

VINCE MEN FOOLED.

THE SHARES SET FOR UNWARY PROVINCIALISTS.

Some 'Business Chances' Which Were Advertised in Boston Papers—The Real Estate Swindle—Two Rules Which May Help Visitors to Boston to Save Money.

BOSTON, April 16—It might be well at this time to tell something of Boston business methods to those who intend to come here from the provinces with a few hundred dollars intending to grow up with the country. I have met a number of provincialists during the week who would have been several hundred dollars in pocket if they had had some advice on the subject before looking around for an opportunity to invest.

Those who read the Boston papers have perhaps noticed the small advertisements under the head of business chances. The speculative Bostonian reads them every day. The majority of them are all right, but there are a great many which are nothing more than bait for suckers, and Boston and the surrounding towns with the provinces as an outlying district, has more suckers than you could count in a year working ten hours a day.

The number of people engaged in the real estate business here is surprisingly large, and a good proportion of them combine real estate and sucker catching with the greatest success. The real estate part is merely an adjunct.

One of the operators will buy a farm away out at the end of nowhere, from \$5 to \$10 an acre. Then he will have a plan of it drawn up into lots, call it by some fancy name and have it put on record at the registry of deeds. This will be his stock in trade.

The next move will be to advertise for an energetic man to buy a half interest in some such business at real estate and business chances, or an employment bureau.

The man with a few hundred dollars to invest put in an appearance and the business is pictured in the most glowing colors. The advertiser finds a partner for him, and after he has paid his money for a half interest in what is practically nothing more than a couple of desks purchased on the installment plan and an equal number of cupboards secured in a like manner, he is started in business.

It does not take him long to find that he has been duped and that the business is not what it has been cracked up to be. Then he wants to get out of it. About this time a man comes along who is anxious to buy him out, but who unfortunately has not the cash on hand to do so.

He has, however, a deed of some land which he would be willing to let him have on condition that he have the privilege of taking it back again at any time he might wish. The man anxious to get out of the business bites at the bait and gets the deed. He usually keeps it, for on investigation he finds that it is not worth the paper it is written on.

There is an organized gang in Boston which works this scheme for all it is worth, in a dozen different ways and in such a manner that they cannot be reached by the law, for it is a man is foolish enough to buy anything without first finding out what he is buying he has nobody but himself to blame, and he has no redress in the courts.

The moral is: Never buy anything without knowing what you are buying. Here's another pointer for young men who come here looking for employment: Never make a deposit as a guarantee of your honesty without first finding out all about the man who is going to hold the deposit. I know some young men from the provinces who have made deposits and are now trying to get them back, and are out of a job in the bargain. Some of them hold deeds to corner lots in nowhere. Others have notes on which they could not realize if they tried from now to doomsday. In fact the person coming here looking for employment has to keep his eyes open, for there are scores of sharpers who make a specialty of fleecing such persons out of all the money they have and there is no security of victims.

The real estate game is only one of many. If I were to describe the others it would take two pages of PROGRESS. Remember two things and you will be pretty sure to come out ahead: Never buy or accept anything without knowing what it is. Never make a deposit without finding out all about the man who is going to hold it.

However, stick to the provinces and you will have more honest people to deal with, and after spending a most enjoyable half hour looking over St. John Illustrated, the new book just issued by Skillings and Knowles, I wonder that anybody would ever want to leave, at least St. John. I do not know whether any Provincians readers have seen the book yet, and if you haven't you have a treat in store, something that will make you prouder than ever of your city.

I think it is the only work of the kind that does justice to the city, for in selecting the subjects for illustrations greater judgments have been shown and pains taken to present St. John attractively, as it is and should be.

The street scenes show life and activity, not that Sunday morning at which it is here typical of most work of this kind.

and it is thoroughly in keeping with the everyday aspect of the city.

The scenes on the St. John river and in the suburbs, the squares and residences are shown to the best advantage,—as well as the best workmanship of the best artists could make them, making the book one which will be valued by St. John people at home and abroad.

Mr. Skillings tells me that he has disposed of hundreds of copies of the book here in Boston and I know many people who have visited the province who speak enthusiastically about the work.

It is far and away the best illustrated work with the city for its subject and every one of them sent out will be to the advantage of St. John.

Agent Masters of the land of Evangeline route is doing considerable in the way of bringing the advantages of Nova Scotia to the attention of the people here. He has a collection of minerals in his window on Washington street, which is attracting a good deal of comment, and enquires as to the resources of the province are frequent. He intends to add still further to the collection, and when summer comes he will place some of the fruits of the province on exhibition as well as its minerals. It is such work as this that tells. If you have anything worth while let everybody know it.

R. G. LARSEN.

ADVANCED PHOTOGRAPHY.

Its Use in Depicting Scenes on the Ocean Floor.

A short time ago a Frenchman brought himself to the notice of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red Sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, he assumed a diver's costume to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusca impossible to cultivate in aquaria.

He was struck with the wonderful beauty of the submarine landscapes, and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would save too much of an over-vised imagination.

At first he worked in shallow water with a watertight apparatus and the clearness of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitize the plates, but proportionately as the depth increased clearness diminished and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs.

Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilizing magnesium in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus filled with oxygen, and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp.

On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure.

Beautiful submarine photographs, taken on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border, have been produced in this way.

Hardly a day passes now but new and important photographs are produced by cameras of ever-increasing power. New stars have been revealed that were heretofore obscure from man. It is difficult to realize how far these worlds are from us.

One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and effective illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says, going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, 186,000 miles a second—it would take 78 years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars.

But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, it is said, have been seen in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1894 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

"After I had got the little girl over the fence safely, I turned to see how things were going on in the pasture. The farmer was playing a game of tag with the bull and the tree, and he called to me that he was all right and to say where I was. The tree was a maple two feet in diameter, and do the best he could, the bull couldn't get round the tree fast enough to overtake the man, or stretch his neck enough to reach him with his horns. The farmer had kept hold of the good stick all the time, and as he held the stick he held the bull, and the bull thrust his head to one side or the other of the trunk, he received the sharp blow in his nose or a blow from the heavy butt on the tip of his horn, both very sensitive places in horned cattle. The bull got tired of the game first and barked away a few steps, shook his head, and seemed to fall to thinking. Presently he took a mouthful of grass to help his meditations, then another and another. The farmer stood quiet and kept the red cloth out of sight. The bull kept on browsing, and seemed to have got all over the idea of fighting. Presently he lifted his head, looked over at the cattle feeding at the other end of the pasture, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, trotted away to join them.

"The young man went out into the pasture to pick up the little girl's berry pail, and then came back to the road laughing as if a tussle with a fierce bull was the best of jokes.

"That's a fine animal," he said. "Did you ever see such a neck and shoulders on a horned critter? Took first premium at five county fairs. I got him for \$200 after he killed Squire Kempton's hired man two years ago. It was the red cape that stirred his anger; but he's the most respectable beast in the world if you don't excite him."

"He gave the little girl her pail and cape and told her to go home, and added to me, and started after his oxen, which were just turning into the farmyard. Here was a new one to me, and I was just about to say that Sunday morning at which it is here typical of most work of this kind.

EASTER FLOWERS.

The Growing Popularity of Floral Gifts at Easter Time.

It was a curious scene; an ever-shifting, jostling, hurrying throng, that a PROGRESS representative looked out upon from a secluded corner of a floral establishment, last Saturday evening. It was a scene assuredly worth undergoing the inconvenience of being crowded into a very small space to watch; the strangely assorted purchasers of all classes, ages and conditions, the tired-looking attendants, and array of magnificent flowers breathing forth their rich aromas. What though their beauty and freshness will have fled in a few hours, and what though their grace will vanish shortly. For a brief season they afford untold pleasure to thousands of hearts and bring in their dainty petals sweet thoughts of the blessed, restful Easter-time.

The custom of sending flowers as an Easter remembrance is very beautiful and appropriate, and one that is by no means likely to be abused, for in this case a single rose, a few cowslips, daffodils or a tiny bunch of violets conveys quite as much pleasure as the costliest and rarest bouquet. In St. John the pretty custom has been rapidly growing for many years and as the proprietor of one of the leading establishments informed the reporter, is confined to no particular class. The Easter just passed has however been much more extensively observed in this respect than have those of previous years.

The sale of flowers began early Saturday morning and continued until midnight, and during the day one of the smaller places disposed of about twelve hundred roses, thousands of carnations, lilies, hyacinths, violets and the less important, though equally pretty flowers.

"It is strange and a trifle saddening," remarked the lady proprietor taking a moment's breathing space and coming over to the scribe's corner for a little friendly chat, "to notice how eager people are to possess even one blossom at Easter time; persons we never see at other times generally pay us a visit then. Young men are of course our best customers, and the beautiful and expensive flowers are, according to them, intended for lady relatives; it's only a harmless little fib and of course we let them think that we believe firmly in the imaginary sisters and cousins."

An interruption came in the form of an order for "a dozen pink roses, maiden hair ferns and amilax; sent to Mrs. Queen street soon as possible, please." The order was given in a quick decided tone that robbed the incident of any sentimentality with which the scribe might have invested it.

"Now that gentleman," said the proprietress, returning smilingly to the representative, "is one of the very few married men who give us an order for Easter flowers. You are surprised at that? Well, you wouldn't be if you had just a little experience in the business. A young man will come regularly for years, and select the choicest and most expensive flowers, but the wedding bouquet is, in almost every case, the very last he sends; after that the lady comes herself, at Easter and at other times; previous to his marriage it takes him a very long time to select what he thinks 'she' will like; but after that, we never see him. Oh, yes, there are exceptions of course, but I refer to the general rule.

"A great many people send flowers to the sick and to those who are too poor to buy. The King's Daughters are constantly sending them to brighten dreary homes, sick rooms, and the hospitals and other institutions are by no means forgotten. The dead are remembered in this way, too at Easter and some very pretty designs were sent to the cemetery last Sunday to be placed upon graves there. There is an invalid in the house just opposite; he has severely taken his eyes from my windows all day, and was so afraid lest I should put the awning down and he would not be able to look across and see the flowers; he received quantities through from thoughtful friends, during the day."

The interesting chat was abruptly closed by the entrance of several customers; the reporter said good night to the proprietress and with a last glance at the "stars that in earth's firmament do shine," left the establishment and sought the brightly lighted and busy market; in one or two of the stalls where the faded remnants of what, a few hours before, had been a perfume-breathing mass of brilliant color, and the girl who presided informed the writer that an excellent trade had been done during the day. At this point a perfume not distilled from flowers was borne on the air, and the next moment the reporter was jostled aside by an individual in a very advanced stage of intoxication; with an effort to carry himself as straight as possible, and which would have appeared extremely funny had it not been too pitiful, he made his way to the stall and proceeded to examine the flowers that were left.

"The these up," he said, "I promised my little girl I'd take her some Easter flowers and I'm going to do it."

"That's right," smiled the attendant. "Have you a little girl?" "Have I a little girl," he repeated in a thick voice. "Yes, I have; the cutest little girl in the city; she's a little girl, she's a little girl, and her mother's dead and she's just three years old now and clean crazy for flowers."

As the representative passed out of hearing he was still sounding the little one's perfections, though one could only pity the poor baby, who is "clean crazy for flowers" and whose only protector would reel home by-and-by possibly in a very much worse condition than when his muddled brain reminded him to keep the promise made to the little girl.

One or two more places were taken in on the reporter's homeward way, where almost the same scenes as those witnessed in the earlier part of the evening were being enacted. It was a pleasant evening and a decidedly novel one, and the drizzling rain which was falling and threatening to make the Easter day a dreary one in St. John could not drive the pleasant thoughts from the reporter's mind of homes, institutions, and sick rooms that would be brightened on the morrow by the rare, beautiful floral offerings prompted either by love or unselfish thoughtfulness.

A New Dress Fabric.

"Eudora," is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only, it is a perfect dust shedder; has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. This is their excellence, which sets them apart from all other goods. Wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

Wasn't Frightened.

General X—has the reputation of being one of the greatest martinets in the army. He was returning to his quarters one day when he met an Irish private who had not long joined. The soldier passed without giving the customary complimentary salute.

"Here, you, sir!" cried the General. "Why don't you salute? Don't you know who I am?"

"An' who are ye all?" said Pat—though the general knew well enough.

"I'm General X."

"Bedad, thin, you're the ould gentleman that frightens everybody! Well, General I'll salute ye any time wid pleasure; bekase, ye see I'm not frightened av a friend."

This logic was too much for the general; and he passed on, leaving Pat secretly chuckling.

SHUN APPRECIATED.

"Wonderful, Jason, isn't it," said Mrs. Calliper to her husband as they walked in the Park, "the progress we are making in all directions. Just see this (reading name on tree): 'Ulmas Americans, American Elm, U. S.' Even the trees grow nowadays with the names all on."

"Why, Cynthia," said the Colonel, "the trees don't grow that way. That's a label that the Park authorities put on for the public's information."

Mrs. Calliper groaned. "Would the Colonel never appreciate her little jokes?"

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