

HIS JOYS AND SORROWS.

INTERESTING CHAT WITH A LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

He Talks of Some Things he Encounters and Says There are Lots of Strange Happenings in His Line of Work—Women Who Procrastinate.

"Have you ever stopped to think what a really difficult position a photographer occupies?" Queried a member of that persuasion a day or two ago. "It looks nice, easy and desirable work from every standpoint, but that's because only the artistic side of it is open to inspection. Is there another side? Well I rather fancy you'd think so if you were here for a day or two, especially around Christmas time. That's about our busiest season and people expect impossibilities from us then. A woman makes up her mind in the early spring perhaps, that she's going to give some of her friends a photograph for a Christmas present; it is such a nice idea and there are some people to whom one could not offer anything else. All summer long she thinks of these photos and knows just how she's going to have them taken, and plans and dreams over them till about the first or second week in December. Then she comes in with all the sang froid in the world, takes up a good deal more time than we can afford in sitting, and finally informs us that she must have the photos at least a week before Christmas. There is no allowance made for dark weather, accidents or the holiday rush; oh! dear, no. All we have to do is get the work finished. All women, and men too for that matter, are the same in that respect. There is no earthly reason why people should procrastinate, but they do.

"Now here's some proofs of a lady who sat three hours and a half to me one day lately and out of twelve proofs, all excellent, she selected the one that requires the most work, just because it makes a rather attractive picture—I don't know that I'd call it a good photograph. The face will require at least four hours work in retouching and with many hundred more such orders on hand we are not likely to have much time to spare." While the knight of the camera, talked he worked, frequently pausing to adjust some one of the many fixings that are so necessary in a studio. Occasionally some one dropped in to see a proof, and it was in discussing these that the photographer displayed his wonderful ability to surpass nature and accomplish what she had overdone or left undone altogether. An unduly prominent nose was guaranteed to be made classical, an outstanding ear could be softened and shaded back, a large and extraordinarily ugly mouth can be retouched into a thing of beauty, and a joy forever—in the photograph and several other trifling defects remedied to the entire satisfaction of the various subjects.

"It's truly wonderful, the way in which some people manage to get away from their own looks when they sit for a photograph and in most cases they display a real anxiety to get as far away as possible from their identity: they don't do it intentionally of course and would be highly indignant if one suggested such a thing," went on the man of the lens as he folded up a lace drapery that had just done duty as a Spanish mantilla. It is surprising what a lot of vanity there is in the make up of most human beings; for no matter how flattering a photograph may be I don't believe there is one person living but who deep down in their hearts thinks it does not do them justice. They do not always say so of course but the idea is there just the same.

"Do people ever take photos that don't belong to them? Steal them you mean. Well I will honestly say I think kleptomania is on the increase in that matter. People who would not for the world pick up anything, else think it all right to purloin a photograph, and so we are constantly losing samples of our best work.

"Are theatrical people easy subjects? No they are just the most difficult class we have to manage. The majority of them—the ladies—insist upon making up as they would for a performance and then they know all there is to know about posing. While a certain position may look very effective on the stage it wouldn't be graceful or successful photographically. On the stage its a case of distance lending enchantment to the view, but there is not that advantage in a photograph. No I don't like theatrical subjects as a rule.

"Have you ever seen a photographer trying to get a baby's photo? Sometimes I remind myself of Professor Gleason—you remember him—training a horse. You ring bells and you blow whistles at that baby till you get it quieted down and then you watch a good chance and 'na' him as some one expressed it to me the other day. On the joys and the sorrows of a photographer's life are many but the chiefest of the latter is photographing a baby. If

you have any doubts I'll send for you next time I have a good lively job of that kind on hand."

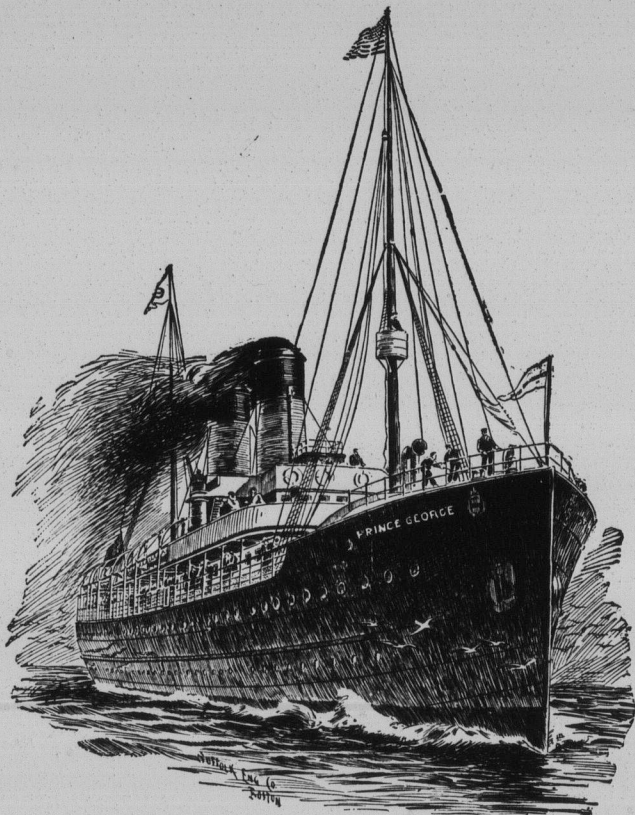
SLAYERS IN THE JACKPOT.

Memorable Contest Between Gambler and Planter.

"I was drifting through the South in the fifties," said the former gambler, "and one winter I was living at a town in South Carolina where a lot of card players used to gather for mutual pleasure and profit. There was a club in the town where the gamblers used to meet, but the fact was

"A dozen salty gamblers were at the club at 3 o'clock. Pete got there ahead of the Colonel and the local element kept its breath while Pete told wonderful stories of great games in the East. He rattled off the stories faster than the 'tin horns' could listen, and they all thought him something to be feared by the Colonel. At 3 o'clock the Colonel drove to the club and sent his man to the hotel. 'I'll come there when I need you,' he said.

"In fifteen minutes everybody had taken a drink or two and become sociable with Pete, 'I don't know what you want to play,



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kept from the female part of the population that it was a gambling house. All kind of games went on there, but the prosperity of the place was short-lived. The house, however, was not closed the winter I was in the town. At the club one night somebody said that Col. Wallace, the crack poker player of the State, had been fixed to play Pete Welch, one of the biggest plungers from the East. Pete was coming down the next week, and the sports were all anxious to see what he could do with the Colonel, who was a stiff player. The Colonel was universally lucky. The cards rolled to him without the asking, and every year his cash accounts showed good profits from the game. He owned a valuable plantation not far from the town, and he was noted for having one of the finest bodies of slaves in the South. They made the plantation yield rich returns, and there was no need for the Colonel to depend on his playing for money, for he was better off than many of the planters who risked their fortunes at the club.

"When the Colonel heard that Pete was coming to rake him, he turned his lip and said he was not afraid to play forty Petes on the biggest kind of stakes. 'If Welch can do me, then all well and good,' was the way he put it, 'but I want you fellows to know that I can play him to a standstill. I have heard much about your swell eastern gambler, who prides himself on never having been caught on a bluff. Well, we all don't know about that. When he comes I will play him a single-handed game, and you chaps can watch it. I'll say, though, that I'm not extra wealthy this winter and can't lose much stuff. I've got a limit fixed in my head and when he passes that I'll simply quit, and Welch can take my money and talk all he pleases.

"Welch got in town one Sunday morning. His stage drove to the only hotel in the place, and the news of his arrival soon spread through the sporting part of the town. A messenger who came in for Col. Wallace's mail carried a note back telling of the safe arrival of Welch. Pete sent word to the Colonel that he had heard of him and was very anxious for a fight. He asked the Colonel when he could play. Not more than an hour after the messenger started with the note he returned to the hotel with a paper for Welch. The Colonel wrote that he would be in town at 3 o'clock that afternoon and would bring his money with him.

"Now, we want to keep this game quiet for once," said Squire Bogge, the President of the club, for no good can come from so much talk. Besides this club is getting too much notoriety of late.

"Good enough," answered Pete, "but that's what I call a dinky game. It suits you, though, it's good enough for me, dear Colonel."

"All right, then, let her go at that." "The cards were dealt, but they shuffled badly and passed around five times before the pot could be opened. The Colonel held the openers and betted his hand in the draw, and finally won, but not until Pete had done some heavy betting. After that the Colonel played ahead and the local sports thought Pete easy. Pete couldn't draw. When he opened a pot the Colonel would win it, and the game was too much one way to be interesting. Pete crossed his bridge at last, however, and the cards went to rolling his way. He got finer hands than did the Colonel during the first part of the playing and the sports who looked on saw the Colonel's pile of gold gradually grow less. One package was emptied and another was brought from the old-fashioned locker in the club. After that the betting got fierce. The game appeared perfectly square, for Welch would not have turned a bad trick had he wanted for too many eyes were watching the deck. Col. Wallace took all kinds of wild chances. Another drink will help me," he would say as he lost, though he did not allow his head to get clogged. When his last stack of chips crossed the table he shoved back his chair and said his pile was gone. It was getting late on at night then 't the gamblers didn't notice that.

"Welch, you've got an even thirty thousand there if you will count it. I brought that much with me and I may be foolish. I believe if I had more I could get it all from you in a half dozen hands."

"I'll gladly give you the chance, Colonel. Perhaps some of your friends here can accommodate you?" "Nobody spoke. The Colonel rattled on the table.

"Welch," he said, when the silence got oppressive, 'I have no more ready cash, but I have property that is as good as gold any day right here in this town. I never did it before, but I will play you twenty-four of my best slaves against \$50,000. The negroes are worth fully that amount, as these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the State, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?"

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are

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worth that much then fix your papers while I count this money. I never like to turn my back to a good thing." "Everybody got up and took a drink on the strength of the new game. When the papers were arranged the players got a new deck of cards and there was not a word passed while the cards were being shuffled. The sky was to be the limit until the \$50,000 was reached. I saw at the start that the game would not be long. Wallace's sporting blood was up and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and had shuffled on the previous hands had left considerable money in the pot. Welch was ahead on the winnings. The Colonel looked at his cards and opened the pot for a thousand dollars. Welch stretched his eyes and then looked at his hand. He raised it a thousand. Without raising his head the Colonel raised back \$2,000 and Welch saw it. He went \$1,000 better and the Colonel stopped raising.

"We saw the finish coming. The players were less excited than any of the other men in the room. Pete took the cards and asked the Colonel: 'How many?' 'Two cards,' he said. 'None here,' put in the dealer. 'The Colonel took his two cards and looked at them quickly. Then he stuck them behind the others. 'I'll start this on \$5,000,' he said. Welch looked at his hand again, and took the bet. He went \$5,000 more. The Colonel raised another \$5,000. Welch saw it, and raised another, and the Colonel raised still another \$5,000.

"Well, I've just got \$10,000 here you can have if you can get it," said Welch, and he tossed in the chips. The Colonel studied his hand. 'I've got only \$5,000' he said, 'and I think you've got me, even if it is a bad thing to say.' 'With that Wallace tossed the cards on the table and Welch took the pot. It was a clean case of bluff on Pete's part, as the cards subsequently showed. The Colonel had held up a pair of jacks, his openers, and an ace. On the draw he caught an ace and a seven of diamonds. Welch had only a pair of fives to start with and he kept them with the rest of the hand. Wallace thought he was bluffing, but lost his nerve at the wrong moment. When the game ended the Colonel had barely \$4,000. He bought back two of his slaves that were lost, and the twenty-two went to Welch. They were sold in the town a month later."

Literary Note. As is natural the December OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY contains many stories and jingles about Christmas. There is a jolly poem 'How Santa Claus had a Frolic', full of life and spirit, and 'Tom's Christmas Tree' will teach the little ones to respect their elders. Though Christmas Stories and tales of old Santa are numerous, yet instructive articles are well represented in 'The Ant's Milk Cows', which tells about the curious little animals from whom the ants get food by milking them; the interesting Japanese children are described in an entertaining way by Charles T. De Witt. Though the stories in this magazine are light and fanciful as is suitable for their young readers, there is not a one which does not inculcate good morals and instruct. Truly this delightful little magazine must be warmly welcomed by many mothers. (10 cents a copy; \$1.00 a year.) LAURENCE ELKUS, publisher. 181 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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