

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. White, \$10.00.  
Miss Edna Irvine, St. John; gold lined bon bon spoon.  
Mr. Harry Irvine, valise straps.  
Mr. and Mrs. Elram White, St. John; silver salt and pepper stand.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. White, one dozen silver forks.  
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, half dozen silver spoons.  
Hon. A. S. and Mrs. White, silver cake basket.  
Mrs. John Gunter, gold lined berry spoon.  
Mrs. W. H. White, fancy outline quilt.  
Miss Edith Kierstead, Springfield; picture of St. Cecilia.  
Dr. W. W. and Mrs. White, St. John; royal Worcester vases.  
Mrs. Thompson, Boston; two pretty handkerchiefs.  
Mrs. Bert Black, two pictures.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Leonard, Worcester vase.  
Mr. John Leonard, Worcester vase.  
Mr. Oscar White, handsome candelabra.  
Miss Ella Price, foot stool.  
Miss Dora Simons, pretty quilt.  
Mr. John Cowan, silver card receiver, gold lined.  
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Irvine, St. John; pretty Willow chair.  
Mr. Jas. E. White, St. John; two pieces statuary.  
Miss Gerlie McDonald, a fancy handkerchief case.  
Mr. E. Pidgeon and family, St. John; silver tray.  
Mr. Weeden Nobles, St. John; pretty comb and brush tray.  
Miss Bertie Worden, handsome mat.  
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, complete works of Shakespeare.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McKay, silver card receiver.  
Miss Minnie and Fred Simpson, St. John; jewel case.  
Mr. Caleb Kierstead, toast rack.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Davis, silver fruit dish.  
Master Roy Davis, silver napkin ring.  
Dr. and Mrs. White, silver thimble and souvenir spoon.  
Miss Hatfield, jewel basket.  
Mr. Walter Mills, oak writing desk.  
Rev. G. J. C. White and Mrs. White, \$5.00.

## DID HE CUT THE PIPE?

The Case of the Defective Plumber's Pipe to be Investigated.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—There is to be a lively time at the board of health meeting tomorrow (Friday) afternoon, to investigate the matter attended to by PROGRESS last week, that of the city father who is charged with having used a knife on a lead pipe in a house that was being inspected by Engineer Doane. The inference is that the knife was used so that it might be shown that the plumbers work was defective, as alleged. Dr. Hawkins may be entirely innocent of this charge. Doubtless he is, and it is highly probable that he did no such thing. The doctor is understood to say that it was only a little "manicure instrument" that was lightly used, and not a big ugly knife, if indeed any instrument at all was used in the way charged. Engineer Doane makes no personal charge, but stands back to see who will fit the cap. Dr. Hawkins has no love for the city engineer. [This is sure, independently of the truth or falseness of the charge respecting the knife on the plumber's pipe. The doctor has hitherto given no quarter to this hard-working official. When this is the case it is customary for the other side to reciprocate as to absence of "quarter." So therefore, in this case we may confidently expect to see no quarter granted or asked on either side.]

One word more, Dr. Hawkins has said something about Mr. Doane having informed

ed a certain paper, meaning PROGRESS regarding the little sensation over the plumbing and the knife. Nothing is farther from the fact. The city engineer never breathed a word of the affair to PROGRESS. The information came from another source altogether. It was the talk of the street in certain sets. It is pleasing to know that PROGRESS' suggestion that an investigation be held was acted upon, and that thereby we may learn the facts, whether there is any truth or not in the rather interesting story.

There are by the way one or two members on the board of health who are by no means an ornament to it, nor indeed to anybody with which they may be connected. As for the board of health they succeed in making it more of a circus or comedy company than a solemn body entrusted with the health interests of a city like Halifax. When will our people learn wisdom and cease giving positions of trust to such men?

## AWAKENED AT LAST.

The Winter Port Success Succeeded in awakening the Sleepy Natives.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—The people of this city for once are thoroughly awakened on an important trade question. They frequently wake up over a boat race, while amateur operatic performances are almost sure to rouse our citizens to a high pitch of excited wakefulness. As showing how great is the power of amusement over Halifax people it is sufficient to mention the meeting convened to boom the tourist business of Nova Scotia. Fifty of the leading business men of the city gathered and talked over the question for two hours. Of course there is money in the coming of the tourists but Dr. Farrell could not help saying that so given up to to pleasure and so little impressed with the seriousness of trade matters were Halifax people that he believed it was only a question or a horse race that could draw such a crowd. But nevertheless Halifax is stirred on this trade question. They have come to the opinion that they are in danger of losing even the semblance of being a winter port. It is only the shadow of the reality that Halifax now has. Seldom is it that our Board of Trade and City Council act as promptly as they did on the occasion of the sending of the delegation to Ottawa last week. One day a telegram came that the rates to Halifax and St. John were to be equal, at that Halifax wanted. The second day a telegram came from the same source—St. J. V. Wallace—that the rates had not been arranged but were in the hands of Mr. Harris for his consideration. At an hour's notice, a meeting was called, delegates were appointed to go to Ottawa and the following morning Mayor Stephen, B. Russell, M. P., and three other citizens were on their way to the federal capital to take the government by the throat, as it were. They duly had the interview, and it may be stated just here that it is an equal rate is not given to the two cities, some members of the delegation at least, will not be slow in trying to take the government in the vulnerable place alluded to.

Shipping men of Halifax are not in despair. They believe that with an identical rate with St. John they are bound sooner or later to get a good share of the export trade of Canada. It costs from \$1,200 to \$1,300 less to send a steamer from Liverpool to St. John, so those who ought to know say. With this advantage it is hard to see why Halifax should not receive a share of what is going. We shall see.

All the delegates except W. A. Black returned home early Thursday morning. They had nothing to say of their mission except that it was well timed, and that they were not sorry they went and the capital.

## CHESTNUTING WITH RACCOONS.

A man who makes a Good Living out of This Work.

Though the raccoon has many admirers, it must be owned that he is seldom truly appreciated, until he has been baked. Reuben White, of Ringoes, New Jersey, prefers the living coon, especially in the autumn. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says that White has tamed six coons and trained them to gather chestnuts.

When White sets out in the morning on a chestnutting trip the coons follow him like a pack of dogs, and when a tree is reached White sets a basket with low sides on the ground, and snapping his fingers and waving his hands in different directions, sets the coons to work.

The animals spread out and range over every inch of the ground, pawing over the leaves and sniffing like dogs on the scent of prey. When a coon runs across a nut he snaps it up with his lips and stows it away inside his mouth like a chipmunk. The animal has a capacity for carrying about a pint of chestnuts in his mouth, and when the limit is reached he trots to the basket and drops them into it.

The hunt is kept up until the ground has

been thoroughly searched. In the meantime White is pelling the tree with clubs, and when clubbing fails, the coons are sent up to shake the tree. At an order to "go up" the animals traverse every limb, going to the tops of the small branches and shaking them vigorously. When they have gone over the tree there are not nuts enough left on it to fill a quart cup.

White says that when the season for chestnuts is good he can gather four bushels a day with his six coons, and when the market is ordinarily good that means between ten and twelve dollars. He calculates that each coon is worth to him about sixty dollars a year.

## SAVED BY THE GIRAFFE.

The Simple Little Thing that Restored Prosperity to the Circus.

"A man never can tell when his luck is going to strike him, or in what shape it is going to strike him," said the circus man. "Here we'd been going along through the country to poor business for a week, not making money enough to buy hay for the animals, when one day something happened that filled the whole countryside with talk about us and brought more people to the show than we had room for, and it was the simplest little no-account thing, you ever heard of, which just shows, too, how generously the people respond if you happen to catch their fancy."

There was a small boy up a tree alongside his father's house on a country road after a bird's nest. He crept out further and further on the branch that the nest was on, which extended well over the house. You've often seen such trees, no doubt. Just as he was reaching out for the nest, when he'd finally got within reach, his grip slipped and away he went, not on the roof or down on the ground, but, by snakes down the kitchen chimney, exactly over which he happened to be at the time he lost his hold. There was a rattling of soot on the pipe of the stove in the kitchen below that told the farmer's wife and the hired girl that there was something the matter in the chimney and the morning that came from there presently told them what it was. And the farmer himself was away in a distant field, and there didn't seem to be a ladder in the country.

At the time when the small boy was creeping further and further out on the limb of the tree there was coming along the road, bound for the town where it was going to show next, a circus. That was our circus, and it so happened that the head of the column reached the farm house just as the farmer's wife and hired girl rushed out into the road. The old man was riding at the head of the column, as he always did. He rode up instantly, of course, to the front of the house and asked the lady what was the matter, and she told him as well as she could in her excitement.

"Our old man was a man that knew an opportunity when he saw it, which is a great gift."

"Madam," he said, in his most polite manner, "give yourself no further uneasiness. We'll get the youngster out without the slightest injury," and wheeling his horse, he says to me:

"Bill, bring up the giraffe."

That was when we had the great eighteen-foot giraffe, and on the road the giraffe cage was always about the middle of the column. We hurried back and got the giraffe out and up to the front as soon as we could, and along side the extension that the kitchen was in. There wasn't the slightest danger to the boy. It was the middle of summer, and they were burning wood in the stove, and the middle of the morning, and the fire was out, but of course the boy's situation seemed dreadful all the same.

"Well, we got the giraffe alongside the house and the old man talked to him and I'm blessed if he didn't seem to understand and he crook his long neck over the top of the chimney and dips down in it, and in a minute he raises his head again out of the chimney, lifting the boy with him, his teeth gripping in the boy's coat collar."

"That's all there was to it. But just as the giraffe was lifting the boy clear of the top of the chimney, the boy's father was coming tearing across the home lot. There was some of the neighbors gathered around by this time, and there was the circus man standing around, and the cages halted along the road, and when the big giraffe bent his long neck and placed the rescued youngster in his mother's arms, the old man who was sitting on his horse in front, took up his hat, so that, simple as it all was, it made quite a little tableau after all."

"When we showed that afternoon the tent wouldn't hold the people, and it was the same at night. It seems that the boy was a handsome and clever boy, that everybody liked, and so the rescue was all the more popular. Of course, the old man sent the whole family tickets, and he got 'em to let the little chap ride around the ring on the giraffe's back. Did that get 'em? Hooray! It was a month before the people in that part of the country stopped telling about how the giraffe rescued the boy from the chimney."

## IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

Boatloads of Foreigners Make Their Entry Into the New World.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and, after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gangplank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by enclosing them apart with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gayly decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots compel, frequently carrying high bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides the brown sacking, there are brilliant pink callies and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the cloths of the owners. Not even the children are from bird-nest bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be hugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer neighbors by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity. New York Tribune.

## YELLOW FEVER.

A Germ Has Been Discovered and a Vaccine Elaborated.

The disease which has this year brought so much distress to the people of the South is one that has baffled physicians and investigators for exactly three and a half centuries. The first authentic account we have of an epidemic of yellow fever is one that occurred in Barbados in 1647, and the following year we first hear of it at Havana. It is in Havana that most of the epidemics suffered in this country have originated.

There are now three parts of the world where the disease is always present, the West Indies, Brazil, and the west coast of Africa, but we do not know that it was taken to Rio de Janeiro from New Orleans or Havana about fifty years ago, but whether it came in the first place from the west coast of Africa, or was carried there

from the West Indies in slaves, returning for fresh cargoes cannot now be determined.

Yellow fever is a contagious disease which now invades regions outside of its permanent homes in any other way than through infected persons or things.

Many physicians who have studied the disease in Havana and elsewhere believe that it is spread from the sick to the well through the agency of mosquitoes or other winged insects. It is not improbable that this is one way in which the virus is carried, for the hypothesis would account for the appearance of yellow fever in places quite shut off from all apparent means of infection.

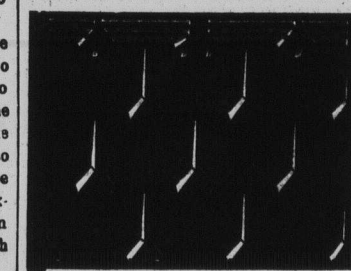
For example, the disease appeared this year in Baton Rouge in spite of the most rigid quarantines against the outside world. It is possible, of course, that some one may have invaded the quarantine guards, but it is more probable that mosquitoes or flies carried the germs in their bodies.

It has long been believed that yellow fever, like other contagious or infectious diseases, is due to the presence of a special microbe, but no one could find it until a few months ago, when it was discovered by Doctor Sanarelli, an Italian physician in Montevideo.

Not only has he found the germs of yellow fever, but it is said that he has also elaborated a vaccine which will protect as surely against this disease as vaccination protects against smallpox. Should this prove true it would be of incalculable benefit to all tropical America, for the chief obstacle to the development of this vast and lovely portion of the earth is the yellow fever, which repels the energetic Anglo-Saxon.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn he can afford to stop praying.

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