

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

They Make "Good Times."

Steady plodding, unseasonal St. John despite the croakings of a few pessimists; citizens and the disloyalty of a host of expatriated "talent" is nevertheless a goodly city to live in. Perhaps in no city in the universe of any size does the proverbial well linger as little at the proverbial door. "Hard times," the real thing, is a chronological freak and all classes of people in this comparatively small metropolis, tucked snugly away in the far east of Canada, never feel the pinch of prolonged hunger, or the abject want, so common in more pretentious cities.

Each succeeding year unfolds more good-natures for the people of St. John and at the rate with which work is being provided throughout the various seasons, and plenty of it too, it seems as though the Loyalist City was among the chosen indeed. Citizens have a lot to be thankful for, and yet, shameful to say, there is the belittling class still in evidence, whose only vocation is viewing local prosperity through the wrong end of the telescope, and carping upon the minimized picture thus presented. Their pipings however are drowned in the hum of general content and busy industry.

The milling industry in St. John is one of its chief supports. The colony of lumber manufacturers in the extreme North End and suburbs dispense livelihoods for thousands every summer and in a much more limited degree throughout the snowy months. Directly the benefit of these mills is felt, but there was a time when most of them closed their doors in winter that a host of men, most of them with families, were destined to remain idle until spring, living with all frugality upon the hard-earned and carefully saved funds of the summer. This state of affairs stunted the growth of certain parts of the northern end of town, as families in many instances were obliged to live on what might be termed half-wages during each half of the twelve months. But a new phase has appeared on the labor question over there, as well as in other parts of town; namely the Sand Point employment.

For the first few years of St. John's history as the Winter Port of Canada the ship-laboring at Sand Point was done by an organization composed almost entirely of city proper residents. North Enders did not have a share in the work, nor could they secure it, so strong and loyal a front did the Ship-laborer's Union present. The unfairness of this stand and the rights of unemployed taxpayers in the Portland district so impressed Mr. Nelson Parlee that he at length instituted a movement for a distribution of the work which resulted in the establishing of the St. John Ship-laborer's Society.

The rivalry with this organization and attacks made upon it are well known, but the newcomers adhered to their plea for a fair share of the ship-laboring and at length got it. A cut rate war was started, the old Union's figure of \$4.00 per day in summer and \$3.1-3c per hour in winter, were reduced to 35c. per hour in summer and 30c. in winter. Recommendations were secured from the Board of Trade by the newcomers and from other sources as well.

The first winter season they did nothing till the month of April, but by clearly showing that they were competent workmen and as proficient as can be secured in this city, their share of the labor grew greater until now they are leading the Royal Mail line of steamers (Elder Dempsey), the Manchester line, the Donaldson line to Glasgow and the West Indies boats. As many as four boats have been in port at one time and yet all have been fitted with utmost despatch, and put to sea at the required time.

But now to get at a dollars and cents view of the little Klondike across the harbor, that part of the winter port business for which our Conservative, Liberal and civic politicians have striven so earnestly. About four hundred men belong to the St. John Ship-laborers Society, over 200 of whom are constantly engaged aboard the steamers. Each man gets his share of the work available and those working full time received something like \$15 per week. Fully half, if not more of those in regular employment at the Point are millmen in summer time.

With the departure of every steamer somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,000 is left behind in wages, and \$2500 per week is about the correct amount of money distributed for labor in the new Society. The Winter Port season extends from Nov. 22nd, to about April 20th, or about twenty-two weeks in all.

and among the bosses are: Fred Daley, Charles Parlee, David Daley, Wm. Stanley, Abraham Watters, and Herbert Parlee. It is this work at Sand Point with its frequent pay days and small armies of laborers that helps to preserve the happiness, peace, plenty and quietness that is becoming more and more a characteristic of St. John.

ANIGHT BUT THE NAMES.

A salesman in a local chinaware establishment is responsible for the following: 'A day or two ago,' said he, 'a lady came in the store and began to examine

That Cotton Mill Strike.

Last Monday afternoon just about as the evening papers were being "made up" for the press and all the "copy" for the day was in hand, a squad of humans of various sizes and somewhat grotesque in attire congregated on the corner of Newspaper Row and Church street. Their mutterings and excited pantomime were not long un-

dozing nature of their foreman, an American by the appropriate name of Loomis. They claimed that he never lost an opportunity of telling them they were "bum weavers" and "no good." If any of them would make a bad "end" of goods his fire was more than exacted, they say. In fact the unpleasantness of the situation, attained to such proportions that the easy going Englishmen would stand it no longer and they made a formal complaint to the manager of the mill.

With this action on the part of the men Loomis promised them all their discharge and to import Halifaxians to fill their places. He prevented others from leaving their work by locking them in their several rooms. Those who struck were, for some reason or another cut adrift by the management and are now out of work.

Strange to say Tuesday's Sun in about four lines says the men wanted more pay but that's not the story the men told the representative of this newspaper the afternoon before.

A Favored Officer.

General Methuen, whose first attempt to relieve Kimberley proved to signal a failure, up to that time could boast of being one of the luckiest officers of the British army. Everything seemed to come his way. His full name and title is General Lord Paul Sanford Methuen, K. C. V. O., C. B., C. M. G., J. P., and he is the third of the Barons Methuen. As a boy he was sent to Eton. In 1862, while still a lad, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards. His rapid advance after that can scarcely be accounted for on the ground of mere merit. In three years he became captain and adjutant to his regiment. Then he was sent on special duty to the Gold Coast, and in the following year assumed the rank and station of brigade major of the Home District. After the Ashanti War he was appointed military secretary to the commander-in-chief in Ireland, and in the same year, 1877, was sent out to Berlin as military attaché there. The year 1884 saw him in command of Methuen's Horse with the Bechuanaland Field Force, under Sir Charles Warren, and rewards again fell to him in the shape of mention in despatches and the bestowal upon him of the C. M. G. For a long period after that he fulfilled the duties of adjutant-general in South Africa, and in 1890 was promoted major-general commanding the Home District till two years ago. He was Lord Methuen when he went out to the Tihah in 1897 and witnessed the subduing of the rebellious Afriids and Orkzais on the Indian frontier.

Vain Hegot.

The wisdom of letting well enough alone seems to be the moral of this dialogue, quoted by the Chicago Tribune. 'Did you step on one of those weighing-machines when you were downtown Johnny?'

'Yes'm. weighed myself on two of em.' 'What did you do that for?' 'Wanted to be sure about it.' 'Did you weigh the same on both?' 'No'm. Fifty-nine pounds on one, and sixty-one on the other.'

'You foolish boy! You've wasted a cent on one of the machines, and you don't know which one.'

Catchy Advertising.

'People who live in glass houses,' wrote the real estate dealer who was at work on a three sheet poster announcing a free excursion, 'are the biggest fools on earth to do so when they can buy good wooden houses at the figures at which I am offering them in Groundsomehurst.'

Then he held the manuscript at arm's length and admired the penmanship and the boldness and vigor of the conception. 'I think that'll fetch 'em,' he said.

Nirvana.

A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said:

'He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember.'

An Irishman on being told that a certain kind of stove would save half the coal, said: 'Then shure, I'll take two of 'em, and save it all.'



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was this great poet's contribution to the patriotic relief fund. It originally sold for £1,500 but since amassed more money.

The Absent-Minded Beggar.

When you've shot the Rule Britannia, when you've sung the God Save the Queen, When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth, Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tin-bourne For a gentleman in khaki ordered south? He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great, But we and Paul must take him as we find him. He is cut on active service wiping something off a slate, And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

(Chorus.)

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred lines, (Fifty thousand horses and foot going to Table Bay). Each of 'em doing his country's work, And who's to look after their things? Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay, pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did; There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the house rent falling due, And he more than rather I tell there's a kid. There are girls he wed with casual, they'll be sorry now he's gone. For an absent-minded beggar they will find him, But it aint the time for sermons with the winter coming on. We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted ear, Son of a Lambeth publican, he's all the same today. Each of 'em doing his country's work And who's to look after the girl. Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay, pay!

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak, And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout, And they'll live on half of nothing paid 'em punctual once a week, Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call, And his regiment didn't need to send to find him. He chuck'd his job and joined it, so the job before us all!

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Duke's job, cook's job, gardener, baronet, groom, (Mews or palace or paper shop, there's some one gone away.) Each of 'em do his country's work, And who's to look after the room? Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay, pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face And tell what he'd very much prefer, That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place And his mates, that's you and me, looked out for her, He's an absent-minded beggar and he may forget it all, But we do not want his kiddies to remind him That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul. So we'll help the home our Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Cook's home, duke's home, home of a millionaire, Fifty thousand horses and foot going to Table Bay! Each of 'em doing his country's work And what have you got to spare? Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay.

Allowing, after the season has closed, \$2500 had been paid out to the men, each week the sum total would mount up to nearly \$50,000, which if divided by the number of men constantly employed, viz: two hundred, would allow to each laborer the snug sum of \$250, or a steady wage of over ten dollars weekly throughout the season.

The membership of the Ship-laborer's Society is with the exception of 75 men living in Carleton and 25 in the city proper, largely North Enders. A few are outsiders, most of them paying taxes. The sole condition of membership is, that the applicant must be a British subject. Mr. Harry Sellen is President of the organization, Nelson Parlee is Secretary and the general official. He instituted the Society and has done much to bring it and its claims successfully forward. There is an Executive

some fine cups and saucers. Nothing suited her. At last, however, she found some that pleased her, and smiling innocently, said: 'Now, these are very nice, and I like the way they are made, with different names on them. If I could find some with the names I want, I would take them, but all I see read 'Tom and Jerry.'

There are Others.

'You have such a limited field of operation,' said the sociable ant that had entered in through the little round opening. 'Do you never long to see the great earth outside?'

'The earth?' contemptuously exclaimed the worm in the hickory nut, looking at the white wall of richness surrounding it. 'Why, I've got it right here.'

This pleasing little story teaches that there are other kinds of anti-expansionists.

noticed in that newsy newsy, neighborhood, where the very air seems electrified with what journalistic critics call the "news instinct." Visions of a column 'story' on a big milling strike, a pro-Boer movement or equally good "stuff" appeared before the watchful eyes of half a dozen day reporters and several graphite masters whose energies are spent in making the morning editions readable. If the strange aggregation was looking for publicity they were indeed displaying keen strategy, for in shorter time than it takes to tell the newspaper representatives were in among them playing their questions here and there to find out the cause of so unusual a demonstration on their peaceful by-way.

The story in a nutshell was this: About a dozen weavers employed in Park's Courtney Bay cotton mill had struck on account of the alleged unfairness and bul-



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FO: A GOOD SKATE.
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Thursday Evening
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ADMISSION.