

BOSTON'S IDLE WORKMEN

THOUSANDS OUT OF WORK, HUNGRY AND HOMELESS.

They Vote Not to Pay House Rent—Many too Proud to Ask for Charity How St. John Men are Affected—Meetings Held Every Night.

BOSTON, Dec. 12. Four hundred men flocked into the Garment makers hall last night and voted not to pay house rent.

An hour before nobody thought of holding a meeting. The men were on street corners discussing hard times, they were swapping stories, one telling the other how his landlord had served him with a notice to pay up or vacate, and the other man giving in turn his own experience, coupled perhaps, with that of somebody else who had been thrown on the street because he would not pay rent.

This was the talk on a dozen street corners last night and in many union rooms. So when somebody suggested a meeting, the first hall they came to was filled in no time.

They chose a chairman, then each man told his experience, told what he knew, like they give testimonies at a Salvation army meeting.

Four hundred men, most of them with bloodless faces, many of them at the moment suffering from hunger, became excited over their condition, half of them shed tears—all were in sympathy with each other. They were ready to do anything. They voted not to pay rent, while their own families wanted food and called upon all labor unions to take similar action.

They knew their resolutions were not worth the paper they were written on; they knew they were voting to defy the law, but they did not know what else to do.

Many of them had moved from tenements where they had paid \$20 a month rent, into apartments they rented for \$10, and now they could not pay that sum.

Others had moved into attics, some had to live with friends; some had families at home starving, and were too proud to ask for charity, nearly all had been out of work weeks and months and could not tell when they would earn another dollar, and some had already seen friends taken to the hospital, broken down from hunger and want.

What were they to do. There are 50,000 men out of employment in Boston today, and 100,000 people are in want, a large percentage of them destitute.

In this morning's HERALD the agents of 25 charitable societies reported double the amount of work they had ever had before.

City missionaries are running across starving families daily; the city hall has been besieged day after day.

A snow storm last week was a God send to hundreds, and the cold weather today is causing suffering to thousands.

There has never been a time like the present. Half the destitution has not been made public, because the greatest sufferers are mechanics, clerks, and men who were formerly well to do, lived comfortably and were respected, people who will die rather than ask charity. Now and again the missionaries find them through the children.

They see them on the streets with summer clothing on, and some cases reported are heart rending.

The rooms of the labor unions are crowded every day with men who are at loss to know what to do with themselves. They walk the streets footsore all day long and mechanics who can get two or three days work are looked upon as lucky ones.

I was in the rooms of a union, this afternoon, which has a membership of 1,000, and 400 of these are out of work. A dozen men showed me notices to quit served by landlords, and some of them had already moved.

All sorts of schemes are on foot for relieving distress, but they fall short of the work. This week a big demonstration on the common is being talked up, and there is a possibility of further and more formidable action on the part of the masses.

With a municipal election on the Mayor has been in hot water continually. The people have been looking to the city for help. They want work, work of any kind; few want charity.

Coming down town on the cars this morning, and a cold raw morning it was too, I saw one long line of men in the gutter on Tremont street, digging out the ice, as well as their great coats, mufflers and mittens would allow them to do it. Passers by remarked that it was the day before election, and that that had something to do with it.

St. John people in Boston are feeling the pinch, that is a number of them, young St. John men are on the streets all the time, many of them have gone home, and others—well they would like to be there.

Business is becoming better, but the change is coming slowly, and nobody expects to see any great improvement until spring. What the people will do in the meantime is the great question.

Thousands of honest men are now head and heels in debt, and it will probably take years for them to recover themselves.

People who ought to know say hundreds of others after months of deprivation will never be able to resume work again, that is with the same skill and energy of a year ago.

The situation is serious.

My stock of Christmas Perfumes is large and worthy of inspection. W. S. Barber, Druggist, 35 King street.

Socialists, anarchists, single taxers, nationalists and people of all kinds who do not believe in the present system, are holding meetings every night and find plenty of eager listeners.

Nobody can tell what all this means. R. G. LARSEN.

THE STORY OF A BIRTHMARK

A Peculiar Scar Found on the Face of an Indian who Died in Canada.

One day this week the exchange editor saw in a Canadian paper an account of an aged Indian falling from an embankment and breaking his neck. This paper adds that the old man's face was disfigured by a terrible scar, which resembled a hunting knife. There was not much that was interesting in the item; not much to attract the attention of the casual newspaper reader, and nothing that would, ordinarily, hold the glance of a man who reads hundreds of such items every day.

But the description of the man and the manner of his death brought to the mind of the editor a story as romantic as any Cooper tells.

One Sunday in the late summer of '93 the newspaper man started for a tramp in the country. His walk took him up the road that leads to South New Berlin and also to Chenango Lake. Every resident of Norwich knows of the little ravine on the north side of and far below this road, a short distance east from the main river road. It is a narrow, shady crevice in the rocks. On the southern side is a bank or terrace about fifteen feet high, at the foot of which over a bed of rocks, a shallow, lazy stream wanders on its way to the river, a little distance below.

Walking through the ravine the writer saw, lying in the water, what he thought to be the dead body of a man. He hastened to investigate, and found it was indeed a man that he saw, but he was not dead, only stunned as if by a fall, or he might have fainted.

Turning the man over on his back the newspaper man was horrified at the fearful scarred face. He saw what was the exact image of an Indian's hunting knife, starting with the handle near the right temple and extending clear across the face. The man was evidently of Indian blood, and very old. A little water brought him to consciousness, and he told this story, first exacting a promise that it should never be repeated till he was dead:

"My father," said he, "has often told me the story of my birth and how I came by this fearful scar and a desire which I cannot resist, the result of which you have just seen. My father was a chief or under-chief of the Mohawk Indians. On some of his hunting or trapping expeditions towards the south he met and loved a maiden of the Osegoes. A brave of her own tribe loved her, too, but she seemed to think only of my father and to mourn for him when he was away.

At last opposition from the sages of both tribes drove the young brave and his sweetheart to run away and marry. They built themselves a little hut in a ravine near the banks of the Chenango River and were happy there together.

"All that summer my mother, for it was my father and mother who came to live alone, used to come and sit in the shade on that little bank on the southerly side of the ravine. She was sitting there one day when a noise disturbed her, and looking up she saw her old lover of the Osegoes. Drawing a hunting knife he held it close to her face and told her he could not belong to her, she could not belong to any one else.

My mother, in her excitement, sprang to her feet and seized the powerful, angry Indian by the arm. In his endeavour to shake her off they slipped and fell from the embankment together into the water below.

The Indian's neck was broken. My mother managed to get to the little hut. That night I was born and my mother died.

"You see this scar—that is the legacy the Osego Indian left me. And he left me more. Every year on the same day, my birthday, I come to this place. I cannot help it, though I know what is going to happen. I come. Every year it is the same. I come to the edge of that bank, look at the stream below and fall. This is the first time I have ever been stunned.

This is my destiny. I shall come here once every year on the same day till I die. I cannot help it. I do not know that I would if I could. Promise me that you will never tell this story; that no one shall ever hear it till I am dead."

The writer made the promise. The old man marched straight up the ravine, never looking back. That is all there is to tell.

The Canadian paper furnished the conclusion.

The Bostonian's Run.

The Yarmouth line steamer Boston, Capt. S. F. Stanwood, made a remarkable record this week in the great storm that caused the terrible wreck of the ship Jason on Cape Cod and resulted in so much other marine damage. The Boston left this port at noon last Tuesday, and after buffeting the stormy waves of the Atlantic for 250 miles, arrived at Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday forenoon, only a few hours after her regular time and in season to connect with the Halifax express. She discharged, coaled and loaded and left Yarmouth at 5:30 the same afternoon, her regular sailing hour, and reached Boston on her return trip at 10:30 yesterday forenoon.

Have you Seen To Hay's

The enlarged and attractive advertisement of Messrs A. & J. Hay in this issue of PROGRESS will impress upon many people the fact that this old and reliable well stocked jewelry store is always to the front during the holiday season, with everything that is new in the line of holiday and Christmas gifts. It would be almost impossible to describe or enumerate all the pretty things that are contained in this convenient store, but any one can inspect for him or herself, and they will be hard to please indeed, if they go away unsatisfied.

My stock of Christmas Perfumes is large and worthy of inspection. W. S. Barber, Druggist, 35 King street.

HE HAS TRIED IT THERE.

A NEW BRUNSWICKER TELLS SOME HARD FACTS.

Stay at Home and Do the Best You Can in His Advice and He Backs It Up by His Own and Others' Hard Experience in the United States.

OMAHA, Dec. 5.—I have the pleasure of reading PROGRESS once in a while, through the kindness of a friend in your city. I noticed an article in the last copy I received that interested me very much. It was written by, or rather signed "R. G. Larsen." Whoever that gentleman is, I cannot say, but I would consider it an honor to shake hands with him. I have a few words to say in the same cause, viz., why Canadian boys should stay in Canada. I am one of the many who thought my native land was too slow, and to-day I am still one of the many, but my ideas have undergone a most marvellous change. I am only too anxious to return home, but the same old troubles stop me, too proud to give in and say I could not make it go in this land of freedom! Now I do not want you to think I am speaking against this country, because I have no intention of doing so. This is most certainly a most wonderful land and its people can well be proud of it. My object in writing you is to have your influence in my cause. You can by your valuable paper throw out several hints to the boys, that all is not golden, even in the United States. Urge them to stay home. They are in luck if they can get \$6.00 a week at home. That is a big salary here now-a-days. I left my home when I was getting \$7.00 a week, came West and worked two years for \$6.50 a week, paid \$5 a month for a room, \$1 a week for board. How much could I save? of course I had to have some washing done once in a while and buy a few necessities of life. When I found I could not secure a better salary, I left the position and went on a farm husking corn, I worked at that and several other things necessary to a hired man's lot, until I saved a few dollars, then I returned to the city, got a line of samples from my old employers and started on the road hustling orders and paying my own expenses. To-day I am hustling just the same and I tell you it is hard to make things come out even.

Could I not have done all this in Canada? Can't the boys do just as well? Of course they can if they only think home is good enough for them. Yesterday a gentleman (American) met me on one of our main streets, stopped me and said, "S—, there is a very sad case down here on No. 11th st., I happened on it this morning." I asked him about it and he said, "There is a family of Canucks living in a tent; the wife is unable to get out of bed having just been confined, the husband is nearly distracted, he has not had a stroke of work for two months and for one week has hardly had a bite to eat; of course he has managed to beg a trifle for his wife, I fear it we do not help him, he will do something rash." I thanked my friend for his kindness and started to look up this poor family. I found them away on the outskirts of the city. My friend had hardly stated their case bad enough, they were simply living in a hovel, wretched, dirty and starving. I rendered them all the assistance possible, had the satisfaction of seeing them eating, then left to see if I could find him something to do. Luckily, I struck the right place, my landlord wanted a girl for chamber work and a man to tend the furnace, for their board and room. That was a God send, I must say. I was rather ashamed to tell my new found countryman the work he would have to do, but when I did he jumped at the chance, and they are comfortable and warm today it nothing else. As soon as the lady is well enough she will have to do her part of the work, at present her husband is doing both her's and his own, and that man is from one of the finest families in Canada, has a university education, and is a perfect gentleman, sober and honest, yet he cannot find work.

I asked him as delicately as I could, how he happened to be in such a plight. The same old story; listening to fairy stories from some poor fool who came to this country to get suddenly rich, found he could not do it, and out of spite saved every cent (and maybe stole a little) until he had enough to buy a cheap, flashy outfit and a return ticket to his old home. There are lots of such people, but thank God we do not have to call them Canadians long, for after the wire-puller gets a hold on them, they are soon "voicing citizens of this grand republic."

I happened to find a little record of the evening that used to be part of a Canadian club organized in this city, but long since dead, wherein it gives a few facts and figures. Here are some. Judge for yourself:

John DeS—, clerk clear store. Salary \$3.50. Allowance \$1.50 per week for 6 months.

Arthur D—, bookkeeper. No work. Allowance \$4.00 per week for 9 months.

And a thousand others of the same kind. That allowance was made out of the club's funds, and finally became so large that the club had to give up.

It also says in this record that out of 75 known Canadians, only 50 are working. I could give lots of cases where it goes to show this country is a poor place for our boys, but I know, Mr. Editor, your time is valuable, so I'll once more beg of you to say a word or two in warning, and in the

spring, when I return to my old home, I'll be sure to call on you and thank you.

Tell the boys to be proud of Canada, proud of our dear old Union Jack, and never think of hunting for million dollar jobs—not even in the United States. \$5.00 a week at your own freinds is as good as \$10.00 in a foreign country.

If you see fit to use any of this ramble kindly do not use my name, as I am not desirous of notoriety.

G. F. S.

In the Front Line of Fashion. The advertisement of Miss Hennessey, the proprietress of the St. John Fair store, on Charlotte street, appears again in this issue of PROGRESS. Miss Hennessey and her goods are so well known to the readers of this paper that it is hardly necessary to speak of them with emphasis, but it may be said that she has been at especial pains to be in the front line of fashion, and any goods that she supplies to customers are sure to be satisfactory in this as well as in every other respect.

A Handsome Exhibit. Mr. A. O. Skinner, 58 King st., has lately added two large warerooms to his present premises to meet the wants of his rapidly growing carpet business. These rooms he is now having fitted up for the Xmas season and will make a large and handsome exhibit of Fancy Furniture, Chenille Portieres, Rugs, Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers at specially low prices for those who want sensible Xmas presents. He cordially invites the public to visit his warerooms and see this handsome exhibit.

Many Hooks at Nelson's. There are not many things more appropriate for holiday gifts than a good book, and of these Messrs. E. G. Nelson & Co. have a wonderful variety and stock. Their store, situated as it is, at the head of the most important street in the city, is convenient to call at and anyone may inspect even if they do not purchase. But if they wish a gift in this particular line they can readily be satisfied at the store.

Holiday Cooking. It is sound economy to have the best materials for good cooking. Pure Spices, Pure Lard, Choice Butter, Best Raisins and Currants, Sweet Cider, Apples, Grapes, New Figs, Candied Peels, prepared Mince Meat, etc. For these and all other such necessities none can serve you better than J. S. ARMSTRONG and Bro. 32 CHARLOTTE ST.

No vacation. You can graduate in 3 months, either course \$25. You can learn shorthand by mail. A lesson free

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) not 20 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD promptly 20 samples mailed to us brings you a measure of our goods, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O., Pants \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FLEMING PATTS CO., 35 Mill St. St. John N. B.

GAYSERITE SOAP, the skin healer and complexion beautifier. If your druggist or grocer has not got it apply to the agency GAYSERITE SOAP CO., 50 Prince William St. 12 16 18

AGENTS WANTED, male and female. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Bookbinding, Cigar and Paper Making, Carver, and Book and Stationery Binding. For circulars, apply to J. C. FRAZER, Principal. Send for our circular. J. C. FRAZER, Principal. 24-27

DONT Buy a Watch or any Jewelry New Catalogue, ITS FREE. Write for one to R. B. MOWAT & Co. TORONTO CAN.

WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE Graduates obtain good positions and keep them. The demand for business men for our graduates is greater than the supply. Send for our new catalogue. D. S. WHISTON, 50 Brompton St., Halifax, N. S. 11-12-20

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. 1000-1000, 58 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A COTTAGE in centre of Robtessay, seven minutes' walk from station; new; family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

FRAZER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 110 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. In season day and evening classes in Bookkeeping, Bookbinding, Cigar and Paper Making, Carver, and Book and Stationery Binding. For circulars, apply to J. C. FRAZER, Principal. Send for our circular. J. C. FRAZER, Principal. 24-27

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—May 2

RESIDENCE at Robtessay 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 Robtessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec cable. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENYI, Arrister-at-Law, Pageley Building. 24-27

A permanent office is opened in St. John for the sale of Dr. J. Gordon Bennett's remedies, at 4 Elliot Row.

"WITHOUT REASON, WITHOUT ACTION AND WITHOUT SPEECH FOR THREE YEARS."

Dr. J. Gordon Bennett, Halifax.—After the remarks he made in your issue of my son, I would be doing wrong not to make it known to the public. He was confined to his bed three years without speech or action. He can now work, has a good appetite and reason returned. Age thirty years.

P. S.—Mr. Carland is one of the oldest settlers, is a J. P. and no one better known in the district.

Stomach and liver pads from \$1 to \$5 absorption balls, 30 cents. Electrical belts, Dieters, insoles, and etc. Liquid food, Suppositories, no case of disease but what will experience the benefit in a few hours and make a lasting cure in a very short time especially in the severest forms of paralysis and nervous debility.

To Out of Town Customers.

SEND TO US for what you want, and if what we send don't suit feel free to send it back.

Kid gloves in all sizes, colored and black, 50c. This is not the fifty cent kind but the better ones being sold at 50c. During this month our \$1.00 lacing glove will be sold for 75c. If you send for those and they don't compare with any glove you can buy elsewhere at \$1.10 we will be pleased to refund your money. Our \$1.00 and \$1.25 kid gloves are provided with the patent steel fastener, which is superior to any other fastening.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S CELEBRATED CUTLERY.

Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Scissors, etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

Bargain Counter.

For the Christmas Season we have opened a special counter (divided into departments at from 10 cents upwards) in which we are offering many exceptional bargains. Our regular stock of Kitchen furnishings will be found as complete as ever and replete with all the latest labor saving devices and novelties. Everything the Housekeepers require in our line and all at the right prices. Don't fail to see the Bargain Counter. Unequaled values.



Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

THERMOMETERS. WINDOW, HOUSEHOLD, SELF-REGISTERING. DAIRY, BATH, BREWERS. A FULL ASSORTMENT. PRICES LOW.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SINGER SKATING RINK, SEASON 1893-4.

FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS ARRANGEMENTS. Centrally Located, Well Lighted and Well Managed.

Music every afternoon and evening by a Piano Orchestra especially imported from Germany, the equal of any Band or Orchestra in the city.

SEASON'S TICKETS, \$3.00 Each; LADIES' TICKETS \$4.00; CHILDREN'S \$2.00. Family Tickets admitting two members of same family residing under same roof, \$8.00. Extra Family Tickets \$2.00 each.

TUESDAY and THURSDAY NIGHTS and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS reserved for Season Ticket holders only.

Rink will be opened as soon as ice can be made, probably 15th December. Messrs. E. C. MAR H and S. L. T. BURNHAM will sell the Season Tickets. Acme skates and Long Reach Skates kept in stock at lowest prices. Skates repaired, sharpened and polished in the best possible manner. Skates to rent.

St. John Cycle Co., Proprietors, 239 and 241 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

SOMETHING NEW FOR XMAS.

Fancy Silk Ribbons @ 8 cts. a yard. 4 yards for 25. Men's Linen Collars 10 cts. or \$1 per doz.

BARGAINS IN FANCY GOODS. B. MYERS, 708 Main St.

JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., MANUFACTURER OF FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TALK

Price Webb in the line to please his series of performance. I have as a favorite of the people not every town and province I kind and flattered the numerous and if the report England press Company show evidence of its ber and his as there.

To say that greet him and truth, since visited us since destroyed in the burning Good houses worst luck I w

St. John is recitals or any wonder why in special failures for artists will come Artistic performance, gently, do management of and skillful m seen the financial balance discouraging to number of people enjoy a good enough to permit attendance. A social or other weather is fatal pluck to undertake all wish that the simist who pred

These remarks recitation this week. Some time ago, quite a furore Eastern states their success to wrote me asking and if I would tell them inside they might look did not come. larger today on advice was exte that contempla they came, an city, after play towns, were \$ more went into Such facts as th

Still the A. \$100 and \$200

A pretty remark merit of being t fessional singer. voice, of which of care, so that Atlantic one sun they were not a appeared from v about the same

"Afraid of the a slight smile. "Afraid we'll said another; b as he was know from his own w But when the delegation decea beg for a song o he was not ther vain, until at la evidently kept t could, said, poin engine-room.

"I think you'll where he goes ev Sure enough, at the engine-ro of a guitar and against the wall, singing his best, erz, whom he ha for more than a ing the voyage.

For First-Class Footwear Faultless Fit and Finest Finish, Foremost Fashion Fairer Figures Find Granby and Over They Wear All Deal