

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1900.

## TOWN TALES.

John Callahan  
McCarthy  
is dead.

Poor old John Callahan McCarthy has passed out from this scene of earthly strife and turmoil, and a figure which of late years has been familiar to all townspeople is removed. John's suffering covered a period of three months, internal trouble, and death came in reality as a relief. A comparatively young wife and three little ones are left behind, but the widow though naturally deeply aggrieved at her husband's demise has a stout heart and hopes to maintain her baby family, at least as well as they have heretofore been kept. The late citizen was twice married and has a family of grown up sons and daughters by his first wife.

John Callahan McCarthy was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, and came to St. John a long time ago. He was engaged with masonry workers for many years and lived quite comfortably. Some few years ago he was seized with the not uncommon desire to write what he termed "poetry," at least he peddled "his" well-known literary wares to good financial advantage for a while, but as to their authorship nobody seems prepared to assert.

It has in days gone by been whispered along Newspaper Row that an ex-donian member of a morning paper staff started the late John on his rhythmical career, and wrote frequent fluntings for the market John had discovered, but nobody wants to stand for that statement. Again, a legal light of letters, whose mind is wont at times to run in satirical grooves and funny fancies is given credit by many for such McCarthyite stanzas as "Almighty Voice" and local political skits of that ilk. However, suspicion never fastened its talons very hard into anybody particularly and the question of the authorship of the late John's periodical "poems" dropped. Townspeople bought them and McCarthy lived.

The country is full of poets and rhymers, who, if they claim the attention the late John Callahan did in his palmy days would be wearing their hair a foot long and affecting aesthetic mannerisms galore. The late lamented Bill Nye wrote a letter to our townsman poet and swapped efforts on several occasions. Callahan became quite chummy with the great American humorist through the mails and with the assistance of friends who carried on the correspondence for him. Even on the floors of Parliament have McCarthy's works been quoted, while such phrases as "grand to be seen," and "fit for any queen" will long linger in the memories of those who have heard them so often.

Yes poor John is gone, and when a PROGRESS writer called at his very humble home in a Celebration street basement on Tuesday the emaciated form of the well known citizen was lying in readiness for burial. His hands are closed over a tiny white cross and a single candle burned at his head. Father Walsh attended him in his last moments and few have reason to believe but that he sleeps the sleep of the just.

She Smoked on the Fly.

She didn't think for a moment that she was the object of no little amount of diversion for several onlookers, but my, oh me! how she did enjoy that soothing cigarette! It was in the lobby entrance of a German street gastronomic institution, or in smaller English, a coffee house, and by the way a place with decidedly religious tendencies. The day was no other than last Sabbath, about 11.30 o'clock, a time when most good people are devoutly seated in their respective churches, and also a time when the streets are as quiet as Halifax, on a real busy day. The fair Miss with the dainty white apron, which led those to suspect her occupation was that of propelling food to hungry customers, stood in the doorway on that silent thoroughfare looking anxiously up and then down the way lest some straggling passerby would discover her love for the succulent weed, as it is called in the slender rice paper rolls. Anon she would hide her curly head in the corner of the lobby and exhalate a cloudlet of smoke, then hide the fast diminishing cigarette in the palm of her hand. It took about ten minutes for her to distribute the makeup of the little cigar into the ambient air, and then with a satisfied look and a glance along the street again, she switched about and bounced in the door to report for duty and help make ready the mid-day meals of a few "steady" eaters at the establishment. For the boarders in the upstairs rooms of the Royal

the smoking Miss helped like everything to shake off the Sunday ennui of those doomed to travel in strange cities.

There's no doubt about it but that St. John can boast the smallest delivery horse in Canada.

That of the Alderbrook Dairy on Sydney street. This little creature is only the height of an ordinary sized Newfoundland dog and weighs pretty nearly the same as a healthy carcass of living veal. A real cute little equine is "Prince," so the girls say and "isn't he just sweet!" they exclaim when he patters by in the shafts and harness of the diminutive milk wagon. It has been nine years since this Shetland first saw the light of this world of oats, work and automobiles, and since then he has had rather a chequered career. When a baby he was in reality a "teeny weeny" horseling, about equal to a water spaniel in bulk. He has lived as the pet of rich men's children, the plaything of less monied families and is now reduced in his comparative old age to earn his daily quart of oats in the harness of a laborer. Day in and day out "Prince" hauls the cream, choice butter and strictly laid eggs of the well known dairy to "hurry" customers, while two big horse teams deliver the milk and heavy orders. The little horse's duties, while they are continuous are not very onerous and the exercise he gets no doubt keeps his constitution in a good working state. The S. P. C. A. however have on two occasions thought differently and sought to have "Prince" released from the grim realities of earning his board, but Mr. Turnbull of the dairy, whose business eyes are not dimmed, argued that the little horse was not at all overworked, nor were any boys engaged to drive him who were possessed of exceptional avoirdupois. These explanations proved satisfactory to the cruelty to animals people and "Prince" still toddles through the city to the delight of the small children, and to the advertising advantage of his master.

Public Ho:seless Carriages in St. John.

With automobiles running out to the park and cemetery this summer the St. John public can indulge in such luxuries as the most advanced cities in the world have been enjoying for some time back. The local stock company already formed are making a bold step in introducing the horseless carryall away down east here, but St. John is not to be kept in the back ground by any means, and as the coming sunshiny months promise big things in the way of tourist travel, baseball, early exhibition, soldiers' return etc., the far-seeing ones have on their thinking caps and many a stray dollar will be hypnotized into their purses. It is understood the steam carriages to be run to the suburbs will be manufactured here in St. John, under the direction of Mr. Patriquin, the practical bicycle man on Charlotte street. About the middle of June is the time stated for inauguration of the new vehicle system, but it is hard to believe the carriages can be made ready at that early date.

Boer Money Around Town.

Mr. C. W. Semple, one of the inspectors of the Temperance and General Life Insurance Co., showed a PROGRESS representative some Boer money on Monday last. One piece was a shilling with Kruger's head on it and sent out to this country by "Billy" McMullen, of the 8th Hussars, who used to play a clarinet in the Artillery Band, also in the Williams Concert Band. "Billy" writes that all Afrikaander currency is being bought up at a premium by view of the near-by abolition of that style of worldly goods. The next make of £. and d. will bear the "impress of the Empress" of that big red patch so much bespattered over the map of the world. For penny pieces the Capetown people are offering as high as from one to five pounds, and at that rate Mr. Semple considers he has a pretty valuable piece of coinage from the land of kopjes and shifty soldiers.

Yellow will-ows a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

The Baby Owned the Opera House.

When will unthinking mothers tumble to the fact that a roistering youngster, brimful of childish prattle is the most unwelcome thing in the world at a matinee theatrical performance. Some mammas have even smuggled their infants into the Opera House at evening performances, to the utter demoralization of the night's enjoyment of a thousand or more people. Friday afternoon, of last week when the Jessie Harcourt Co. was playing a diminutive human was also putting on a show in the same theatre and as a rival to the people on the other side of the footlights it proved very formidable. Stirring passages and pistol shots from the stage caused unlimited mirth and agitation in the makeup of the baby patron, who left the side of its unconcerned mother and toddled gleefully toward the orchestra to get a better view of the actors and actresses. Its faltering perambulations and chatter came pretty nearly "breaking up" the orchestra, who at the time were in the midst of a low-toned "sneak music" scene as the villain proceeded to extract "the right will" etc. The school children who were privileged to see the show for "this ticket and ten cents" giggled and giggled and the baby good back at them. The players stammered and stammered, the people who wanted to see and hear the show frowned and looked lightning flashes motherwards. Officer Beckett considered the jostling of one of Canada's "infantry" a brand new phase of the rowdyism question and hesitated about accosting the little one. So the baby held away and shared the afternoon with the orchestra and moving pictures, but the people on the stage they weren't in it!

Systematic Harpist and Fiddlers.

The violinists and harpist who have been lighting the St. John public with their high class and popular selections for many months past are plodders in the various sense of the word, and as regular in their musical labors as the solar system. Every Saturday morning between ten and eleven o'clock they render a pleasing repertory of pieces on Newspaper Row. The only thing to prevent this weekly musicale is of course bad weather conditions, but otherwise local newspaperdom has its ears greatly tickled. Monday morning about nine o'clock finds the foreign trio on Union street near Sydney and as the hours fit by the musicians move from place to place in the same order as on the previous week. Neighbourhoods have become so accustomed to these regular visits that the weekly nickel or dime is laid aside for the "harp and fiddles" along with other trivial monetary assignments, such as Sunay collections etc. St. John people are not by any means becoming tired of these musical friends, quite the contrary; they are appreciating more and more their harmonious wares. Grand opera, light opera, sacred, popular and dance music are equally easy to them and not infrequently good fat sums of money are "money-ordered" home by them.

A New Brass Band in Town.

In connection with the Harmony Club's show in Fredericton on the Queen's Birthday Pete Williams and several other of the bright young musical lights about town have instituted a brass band pro tem of about sixteen pieces—an aggregation, which by the way, is going to open the eyes of the people. It is no burlesque, but a double octave of clever soloists, who can make as much good music as a full-sized band. This small but powerful party of instrumentalists will be attired in khaki uniforms and on the morning of the 24th will escort the Harmony Club to the train from their Prince William street rooms, and on arriving at the capital a big parade of the minstrels will take place, headed of course by the crackjacks. If the band music lovers of St. John want to hear a small but good thing they had better take in the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen's excursion, or get up early and follow the khaki band to the depot. An effort is going to be made to keep the band together for future occasions, for it is doubtful if this music-

hungry city will be laid waste by a flood of harmony from our none too generous bands. The City Cornet and Carleton Cornet seem to be the only public-spirited organizations of the kind, and the people think the world of them for it too!

The Bible, Two Cents and a Mean Woman.

Here's what PROGRESS heard in a Charlotte street bookstore one evening last week. "No, Madam, we cannot make that Testament any cheaper, twelve cents is the lowest figure, in fact they are originally priced that low for the sake of religion and cannot possibly be disposed of at a more reasonable figure." "Can't you make it ten cents?" said the well-dressed woman. "I'm sorry, we can't," replied the patient clerk. "Well, I can get one elsewhere for that price," retorted the mean female with a sort of guilty flush passing over her face, for she knew she was talking falsely about a pretty sacred subject. "Pardon me, madam, but these goods are sold for the Bible Society and distributed at cost, as I said before, for the sake of religion, and as we are the only distributors for the Society in town you can't get one cheaper." This kind of flogged the Bible bargain hunter and she then proceeded to negotiate for the purchase of two Testaments at a reduced figure, but the clerk growing impatient cut her off by saying they would come no cheaper singly if she were to buy a thousand copies. After demurring fully five minutes, while her companion clawed over enough books to start a library, the mean woman looked out twenty-four cents and bought two Testaments, and the store full of waiting customers had their turn.

Don't Fool With the Signal Cord.

"Give him two bells will you please?" said the car conductor to the man who stood on the rear platform as he had just helped an elderly lady to the Paradise Row sidewalk a few days ago. The passenger pulled the leather cord twice, but instead of the car starting the motorman looked around and waited until the conductor gave the signal. "What's the matter with the motorman?" inquired the man on the platform in a hurt sort of voice, "he wouldn't answer my ring." "He knew it wasn't my ring," said the cash collector, "and wouldn't put on the power for a steam yacht. All these little things count in case of accident you know. No matter how cleverly you may pull the cord, unless you give the accustomed ring in the proper key and correct time the man at the front knows some stranger is monkeying with him, and he won't budge her. His eye has to be peeled all the time and I tell you he don't let the wax get the upper hand of his ears either."

Carried the Boer Flag.

The Ancient Order of Hibernian paraders carried the Boer flag in their big 10,000 people turnout last week in Boston and while a few sympathizers along the streets saluted the emblem of the enemy of Great Britain the better class of people treated it with the utmost indifference. Beyond the exhibiting of the flag, which as a curiosity was a little bit interesting, the attempt at creating an anti-British furor was a huge failure, and a most decided "frost" for the green-plumed knights of Erin. The very day the A. O. H. men flaunted Kruger's flag, even the pro Boer Boston Globe was forced to publish some real good war stuff which told of the severe trouncing administered the Irish American brigade and German legion attached to Botha's forces. It was a bitter pill for the Globe and its readers to swallow on that day, but the calm and dignified Boston Herald gave the item its full and truthful interpretation.

DeAuber—I am thinking seriously of donating my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?

Criticism—Well, it strikes me that the blind asylum would be just the caper.

What a Picture Frame Traveller Told PROGRESS.

No matter what the trade is, each and every one has its season and particular periods for the sale of certain classes of goods. Perhaps one of the lines least prominent in the eyes of the general public is the picture frame business, and yet travellers tour the country in the interests of this branch of industry continually, one man representing a big Canadian concern being in town this week. The drummer in question told PROGRESS that he was now pushing his summer goods, having long since filled his spring orders, and in a few months he would strike St. John again to sell winter stock. "You might not think so," he said, "but every time I start from headquarters I have to pack up a different lot of samples. In the winter I tour among our customers with spring frames, which include the heavy household picture mouldings so much in demand by the spring bridal trade, after house cleaning etc. Then in the spring I sell those bright colored summery frames for amateur photographic customers, and artists, also the general run of people who are so full of the spirit of sunshine that they would not think of buying anything dark or sombre. In the summer, and early fall I place my winter goods, which of course are chiefly suitable for the Christmas trade, and include fancy and gorgeous mouldings, costly beaded stuff and expensive woods. These are chiefly gotten up for gifts. Fashionable colors have to be considered in the making of picture frames and the caprices of old Dame Fashion most certainly have their influence on even this comparatively obscure corner of the business of the country.

Our Boys Feeding Relief Home.

If all the relics and mementoes of the South African trouble which our St. John boys are continually sending home were gathered together they would make the nucleus of quite an interesting museum. Only a few days ago the sisters of Fred Bettle of Elm-street, who went out with the Second Contingent received a "call for parcel" card and what was their surprise and delight on receiving a package from their brother on the veldt containing a number of large rich ostrich plumes. Of course they don't intend wearing them, for they are treasures to them from more than one standpoint. Then again Bugler McMullen of the First Contingent has sent to a friend in this city a silver collar badge off one of the uniforms of the Black Watch, who lay dead on the battlefield. The red dust of the veldt is still secreted about the figure of St. Andrew and the St. Andrew's Cross. Another New Brunswicker has mailed home a bit of Cronje's flag, while small bits of biscuit and other army food have been enclosed with letters. Bullets having carried out their deadly errands and spent cartridges are plenty about the city, sent from the war zone, while several of the boys have written home that they have secured fixed-out shells and other "quib" explosives, which they are managing to shift about with their baggage in order to have them gilded and placed on the parlor mantel or some other conspicuous place when, tanned and medalled, they return to "home sweet home."

They're Just Like New York.

The four new delivery wagons of Ungar's Laundry have greatly brightened the somewhat shabby appearance of the general run of such vehicles about town and are conspicuous for their up-to-dateness and beauty. In a few days no doubt when Old Sol awakes from his lethargy, after getting over that eclipse ordeal, the town will be brilliant with new delivery carts and expresses but the builders and decorators generally will have to spend some time and wear out considerable grey matter before turning out a better or more fetching job than the wagons of the well known cleansing and renovating establishment.

These college sports are simply outrageous,

exclaimed the good woman, looking up from her paper. "What's the matter now?" her husband asked. "Why," said she, "the paper tells that a man from Yale beat McCracken of Pennsylvania with the hammer. Isn't it terrible?"

"Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance."