

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

SPARKLING PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

What is Taking Place in the City From day to day—The Inhuman Act of Norwegian Sailors in Allowing a Man to Drown—Other Subjects Discussed.

I wonder under what heading a humanitarian would class those Norwegian sailors who on Monday last stood aboard their craft off Water street and calmly watched a fellow being drown. Is it that such scenes are common in the land of fjords and cod liver oil or is it that their chilled intellects had not become sufficiently warmed to enable some little head work. We often hear of a dog acting the rescuer upon such occasions, but of course the men from the land of Nansen could not be spoken of in this comparison. True a plank or two was thrown the unfortunate man, but had there been a few stout-hearted Britishers or Canadians where the Norwegians stood, perhaps the sad event would have had a happier ending. If the strangers were at all conversant with the vocabulary of an overly indignant Englishman they learned more of the great Norwegian "unwashed," their manners and qualities on Monday, than they ever before dreamed of.

Once more our American cousins have changed their business attitude towards Canada and a wall of tariff changes which in the long run will be of disadvantage to the denizens of the northern half of this continent, has been erected. President McKinley and his following are exemplifying their protectionist principles and as a consequence the comparatively few millions in our dominion will have to pay out more of their good money for American goods, including bicycles, kodaks, etc., as well as swelling the funds of the U. S. treasury by paying extra on their own products. However now that we have struck a few nuggets on our side of the Alaskan boundary we will have little trouble in bowing in obedience to our Southern neighbours and paying over the desired tribute. Perhaps in this way we can effect materially for the long expectant people of the United States the boom of prosperity guaranteed to accompany the enthronement of the Canton Major in the Presidential chair. They have not seen very much of the ever-heralded "gold, gold, gold," of last election time, and perhaps rather than cause a clamorous outbreak for the yellow metal among the cosmopolitan masses of the adjoining republic, kind Providence has turned up the Klondike to be utilized by Canada, the mediator, to preserve the doubtful equanimity of the states and save off for another year inevitable rebellion.

We St. John people are going to have lots of opposition in the fall fair line this year and if any special local attractions are going to be offered it is about time somebody was mooring them. Last year an inter-Maritime Provincial brass band contest was spoken of and would have been successfully carried out had the matter been started in time. This year the bands of our own city and sister corporations are in excellent training after the jubilee season and a grand musical tournament for suitable prizes would indeed prove an interesting as well as a novel feature of the big show. Each city and town would send its following along with its band, and should the day of test be made a day of excursions what records those turnstiles would make! In mentioning the exhibition it is reported on pretty good authority that Premier Sir Wilfred Laurier will formally open the big doors of the fair building in September.

Punsters have punned, jokers have joked, and cartoonists have caricatured the once irrepressible theatre hat worn by woman, until the law took a hand in the game and shut down upon such unwarranted displays of millinery within amusement hall walls. Now ladies are forced to remove their head gear when sitting in a theatre. They are mad, very mad about it though they don't say much, and a well-concocted plot of clever weaving is about to be sprung upon unwary man in the shape of petitions to parliament praying that legislation might be granted against the "between the acts" habits of the sterner sex. Well to tell the truth, I'm with the ladies in this move and would sign every petition towards the extermination of the theatre disturber that came along. The o'er towering hat was had enough but the man who sandwiches the acts with promenades over everybody's feet and then gives impertinence about it is far worse in my estimation.

What amazing strides that garbled, oft times humorous, suggestive, as well as inferential use of odd phrases, and newly coined words called "slang", has taken of late years. Why there is hardly a person

in the world but who makes use of corrupted words and phrases. Grammarians have found it quite necessary to enter many of the slang words of the day in their dictionaries or fall behind in the wordy race. In this way hundreds of phrases and words which originally were vile, low and grammatically impure expressions are now found in Websters and are used in the pulpit and in professional circles alike.

But, dear me, how slang itself is so often butchered by the population! It is upon such occasions neither catchy, polite, passable or the mark of a lady or gentleman; for instance.

A rather "new" youth (that's slang) who had been in the States a few years stopped one of our aldermen on the street some days ago starting the conversation in this fashion. "Oh, how do you do? don't you know me old fellow, why I'm Captain—'s youngest son, how are you?" The alderman was astonished, and in a half amused, half provoked mood answered "I don't know that I can recall your name my little fellow, but where have you been these last few months?"

"Oh, I've been tryin' to jam out an existence across 'the imaginary' (boundary line I suppose he meant) retorted the human parrot, "but touch me up for a three base hit if the town ain't dead leery on me for fair."

This kind of staggered the frequenter of the Council chamber, and before he had time to think of a probable translation of the above, my bold laddie started once more his game of talk. "I can see that you've changed a barrel since I last clapped my peepers on you; your a little more bombastic about the vest, your curtains (whiskers) are a little more 'blanche' (French no doubt), but taking you all in all I can't see that a few Christmases have 'boggled' you any." The civic official had fled, but just wait for the next council meeting, if some measure of the "keep off the grass" class is not brought up regarding slang and slang-slingers, well, I'll be like the chappie above, "touched for a three base hit."

Another fast expiring fad is the button craze; it is now pretty nearly extinguished; in the United States and in Canada, dealers number the gaily colored and many worded coat badges among their "dead" stock. A mint of money has been made out of them however, and such firms as Whitehead, Hoegg & Co of New Jersey are several hundreds of thousands richer by the introduction of the little celluloids. At one time he hobby had reached such a height it was almost unnecessary to converse, the buttons did it all, and each great event of today would be commemorated by the striking of a new button the next.

You would be surprised if the names of some of St. John's best known and most highly respected young citizens were published along with hundreds of others in all classes of life, as veritable street walkers, girl oglers and corner loafers. Night after night they continue on the parade, up King street, along Charlotte, down Union and return. They delight in knowing the names of what they term the "chips" on the walk; but the flirting fad has reached such proportions that at times highly respectable ladies are flippantly spoken to by the would be mashers. A slight legal reorganization of this class of men in this city would not be detrimental in the least to the physical as well as moral health of the community.

It is universally considered the privilege of everybody to dress their hair as pleases them best, consequently one often comes across a rarity in that line. People musical and others who imagine their talents turned that way, quite frequently affect the Paderewski wig, others long shaggy shyllocks, but what a young St. John medical practitioner means in wearing his hair a la Svengali I cannot for the world imagine. Perhaps it is not necessary that I should, but at any rate he is in a class of his own in the hair line and to strangers is indeed a curiosity. It may be the young M. D. is testing the truth of the scriptural Samson strength story; you know professional fads like this are quite the caper nowadays.

VALDIMAR.

Wanted the Samples Matched by Wire. The manager of a telegraph office in Maine tells this:

"I suppose the most comical thing I ever saw in a telegraph office happened the other day. It was warm and I was standing near the desk when a woman entered. She was sweet and 20, or possibly a year or two older, and I picked her out for a

Ask your grocer for



Young wife, just in the exultant flush of her first success as housekeeper. She wanted to know if our line made connections with Boston—most all women ask that question when they use the wire for the first, explained the manager parenthetically. "I gravely did assure her that our line did connect with the Hub and allayed her fears that it might take half a day to send the message. Somewhat reassured, she opened her reticule, took out a bunch of samples and then went to writing. After some difficulty she squeezed her thoughts into ten words and approached the sending table. She laid down the written blank, two samples, one marked 'A,' the other 'B,' and a quarter. The message read:

"Sellum & Sellum, Boston: Send express, five yards sample 'A' and six yards 'B.'"

STREET OF YELLOW SPIDERS.

Curious Discovery in a Florida Thicket—A Mantle of Mimicry.

Once in attempting to force my way through the thick bay cedar underbrush of one of the smaller and outer keys of the Florida reef, I suddenly broke into an opening which had the appearance of a narrow street or trail. The brush was six or eight feet in height and remarkable thick, and the heat was intolerable. The branches and leaves which were interlaced formed a perfect network, and gave shelter to innumerable crabs, which had taken possession of an old bird's nest, while under foot the eggs and newly hatched terns almost covered the ground.

Once in the opening or street, it was found to be about seven feet across, winding away out of sight; but my way was blocked by several curious obstacles, a succession of webs stretched vertically across the pathway at intervals of five or six feet. They were of extraordinary strength, and were thrown out and poised in a marvellous manner. In the centre of each of these silken barriers hung a huge yellow spider, so ugly and conspicuous that I stopped before the first doubting the evidence of my eyes; and as I looked, the first yellow spider of the serious disappeared. There was no doubt about it; at first no striking and gaudy, it slowly faded away, and through the web I could see other yellow spiders beyond, suggesting that it was no illusion.

While I stood wondering in the hot sun, the spider solved the mystery by appearing again, first dimly, then like many spiders quivering in the strong light, finally resolving itself into one huge yellow fellow that moved like a pendulum to and fro and then stopped. I touched it gently with a switch I held, whereupon it deliberately began to swing its huge body, imparting to the entire web a vibratory motion which increased in rapidity until the body of the spider began to grow fainter, and in a few moments became invisible. It was all very simple when understood; the spider when alarmed began to swing, gradually increasing his motion until it disappeared or could not be followed by the eye. Thinking the case might be exceptional, I again touched the spider, and again it literally swung itself out of sight.

Crawling beneath the web, I confronted the next spider, which also was yellow or saffron in color, with black velvet-like markings, hanging in the sun like a great topaz. Its web dotted with the remains of many faests, empty skeletons of insects, bits of pearly fish-scales, perhaps dropped by some passing bird, a delicate feather, and a motley array of flies and other insectfolk. At first the spider paid me scant attention; then I saw a slight convulsive movement of its legs as it imparted the first long swing to its hammock-like web that put this wonderful life saving device, for this it was, in motion. It was the spider's defence and protection from enemies. Certain birds undoubtedly preyed upon the spiders, and this faculty of mysteriously disappearing had on more than one occasion served it well. I could easily imagine the astonishment of the bird when darting down to seize the plump and showy spider to find that it had slipped away.

There was much in this street of yellow spiders to distract the mind from the intense heat that poured down from the almost vertical sun. In the middle of the path, beyond a turn, grew a clump of cactus, with here and there a ripe fruit rich in the purple of full maturity—a brilliant contrast to the green leaves. As I stood watching the hermit crabs dropping from the bushes and scurrying away over the sand, I thought I saw a ripe fruit of the cactus move; then, to my amazement it passed directly out of sight;

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 38 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELOUS Transformation Sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

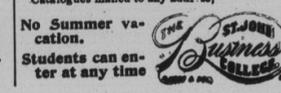
WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAYTON, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robbessay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. This pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugleby Building. 24 4-11

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.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. GABRIELTOWN, July 26, 1897.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. DEAR Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES.

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and after the fashion of the spiders, but he slipped around one of the big leaves. I almost expected to see the others follow it, but nothing of the kind occurred. I walked along and placed myself in a position to see behind the broad, flat, pear-shaped leaf. There was the purple object now moving cautiously around with the evident intention of keeping itself out of sight, and then I saw it was a crab with a purple back the exact tint of the fruit, while its general shape, when the legs were tucked up beneath the body, made the crab a mimic of the cactus fruit, a protective resemblance so perfect that the crab was safe from sharp-eyed enemies and I should have passed it by had it remained quiet; but the phenomenon of moving fruit attracted my attention and led to its discovery.

For some distance I followed this street of spiders, creeping beneath the webs when I could, and everywhere these tricks of nature to protect the defenceless were apparent. The eggs of the gulls simulated the sand in color; the little mussels, which clung to the big cedar, was the exact tint of the leaves and defied detection until accidentally brushed off. Over all life in the secluded spot nature had thrown her protective mantle of mimicry.—New York Post.

Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of a southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the intersection of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the County of Kings and the County of Saint John, at or near about McFees Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martin, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Roadway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, an being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right of Way, Rails, Ties, siding, Turntables, Telephones lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges, Casements, Property uses and appurtenances, in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned sheriff on and under an execution out of the Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabin W. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.

R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Younglaus in and to the leasehold premises described as follows: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street aforesaid twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. thirty four feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issue out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Younglaus at the suit of Catherine McQuyre.

Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B.

H. A. WICKSTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck, BASSO CANTANTE,

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