasn't one of the thin little Canadian five-cent silver pieces he must buy a ticket, getting a lot of big Canadian coppers in his change. The ticket is printed on paper almost as thin as tissue, and much patience and ingenuity are needed to get it through the narrow slit in the top of the conductor's fare box.

An American who went into a little hotel at St. John to buy a drink of whiskey found the whiskey to be fairly good and very strong. It left an unpleasant taste in his mouth and he called for a cigar. The bartender took 15 cents out of the dollar tendered by the customer, and the latter observing this, said:

'Here, I don't want a five-cent cigar; gimme a good one.'

He supposed that the price of the whiskey must be 10 cents. The bartender said: 'Oh, that's all right. You've one of the best smokes in the province there, my man. Seven cents and eight for the whiskey—fifteen, d'ye see?'

The man from Yankeland was dazed. He thought it over for a while and then burst out:

'Why, what kind of a way is that to do business? You might just as well have got 20 cents. You're all twisted up, Mister; you're dead slow!'

'Oh, aye,' dreamily assented the bartender, as though it were a matter of utter indifference to him. Many another thing is twisted in the provinces; it's the provincial way; but also, there's many a good thing 'down home,' including the sugar-beet cherries of Digby and the red and amber apples of Annapolis—wonderful fruit that thrives on the banks of the sweet little stream from Evangeline's land.

In an English School.

A lesson on the evils of talebearing and how an English schoolmaster regarded it, is conveyed by Irving Montagu, the war artist, in a reminiscence of his schooldays. Talebearing, or 'peaching,' is considered among boys the most dishonorable of offenses, and young Montagu was duly impressed by this fact, as the story goes on

to show:

Ten fellows were absent; they had gone to Bradley's farm, out of bounds, and were caught red-handed in the possession of illicit stores by 'the doctor.' Seven were intercepted at the cross-roads, laden with supplies; they were interrogated as to the names of the other three, and with a sneaking hope of lightening their own punishment, at once gave them up.

The other three were Tom Beresford, Nipper Watkins and your humble servant, better known in those days as Peg Montagu.

Then came the query to the trembling three:

'Who were the other seven?'

We fondly hoped that they had escaped, looked first at one another, then at the doctor; no one spoke. Threats followed, but we stood to our guns, and returned to the school still in custody.

The great bell was rung at an unwonted hour, and the silence was painful as the portentous step of the doctor was heard approaching. Morning it is rostrum he called out:

Beresford, Watkins, Montagu, stand out! Do you still refuse to give up the names of those boys who were with you out of bounds?

'Yes, sir,' in a sort of loud whisper.

'Very well, I give you five minutes to decide.'

And then came the most fearful five minutes we had ever experienced. At the end the doctor said:

'Will you give up those names' (an awful pause), 'or do you absolutely refuse to do so?'

We felt as if about to place a fuse at a given moment to a barrel of gunpowder, as we replied:

'We refuse to give them up, sir.'

'Very well,' said the doctor, in a voice of thunder, 'since that is the case there is only one course to follow. Come up here, each of you, and let me' (another awful pause) 'shake you by the hand and congratulate you on having held on as you have done, in spite of prospective penalties as a matter of schoolboy honor. I congratulate you, I say, on having refused to give up the names of these other fellows, who to save themselves, were only too ready to give up yours.'

How those rafters rang again, as the dear old doctor gave us, that never-to-be-forgotten lesson! When the excitement had somewhat subsided, he concluded by addressing the remaining seven:

'I have no punishment to give to you, except it be by expressing a hope that you may not be so ready on a future occasion to screen yourselves at the expense of others.'

Discretion Better Than Valor.

A New Yorker, the owner of a magnificent yacht, had for his guests on a recent trip three very clever young men, all of them suitors for his hand of his beautiful daughter. The young woman could not determine which she liked the best, they were equally good looking and equally eligible as to wealth and position.

In perplexity she sought the advice of the Old Salt, a kindly generous old sea-dog, who sailed the yacht.

'I tell you what I'd do, Miss. I were you,' he said. 'The next time we are in a safe place you fall overboard. I will stand by to see that no harm comes to you, and then you can see which is the best man of the lot.'

The plan was agreed to and a day or two later the young woman slid off the plank into the water. In a second two of the young men were in after her and she was heroically rescued. As soon as possible the heroine sought the captain.

'What am I to do now?' she asked. 'I have two of them still left.'

'Well, I would, say this,' replied the captain. 'If you want a good, sensible husband, you take the one that did not jump after you.'

Businesslike Ephraim.

'No, there wasn't much romance about Ephraim,' said the postmaster, stroking his beard thoughtfully. Ephraim had been the great man of the town, and his death, the day before, had called out reminiscences to which the postmaster seemed anxious to contribute. 'I don't suppose if you'd biled Ephraim or put him under the stone-breaker you could have drawn a tear out of him. Never saw him laugh. Likely enough he never kissed his wife or one of his children.'

'And yet he wasn't a mean man or

hard man. I collate he often laughed and cried inside, but 'twasn't his way to show it. And he was a natural born business man, up and down, top to toe, and that pretty accounts for it too.'

'Dye ever hear how he proposed to Aunt Eleanor, his wife? Happens I know, because she and my wife was cousins, and the peecedin' fockled Eleanor so't she had to tell of it.'

'Ephraim was at ever a talkative feller, and he didn't go round much with the other young folks. Jest stayed home and tended to his knittin' work, as it were, but he was well thought of by everybody, and Eleanor and her pa and ma always made him welcome.'

'So he come in sort o' casual, one p'cticular Saturday night, and set around as usual, puttin' in a word now and then, till Eleanor's pa went out to see a sick cow he had, and Eleanor's ma started off up chamber somewheres. And then Ephraim speaks up all to once, and he says:

'I'd kind o' like to marry you, Eleanor,' says he.

'She' says she. 'Would ye?' She was dumfounded, and couldn't think of any thing else to say.

'Yes, I would,' says he. He never moved out of his chair, but he looked her right square in the eye, reel friendly. 'I've got a place of my own, ye know,—rented, but I can take it back 'most any time,—and two hundred and fifty do'—as out on trust, and enough besides to stock the place. I make ye an offer,' he says, 'and I'll hold it open for ye till next Saturday night.'

'Eleanor was statin' at him all the time mind ye, with her mouth open. And before she could get any words to put into it, 't's time I was getting along home. Ephraim says, 'so I'll bid ye good night, Eleanor.'

'Well, that was all there was to it. First off, Eleanor was mad at his makin' an offer so-fashion, and leavin' it open jest sech a time, 's though he'd been dickerin' for a yoke of steers. But when she came to think it over she realized it was only Ephraim's way, and she believed he liked her and she knew she liked him, and so she took him up, and neither of em ever was sorry for it.'

'No, Ephraim didn't make love romantic—no gettin' down on his knees and writin' poetry and sech like doin's. But if you ever see a woman better provided for and more uplifted and more waited on by inches than Aunt Eleanor was, I'd like to have ye pint her out.'

'Actions speak louder words, they say and I c'ldn't say that's true. There's women in this town would be willin' to forget they was called angels before they was married if they could be treated like human bein's now.'

A Royal Visit.

These are happy and excited days in Canada. The loyal subjects of King Edward VII., of all classes and races, are joining in demonstrations of welcome to his only son, the Duke of Cornwall and York heir apparent to the English crown, and the Duchess, 'Princess May.'

The connection between the royal family and Canada has been close. Two sons of George III. visited the provinces. One of them, the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, passed nine years there in command of royal troops; the other was 'the sailor prince,' who afterward became King.

The most important royal visit to Canada hitherto was that of the present king, forty-one years ago, when he was a youth of nineteen. Since then the provinces have become federated; the population has almost doubled; great railways and canals have been built; industries have established; cities have sprung up; trade and commerce have developed; institutions have broadened. But the Canada which Prince George visits is as loyal as the Canada which welcomed Albert Edward in 1860.

After the Duke and his party have crossed and recrossed the continent, they will return to England, and then the duke will receive the title of the Prince of Wales so long borne by his father.—Youth's Companion.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Baltic or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Shipmate Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY

Father—What! You've resigned your job?

Son—Yes, sir; it was too hard.

'Too hard, eh? Don't you know that no job is perfectly easy?'

'Yes, sir; that's why I want no job.'

'Do you think shirt waists for men will be popular next summer?'

'No, I don't. Jane is using mine for dust rags.'

'I see your part is described as that of a villain who will stop at nothing.'

'Yes,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. 'That description is a sad reminder of the frequency with which my salary is liable to halt at zero.'

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which if neglected will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the 'backache stage' of the most insidious of diseases South America Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Ruby Lips and a clear complexion, the pride of a woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 little 'Rubies' in a vial, 10 cents. Act like a charm! Never gripe.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

What you chillun been doing?

We ain't been doing nothing.

Deah me! You grow mosh like youah pa every day.

Clara—Why, Ethel, what makes you so blue.

Ethel—That fortune teller told me I would be married twice, and she told Edna she would have three husbands, and to think, I paid for having both our fortunes told.

Simpson (angrily)—I have sent the editor of the Hightone magazine 42 of my poems, and he has returned every one of them.

Friend—Don't send him any more. He might get mad.

'Suppose he should? What could he do?'

He might publish one of them under your real name.

When the self-made man says, 'Gimme some of the pumkins de terroy,' and the waiter wants him to repeat it, he has a feeling of fear that never comes over him in the busy marts of trade.

Under The Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: 'For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it.' 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Sadness Explained.

In Liverpool recently a sentimental young lady was on the Canard steamship quay when she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair.

'Poor thing,' thought the romantic lady, 'she is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great, sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy.' So she went over to the traveller to win her confidence.

'Crossed in love?' she asked sympathetically.

'No,' replied the girl, with a sigh, 'crossed in the Serbia, and an awfully rough passage, too.'

Deafness of 12 Years Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Buconche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buconche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER