

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 29, 1903.

WINIFRED JOHNSTON PLOWDEN WRITES OF PRESENT DAY CONDITIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An Interesting Letter from Former Fredericton Girl—Johannesburg, the Filthy City—Some Hints for Canadian Exporters—Canadian Teachers Form a Model School.

Johannesburg, June 18.—The newspapers have just been devoting themselves to lengthy editorials on the subject of the year of peace. They congratulate Lord Milner and the population in general on the wonderful way in which the Boers have been repatriated, the farms re-occupied, the people started at labor again, and the country quite settled down. When one considers the enormous labor of repatriation, not only feeding the hungry for one month, but for months, on account of the failure of the crops through drought—the most bitter disappointment the Boer could suffer on his beloved farm—one cannot help feeling that the Boers must be grateful, and must get to like the giver. Outwardly things are calm, but doubtless

fire kept for soldering. It almost makes one think of an outbreak in war time to see a dark form stretched beside the glowing fire.

Another rather unusual feature is the traction engine stables, a corner of the immense freight yards where twelve or fifteen traction engines take their Saturday afternoon rest.

Only the main business streets have paved sidewalks. In the others one plunges through dust or stabs one's toes over loose stones, or tumbles bodily into a ditch that the rain has gullied out far down the middle of the sidewalk. Walking at night is attended with much risk to one's life, and vastly more swearing! The street lamps I may add, are mildly glow-

ing, so glowing that the land of pineapples and bananas was soon forgotten and I fancied myself a child again, rushing home from school, down into the cellar, feeling in the dark for the biggest, coldest gravenstein, and— Well, there isn't a decent Canadian apple in Johannesburg.

Canadian Teachers' Model School.

When the teachers' convention met in Johannesburg last July, English and

A Hint for Canadian Exporters.

Last year the shops in Johannesburg were mostly closed up, with a padlock on the door, and the owners making frantic efforts to get permits to come up from the coast. Then the stocks were very old, and it behooved one to test elastic to see if it weren't all dried up, and other things like wise. This year the shops are in full blast, and competition so keen that bargain sales are the order of the day. Of course there are the big winter clothing stores, but the Klondyke fire sale in Fredericton! Johannesburg shops are quite disappointing. The windows are beautifully dressed, but the goods are ill-lighted, and jumbled together, not much better than a big country store. Nothing can be bought for less than three pence, as copper coinage is not yet in circulation. The shops are all very English, and you inquire in vain for little American nicknacks. But American boots are held in the highest esteem, and sold for the highest prices. I do wish some of our Canadian shoe factories would send out travelers with their very best samples. A big trade ought to be open to Canadian goods, as they are superior than American makes, and more suited to these terribly hot roads.

A Happy School Group Under Canadian Teacher's Care.

The room of bitterness still survives. On the farm the expression of dissatisfaction often reached us. Here in the city the labor problem is the great cry.

The six months spent on the farms showed great changes in the condition of the rural population, larger areas of land cultivated, houses repaired, new houses built, the saving of wood in primitive manner for building purposes, the increase of stock. Here in town the difference is no less apparent.

Job's Not a Cleanly City.

My first impression of Johannesburg was that it was the filthiest city I had ever seen or ever wanted to see. The picturesque hills of Napier had no attraction for me now. There is no sewerage system whatever. Sanitary wells are emptied at night, and fetid collected in huge tanks carts by day. One still sees dirty water trickling across the sidewalk to the gutter, or big tubs of fish and rotten water leaking into the neighbors' back yards in the great exposition of the hot summer sun, the microbes crop must be left thick on the surface. It is not necessary to state that streets, foundations, Johannesburg.

The roads last year were wild. Fancy a huge town with no road work done in three years. After the military occupation houses were picked up on sidewalks every yard of street. One speedily had to disregard all the rules of bad luck, and pass them by. There are seventy-five miles of streets, so they are not likely soon to be put in perfect order, especially in the present condition of the labor market. Convict labor is employed to manure the roads. A group of twenty or thirty huffies, bare black legs, broad arrow stamped across their one-time white coats, is rather an interesting sight to watch. On the next block their consorts the "free negroes," in coolie garb do not appear to have any more conscience about their work. They employ any opportunity to stop labor and spend long intervals lighting their pipes.

The traction engine is a prominent feature of Johannesburg street life. We are familiar with it as a roller, but here it is used to drag trains of three or four cars filled with coal to the mines, or bricks to new buildings. One day I saw one puffing extraordinarily, displacing up a lot of manure on the road.

A curious feature of the road repairing is that the Kaffir laborers in charge of laying water pipes sleep beside the little

jealous eye by the school teachers from England. Needless to say that under such experienced instructors as Miss Briggs, the head mistress; Miss Hobbs, Miss Siddons, Miss Yarns and Miss Mullins, the model school is proving entirely successful. Over all the schools of the Rand (more than half of the whole Transvaal), Mrs. Archibald, formerly of Toronto, who is now secretary of the army's prison gate work in Canada. With fine feeling, Major Archibald—who addressed a good sized audience—recounted from his fund of wide experience the tale of the downfall of young men, their entrance to the life of a prison, and the good resolutions in many cases formed there, only to be rendered fruitless because, when freed again, they were to be shunned by those who might help them to a new start in life.

Filling in a gap right here was the prison gate work of the Salvation Army. By this system the prisoners were visited in their cells, talked to, prayed with, urged to the better life and the realization that God will save. The sentence worked out, there was work found for the unfortunate through the free labor bureau of the army. The major is a firm believer that work is the solution of many social problems, and when these prisoners were again at liberty, work was found for them, and this meant a great deal to help them back to their position in society.

Last year work was secured for 1,601 prisoners, and only three returned to the old ways, while some eighty conversions resulted. These men were living monuments of God's power to save souls, and were expected more than 2,000 men would be placed in employment in Ontario alone, where prison gate work was most done, and nine out of every ten were from prison.

There were two classes—those for whom only temporary work could be obtained, and those for whom permanent situations were secured. The latter were found who would work, and what to do with these was a problem. He gave figures showing that in the five largest prisons of Canada there were 1,822 prisoners last year, while the convictions for criminal offences in Canada numbered 5,768. This was a better showing than any other country in the world could make, and yet it was a large number. In the United States the latest returns showed 105,364 boys in the reformatories, and 82,329 prisoners in the penitentiaries.

Major Archibald said he came east under orders of Commissioner Eva Booth, to introduce the prison gate work and establish branches at Kingston and St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, and had established a branch of the work there; so too, at Dorchester, in this province.

He told of the parole system under which a prisoner's sentence is lessened according as his conduct merits this, and said the army was trying to have a probationary system introduced to apply in first offences and which would, it is hoped, have the desired effect without sending a man to prison for a first offence.

Among several experiences related by the major was the conversion of a man at Montreal. He had been reared by drunken parents in London, saw father and mother and wife with a few dollars of one another, drunk, left home and came as a stowaway to Montreal. There he took up the work of a thief, which he had learned in London, and he was sent nine or ten terms to prison, in all eighteen or nineteen years. He was thoroughly hardened, so much so that he was on one occasion twenty-four days in the prison dungeon on bread and water, and when he was released it was to cause his keeper to his face. He became converted two years ago at one of the army meetings in the prison, and his family was found in the streets, and he was now employed with the water

The Riekhaw Boy in His Fantastic Costume.

Now the trams are running, but such a service! If you lose one car you must wait for twenty minutes while waiting for the next. They drive three horses abreast, Russian style. When the car is full you can't get on, no matter how willing you are to stand. The tram company must be coming money. A deuce they will carry you only about three-quarters of a mile, while expenses will take you only two or two and a half miles at the outside. You sigh in vain for that delightful penny bus that lurches through London streets, and compare the car service of London, where, by means of transfer, you can go ten miles for your five cents.

In some directions there is a motor omnibus service. The awkward-looking puff-puff goes at a most appalling rate, while the passengers clutch their hats, and pedestrians give it a wide berth. Motor bicycles are very plentiful, but what is the pleasure of riding a wheel, when you have

to keep your feet up all the time, and guide by the handle bars? Besides the things make an atrocious racket, and are liable to burst and make a sky-rocket of you at any moment. But they go very fast. It is said there are more motors in Johannesburg than in any other city in the world. I think they are very awkward-looking vehicles.

KINGS AND ALBERT WILL FORM ONE CONSTITUENCY.

Ottawa, July 24.—(Special)—The redistribution bill presented to parliament today, divides New Brunswick as follows:—

The city of St. John shall form an electoral district, to be called the electoral district of the city of St. John, and shall return one member.

The city of St. John and the county of St. John shall together form an electoral district, to be called the electoral district of city and county of St. John, and shall return one member.

BAYLES BRINGS HONOR TO CANADA AT BISLEY.

Wins Competition Against Great Number of Entries—Lord Roberts Chats With Dominion Sharpshooters.

Montreal, July 26.—(Special)—A London cable from Bisley camp says: "In the competition for the S. R. Association cup, Bayles, a Canadian, won first place. He thus secured the cup or, if he wishes, £25 in lieu thereof. Smith, also a Canadian, took 5th place and a prize of £5."

"This competition has been going on since Monday, July 15, the opening day of the present Bisley meet. It concluded yesterday. The number of entries was exceptionally large, and all parts of the empire were represented in the competition. Bayles' victory is therefore, an event out of the ordinary."

"Lord Roberts, in the course of a visit to the Canadian team, Saturday, expressed great pleasure at meeting them. He said he hoped they had met with success in shooting. He afterwards inspected the Canadians lined up in front of the Canadian tent, and spoke to several. He said, 'Lord Strathcona's medal party, at Knebworth, yesterday, at which the Canadian team were guests, was a great success in every way.'

The American Report.

Bisley, Eng., July 25.—(By Associated Press)—The great annual rifle match was finished today with brighter weather. It finished today with brighter weather. It finished today with brighter weather. It finished today with brighter weather.

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THE HELPING HAND TO PRISON INMATE.

Appealing Story Told by Salvation Army Major Monday Night.

ARMY PRISON GATE WORK.

Secretary of This Branch of the Religious Organization's Activity in Canada Addresses St. John Meeting—Establishes a Branch in Connection With Dorchester Penitentiary.

An appealing story of the reclaiming of the prison inmates was told Monday in Charlotte street, Salvation Army barracks by Major Archibald, formerly of Toronto, who is now secretary of the army's prison gate work in Canada. With fine feeling, Major Archibald—who addressed a good sized audience—recounted from his fund of wide experience the tale of the downfall of young men, their entrance to the life of a prison, and the good resolutions in many cases formed there, only to be rendered fruitless because, when freed again, they were to be shunned by those who might help them to a new start in life.

The Reminder.

They tell the story of a senator being shaved by an aged colored barber at the Arlington Hotel in Washington and remarking to him, "Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the senate—many of the men now dead who have occupied the place I now fill."

"Yes, sir," said the barber; "The known most all of them. By the way, Senator, you remind me of Daniel Webster."

The gratified statesman raised himself in his chair and placed his hand upon his forehead. "Is it my brow?"

"No, boss," said the barber; "it is your breath."

The Autograph.

I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, "Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" said the clerk.

"Yes; sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here." I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia crackers. One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, with a smile.

"Certainly," said the Georgia cracker, beaming. "Mine's rye. What's yours, fellows?"

The Boy and the Woodchuck.

The teacher of the district school up at Peckshill called up the two brightest boys in his class one day and said:

"Tom, you are a Republican?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, the one of you who can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck I caught on my way to school this morning. Now, Tom, why are you a Republican?"

"I am a Republican," said the boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in this war, abolished slavery and brought about the resumption of specie

payment, and has done everything for the good of the country."

"That is a good reason," said the teacher. "Now, what is the reason you are a Democrat, Sam?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I am a Democrat because I want the woodchuck."

The Honest Lawyer.

There is an old story of a lawyer named Strang and his wife having a conference as to the things he wished done after he had departed this life.

"I want a hearse to put over me, my dear," said the lawyer, "with the simple inscription: 'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

"The wife expressed surprise that he did not wish his name put on the hearsestone."

"It will not be needed," he responded, "for those who pass by and read that inscription will invariably remark: 'That's Strang.'"

The Total Abstainer.

A temperance lecturer was caught by a disciple after he retired taking a hot whisky punch. SSA was suggested followed:

"Well," said the lecturer, "with the simple inscription: 'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

"The wife expressed surprise that he did not wish his name put on the hearsestone."

"It will not be needed," he responded, "for those who pass by and read that inscription will invariably remark: 'That's Strang.'"

The Post Mortem.

There is a friend of mine living in Peckshill who had all the flu's flesh was hair to, and the took pills and powders and powders and pills without result. So he called in my old family doctor, Dr. Haswell. The doctor looked at his tongue, hit back up his eyes and looked at his eyes, and shook his head.

"How do you diagnose my case, doctor?" anxiously inquired the patient.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly, "I can't tell exactly what's the matter with you, but the post-mortem will show."

The Bride and the Butcher.

A friend of mine stopping recently at a Washington hotel at bedside a bride who had been a widow and on her first wedding journey had stayed at the same inn.

She said: "John, pass me the butter."

The bridegroom indignantly replied: "My name is not John; it is Charles."

She said: "Excuse my mistake, Charles," and then, taking the butter, said reflectively, "but it is the same butter."

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FAMILY KILLED BY RAILROAD TRAIN.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 26.—Joshua Butler, wife and infant child, were struck by an express on the Lehigh Valley railroad this afternoon while driving across the tracks at Port Bowley and all three are dead. They were hurled fully 100 feet, the woman's death being instantaneous. The babe was tossed over the locomotive and was found lying in the tender on top of the coal. Mr. Butler was found in a field near the track.

TRAGEDY IN A NEW YORK HOTEL.

New York, July 26.—A well dressed man accompanied by a fine looking and handsomely gowned woman about 23 years of age, registered at the Morton House this morning as C. C. and wife, Syracuse (N. Y.). Late in the afternoon the woman was heard shrieking, three shots followed and the man was entered she and the man were found dead.

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