

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

An
Absent
Conductor

There is much ado over the continued absence of one of the most winsome of the street car conductors who left some two weeks ago, presumably for a days shooting about Hampton. The conductor who is a married man, equipped himself with gun, ammunition etc., and after getting leave from his employers started out on his little shooting trip promising his friends several brace of partridge on his return.

After a week had gone by and the man did not report for duty, the Street Railway people sent to his house to see if he was ill, only to learn from his faithful young wife that she had had no tidings of him, and had not set eyes on him since he left on his shooting trip.

The continued absence of the conductor has set the gossips talking and there are some who say the man went Deer hunting and took his game with him.

A Tramp
That Proved
a Mystery.

There is scarcely a person that passed the I. C. R. during the past two months but has noticed a mysterious looking individual in rags and tatters reclining against one of the telegraph poles immediately opposite the depot entrance. The tramp, for such he is, from his general appearance, and from his acknowledgements to those

who have tried to pump him, has been daily at his post for upwards of two months.

Nobody knows him, and he in turn knows nobody. There is an air of mystery surrounding the man, and some have advanced the theory that his rags and dirt are simply a disguise, to aid him in detecting a law breaker from across the line. The defective idea though is out of the question, as the unfortunate man has been found by the police to be sleeping in all sorts of exposed places, such as empty molasses casks, beneath wharves, etc., and detectives seldom go that far in their work.

The man is certainly a mystery however, as he is not known to ask for alms and he is said to carry a roll of bills about with him.

On or about the first of September officer Lee, who was on duty on Mill street, arrested his "trampship" as a suspicious character. He was taken to the police guard room where the police captain put him through a regular course of questions regarding himself.

The answers to the police captain were so evasive that the tramp was forcibly ejected from the guard room in a hurry.

The tramp said he did not know his own name, he never was born, had no birth place, could give no age, did not know how he came here and did not care where he would drift to.

This style of answer did not suit the police so the man was told to leave the city within an hour. That was over a month ago, yet he is still here.

In spite of the foregoing apparent ignorance of the man when confronted by the police, he is said to have written a most sensible and intelligent letter to the editor of one of the daily papers, calling attention to his condition, and complaining in general of the poor accommodation afforded strangers who could not find a public place for washing face or hands. The composition of the letter was good and proved the writer to have been a scholar.

What is more mysterious about the stranger is the fact that a complete change has overcome this man of mystery. He appeared on Monday in the same old place leaning against the pole in a new suit of clothes, clean shaven and to all appearance a new man, yet those who made any advances towards him were repulsed. A Progress reporter who ventured to pick

up an acquaintance found the man not too slow in the way of avoiding an interview.

Last week before we knew how much rain was in store for us, the fountain in King Square took a spasm and for

three or four days refused to dispense any water. There is no knowing or deriving any reason for this phenomena, but it seems to be a great coincidence that just about that time the odor of a deceased dog was perceptible. In fact, so the legend runs, one did not need a telescope to discover the defunct canine.

Signs of "Keep off the Grass" were strewn around on all sides, but there was nary a sign of "Call off the dog" or "Turn on the Water", in sight.

What a relief it would have been to pedestrians if the water had chanced to fizzle around the curbstone front.

While the fountain was dry the stench was very apparent. Those who use the Square as a "short cut" were forced to take a roundabout way to get home as they could not stand the offensive odor emitted.

With the
"Gods" in
the Gallery.

Last Monday night was a crusher at the opera house. If the ticket dispenser at the box office had any "S. R. O." sign for the gallery he should have hung it out.

The attraction was Yale's Evil Eye and caught the critical "gods" in great shape. Long before 6 o'clock they were in line waiting for the doors to open and get their tickets. When the box office opened up for business then came the grand rush of surging humanity. There was the small boy and his bigger brother; the young man and the old man; the white man and the colored man. All made one grand ensemble of fun-seekers.

When the extravaganza started then the fun commenced. A bright youngster exclaimed in hasty tones: 'Say, if that don't keep his "Evil Eye" off of me I'll lay for him with a brick down the alley.'

The man that was selling the song sheets was told by a Fort Howite 'If ye don't keep off my toes, I'll be "By Yer Side Darlin'" pretty quick.' Thus the merry war went on. The "gods" enjoyed the antics of Nid and Nod and said the girls in the ballet were all right.

When the upper part of the house votes the show a good one, then the rest of the audience are sure to be satisfied. The "gods" are a little abrupt, perhaps, but visiting actors say the St. John brand are the greatest critics in the world.

GETTING A BIG MOOSE.

Exciting Gunner in the Darkness Before he Was Brought Down.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston has captured another monstrous moose to add to his already famous collection of game heads taken in the forests of Maine and the British provinces. His 'kill' of last year was sent to the Paris Exposition as a specimen of American game, and the antlers of the bull moose he has just slain in New Brunswick are not greatly inferior to those exhibited across the water. From a letter sent to a friend the following story of the hunt is taken:

The scene of the tragedy is laid on Canadian River and Lake stream in New Brunswick, where, accompanied by several skillful Indian guides and expert moose callers Dr. Bishop arrived on the 13th of September, pitching a camp on the first lake. The Millicote Indians began calling moose with their birch bark horns on the 17th, and lured between fifteen and twenty bulls up to within easy range before Dr. Bishop saw one that satisfied him. Twenty six bulls were seen during the trip, several of them as near as twenty five yards. Sometimes it was necessary to draw back in the canoe away from the moose, who approached so fearlessly that there was danger of a mix-up.

'Saturday evening, the 22d,' as Dr. Bishop tells the story, 'a bull was heard approaching in answer to the calls, whose deep toned challenge and hoarse grunts proved his large size and boldness. He was no less than two miles away when his answer to the horn was first heard, and became steadily down toward the canoe till about one hundred yards away.'

'Our birch was lying near the outlet of the lake. A little wind was stirring and as luck decreed it, three cow moose were feeding within 500 yards of us, tearing up the lily pads with considerable noise and splashing in the shallow water. They soon attracted the attention of the big bull, and he stopped to pay his addresses to them, leaving us in the lurch to the great disgust of the Indians.'

'Jim applied himself to the horn with renewed earnestness, and occasionally a low, whining coo from that instrument, a very plaintive o-o-o-wah, would bring an answer from his majesty, a gruff, deep-toned, w-o-o-f, and the bull would start toward us, but the nearness of the cows made him vacillate. Jim teased him with his tones from the horn till long after dark, employing every method known to his philosophy of moose calling, but without success.'

'At last, about 11 o'clock, Jim suddenly announced, 'Bull no come to us. We go down to him.' He was about six hundred yards away from us, and it was so dark we could see none of the animals, but could easily hear the grunts of the bull. I had two rifles in the bow of the canoe beside me, one a 45-70 with five cartridges in the magazine, the other with only two shells in it.'

Paddling in perfect silence, the guide brought the birch canoe up so near I could

see the dark outlines of the bull, who did not move until we were within thirty to forty feet of him. He had seen us coming but refused to show the white feather in the presence of the cows. After what seemed a long wait Jim told me to shoot, and I sent in my first bullet, which hit him in the neck, but did not bring him down or seem to jar him. As we expected, he promptly returned our compliment by viciously charging on the canoe. Jim retreated rapidly, backing the canoe into deeper water, while I put in another shot, breaking a hind leg, but the bull boldly continued his advance.

The cows now splashed out of the water and thrashed away through the woods. My next shot perforated one of the moose's ears. It was impossible, owing to the darkness, to see the sights on the rifle, and aim had to be taken by the direction, but another shot chanced to be so placed as to hit him hard, and he turned back for the shore. Jim then charged, in his turn, and as the bull began to rise from the water, getting his feet upon the bottom in the shallow water near the shore, I fired the remaining cartridges I had in the rifles, seven in all. The old fellow lacked strength to climb out of the water, and fell down where it was about three feet deep, heading toward us at the same time, his big eyes glaring like two balls of fire.

'His weight was too much for us to handle, so, going back to camp, we secured reinforcements among the other Indians, and soon after daylight dragged the shaggy carcass out upon the shore. Then I found that five of my seven shots had taken effect. He was a very large bull standing 7 feet 2 inches high at the shoulder. The spread between the tips of his antlers was fifty seven inches and they had eighteen points.

The Courts View of its own Lenity. Judge Ham'lon Finney, who is visiting friends in Kansas City, was formerly police judge there, and he has by long odds the time record for holding a case under advisement. Twenty years is the time and the case is not decided yet.

It was when Judge Guinotte was a young law student in the office of Tichenor & Warner. He had a case in one of the Justices' courts one day, which had been postponed on two or three occasions. On this particular day he demanded a trial. The lawyer on the other side, a man very unpopular with all judges and attorneys grew abusive. Then he became so insulting that young Guinotte's French blood boiled over and he threw a heavy inkstand at the man striking him on the head. The result was that Guinotte was arrested for disturbing the peace. He went before Judge Finney the next morning in the police court.

'Are you guilty or not guilty?' asked the judge.

'Guilty,' answered Mr. Guinotte. Ordinary that would settle case. The judge is supposed to have no alternative except to punish. Judge Finney scowled.

'Young man,' he said, 'this a case of a most aggravated assault. You actually struck this man with an inkstand. It's so serious I'll take matter under advisement.'

He still has it under advisement, and the reason can be understood from the conversation between the judge and Mr. Tichenor after court had adjourned on the same day of the trial.

'You took Guinotte's case under advisement?' asked Mr. Tichenor.

'Yes,' answered the judge, 'but I ought to have fined him for not breaking that fellow's neck.'

ILLINOIS'S VANISHED CAPITAL.

The Historic Town of Kaskaskia Entirely Swept Away by the Mississippi.

One hundred years before Illinois became a Territory and 111 years before it became a state there was a town at Kaskaskia. Fifty years before there was a white settlement at St. Louis or any military post at Pittsburg, and ninety-six years before the foundations were laid for Fort Dearborn at Chicago, Kaskaskia was a thriving village.

As early as 1710 there were in the town three mills for grinding corn. As early as 1765 the town contained sixty-five families of whites. In 1771, five years before the Revolutionary War, it contained eighty houses and had a population of 500 whites and 500 negroes. In 1809 it was made the capital of the State from 1818 until 1821 and was the seat of Randolph county jail until 1847.

The first brick house built west of Pittsburg was constructed in Kaskaskia. For over half a century Kaskaskia was the metropolis of the Upper Mississippi Valley and was the focus of commerce in the Northwest territory.

On Thursday the last vestige of this historic settlement was swept away by the Mississippi river. The work of destruction that began with the great flood of 1844 was completed, and the home of the early Illinois governors—the first State capital—ceased to exist. Its destruction was complete. Not a stone was left to mark the place.

Chicago, that was built in a swamp, is the second city in America. New Orleans located in what was believed an unsafe and unhealthy district, is the commercial metropolis of the Southwest. But Kaskaskia, which was set on a spot chosen from the boundless variety of the virgin West, is merely a memory.

Where It's a Success.

'Is marriage a failure?' 'I should say not,' remarked an Oregon farmer. 'Why, there's Lucindy, gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfasts, starts four children to school, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a great success!'

SURPRISED THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

A Skull and Crossbones Appeared to the Negative to the Terror of the Operator.

A professional photographer tells the tale of a practical joke.

One day a man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the darkroom to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual, and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty soundly for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio he asked for another sitting, and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitter oblige him again.

Once more he went to develop; then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long consultation in the darkroom together. This time the master tried his hand, and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

'Rubbish!' said the sitter; 'my forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?' and he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

'No, there's nothing that I can see,' answered the photographer. 'But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again; this sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy.'

Upon this there was a dreadful scene; but the upshot was that the young man had to go, and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist, and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but seems black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.

Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.

A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently, and before starting, took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.

'But, madam,' said the agent, 'we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim.'

'More proof?' exclaimed the bereaved woman.

'Why he's dead'n a door nail, I reckon.'

Possibly, my dear madam,' answered the polite agent, 'and I'm very sorry.'

'Sorry! You are sorry, are you?'

I certainly am, madam. I sincerely sympathize with you in your sad affliction.'

'But hasn't you goin' to give me the money what's comin' to me?'

'Not to-day. Your claim will have to be investigated first.'

That's just like a good-fer nothin' man,' angrily retorted the bereaved woman. 'You all are mighty perlitte 'bout things so long as they hain't costin' you nothin', but the minnet a poor lone female does git a chance to git hold of a little spendin' money, you got the gall to say you're sorry.'

And the indignant female slammed the door.

Asking Too Much.

'I will not attempt to evade your question Mr. Spoonamore,' the young woman said, with heightened color. 'While we may not be suited to each other in all respects, it is due to say that I would marry you as willingly as anybody I know.'

'You fill me with—'

'Wait a moment, please. You know, do you not, that I am the owner of several building lots away out near Linkson Park?'

'Yes, but surely you do not—'

'Certainly not, Mr. Spoonamore. I do not mean to intimate that you are actuated by mercenary motives. Far from it. You know I am not rich. You are aware, I presume, that all the property I can call my own consists of those lots.'

'I know, dear girl, but that doesn't make the slightest dif—'

'I am sure of it, but it was not of that I was about to speak. It has cost me all I have been able to save to pay taxes and special assessments on those lots. The city owes me rebates amounting to hundreds of dollars. Now, Mr. Spoonamore, I cannot become any man's wife without a bridal trousseau, and I cannot afford one now. I will be your wife when I receive the money due me from the city as rebates on those lots, and not before.'

With a howl of despair the baffled lover fled into the night. He was still young, but he couldn't wait forever.

A Test of Good Jam.

'No, Tommie dear, you don't get any more jam. Next time, when you have been a very good child, you yet some more.'

'Say, mother, do you think it will keep so long?'

Prof. W. M. Sloane of Princeton has written an article on "Napoleon, the Boy," to appear in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of October 11th. He paints a vivid picture of the early hardships and struggles of a boy of humble origin who became the greatest soldier and statesman of his time, and Emperor of the French.



the girl
who has tested it.

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