

'FRISCO WAKES TO WORK.

Undeclared by Calamity, People Conceal Sufferings and Plan Great City.

San Francisco, Cal., May 1.—It is hard to be tragic over this affair. People cry and break down over little disasters, like lynchings and bank failures. But, face to face with this annihilation, they are stunned. Then they wake up and go to work. It will be months before the extent of the calamity will be clear to them. As proof of this utter unconsciousness it may be recorded that even now, ten days after the disaster, the community does not realize that here is the center of such world sympathy, both sentimental and material, as has never before been offered. The most dramatic city of the western hemisphere does not know that it has reached the grand climax of its argonautic fame.

CALIFORNIA'S SPIRITS BUOYANT.

This is epic. Men make a single effort to be calm and merry. Yet this may be no effort. It may be the final proof of the eternal buoyancy of the California spirit. Still, behind this outer gaiety there runs a warm strain of many independence with here and there an outburst of feminine fear. As a rule the women don't want to go, the men resolve to stay. Some women are so hysterical that they leap at the rattling of a pan. During the slight shock Thursday the men in the Fillmore street offices made neither move nor comment. The women, almost invariably, started to run. But the general optimism takes good stock even of this.

MILLIONAIRES TELL OF LOSSES.

"It's a fine thing for a coward," said one heroic man, "to have a screaming wife; it diverts attention from himself."

Another sitting in a group of millionaires whose property had been wiped out, when some of the stories of disaster had been told, remarked: "Yes, I lost everything I had on earth."

This made no impression. The party looked about at each other with the sated expression to be seen on a man's face at the end of an afternoon tea. Then the unfortunate added, "But I hadn't anything." They all laughed, opened the charmed circle and let him in.

GRAVEYARD A CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND.

There have been twenty-eight babies born in Golden Gate park within the last three days, and Laurel Hill graveyard looked like a children's playground, with toys on the stones and swings fixed among the tombs. It was in this frivolous atmosphere yesterday that a man who formerly was the executive head of one of the largest retail grocery businesses in town called out to his family, as though by inspiration: "The earth can't down San Francisco. God Almighty wedded her to the sea. Our trade is left. We are 're-saved.'"

HAND OUT FACETIOUS SIGNS.

There is a block on Sacramento street in which a lot of clerks and bookkeepers routed out of downtown lodging houses have roosted for the time being. First day one of them hung out a sign from his balcony which read: "Look pleasant. It is not expensive." That same afternoon his neighbor went to the nearest telegraph pole and tacked up this: "Don't get excited; it's like throwing away ammunition in the battle of life."

INDOMITABLE SPIRIT IS UNBROKEN.

A multimillionaire stood in Market street, in front of twisted girders and brick heaps that marked the spot where sky-scraper had stood ten days before and said: "It's back to '49, only worse. The bricks are in the street now; we've got to clear those away first." Then he called a contractor and architect whom he had brought along and for the next few hours was lost to all but plans. He came to California with a sack of flour and a bushel of beans when a lad of 19.

NEW SPRING FURNISHES WINTER.

At 18th and Howard streets, where the earth is cracked so wide that a wagon could be lost in it, a hotel was laid down as far as the eaves of the second story. Half a block up the street water for two days bubbled out of the ground. At first it was thought to be a bursted main, but it was fresh, cool and clear, and examination proved it to be a spring that the upheaval of the earth had thrust to the surface. When the people of the neighborhood found it out the girls came to the well with pots on their shoulders as Rebecca went many centuries ago.

REFUGEES HIDE THEIR SUFFERING.

In Golden Gate Park, the most fantastic ideas are to be found gleefully diverting themselves on the surface of the suffering which the refugees are bravely trying to hide. One man, a fairly good sketch artist, formerly the advertising designer for a department store, has produced a work of genius, which displays Vesuvius on one side belching forth flames and lava, with burning San Francisco on the other quite smothering the canvas. An idealized figure of the city stands waving defiance to the volcano. "California puts them out of the running in every line of the business," said the artist. "They have got to hand it to us on everything, from giant trees, big mountains and sunsets to earthquakes and fires. There is nothing small about us."

NEW ERA IN CITY BEGUN.

Gamblers with destiny, the undeclared people of this stricken city have had only an ill turn with the cards of fate. A new era has begun. The weak sink, the strong rise. Out of the ghastly ruins these dreamers conjure no despair, feel no desolation, that not for the sick cry of the doubter, smart no unneeded hurt for the seemingly wanton cruelty of an indifferent Deity. The few who despair are discredited and kicked aside.

CROWD MARCHES ON TO VICTORY.

The crowd marches on self-reliant, forceful, masterful and gay. Away drop the trailers, the old, the infirm. The women halt and cry, they protest in vain. A chip of plaster from a torn cornice drops into the yard and they turn pale, imploring those they love to leave forever. The men laugh and the grand new city rises. It is the game of '49 over again. In it to it with virile American passion sweep the greatest of empire builders, turbulent, nonchalant, sublime.

UNAPPRECIATED KINDNESS.

"Do I look crushed?" asked Nancy, as she went to remove her hat and coat.

"You seem very tired," replied her sister. "Have you had a hard day at the office?"

"I've had a hard day, but the office isn't to blame for it. If I had attended only to business—that is, my own business—I wouldn't be such a wreck now. If you had heard the creditable things that people have said to me today you would wonder that I have a spark of spirit left. Yet I have tried harder than I ever did before to be nice to people."

"Goodness! What was the matter?"

"It was my efforts to help that seemed to vex everybody. You see, last night I read an inspiring article about a 'kindness club.' It told how girls formed themselves into a society whose object was never to miss an opportunity to do a kindness and I thought I'd like to be in a club like that. I didn't know how to join and I decided to be a little kindness club all myself. I resolved to start right in and be helpful every time that I had a chance. Well, I am sure that I have had plenty of chances today."

"This morning, on the street car, I noticed that the woman sitting next to me was interested in my newspaper. I folded it neatly and handed it to her, saying, politely, I would be glad to let her have it. She acted as if I had insulted her."

"If I was a paper I can buy it," she said. "I suppose you thought I was trying to read yours."

"I admitted that I did think so, and she was dreadfully incensed and moved down to the other end of the car. But I knew that it was hard for some people to accept courtesies gracefully and I wasn't discouraged. "As I walked from the car over to the office, I noticed in a florist's window that there were 'lilies' of the valley for sale. It occurred to me that it was a pity for the florist not to know that 'lilies' was spelled wrong in his window sign, so I stepped in and asked for the proprietor."

He was in the back room making a wreath, but the clerk called him out at my request.

"Did you want anything special?" he asked in a hurried businesslike manner that made me feel almost uncomfortable. I explained that I had just dropped in to inform him that there is but one 'I' in lily. Janet, that man had a dreadful temper. He grew red in the face, and fairly shouted that I could be in better business than criticizing a busy man's spelling."

"This was somewhat depressing, but my enthusiasm was by no means exhausted. So I stopped the first woman I met, whose skirt had slipped down beneath her belt, and called her attention to it. She stared at me haughtily and remarked that that was the way in which she preferred to wear it."

"At the office opportunities for showing kindness were fortunately scarce, but I did one act of kindness which I fear has made the bookkeeper my enemy for life. I passed her desk while she was at the telephone, and, without thinking what I was doing, I glanced at one of the open books. I saw an entry that I happened to know was wrong, and I corrected it. I was just laying down her pen when she returned. She was highly indignant."

"Maybe you think it's your place to check me up," she cried. "I tried to explain that I did it only to help her, but she didn't appear to believe me, and she glared at me every few minutes the rest of the day."

"At lunch there was a rather shabbily dressed young fellow opposite me, and as I had more cold turkey than I could eat I offered what I had left to him, for his coffee and rolls looked so meagre for a growing boy. "No, thank you," he said stiffly, and the wave of color that went over his face made me feel like crying, for I saw that I had hurt his pride. "But the last straw was this evening when I came along our own street. I heard a poor, shivering cat crying on the steps of a house. I ran up and rang the doorbell. An

old man answered it. I said, 'Your cat was crying to get into the house so I thought you would be glad to know.'

"I don't know which are the most bother," he snarled, "stray cats or meddlesome women." With that he slammed the door in our faces, the cat's and mine."

"If you want to join my kindness club, Janet, which adjourns to-night forever, you can go down to the basement and give that forlorn creature a bowl of milk."

"You don't mean to say that you brought the cat home?" groaned Janet.

"Yes, I suppose you'd be glad to have a pet, yet you look just as displeased as everybody else for whom I've done favors to-day. I'm through trying to be kind. It doesn't pay."

—Chicago News.

MAILS CLOSING.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays. West Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.00 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.15 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East: Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashua and St. Marys Ferry, daily, Nasanworth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boileston, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.

4.45 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

4.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

8.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova York. Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.30 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.

From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasanworth and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

12.00 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.

12.30 a.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec. St. John River via Steamer.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

8.30 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

WAY MAILS.

7.00 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

9.15 p.m.—East Side River St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices.

THE SPIRIT OF '49.

There wasn't no Pacific Heights when me an Jim came here, The salt-sloughs ran on Mission street with sand dunes far and near;

There wasn't no bricks nor pavin' stones nor railway systems when We set old 'Frisko on the sands—and we'll set 'er there again.

When doubters said "Impossible," we laughed their doubts to scorn. 'Twas pack train through the desert lands and cutter round the Horn; We lined the beaches with our dead, the hillsides with our bones— When 'Frisko was a roarin' camp we laid the corner stones.

'Twas us that plowed the thoroughfares and build the wharves by day, 'Twas us that formed the Vigilantes to drive the wolves away, We built the schools, we made the laws; and them that wasn't square Got settled with the shotgun—but they got it on the square.

Yet there she's lying, flatter than the day I seen the town. The monuments is in the streets, the churches tumbled down— But there's the same old Argonauts a-cryin' in our men, We built 'er up in Forty-nine—and we'll build 'er up again!"

TRAINMEN AND C. P. R. REACH AN AGREEMENT.

Employees East of Fort William Get a Slight Increase in Pay.

An agreement has at last been reached between the C. P. R. trainmen and the officials of the railway

THE HERALDS FASHION PLATE.



COMFORT FOR THE SMALL MAID.

Comfort is, or should be, the first and foremost consideration in the child's wardrobe. This little frock, dainty and becoming to any small girl, will afford much comfort during the hottest days of the coming summer. The plain full skirt, finished with a stitched hem, is gathered to the waist, which shows a full front vest beneath the square-cut

neck, with its crosswise band of the stitched chambray, which in this instance is a delicate shade of pink. The back of the neck is finished in a similar manner, a broad box pleat reaching from this point to the waistline, where a stitched belt of the chambray, fastens in front with an oval mother-of-pearl buckle. The sleeves are full puffs, gathered into stitched bands just above the elbow, and the soft curls are tied back with a pink satin bow.

in regard to the wage schedule of the former and the documents in the case were finally signed yesterday afternoon.

These wage-schedules between the C. P. R. and the various branches of its employees hold good for twelve months only and at the end of every year they are reviewed, with possibly some alterations, for the ensuing year.

The trainmen employed east of Fort William were desirous of an increase in wages, so that when the schedule which was in force last year was on the eve of expiring, a demand was made that the new schedule should provide for augmented pay. This demand on the part of the men resulted in almost continuous conferences for the last two months between their representatives and Mr. D. McNicoll, vice-president and Mr. J. W. Leonard, general superintendent of the company.

The final stage in the negotiations was reached Monday afternoon at Montreal, however when the new schedule, whereby the men secure a slight increase in wages, was signed by the representatives of both parties.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IS FAR REACHING.

Rev. Herbert Symonds of Montreal Declares it is Felt in Every Walk in Life.

Under the auspices of the Alumnae Association of the Ottawa Ladies' College, an interesting entertainment was held at College Hall Friday night, when Rev. Herbert Symonds, D. D., vicar of Christ church Cathedral, Montreal, gave an address on "The Social Influence of Women." Hon. R. F. Sutherland acted as chair man.

Dr. Symonds, in introducing his subject, showed that the influence of woman was now felt in nearly every walk of life. A great deal had been said about equal rights, but the word "equality" in so far as the sexes were concerned was entirely out of place.

Women's great work in life lay in three directions, in the marriage state, which the speaker seemed to consider should be placed first as from it centred the influence on the home and on society, in the state of motherhood, and in that of sisterhood.

He touched briefly on these and showed how far-reaching is woman's sway in each. The influence of a good sister on a brother could never be entirely effaced, no matter how low he sank, and would lead him to respect women.

In the matter of education, Dr. Symonds claimed women had a right to do all they could to improve the intellect and to get modern education, which was making them better than women of a quarter of a century ago. Some people seemed to think that women could not, for example, run a meeting properly, and in an orderly way. He had attended many meetings of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Anglican Church and knew of none that were conducted in a more regular manner.

The great influence of mothers was attended to. The speaker said that if women could have the same influence over the youths who went wrong as a mother had over her boy, it would do more good than sending incorrigibles to reformatories.

He closed with an earnest appeal to those in the room to consider that

their lives must necessarily influence others and to make them influence them for good.

Jacob Riis, according to the New York Tribune, at a convention of school teachers at Atlantic City, declared contentment.

"Every man is too apt to be contented—that is, to be contented," he said, "to think himself about as fine as any one in the world; even beggars. Why, I know a man who, on being accosted by a beggar, said: 'Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?'"

The beggar drew himself up. "Did you ever beg?" he asked. "No, of course not," said the man. "Then," said the beggar, "you do not know what work is."

Where it is against the law to wear birds on a woman's hat the milliner can always find quite as expensive a way of trimming them.

THE WORLD OVER.

Thousands of Mothers are using

DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP

For Children's Ailments, you cannot but admit the fact that this preparation is one of merit and is all what is claimed for it. It is safe, pleasant and soothing for children teething, and a prompt checker of bowel and stomach troubles.

Physicians and Professional nurses recommend it.

In purchasing, see that Dr. Coderre's signature and portrait is on every wrapper. Beware of the many SYRUPS put up in a similar form and made to look like Dr. Coderre's.

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On and after Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 338 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville, 5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville, 10.20
No. 317 Suburban for Chatham Junction, 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville, 11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville, 11.20
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville, 11.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville, 13.00
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville, 12.35
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville, 8.15
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville, 15.20
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville, 19.15

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