

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

A Cat With
a Religious
Mania.

Long Reach boasts, or at least boasted, a churchgoing cat. It was a pretty little mallow gentleman bearing the popular nickname of England's conqueror in Africa, "Boh". Perhaps the bright-minded feline was endeavoring to emulate the example of his great namesake by toddling off to divine worship a few Sundays ago, for no sooner had his several mistresses and masters left the doorway for church than he pattered after them. Efforts were made three times to quench his religious zeal, by "akate!" and "go home!" but each time the pussy came back.

The cat's family, or rather the family with which the cat lived, had no sooner gotten in their pew in White's meeting house, and their faces sanctimoniously set, when his tiny gray catship walked in the open door. He stalked about boldly with perpendicular tail, until his home folks were located.

Just then a raw-boned bushman with as little fine feeling as he had religion, jumped up and, seizing the innocent cat, dashed it out into the night hurtling it so badly that it had to be destroyed afterwards. Then this vigilant church official joined in old "Coronation" as if his voice would crack.

But the St. John Methodist clergyman officiating did not relish the countryman's cruel action and intimated so openly. The congregation broke loose after church.

However, "Boh," the churchgoing cat of Long Reach made quite a little flurry of amusement for the good people around the William's wharf and Holdenville districts, and his untimely is regretted.

A Sign
That Really
Attracts.

for weeks.

pHotoes INLRLGEd,

The street itself is not the most prominent thoroughfare in town, which accounts perhaps for the sign failing to catch the wandering optic of the busy, busy world. Were it placed in a more conspicuous place anybody will gamble on its being very attractive.

One would be led to believe after deciphering the homelike placard that within visages and facial reproductions might be increased some two, some ten, eye and some one hundredfold, should one so desire. Although the sign writer may not have intended it, many go away with the impression that distended heads may also

be lessened at this establishment. At any rate the sign is quite a drawing card, even on the back street, and gazing upon its various merits some are heard to remark about art being one thing and "book laria" another.

When the Red
Velocipede
was King.

Nowadays the boys who are possessors of bicycles extol little, if any, envy from the being of their less fortunate playmates or neighbourly small fry. The silent steed has ceased to be the luxury it was a year or so ago, even with these little chaps, so the great green-eyed monster seldom does a tap of work in this direction.

But there was a time when the juvenile neighbourhood would be stirred through out upon the advent of a wooden velocipede in thir midst. Those were the days when the bicycle was yet a germ in the inventor's tinkery and iron velocipedes had never occurred to anybody. The young men of today can well remember the reign of this old-fashioned bicycle forerunner and how they used to squander all their kite twine, stray cents, jack-knives, slate pencils etc. "fear just one ride as far as the corner as back" when their chum brought out his velocipede after school.

It is doubtful if there is at the present one of these old style velocipedes in work able shape about town. There were a few intact about two years ago, but the inflow of cheap iron velocipedes put the red wooden article completely out of existence. What remains of these three-wheeled treasures of a decade ago may be found as component parts of soap-box wagons and other home-made vehicles, sharing favor in this regard with dilapidated baby carriages and discarded furniture.

The boy who owned a new velocipede ten years ago could have won his election hands down if such a thing should happen as kids voting for kids. And on the other hand he might lose favor by the same source. It he was of business turn of mind, he never was without coppers to purchase of the toothsome penny goods, so dear to the school boy heart. He was always well stocked with a museum like collection of nails, string, laces, whistles, etc., in fact the revenue in various ways his velocipede would yield was sufficient to make make him a prince among "the gang."

All he had to do was to bring forth his high-spirited, richly caparisoned Arab charger, as the boys viewed the velocipede,

and the Tom Sawyering process commenced. The scale of distances, never exceeding a block, was seldom disregarded by the delighted boys privileged to buy a ride, lest their chances for another brief excursion into the land of boyish ecstasy would be jeopardized.

These days the lad with the pneumatic-tired, ball-bearing, safety, finds it labor enough to pedal about himself, let alone receive knick knacks from his pals for the "lend of it."

The Upper Canadian firms that make school scribblers and Exercise Books

keep abreast of the times, or lose money. The scholars of today insist on having interesting covers for their books in which they have to do so much drudgery. Public school life, they claim, is prosy enough at all times, let alone having such titles as "Beauty", "Sunflower", "King", "Giant", etc, for their scribblers, which are almost constantly under their eyes. So the publisher has taken the tip and a world of gaily-colored patriotic exercise books is the result. The floral and fantastic designed cover is relegated to the uninteresting past, and a flood of new and instructive scribblers replaces them.

Some of the patriotic titles covers, are: "Under the Old Flag", with pictures of all the Canadian contingents' officers.

"Our Boys", with beautifully illustrated cover of Lord Roberts reviewing his troops.

"Kimberley", with a siege illustration.

"For Queen and Country", a gallery of British generals.

"Maple Leaf Forever", Canadian officers, maple leaf and flags.

"National"—colored out of Parliament buildings, Ottawa.

"Ladiesmith"—meeting of Gen. Buller and Gen. White.

"Sons of the Empire"—Imperial military and naval officers.

"British Lion"—lion lying on draped Union Jack, "What we Have We'll Hold" effect.

"Army and Navy"—Soldiers and Jack Tar.

"Lord Roberts"—Splendid portrait.

"Monarch"—Maude Earle's "What We Have We'll Hold" picture.

"Soldiers of the Queen"—Representative uniforms in British Imperial forces.

"Dominion"—Canadian coat of arms.

There are many other designs being sold

Unsightly
and
Bad Smelling

Peters old tannery ruins on Union street do not remind one of the perfume burdened saphyrs of the great Delaware peach belt, these hot days and there are a host of neighbors who will tell you so, too. The old tanning vats are still there, although covered over, and the stagnant water that has laid in them since last November has taken on a variety of blends of odor in the intervening months. When the north wind bloweth the Union Street people and Elliott Rowers are treated to the every-thing-else-but-roses, and should the south send forth a contingent of breezes the Brussels street denizens find fault, to say nothing of side winds and the St. Patrick street residents. What about these ruins anyway?

Insertion
Shirtwaists
Vulgar.

"If these women who harp incessantly about actresses and skirt dancers appearing in tights and other unconventional garments, would only don something a little less transparent than insertion shirtwaists, their perpetual whine would carry a lot more weight. That's what you truly think about it!"

A prominent citizen unloaded his mind of this thoughtlet on Prince William street last Monday afternoon when the mercury was flirting mercilessly with the 90 mark, and as a ferryboat load of ethereally clad Carleton fair ones flitted by.

"This tendency to network apparel is growing greater each year it seems to me. At first the women used this insertion, which is nothing more than a coarse lace—

in narrow strips, but this summer I've seen it fully four inches wide, and only takes a few strips of it to make up a waist.

"It must certainly be cool and refreshing as a clothing material, although material seems a misnomer, but to expose ones low neck and arms in tight fitting lace sleeves is not just exactly what a great many think proper."

"If appearing in tights is bad taste, then the up-to-date bathing suit is not quite proper, and deeply-inserted shirt-

wists, likewise a little off."

"This is only my opinion of course, and I'm a man, but as long as I have to pay the dry goods bills for No—G—street there'll be no good cash squandered for this filmy netty stuff for summer waists, you can stack your dollars on that."

Where to
Find Lost
Youngsters.

For years the hart or fr have been the ideal watering place of the incorrigible small boy, who will persist in running away from home and frightening his folks out of a year's growth. Within the past few weeks no less than seven juvenile wanderers have been located dangling their stockingless feet over the last step at the foot of South Wharf, while a few others chose the various slips as resorts.

Tugboat men and schooner hands have gotten so now that they consider themselves next to responsible for the safety of the stray children who bring up at the harbor front. Every time the youngsters visit their haunts they warn them against going down the slimy steps or leaning over the wharf, and it necessitates a pretty close watch to keep them out of harm's way.

Only a week ago an American citizen, formerly a St. John painter but now of Boston, was visiting friends on Brussels street with his wife and two children. A six year old boy of a roving, inquisitive disposition was one of the children. About five o'clock the evening before leaving for home the boy was missed from about the door where he had been playing. A thorough search of all the neighborhoods in the district failed to reveal the missing little Yankee. At 7.30 the mother was frantic and the father pretty worried, for both knew of the child's eagerness to find out things and his ignorance of his whereabouts.

The Police Station was called at but no boy, so a description of him was left there. A friend met the father hurrying through King Square. The missing boy was told about.

"Does he like to be near the water?" asked the friend.

The anxious parent said "yes" with an expression of added misery.

"Well then" assured the friend, "you'll find your chap sure down on the South Wharf steps, for that's where all water-crazy kids bring up."

And sure enough there he was found, all wet and dirty, without boots or stockings on, and throwing sticks into the tide for a big Newfoundland dog.

"I might have known enough to come home," afterwards mumbled the father with a wink, as he tried to be severe with his refractory offspring. "for I got a good licking myself for falling off those steps over thirty years ago."

Small screws.

The smallest screws in the world are made in a watch factory, says the Analyst, describing the process of making these specimens of the wonderfully little.

They are cut from steel wire by a machine; but as the chips fall from the knife, it looks as if the operator were simply cutting up the wire for fun. One thing is certain; no screws can be seen, and yet a screw, is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with two hundred and sixty threads to an inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen clearly.

These little screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It is estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold one hundred thousand of them. About a million are made in a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them.

In determining the number, one hundred of them are placed on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is calculated from the weight of this. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably fifty out of the one hundred and twenty.

After being cut, the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight, so that a blind man could do it as well as the owner of the sharpest eye. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time. The plate on which they are polished is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them very rapidly by a reversing motion, until they are perfectly polished.



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VERY CLOSE TO A LYONING.

How the Neck of a Reckless Struck was
Saved by an Accident.

"An officer often has to risk his life to protect a prisoner," remarked an old railroad detective last evening, "but generally a little strategy will outwit a mob. The queerest case of that kind I ever heard of happened years ago, out in Colorado, at a place called Carbonville. It was a pretty tough mining camp, and one night, in a brawl, the town marshal was shot dead by a gambler named Connors. The murderer was a stranger in the place and managed to make his escape; but the marshal had been very popular, and the miners swore all kinds of vengeance.

"About a week later a couple of deputy sheriffs captured Connors at a place some thirty miles away and decided to take him to the next county seat for safe keeping. The road ran through Carbonville, and as the news of the arrest had already reached that camp and stirred it to a fever pitch, they calculated, very correctly, that there was likely to be trouble when they showed up. At last one of the deputies, a reckless sort of chap named Jake Higgins, suggested a scheme 'I look a good deal like Connors,' he said, 'and those folks over there hardly know him. Suppose I play prisoner, while we send an officer with our man through town by a back road; they ain't going to hang me right away sudden, and while they are pow-
vowing about it Connors will be through and gone. Then we can tell 'em who I am show 'em our badges and papers, have the laugh on the gang and follow on behind.' This brilliant idea, which would have occurred to nobody but a scatter-brained lunatic like Higgins, was promptly adopted. He was handcuffed put in a wagon be-

tween two deputies, and the real prisoner brought up the rear with another officer in a buggy.

"It was about dusk when the wagon reached Carbonville," continued the detective, "and just as they had expected, a crowd of tough citizens were in waiting. They promptly held up the team and the spokesman told the officers that the good citizens of the camp had decided it wasn't worth while to waste any money giving Connors a regular trial. The only thing that was needed, he said, was a short piece of hemp and they brought me a section of shaft rope, all ready for the ceremony. The deputy began to expostulate to gain time, but they cut him short and started to drag Higgins out of the wagon, while some of the others threw the loose end of the rope over a near by limb. That looked critical and the deputy got rattled. 'Hold on, boys!' he yelled, 'this isn't the man!' And with that he blurted out the whole story as fast as his tongue could wag. As they might have anticipated, it they had had any sense, the explanation was received with jeers. You see, Connors had been in camp only a few hours before he got into the shooting scrape, and Higgins was himself a stranger in that locality; so it was easy to confuse them, especially as they really did look alike. A dozen men in the crowd declared positively that the deputy was the real murderer and they simply laughed at his papers and star.

"It's too thin!" said the leader; "we'll give you a couple of minutes to say your prayers and then you go."

"At that stage, when Higgins' life wasn't worth an old button, a miner came rushing up with the news that two men had been badly hurt in a runaway on the edge of the camp and that one of them was

handcuffed. That started the crowd and they suspended proceedings to investigate. It seemed that the other officer with the bona fide prisoner had attempted to cut around town at top speed and ran the buggy into a little gulch. He had his collarbone broken and Connors fractured his leg. When they carried them into a bar it was seen at once that there had been a mistake, and somehow or other, that they had come within an ace of stringing up the wrong man took all the lynching spirit out of the mob. Connors was allowed to go through, spent six months in jail got a change of venue and was actually acquitted on trial. I don't know what became of him. Higgins died a year or so ago. That's a true story, boys, and the very closest call in my memory."

Considerate Listeners.

Henri Weinawski, the famous violinist whom some older readers may remember having heard in this country, while making a concert tour in Russia with his brother Josef, a noted piano-player, had some peculiar experiences. One of them is related by the Musical Enterprise:

The two brothers were to play in a large town in the interior, and wished to see the hall in which the concert would take place; so they were conducted through mud and snow to a large plank hut, which had been used for a circus, and on entering found nothing but bare walls.

"And is this where we are to play?" asked the brothers. "There are neither benches nor seats."

"Oh, that makes no difference," replied the marshal. "With us, every one brings his own seat."

"Yes," answered the musicians, "but what about lights? There is no lamp in the room."

"That's nothing, either," replied their companion. "With us, every one brings his own lantern."

Having learned the simple manners of the country, the musicians asked how the concert was to be advertised.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the marshal. "It's true we have no printing press, but I will have a servant write the announcement in large letters on the door, and it will spread through the town fast enough."

A man soon appeared with a pound of chalk and began writing on the plank door. The brothers were somewhat dejected, but the marshal assured them that everything would be satisfactory.

Toward evening all the inhabitants were seen flocking to the place of performance, each carrying in one hand a seat and in the other a lantern. The house was crowded to overflowing. The mother of the performers was present, and seeing the rain and snow dropping through the roof on Henri while he played, she was greatly disturbed.

"My poor son! He will take his death of cold!" she murmured, half-aloud.

"Is that your son, little mother?" asked a kindly old man sitting near her; and rising, he shouted to the young violinist: "Put your fur coat on!" Then, turning to the audience, he said: "His mother, who is sitting near me, fears he will take cold."

Other voices at once repeated the command: "Put on your fur coat! Put on your fur coat!"

Henri paused and thanked them for their permission, but added that he could not play in a fur coat. "That makes no difference!" cried the whole audience. "Put it on! Put it on!"

He did as he was bidden, and played as best he could, so encumbered.