

THE BLAKE AT BOSTON.

SIR JOHN HOPKINS AND HIS MEN ON THE TOWN.

Feasting the British in Grand Style—Canadians at Harvard—Not as Generous as the Americans—Reporters III—Used, but They Have Retaliated.

BOSTON, May 28.—Her Majesty's ship Blake, and Her Majesty's ship Tartar, and Her Majesty's Sir John Hopkins, and his marines and tars and what not have taken Boston by storm, and Boston likes it first rate.

In fact, Boston is tickled to death. It has the biggest show of the year and knows it, and if the boat men in St. John harbor saw the crowds that line the wharves of Boston harbor, offering anything to get out to the ships they would go crazy over the fact that they could not carry them all.

The big ships could not hold the crowds that swarmed around them.

There have been American men-of-war in Boston harbor as large and modern as the Blake, wonderful ships, you bet, but Bostonians generally argue that there was none of that downright, warlike atmosphere about them which is characteristic of the Britisher, and the Britisher's well informed and good natured tar.

The sailors own the town. There is no lack of guides to pilot them around, and they are objects of interest everywhere. I have seen them floating around in all parts of the city, and every sailor had a Bostonian to show him the sights, to make him feel perfectly at home and happy.

The Good Templar lodges are doing what St. John lodges used to do—invite the tars to the meetings, and give them a rollicking good time, and the sailors are right in it, so to speak.

So with the officers. Sir John Hopkins has been visiting the mayor and the governor, and the governor and the mayor have been visiting Sir John Hopkins. The navy yard gold lace brigade has also been visited, and then towed out to the ships in return.

There was a dance at the navy yard at which the hearts of the middies were reported to have fluttered, and, goodness knows what the representatives of those two nations have not done, all of which went to show that blood is thicker than water.

Everything has been done up to time, in grand style, with an open heartedness and good fellowship really refreshing, and which I think St. John with its British-born aristocracy would hardly have been able to surpass.

The Britishers were a novelty, and a treat. The discipline on the ships was astonishing, the utter disregard of expense in regard to gun powder when the Queens birthday came around was startling, the illumination was grand, and the search light wonderful. It was St. John all over again, with the wharves lined with people, everybody on the harbor front looking into the intense darkness of a very wet or very foggy night. For the weather has been beastly, damp, foggy, drizzly, English weather the people call it, while the middies say "it isn't any such thing, you know."

But the weather hasn't had much effect upon the good nature of the people. They have made the best of it and I think I am safe in saying the visitors have had a royal time, and a celebration of the Queens birthday as royal and enthusiastic if not more so than they could have had a little further north.

I am a Canadian, but I must confess that Canadians have not that open heartedness, that geniality, that liberality and general goodwill that one finds on this side of the line. They do things up brown here, do away with formality, treat a man as a man, and only in rare cases do you run across human icebergs, or would be entertainers who do things by halves.

A company of Americans, an American club or society would do anything on earth to please a guest, and hang expense.

With Canadians it is different, and I am often surprised to find the people express the good opinions of Canadians that I sometimes hear.

Take the Queens birthday for instance. One of the events was a banquet given by the Canadian club of Harvard, at the hotel Vendome. They had the vice consul of the port present, officers from the war ships, professors from Harvard college, they took particular pains to have a brilliant gathering, and selected the most fashionable hotel in Boston for it. The menu was A 1.

It was an affair which they expected to attract some attention and show that the Canadians at Harvard really amounted to something. It was to be a display of patriotism, something to show the warm relations between America and the mother country, for the guests to make speeches.

What then? Nothing forgotten, you say. Well perhaps. The newspapers must be notified. There are three or four of them that amount to something in Boston, and the committee visited the officers requesting that reporters be sent down to the hotel about the time the speech making was to begin.

It was explained that they would like to invite them to the banquet, but that the funds of the club were low.

That was all right. It was not the Bostonian way of doing things, but the frankness of the club was appreciated. The reporter who goes to banquets for the sake of the food is not held in very high esteem, anyway. Nevertheless, if the average reporter does not hanker after banquets, he is always treated like other guests when he attends one.

What happened at the Vendome? The first reporter to arrive sent in his card, and a member of the club met him in the parlor, told him that the speaking would not begin for some time and asked him if he would stay. The reporter thought he would, but felt mad enough to eat a divan when the club member turned to a colored waiter and asked if the reporter could remain in the parlor.

The reporter waited. He had not heard of the club's financial stringency. Another reporter arrived, then another, and they all waited—waited an hour or so.

They were half asleep when a colored waiter came in to inform them that the speaking was about to begin and they could go inside.

It was just like an order to bring in another bottle of wine, or the orchestra, or some other attachment to the banquet, and the men who had been asked to come there hardly knew what to make of it.

They waited awhile, however, thinking the officials were busy and would come out in a few moments.

When an official did come, after a number of guests had spoken, it was to enquire whether the reporters preferred to take notes in the parlor.

That dinner got about two inches of space in the Boston papers next morning, and one reporter told me he had been sent there with instructions to give it a column.

The guests probably thought a few inches was all a representative meeting of Canadians was worth.

Now that sort of thing doesn't pay. It all may have been due to the thoughtlessness of one or two men, and the majority of that club were probably men who would have spent their last dollar to entertain a guest; to make the club a credit to the country from which the members came, or dispel any idea that might prevail as to the penuriousness or lack of hospitality in Canadians.

Be that as it may, they have made a reputation for themselves in Boston newspaper circles, and in future may possibly receive about the same consideration as the same number of coal heavers at a banquet of pork and beans.

The newspapers count for something in the United States, and if there are a number of cheap sensational sheets which would not be a credit to any profession—they are not recognized by the better class of papers any more than a black sheep is in any profession or community.

The great body of reporters are gentlemen, and in demanding treatment as such, the newspapers they represent stand behind them.

They meet public men on an equal footing, and make no apologies for existing. When they get a "cold frost" they usually remember it.

After hearing the story of the Canadian club dinner, however, it is some satisfaction to reveal some talks I have had with Bostonians who have been to the provinces, and been taken in tow with the good fellows down there. A number of people have told me that the most enjoyable hours they ever spent were as guests of St. John men, whom I do not think it necessary to mention positively. The list of names would be so large.

Despite this fact, however, the Canadian in Boston, as a rule, is not a bright particular star.

There are a number here who have made their mark, and are a credit to the provinces, but the great majority are much the same in Boston as they were in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and a gathering of them is as distinctly provincial as a gathering of well-to-do German savors of Germany.

Unlike the latter, however, they seem content to take a secondary place, and present the condition of the provinces in an unfavorable light.

And this reminds me of another gathering, composed principally of Nova Scotians and at which the proceedings to an American in a strange land would have been humiliating.

It was an ordinary affair, but several of the most prominent men in Boston were there, and although they lauded the provisions and spoke as guests usually do, the place, the gathering and that which had gone before, made the words of the guests seem like sarcasm.

In all I have said I have made no reference to the provincialism as an individual. I do not think anyone would judge a country or people from any one or two persons from that country he happened to meet.

But it is fair to judge a country by what are supposed to be representative gatherings of its sons and daughters, and the only point I want to make is, that when Canadians meet as a body they should do so in such a way as to reflect credit on their country, make good impressions, and correct bad ones; meet their guests on an equal footing, and play second fiddle to none.

Let the individual do as he pleases. R. G. LARSEN.

One of Bismarck's Gifts.

The Visitor's Book of the Golden Lion Hotel, at Hartz country, for the years 1830-35, which was among Prince Bismarck's birthday presents, is an interesting souvenir of the ex-Chancellor's student days at Göttingen, when he made a foot-tour in the picturesque district in question with John Lothrop Masley and other college chums, and inscribed his name in the volume. Curiously enough, it was while on a tour in the same mountainous region, about a dozen years later, that Prince Bismarck first made the acquaintance of his wife; and he plighted his troth to her on a very famous spot. This was in a garden-house standing among the ruins of the ancient Schloss at Harzburg, which was a favourite residence of Henry the Fowler—the same who "went to Canossa" in such degrading circumstances. And when the Iron Chancellor in the Reichstag, during the heat of the Kulturkampf, uttered his famous "Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht!" a monument, inscribed with those words, was erected in his honour on a very spot almost, as he afterwards confessed to a friend, where he had become engaged to his wife. The friend in question was Herr Mayer, chairman of the North German Lloyd, in whose house at Hamburg the Prince of Prussia (afterwards the German Emperor) had rosted for a night when fleeing to England, to escape the fury of the revolutionists of '48.

Mr. Fordham's Cat.

"Where did you get that cat idea, anyway?" I asked of Mr. Fordham, whose play of "Charley's Aunt" has had such a run. "Well," he replied, "it is funny how I got it, and you do not know how many people have said to me: 'Why, there's no cat in the play at all.' And there isn't. The fact is, the word cat occurs but once in the entire play, and that refers to Charley's proposal, and where he says to Jack: 'I've let the cat out of the bag.' But to answer your query, where did I get the cat idea? One day after I had secured the play I was walking along the Strand in London when my attention was attracted to a street vender displaying a cat with a cat-iron grin of self-satisfaction on its face. I said to my friend who was walking with me: 'That cat has evidently seen "Charley's Aunt", and hasn't got over it yet. I'll put it on my lithograph and make it the trade mark of the play.' It was one of those happy thoughts which so often help a man out of a difficulty, and the cat has caused the curiosity, and in all my experience I have seen nothing in the way of an advertisement that has created so much talk and has caused so many funny remarks. It is actually a fact that I get letters about it in every mail, and, while many of them are ludicrous, they are all very funny."

Protecting the Police.

Bridget King, a pretty, neatly-dressed girl, stood the other day in the Tombs police-court of New York, and wept before the judge.

"You are accused," said he, "of having embraced this police-constable in the open street."

The accused blushed, glanced at the object of her affection, who stood by, and replied—

"Well, your honour, I believe I was foolish enough to do it."

The embrace took place in Mulberry street. Bridget went straight up to Lynch and threw her arms around him, pressing him once, twice, even three times, to her loving heart. But the indignation officer shook himself free and dragged his too ardent admirer to the police-court.

"I cannot repay you for your taste," observed the judge, looking at policeman Lynch, the "Adonis" of district No. 10, "but I am obliged to fine you five dollars, since people like Lynch cannot defend themselves from such demonstrations of feminine tenderness. Business continued at 4 o'clock. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

Divorced by Sale.

Among the Saxons a wife was divorced by sale. A husband, with the consent of the wife, put a halter round her neck, led her to the nearest market town and disposed of her to the highest bidder, making a speech in which he set forth her good and evil qualities.

For several thousand years preceding modern times the science of dentistry consisted in pulling teeth.

There are now seventy-four survivors of the famous Balaklava charge, so far as the British army authorities can trace.

FOR INVALIDS whose system needs toning up and whose appetites are failing, a quick and pleasant remedy will be found in CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE. Prepared only by J. CAMPBELL & CO. Beware of imitations. MONTREAL.

THE BEST ROUTE GOES EVERWHERE WITHOUT WRECKING ANYBODY. Hires' Root Beer.

The Great Health Drink. SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. A pleasure and a delight. The most delicious and refreshing of all temperance beverages. A 25c. Package makes 5 Gallons, Sold Everywhere. Refuse Worthless Substitutes.

I try to find out what my scholars can do best, fit them for good positions—find them too. New system of bookkeeping and real business methods.

SNELL'S ACTUAL BUSINESS, and SHORTHAND COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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WANTED We want names and post office addresses of reliable men 25 years of age and upwards, who will make good local or traveling agents for the sale of our Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. Over 700 acres under cultivation. Stock guaranteed. Our patrons are our best references. We mean business. No drones need apply. Address, SNELL'S ACTUAL BUSINESS, Temple Building, Montreal, P. Q. J. W. Beall, Manager. Name this paper.

THE MULTITUDE OF MARVELLOUS CURES wrought by Short's "Dyspepticure" have made its value widely known as a specific for all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Be sure to get Short's "Dyspepticure."

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of men and gentlemen selling the celebrated "Sole Photographs and Works of Art," throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. PETERSEN, 68 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 3-24

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blank, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Pants \$8 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FLEISHER PATENT CO., 35 Mill St. St. John, N. B.

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RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec coast. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister-at-Law, Postoffice Building. 24-47

FOLDING PREMO. PRICE \$12.50 AND \$15.50 THE LATEST CAMERA OUT SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

A. E. Clarke, 34 King Street, St. John, N. B. DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 8, '94.

TO HELP HUMANITY! A lady in Lansdowne, Digby Co., N. S., makes use of above words in a recent letter to a St. John manufacturing house. She is greatly relieved that she can live in health after years of torture. Doctor's and other medicines could not relieve her of chronic constipation. A surgical operation was declared necessary, so severe was her distress. But a friend advised "Grosler's Syrup"—a remedy that is an acknowledged cure for stomach ills. To her complete surprise she felt better at once, after ten years of intense pain. She uses the medicine regularly, but in decreasing doses. Her letter is filled with gratitude for all that "Grosler's" has brought to her.

Above remedy is for sale at all drug stores and of general dealers, at \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.—guaranteed.

FIRST CLASS Horse Shoeing DONE AT 92 BRUSSELS ST. Building formerly known as the Rowley Shop, William Ross foreman of Horse Shoeing Department. All Horseshoes with iron shoes for 50 cents. Steel Shoes \$1.00. Carriage Building, Repairing and Painting done at short notice and reasonable prices. Michael Kelly foreman Wood Work Shop.

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Table Durable Body Varnish, Durable Body Varnish, Black Carriage, 2nd Shade Carriage, One Coat Carriage, Pale Rubbing, Quick Rubbing, Gold Size, Black Japan, Black Color and Varnish, Black Enamel Japan, Pale Oak Varnish, Pale Oak Varnish, Dead Eggshell Varnish, Gilder's Gold Size, Harland's Patent Filling-up Powder.

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An Open Fire is Cheerful.



Wood Mantels, Slate Mantels, Tiles, Grates, Open Fire Places, Andirons, Fenders, &c., Elegant and Neat.

WE ARE PREPARED TO MEET the views of parties FITTING UP IN Special Designs and Patterns. Come and look through our Sample Rooms.

RATS. RATS. RATS. A BIG CATCH. The invariable result of using the French Rat Trap. The greatest Trap in the world. Impossible to keep Rats out of them. Record: 10 to 20 RATS each night.

PRICE \$1.50 EACH. T. McAVITY & SONS, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bicycles. Brantford Bicycles, New Designs. We have received a shipment of the above Bicycles. They are entirely new in every particular combining all the best features of this year's patents. Elegant in Design and Perfect in Workmanship. Every wheel is Guaranteed. Call and see them or send for catalogue.

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