

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

AMID BOSTON'S BUSTLE.

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS AND THE PEOPLE WHO TALK THEM.

How the Intelligent Electors Went Wild Over McKinley—Is Took Two Halls to Hold the Crowd—The Plays that Interest the Bostonians.

Boston, Oct. 11.—Politics are the same the world over. A New Brunswicker in Boston finds something strikingly familiar at every meeting he attends. One night he is thoroughly convinced that this is the greatest country on the face of the earth, that there is not an idle man from Chelsea to Jamaica Plain, and that the only reason why the benches on the Common are crowded every fine day is because wages are so high that they can afford to take a holiday every other week. The next night all the eloquence of America's greatest speakers is brought to bear with equal success in proving that the country is "going to the dogs," and that another four years of republican rule will put it past redemption.

It is the same old story, and people get excited over it just the same as they have done for years. They wave "the old flag," too, and in no place does it come to the front with greater frequency and effect than in Faneuil hall. In the old "cradle of liberty" the American voter never forgets his surroundings. He can give free expression to his opinions, no matter what they may be, with an utter disregard to the sentiments of the people who are sticking their elbows into his ribs. When the prospects are good for a debate carried on with bare knuckles, a simple reminder that "I am in Faneuil hall and can say what I please," is like pouring oil on troubled waters.

The great McKinley was here last week, and Boston went wild over him. He was to address two meetings on the same evening, but the mob in Music hall wouldn't let him get away, and the "over-flow" in Faneuil hall shifted from one leg to the other, or wriggled about on hard benches until near midnight. Whitelaw Reid, candidate for vice president was there, but his remarks were cut short, probably owing to the fact that somebody in the hall, a printer perhaps, with more lung power than the speaker, emphasized all he said with a sonorous "Yab!"

Then a number of would-be political speakers and ambitious Harvard men were given a chance to face the audience, and if they did not get disgusted with the contract it was not the fault of the crowd.

An American audience is well informed and not at all bashful, and a speaker who does not know more than the loud mouthed individuals in the back seats is "not in it." They made life a burden to a sketch artist from one of the Boston papers. His mission was to draw pictures and tell the audience what they meant. But the crowd knew more about it than he did, and gave different interpretations with a promptness that took the artist's breath away and kept the audience in roars of laughter.

It was a long wait for McKinley, but the people were bound to see him. Congressman Morse filled in the gap for a while. He is to the republican party of Boston what Senator Boyd is to the conservative party in St. John. Mr. Morse is a younger man, with black curly hair and a bunch of black whiskers on each side of his face, joined together by a black strip across his upper lip; but he can tell good stories by the hour. He can mix them with mud, and fire them at the democrats with such good humor that all enjoy the fun.

When a plug hat, followed by a large clean shaven face, and a long cape overcoat appeared up the stairs at the back of the stage, the "overflow" went wild. They cheered the tariff maker until they were dizzy and gave him plenty of time to take off his long overcoat. Governor McKinley would be a striking figure on any stage, but with his plug hat and overcoat he stands alone. He looks a good deal like "a play actor," and at times speaks like a comic comedian, but he gets there with unerring regularity. After the meeting the people nearly pulled him to pieces, everybody wanting to shake hands with the man who made the tariff. The republican candidate for vice president was also standing on a chair for the same purpose, but he seemed to be only a secondary consideration.

The democratic rally in Tremont temple a few nights later had Tammany's remarkable orator, Bourke Cochran, for its principal speaker, but the enthusiasm of the McKinley meeting was lacking and there was no "overflow."

The Mechanics Fair has been running some days, but in one respect the managers or exhibitors are no better than those who have the making or breaking of the St. John exhibitions. They are slow to "get a move on," as the newboys say. Of course the Boston fair has a longer run than the St. John exhibition, and its inactivity at the start is not so disastrous, but the fact remains that the Mechanics Fair machinery hall is just about as unbusiness like as the lower story of the "new wing" in the St. John building was last year. There is plenty of machinery, but that is all there is to it. And taking the whole show, although it is, of course, very much larger than anything you ever had, there is not much to it, the life, or the interest of the show, a few years ago, and there is a tendency here on the part of certain firms to monopolize space, which reminds one of the home displays of last year.

One of the theatrical sensations of the season has been Mr. Kyrie Bellows and Mrs. Potter in Zola's "Therese" at the Globe theatre. When I say that they gave an interior view of a bridal chamber, and that the bride and groom partially dis-

robed before the audience, it is unnecessary to say that the theatre was pretty well filled at every performance.

The play is all right for the right kind of people, although this particular scene might be modified, but even here, in cultured Boston, the loud "guffaws," when the bride and bridesmaid exchanged confidences before the groom's arrival, did not come from the gallery gods alone. From the balconies and orchestra chairs came significant grunts that gave a new aspect to the remarks of the newly married woman and the young girl who looked forward to being in a like position at an early day.

The story has a moral and it is brought out with terrible reality. The play simply tells of the love of a young married woman and an unmarried young artist. The two conspire to kill a half-witted husband and succeed. Although not suspected of the crime, it preys on them, so that when they are married, a year afterwards, their love for each other turns to hate, and just before the curtain falls on the last act they commit suicide by taking poison.

Mr. Bellows is an actor and a good one, while Mrs. Potter is a stage struck New York aristocrat, who still shuts her teeth and hisses through them in a way that is not strikingly professional. She has had considerable experience, however, although she had to go to the antipodes to get it. She made a tour with Mr. Bellows in unknown parts across the water, and was "stranded" just as surely as the New York stock company which opened the St. John opera house, or the Josie Mills company, were stranded in St. John.

St. John people in Boston? I see them every day, and can tell all kinds of stories about them. I saw Chas. A. Everett, former M. P., on Washington street last week, and the other day I ran across a man well known on Prince William street. He had on a new silk hat and was watching the boys sailing their yachts on the frog pond in the Common.

There were a number of St. John people at the Mechanics fair the night I was there; and a few days ago I saw a familiar face out in Roxbury. It belonged to Mr. Dennis Colohan, who was popular as manager of the Shamrocks when excitement ran high and Dan Connolly was in the box. Mr. Colohan is now proprietor of a Roxbury tennorial establishment.

R. G. LARSEN.

HE COULDN'T CRY.

An Incident of Mack Dee's Youth and School Days.

"When I was a chunk of a boy," said Mack Dee, "I had the misfortune to get my eye hurt, necessitating a surgical operation, a bandage and my remaining from school two months. At the end of that time I again appeared in school, and in answer to the enquiries of my boy friends in regard to the state of my optics, replied that they were all right again, with one exception, which I told with apparent diffidence, and that was 'I could not cry! I said I was very sorry that I could not cry, because it hurt far worse than if I could. I would like to be able to cry just like any other boy, but I couldn't.' I explained that tears were a sort of safety valve that gave relief, and when a boy couldn't use his safety valve in that way 'twas just terrible the torture he was in. I said, with a sort of lowering inflection, that I supposed that I would have to go through life without anybody ever knowing what I was actually suffering, because, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't cry even a little bit. I said, 'boys, be thankful as long as you can cry, 'cause you don't know the day when something may happen and you'll just be like me.'"

At first I told this as a sort of precocious joke and thought the boys would see through it, but they didn't. It was my first joke, and they took me at my word and received the story in good faith, which had the effect of making a sort of hero out of me. Some of the boys envied me, while others wasted considerable pity and other raw material over me. After telling the story several times it began to look like truth, and on thinking backwards that no occurrence had drawn the lachrymose fluid from my eyes for some time it occurred to me that perhaps I was right and that my tear fountain had permanently dried up.

I knew the boys were watching me and stoically stood all the blows, cuffs, falls and other calamities incident to boy life, without flinching, and although severely tried on several occasions, stood the test. My reputation grew apace and I was pointed out as the boy who couldn't cry. This thing went on some time and no phenomenon boy ever felt prouder of his distinction than I did, until one day a big boy from the Orkney district put in his appearance at school, and of course was soon regaled with the story of how such a boy "couldn't cry."

For a number of days he eyed me suspiciously and I suspected he was the origin of some late calamities that had overtaken me such as my dinner, which I carried with me two miles being stolen, my cap being torn and sundry other minor afflictions all of which I bore with tearless fortitude. More drastic measures were then resorted to, I was drenched in the brook, a leather ball that I sat great store by was taken from me, and word was carried to the teacher that I had sworn an oath as big as a church steeple, but through all these tribulations I came out with flying colors and was still the "boy who couldn't cry." This seemed to exasperate the Orkney boy, and one day at the noon hour I noticed his face wore an ominous look that boded no good to my ephemeral reputation. When "playtime" was announced we swarmed out and around a sharp turn in a hill opposite the school house where the prying eyes of the teacher could not observe us. There we indulged in all sort of rustic gambols, and on this day I had hardly got out of sight of the school-house when the brawny hand of the Orkney boy caught me by the collar, whirled me several times in the air and with a yell that would have done

credit to Rodrick Dhu, announced that he was about to remove my clothes and send me to the school house as void of clothing as the original Adam, and forthwith began forcibly to carry out his threat. In vain I expostulated, in vain I yelled for mercy, he was inexorable and was in a fair way to carry out his threat. I was shocked beyond measure, and in my extremity, roared and cried like a baby. No sooner had my tears begun to flow than he desisted, but from that hour my reputation had vanished and I never could make the boys believe that I told the story of my tearless eyes as a joke.

The Cost of Fox-Hunting.

Lord Yarborough, the owner of the North Lincolnshire pack of fox-hounds, in furnishing some statistics relative to fox-hunting, states that there are 330 packs of hounds in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Assuming the cost of foxhounds to be £250 per day, staghounds to cost £550, and barriers £200, keeping up hounds in the United Kingdom causes the expenditure of £511,000 per annum; and estimating 100 men hunting with each pack, each man having three horses, that means that 99,000 horses are engaged. Putting the cost of each horse at 15s per week, this comes to considerably over 3½ millions. So, according to the noble lord, the cost of keeping hounds and maintaining the hunts in the United Kingdom comes altogether to 4½ millions, independent of the expenses of carriage horses, cover hacks, travelling expenses, etc.

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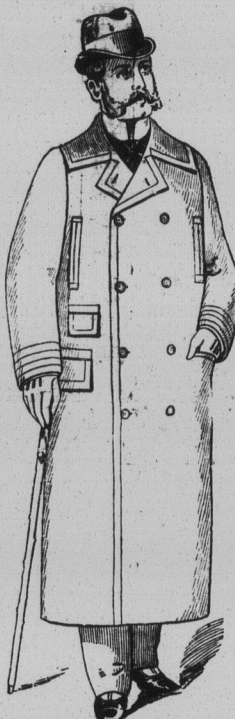
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other things, the records of the department of compulsory insurance. The most fatal or unfortunate weekday, according to the investigator, is not Friday, but Monday. Sixteen and seventy-four hundredths per cent. of all accidents, it seems, occurred on that day; 15.51 per cent. on Tuesday, 16.81 per cent. on Wednesday; 15.47 per cent. on Thursday; 16.38 per cent. on Friday, the same per cent. on Saturday, and 2.69 per cent. on Sunday.—N. Y. Press.

Tortoise Shell. Tortoise shell, as it comes to market from the West Indies, is coarse, dirty and lustreless, and only the most skillful and patient manipulation makes it the rich and beautiful material it eventually becomes. Ostrich plumes, as they arrive in the market, look like bedraggled turkey feathers, and they pass through a score of hands before they become the fluffy and graceful adjunct to feminine attire.

A Cruel Race. Filial piety finds no place in Thibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old to work, out of doors, and to leave him perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living, drives their hardened natures to gain by the exercise of cruelty the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that he will, they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him; if he says he will not, he is allowed to die in peace.

Friday Not An Unlucky Day. A statistician of the German government has come to the rescue of those persons who do not share the widespread superstition that Friday is the most unlucky day of the week. A short time ago he determined to make a scientific investigation of this question, using for the purpose, among