

DARKER SIDE OF LIFE.

A WOMAN TELLS OF HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

Some incidents in the Career of a Woman who is Devoted to Charitable Works—She Talks of the City's Poor and how They Live—an Interesting Story.

"There is nothing truer than the old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives;" said a lady to PROGRESS this week—a lady whose name is associated with many charitable movements and who is recognized as a born, leader, and organizer by those whose privilege it is to work with her.

"We realize the sad truth of this saying more fully during the early autumn and winter when one goes out sometimes in response to a call for aid, from a warm, blazing fire to a place—I cannot call it a home—where little children, with barely enough clothing to cover their tender little bodies huddle around a few embers in a big barracks-like room.

"It is said frequently in my hearing that there are very few cases of absolute want in St. John, and that such as exist are usually the result of carelessness, laziness or desipation. My connection with various societies takes me around the poor districts a great deal and I have no hesitation in saying that there is a great deal of poverty in this city and that it is not all due to the causes mentioned. There are of course a great many cases where an overfondness for drink, or an over dislike of work causes suffering and want, but I say from long observation and in perfect good faith, that these cases are in the minority.

"Superficial observers know nothing of the things that come under the notice of regularly organized charitable societies. A young lady came to me not long ago and said that now the cold winter was coming on she felt she would like to devote a little of her time to charity. She was full of energy, zeal, and that nice tact which is so absolutely necessary in dealing with the very poor classes. I asked her if she could not find plenty of needy people on every hand and her answer was so original that I must tell it to you.

"Plenty of needy people?" she said, "yes I suppose there are, and I have honestly tried to find them out. The other afternoon I started out to hunt up some cases of which I had heard vague rumors. I wasn't familiar with the section of the city which I visited, but I had an idea that there were a great many poor in it. I eagerly scanned every old tenement I came across; in the distance they looked as though the inmates might require some help, but I always changed my mind about going in when I got to the door. No matter how good one's intentions may be it requires a good deal of courage to intrude upon the privacy of even acknowledged paupers. No matter how dilapidated the house may be outside you can't associate absolute poverty with flower filled, and muslin, even old ragged muslin draped windows. Cases of poverty seem to melt away when you're on the lookout for them, and you can't go up to a man or woman on the street, even if you know they look as though they needed charity, and ask them if they've had their dinner, now can you?"

"I replied by telling the young lady of a letter I had just received from the clergyman of the church I attend, telling me of a place he would like me to call, and where he thought immediate assistance was required. I took the young lady with me to the house mentioned in the letter, and I think she had a practical illustration of what real poverty is.

"The family lived in two rooms on the third floor of a fairly respectable house—that is respectable on the outside—and one would never suspect from passing that so much misery existed within. My companion was half afraid to venture up the second flight of rickety stairs with its broken steps. It was drawing near five o'clock, and the day was one of the chilliest we have had this month. My rap at the door was opened by a tiny girl of seven years—whose sad little face was pinched and blue with cold. She had on some skirts and a dress that would fit a girl of ten or twelve years and over all she had drawn a man's vest, into the pockets of which she thrust her hands as soon as she had found us seats. Huddled around a broken stove were three other children,—the youngest a baby about nine months old. There was very little furniture in the room, and as the little ones had been alone most of the day they had succeeded in getting things pretty untidy.

"The children stared at us and the baby began to cry. The little girl took him up and cuddled him and carried him in her small arms, and he clung to her as if to his last hope. "Give him my piece of bread" suggested a little curly headed chap of three or four years. "Shut up you silly thing, he ain't hungry, I made my slice into pap for him at dinner time" this from the little

woman who was acting the part of mother, and which caused my friend to clutch at my arm in horror. Enquiries elicited that a neighbor had sent in half a loaf of bread and some cold potatoes in the morning and that the children had had nothing since.

"But we're going to have a good supper I guess, for mother's workin today for a woman who allus gives her a basket of things to eat" said the little girl; "She sent us some buns with raisins in the other night and we saved them all for Frankie's cause he was sick, I wish she'd send some meat to day. We aint had no 'meat for—oh a long time most a month I guess. We've got a fire today and we hanged a quilt up over that broken window, and we ain't very cold now." The child had talked in a happy sort of way which implied that badly off as they were they still had lots to be thankful for.

"It was one of the most pathetic incidents I ever encountered. We did what we could to give them a good supper and by the time we were ready to go the mother entered. She was a widow, her husband having died less than a year ago. She found it almost impossible to get work, and had only three days a week at the time we visited her. She frequently went supperless to bed in order that the children might have at least a bite to eat. Some neighbors, and a grocery man, who suspected her hard struggle were kind to her, but she would not ask for charity, and so the five often went hungry. We found plenty of work for her and the baby gets more than a cup of pap a day now.

"Another case which came under my notice a day or two ago was of a family of four, a mother and father and two little boys aged eight and four. The father has been ill for ten weeks, and the little boys and some kind hearted neighbours look after him while his wife goes out daily to earn enough for them to eat. Some charitable society looks after them I think but where there are so many to be attended to the amount bestowed upon each case is very limited and is naturally confined to the barest necessities. Grocers can tell some sad stories too, and I could mention several of them who are always giving a helping hand to the poor in their vicinity. They not only supply food but I know of cases where when deaths have occurred and nothing but pauper burial stared the family in the face, the grocers I refer to have come to the rescue—purchased plain and inexpensive coffins, and otherwise relieved the bereaved ones of the horror of interment in the poor burying ground.

"Why have they a horror of the poor burying ground? You wouldn't need to ask that question if you had ever been out there. Cows and horses roam there at will, and I have heard the most gruesome stories of the way in which the earth has been dug away from coffins, leaving them exposed to view. I've heard even worse things than that about the poor burying ground.

"This city has some real old death traps in the way of tenements and some day there will be a repetition of that Brussels street tragedy of two or three years ago—you remember where, two people were killed by the collapse of an old tenement. I heard of an estate which owns property on that street, the management of which have allowed the houses to fall into a terrible condition. Now as an inducement to the tenants to fix them up the estate is offering to relieve them of the water tax. Its an unequal sort of arrangement I should think.

"Did you notice an appeal in the daily papers in the early summer for assistance for a woman who lives on Church street near the Marsh bridge. Help came pretty promptly from various sources and the woman and her three bright little girls—the youngest was a year old last month—were made comfortable for a time. She receives assistance now from an Episcopal church for she can't get a great deal of work. I believe she only has three days a week and that isn't much for a woman and three children to live on. She has had a pretty hard time of it and is deserving of any assistance that may be held out to her.

"A few afternoons ago one of the papers told of a woman who fainted in King Square about 5.30 the evening before, while returning from an afternoons work. Upon investigation by a lady connected with a society that I am told does much good among the poor, it was found the woman was in an advanced stage of consumption; she lived in one room and half the time had to beg for food, when she couldn't get work, though she had once been better off. There are hundreds of equally heart-rending cases but the ones mentioned are among my experiences of the past two or three weeks alone. I am glad to say that whenever such circumstances become known there is always a very prompt and generous response to appeals for food, clothing, fuel, or medicine. There are many sides to life and though we may like

to read and follow the gay revel of those in more fortunate circumstance, it is good for us to occasionally get a glimpse of the other side."

A SHERWOD TONGA CHIEF.

He Would Have Nothing to do with Modern Civilization.

"You should read Doctor Martin's 'William Mariner,' said a German, who had lived twenty years on the Friendly Islands, referring to Mariner's 'Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands,' edited by Martin. The remark was addressed to the passengers of a steamer, voyaging about the South Sea Islands, and the German added, 'It is a classic, and every word of it is true. I used to lie on my mat in the afternoons and draw all gradually out of Achima—Achima was an old, old woman. She is dead now.'

In one of his volumes Mariner gives a quaint commentary, uttered by the Tonga chief, Finow on modern political economy and money as a medium of exchange. Finow had been advised by the white traders that if he would adopt, in place of yams, bananas and coconuts, the money of civilized nations, his people could exchange it for everything they wanted, and grow rich.

The chief puzzled over the suggestion for some time, and then decided that the money system of civilization would not benefit his people, and he would have none of it. 'The power to hold money and hoard it up,' said he, 'which could not be done with yams or bananas or coconuts, must make people very selfish.'

Mariner tried to explain to the chief the art of communicating by writing. 'It solidifies speech so that you can hand it round.' Finow snatched the paper on which Mariner had written the chief's name which an other Englishman had read aloud, the writer's back being turned. He looked at it with astonishment, and turned it round and round.

'This is neither like myself nor anybody else,' said he. 'Where are my legs? How do you know it to be I?'

He then desired Mariner to write Tarky, the name of a chief whom Mariner had not yet seen. He was blind in one eye, a fact of which, of course Tarky, was ignorant. When the name Tarky, was read, Finow asked, 'Is he blind, or not?'

'This' says the author, 'quintly, 'was putting writing to an unfair test.'

TOOK WILDCATS PHOTOGRAPH.

Boy Photographer's Father Shot the Animal Directly Afterward.

To photograph a wildcat just before shooting the animal is a feat which few hunters can ever accomplish. It was done recently by William M. Shaw of Greenville, Me. and the photograph has come to town. Mr. Shaw who is a rich lumberman in the Moosehead region, owns most of Sugar Island, one of the most picturesque spots in Moosehead Lake. On this bit of land is situated the camp of the Nightawk Club, whose membership is largely drawn from sportsmen from New York and Boston. On the easterly shore of the island there is a little village of individual camps, each member's family having a camp to themselves, and all taking their meals in the general club dining and lounging camp where several cheerful fireplaces of generous size drive away the blues and warm up the guests during the hunting and fishing seasons.

None of the campers is a more enthusiastic sportsman than Mr. Shaw, who combines with his tastes as a hunter those of the artist. He is a devoted amateur photographer and has taught the art to all the members of his family who are able to handle a camera. On his yearly hunting trips he is usually accompanied by his 12-year-old son Hugh. It was on one of these trips that the photograph was taken. On this occasion the younger Shaw carried the camera. They had had a tire some tramp through the woods, when Mr. Shaw looking up, saw a large wildcat ready to spring. Raising his rifle and standing ready to fire should the beast attempt to spring, Mr. Shaw kept his eyes on the cat, while Master Hugh pressed the button. The result is the picture. Mr. Shaw, the next instant, fired, and the cat fell to the ground mortally wounded. Mr. Shaw has the wildcat mounted, and he keeps it in his house.

Not Easily Satisfied.

'No men are so hard to suit, in the way of their garments and outfits generally, as are sportsmen, and nearly all what I may call the 'kings of sport'—the big game men who travel the world over—have wholly original notions both as to style and material,' said one of the best-known sportsmen's providers in this country. 'One of the mightiest hunters known to this time has nearly the whole of his coats made without sleeves, so that he may be both protected from the weather and use his arms freely; and another has all his exploring suits lined with cork covered with asbestos. He has slept, out in the open air hundreds of nights in different climates in garments of this kind Prince Henri d'Orleans, besides wearing a suit of chain when amongst savages, has all his clothes



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rendered fire-proof, I suppose in order that he may lie very near camp fires. The whole world knows how the late Sir Richard Burton 'roughed it' if traveller ever did, but he was the 'dandy' of explorers one of the most difficult of men to satisfy on the score of elegance. In deers he would make himself up as though for a walk up Piccadilly, and I tried him on twenty times for one exploring suit.'

TOLD BY THE DOCTOR

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes that Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefits it May Prove to Others.

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction. The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the comities of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the country of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable at first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all these weary months, he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he had not taken any medicine whatever, and to-day you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. 'What do I think of Pink Pills?' he queried with a smile; 'why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day.'

The experience of years has proven that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say is 'just as good.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Referred. The New Servant: 'And when do you get up in the morning, sir?' The Professor: 'You can find that by looking in 'Famous Men of the Time.'

Excusable. A story is told of an actor who, after playing the same part for a very long time, forgot his lines one night. 'It's very strange,' said the stage manager.

We notice in all the newspapers of Canada hearty congratulations extended to 'THE FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' of Montreal, on their very handsome picture this year. The picture entitled 'THE THIN RED LINE' is a stirring battle scene, and is immensely popular. The 'FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' we notice is 24 pages this week. A twenty-four page paper like the 'FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' and a picture like 'THE THIN RED LINE' all for one dollar is marvellous. The equal of it certainly has never been seen before.

His Sacrifice. Mrs. Tracy: 'Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save your fellow-men any suffering?' Tracy: 'Didn't I marry you?'

Sorry She Asked. Mrs. Knagg: 'What is meant by 'carrying concealed weapons?'' Mr. Knagg: 'Keeping your tongue between your teeth.'

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