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SHOPPING IN LONDON.

The Difference Between Stores There and in America.

AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF TWO YANKEE GIRLS.

Clerks are Polite if You Purchase and Rude if You Don't.

Two American girls have been writing their experiences in the London shops for the Daily Mail, and the articles make interesting reading. The first one of the series is as follows:

The Americans don't say much about it—in England—but we really are impressed with certain styles which the fashion papers and our dressmakers say are "quite English"—that is, in America, you understand. So when we were preparing to come to Europe this summer, Kathryn and I, we were our old clothes until they were threadbare.

"We'll get something new to travel in," said Kathryn, "but we'll buy all the things that are 'so English' in England, like tailor dresses, those comfortable shoes with nice broad heels, shirt waists, high collars, and heavy gloves, the things, in short, that are stiff and straight, quiet, elegant, and unobtrusive, like the English themselves.

"Then we'll go to Paris for fluff, frivolities, the idiotic high heels—which we are too weak-minded to give up because they do look prettier with a pretty dress—and those audacious summer gowns with lace yokes, which, of course, these proper English girls don't wear."

TRANSPARENT YOKES.

In America the things you buy at the small places cost more than at the big ones, so we started out to find the big ones in London. But the only stores we could find were two or three stores high—you could get about a dozen of them in one corner of Siegel, Cooper & Co., or "The Fair," or any of the big department houses in New York or Chicago.

There were hosts of women streaming in and out, but at first we thought they must be all French. In the whole week of watching we didn't see one tailor gown, which we had had drummed into us by our tailors as "so correctly English." Every other woman wore French heels, and as for high collars—well, they weren't there at all. Such transparently transparent yokes we never expected to see even in Paris, and where the collars ought to be—there was nothing!

It was a joke to watch Kathryn's face, she was actually shocked! "Are these the proper Englishwomen I see before me?" she cried one day with a dramatic gesture.

But when we began taking our dinner at the restaurants down town her stock of adjectives was exhausted. There were no words to express the state of her feelings in the superlative degree of being shocked. Some English people at the hotel were shocked, by the way, that we two girls should dine down town without a chaperon. Well, it was bad enough to see the low-necked dresses in the restaurants that were worse than our most extravagant ideas of wicked Paris; but it was worse in the streets to see the women in the hansoms who were going out to dinner or to the theatre.

"What would your father do if he saw you in an open carriage like that, with such a dress on, and with your wrap thrown back so that every man in the street could see you?" I said, just to hear what she would say.

"What would he do?" she answered crossly. "Why, he'd take me home and put me to bed. And don't you talk to me any more about your 'proper' English fashions."

YOUR NUMBER PLEASE.

These things put us rather out of gear, as far as our plans for shopping in London were concerned, but we decided to buy some things anyway. One day we thought we had at last discovered a big store. There was an elevator and a book department and a barber's shop, quite like New York, although we didn't discover the great department.

I bought a yard of ribbon, but when I started to pay for it the clerk said, "And your number, madam?" "Oh, I'll carry it myself, thank you, I said, thinking he meant the number of my house, and wanted to send it. But he didn't mean that, he meant that the store was a

private one, and people couldn't buy unless they "belonged" and had a number.

The clerk seemed very sorry, and hastened to explain that it would be quite all right if some friend who did "belong" would introduce us. But that struck us as being too unutterably funny for anything, and we both got purple in the face from trying not to laugh. Here was I with my money, and there was the clerk with that yard of ribbon, and I couldn't pay for it and take it away without being "introduced."

Kathryn burst into a giggle as soon as we got into the street, and she giggled over the occurrence all evening. But she woke me up in the middle of the night to say very seriously, "Here's a pretty state of affairs if we have to be introduced every place before we can buy a package of needles or a spool of thread. An up-to-date American store is good enough for me, where 'spot cash' payment will buy anything, and the floor-walker doesn't care a grain of salt about your social position or about you being 'introduced.'"

We found it was not so bad as she feared, and there were plenty of places where they would take our money and not ask first for an introduction. But we never knew what to ask for, because the American name was generally different from the English. We decided in the end to publish a dictionary on "English and American English," and make our fortune.

We went in a shoe store and asked for "Oxford ties." They are known the length and breadth of the American Continent as the reigning English style; but they are known in London as "the great American shoe." We saw them labelled that way in all the stores. Then, shoes were not shoes unless they were slippers; when they were high, they were boots. When we needed a spool of thread we asked in four different places and they said "We don't keep it, thank you." We said "Thank you," and they said "Thank you." That made Kathryn smile again, and she was starting to say "Thank you" again, but I pulled her away, "else I suppose they would still be saying it to each other."

In the fifth shop, however, we got our thread. There was an American woman at the same counter, and she told us to ask for a "reel of cotton." Kathryn said "Thank you" twice, and the clerk said it three times. I told her it was evidently the clerk's business to say it last, so we might as well stop trying to get ahead of her in it.

We heard a woman ask for "calico" one day, and the clerk brought her a roll of muslin fore-sheets, when we expected to see a bolt of figured cotton stuff for a cheap dress. We spent half a day buying a tape needle because we didn't ask for a "bodkin." We asked for "shirt waists, and the clerk said he was sorry, but they didn't keep them, and when Kathryn saw some, he begged our pardon, and said, "You mean blouses; I see."

"WORRYING US TO DEATH."

The clerks were really extremely polite, much more so than they are at home—when we bought things. But we didn't always buy, and then they were as rude as could be. Often we would go in just to have a look around, and there was always a clerk at our elbow, asking, "And what can I show you to-day, madam?" They simply dogged our footsteps, and finally we bounced out of a place where we did intend to buy because they wouldn't let us see first what there was on the different counters.

We had some funny experiences. One day when it was raining we went into a small shoe store in a neighborhood where we were sight-seeing, and tried to buy a pair of the rubbers for the summer, the kind without heels. We discovered we must ask for "goloshes" instead of rubbers and then when we explained the kind we wanted the man said "We have the heavy ones for rough weather. We did have the other kind in the winter!" That man would make about fifty cents a year if he kept store in the United States of America.

Kathryn is very thin and she wears a very small collar. She wanted to buy one in a certain store, and the woman pulled down a lot of boxes, but could not find one small enough. So, of course, we didn't buy any. But when we were leaving the woman said, "That's the way with you Americans, you look at everything in the shop and never buy." As if we would buy her collars when they were two sizes too big!

We told this story to some English women we knew, and one of them said, "I never dream of entering a shop without buying something before I leave."

Now, I have gone to the same milliner for twenty years, and if she has nothing that I think suits me exactly, I just take what doesn't suit exactly but close to it."

To which Kathryn replied—and it certainly was spiteful of her—"I wondered what was the matter with your hate!"

MAUGERVILLE.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

August 17. —Rev Chas. Day and family of Kentville, N. S., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles.

Miss Gertrude Coultard, F'ron. is visiting Mrs. A. R. Miles.

Chas Bent, F'ron. spent Sunday at his home.

H. E. Harrison, inspector of fisheries, who spent the last week in official duties in York County returned home Saturday.

F B Rogers left this morning for Yarmouth, N. S., to attend the Maritime Convention—Baptist, which meets there August 21st.

Mr and Mrs Humphrey Young, Burton, are receiving congratulations on the arrival of twin boys at their home Aug. 15th.

Mrs. Wm. Gibson, F'ron. has been visiting Mrs. John Miles the past week.

J C Anderton St. John, and Oswald S. Crockett, F'ron., paid a flying visit here last week, in the interest of the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company.

Rev Howard Roach, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, St. John, and Mrs. Roach, who have been visiting friends here, returned home Saturday.

Rev. R. W. Gibson, late pastor of the Episcopal church of Margerville, and family expect to leave this week for Petersville, where he has assumed the pastorate of the Episcopal church of that place.

Got Lame Back or Lumbago?

No need of that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in short order, for Polson's Nerviline, which is five times stronger than any other, penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of suffering, drives it out and thus gives relief almost instantly. Not magic, but strength that gives Polson's Nerviline this power. You will think it magic however if you try it, pain goes so quickly. Sold by dealers everywhere, in large 25c. bottles.

MORE PHILIPPINE FIGHTING.

Manila, Aug. 17.—The Moro situation in Mindanao is said to be critical. It is believed that American troops will soon move against Bacolod, where the recent murder of two men of the 27th Infantry was plotted. A small party of Moros surprised an outpost on Aug. 12, and succeeded in killing two and wounding one American before they escaped. They were from Bacolod, which has a strong fort and other defences. Bitter opposition exists at Bacolod, and Capt. John J. Penning of the 15th Cavalry, commanding the American forces at Lake Lanao, has recommended the reduction of the Bacolod fort.

General Chaffee, who left Manila August 12 on a final tour of the southern islands, reached Zamboanga, Island of Mindanao, last Friday. In a conference with the local commander General Chaffee urged that unless the American forces moved decisively against the hostiles they would lose the support of the friendly Moros.

The native crew of an inter-insular steamer continued last Thursday. They murdered the chief engineer of the vessel, and wounded the captain and mate, the second engineer and one of the passengers all of whom are Spaniards. Members of the native coast-guard went to the rescue of the ship's officers. They fired into the crew and killed three. Twenty-five of the crew were rendered and five jumped overboard and are believed to have been drowned. During the fighting the steamer ran aground, but was subsequently floated.

weary Brain Workers.

All fagged out ideas flow slowly as molasses, snap and energy gone! The buoyancy that made life a pleasure that gone also. A doctor would say you are run down, enervated, neither eating or digesting enough. It's Ferrozone you need to brace up that flaccid appetite and improve assimilation and digestion so that lots of pure strong blood will nourish the broken down system. Ferrozone will drive away the tired feeling, restore your spirits and energy, revive your ambition and strength for work. No tonic or re-builder like Ferrozone—try it. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by C. A. Birchill. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Splendid Marine Pageant Witnessed at Spithead.

OVER ONE HUNDRED SHIPS OF WAR IN LINE.

A Description of the Floating Batteries Comprising the Fleet.

Portsmouth, Aug. 16.—The belated coronation revel closed today with "Britannia Rules the Waves" as the answering refrain to "God Save the King." The naval review was a reproduction, on a slightly reduced scale, of the splendid marine pageant of 1837, with which the Victorian Jubilee was brought to a close. There was a double line of about twenty small craft and naval yachts off the entrance to the harbor, with Admiral Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, farther in, gorgeous in decorative painting and more glorious in memories. The first watery lane was bounded on one side by over thirty torpedo destroyers, and on the other by 20 torpedo gunboats, brigs, training ships and old-time cruisers.

When the steamers with visitors had turned into the second lane there was a new line of twenty cruisers and battleships at anchor seaward. It opened with second-class cruisers like the Rainbow, the Minerva, the Severn, the Melampus and the Apollo, afloat from nine to twelve years, with coming towers and steel citadels around their engines. There were three first-class cruisers in the centre, all built late in the eighties, and farther on a newer one, the Crescent, capable of steaming sixteen knots an hour. The Derwent, a second-class battleship, came next, an old-time vessel, low in the water and completely armored, reconstructed a dozen years ago, with two turrets and a military mast. Eight first-class battleships completed the line, built from 1885 to 1892, and ranging from 9,500 to 14,000 tons in displacement. The Sans Pareil, the Resolution and the Empress of India were the best ships of the lot, with compound belts of armor and formidable arrays of turrets and barbets.

The Revenge, the sister ship of the Resolution, was at the end of the line, opposite Southsea, and when it was rounded another file of battleships and cruisers opened westward. Five of these battleships, the Majestic, the Jupiter, the Prince George, the Mars and the Magnificent, were in the Jubilee review, and the Hannibal could be classed with them. These floating batteries had not cost less than £1,000,000 apiece, and their displacement ran up to nearly 15,000 tons. The Trafalgar and the Nile were older battleships, and the Dreadnought, with her 38-ton muzzleloaders, and the Edinburgh gunnery training ship were second-class vessels of a less useful type. The Royal Sovereign, with Admiral Hotham's flag, which had taken the place of the London, had been afloat about twelve years, and closely resembled the Empress of India. The Nile was filled out with nine cruisers, the Sulej and the Niobe being among the newest and the fastest of them, and the remaining vessels being either in the second or third class.

The Sulej was a splendid example of an armored cruiser of the latest and most improved construction.

The number of the battleships was about the same as at the Jubilee review, but there were fewer cruisers, and in place of them in the fifth line were twenty foreign vessels of war. There were two Japanese ships, the Asama and the Takapage; one Italian, one Portuguese and one or two more. Outside the naval lines there were swarms of excursion steamers and small craft.

While there were fewer ships under British and foreign flags than at the Jubilee review, and while also the newest types of naval construction were not on exhibition, it was a demonstration of sea power which no other nation could match. Not a single ship was recalled from the Mediterranean for today's review of the Channel, home and cruiser squadrons, nor was there any draft on the adjacent military stations for manning the land defences. Yet with this mighty floating rampart in Spithead Harbor, and with a chain of shore defences

stretching eastward and westward, and also inland, Portsmouth was revealed as an impregnable naval arsenal of adamant strength. The Imperial federation may baffle the keen intelligence of broad-minded men like Chamberlain and the colonial Premier, but Britain has mastered the problems of sea power and naval defence. This has been done not only on paper, where the naval estimates and construction accounts of Great Britain far exceed those of France and Russia combined, but also on the water, where, without any unusual strain or preparation, a home guard fleet had been assembled which could not be rivalled by any two European powers. What was most impressive was the magnitude and workmanlike character of the mechanical resources for naval warfare available at a moment's notice for the defence of the Channel ports.

Why Sniffle and Sneeze?

Don't suffer any more with a cold in the head, just carry a Catarrhzone Inhaler in your vest pocket, use it now and again and you won't have colds. Catarrhzone knocks out a cold in five minutes, and hard racking coughs in half an hour. Inhale the pleasant Catarrhzone vapor five minutes four times daily and it will cure Bronchitis, Lung Trouble, Deafness, Asthma and Catarrh in any part of the system. Catarrhzone is the most direct, modern and scientific method, and is guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Complete two months' treatment costs \$1.00, trial size, 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

CROSS CREEK NOTES.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

August 18.—Cross Creek council R. T. of T. which was organized here July the 25th by Fred J. Todd of Fredericton, is doing a good and noble work in this community. On Sunday evening a Gospel temperance meeting was held in the interests of the council, in the Free Baptist church. The meeting was presided over by A. Sterling, M. D. who in a few introductory remarks, made reference to the necessity of a council in this locality, and trusted that all would assist in bringing about a better enforcement of the Scott Act. The Rev. G. Fred Bolster gave a scriptural reading and prayer. Temperance addresses were delivered by Fred J. Todd and the Rev. G. Fred Bolster. Miss Anna V. Yerxa presided at the organ and the choir of the Free Baptist church rendered several selections during the evening.

Mrs. Shell and two daughters of New York are visiting at Mrs. Edward Humble's.

Miss Sarah Currie of Boston, is visiting her sister Mrs. G. R. Jonab.

About ten of our young men left this morning for the harvest fields.

Most of the farmers will finish haying this week. Hay has been an unusually good crop, but owing to the wet weather it has caused considerable trouble in gathering it.

Mrs. Brown of Marysville, is visiting at Mrs. Jas Humble's.

There are a number of new residences being erected this summer, John Sullivan's is about completed, and Howard Elgee, and Edward Stone expect to have theirs ready for occupying about the middle of September.

The Surest Cure for Warts

Is a few applications of Putnam's Painless Wart and Corn Extractor. It has been used successfully for 30 years and never fails. Try "Putnam's."

A French paper states that the Hon. Mr. Tarte is after Sir Wilfrid Laurier's position. Don't know about Mr. Tarte, but do know that Hon. R. L. Borden wants it, and wants it in the worst way.

Beggar—"Pity a poor man who has a large family of small children to support!" Kind Lady—"Poor man! And how many children have you?" I haven't the least idea, ma'am, I can't see em"

We presume that the suggestion that Mr. Carnegie by a number of newspapers in the United States was prompted by a desire to aid that man in his worthy project of dying poor.

The gentlemen who brought on the coal strike are not worrying over the prospect of a hard coal famine next winter, as they go South during the cold weather anyway.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.