

They Saw Our Harbor.

When the provincial government and the city arranged to wind up their conference on steamship matters with an excursion around the harbor and bay they were wise, inasmuch as it afforded the delegates an opportunity to obtain some practical information regarding one of the most important features of a steamship service—the port of arrival and departure. The steamer Lansdowne just placed in commission—was at the disposal of the committee and Capt. Bisset and his officers did the most they could to make it pleasant for the sightseers. The Lansdowne is large and for this reason was not as handy in turning in the harbor as a small vessel would have been but this gave her passengers more time to view the wharves, to inspect the new works at the Intercolonial terminus and to fully comprehend the extent of the improvements made by the city on the western side of the harbor.

The party was fairly representative. Had not the impression prevailed somewhat generally that it was by invitation no doubt more citizens interested in the trade of the port would have attended but it was open to all who put in an appearance at the conference and registered their names. The mayor and the aldermen and the local government were well represented and no doubt even to some of these gentlemen, who are supposed to be acquainted with all things connected with St. John as a port, the trip was full of instruction. In the first place the new I. C. R. elevator with its long conveyors have not been completed long enough for anyone to have but a faint idea of them and they were viewed with much interest. The chance of enlarging the trade of St. John is much increased by this addition to the government railway facilities. Then the active life of the harbor, the fishermen so busy and numerous that it was a task to escape their nets, the foreign and local steamers being loaded with deals, the boat loads of men crossing and recrossing to and from work at the evening hour, the ferry steamer crowded with people living in the West End but working in the East and vice versa; the arrival of the Prince Rupert from Nova Scotia; the departure of the swift Westport for the coast on the other side of Fundy's Bay; the preparations for the clearance of the big Norwegian steamer that later on passed us down the bay bound for the wide ocean; the joyous exercise of young men in their pleasure boats; the busy tugs bringing in bargues, and schooners just arrived from long voyages; all this combined to impress the stranger with the fact that St. John harbor is a place of life and activity.

When the steamer was headed down the bay which was mirror-like in its smoothness, the pleasure of the trip became the prominent feature and lovers of nature had plenty of time to enjoy the ever changing and beautiful scene before them. Partridge Island and the break water, the heights of Dufferin, Red Head in the distance and still further Mahogany Island formed a comprehensive view which stood out prominently before the colored horizon. Mispec and Pisarinoe between which the bay was dotted with fishermen with nets a mile long formed an interesting scene which was new to many. The tall chimneys of the new pulp mill at Mispec gave the delegates a practical idea of an industry that may be expected to contribute generously toward the cargoes of the summer service steamers.

The return trip was delightful made even more so, perhaps by the fact that sharpened appetites were satisfied. The committee in charge of the refreshment had done their part to perfection and there was no disinclination on the part of the guests to do full justice to what had been provided.

The City Cornet band helped to make the afternoon more pleasant and the graceful efforts of talented gentlemen afforded much additional amusement. The lovers of practical jokes, quick wits and happy raconteurs were all present and made the twilight hour pass quickly. Then of course there were speeches and good ones—after dinner speeches; free from the prudence of politics and the sting of party talk; good humor, good wishes and the best of good nature prevailed. "Every thing went" as the saying goes.

How could it be different with such a quick witted and graceful chairman as Secretary Tweedie and happy talkers like Recorder Skinner, Dr. Pugsley and Warden McGoldrick. Of course there were serious speeches and to these Premier Emerson, Mayor Daniel and Messrs. McKewen and Dunn contributed with so

much eloquence that silence and attention prevailed. It was even said that Councillor Graham made a serious speech but one might go on forever in writing upon such a subject.

The occasion was altogether a happy one and will be remembered with pleasure for a long time

FRIGN FIREMAN AND ENGINEER How a Russian Nobleman Climbed to the Top of His Profession.

The son of a wealthy manufacturer of woollens refused to begin where his father left off. That he might fit himself to manage the business, he began in the sorting-room, whose dirty work made him an expert judge of the grades of wool. From room to room he passed, until he sat down in the superintendent's chair, with a practical knowledge of all the details of the complicated business.

Leslie's Weekly informs us of a Russian prince who also began at the bottom of the ladder, and after being locomotive fireman, engineer, machinist and superintendent of rolling stock, rose to the position of Russian Minister of Public Works and Railways.

Prince Khilkoff comes of an old Russian family, and while visiting the United States was greatly impressed by our institutions. On his return home he found his fortune impaired by the emancipation of the serfs, and determined to cross the Atlantic again in search of the commercial success denied him in Russia.

He first secured work as a fireman on the Erie Railway, and rose to be assistant engineer. Hearing of the demand for locomotive hands in South America, he went to Peru, where he was promoted from the position of assistant engineer to that of chief engineer and finally to that of superintendent of rolling stock.

From Peru he went to Liverpool, where for a year he worked as an ordinary mechanic in a locomotive machine shop. The motive of this latter change was not so much the bettering of his finances as the learning about all parts of railway mechanics.

Meanwhile his Russian friends had not lost interest in him, and that interest was heightened by the story of his brave fight against adversity. When he returned to his native land, equipped with a practical knowledge of railways, he was almost immediately appointed superintendent of the Kiel-Kurak system, a position which he filled with such distinction that he was transferred to the more important Moscow-Ryazan line.

Prince Khilkoff's greatest service to his country, however, has consisted in constructing a short railway from Michalovsk on the Caspian to Kisil-Arvat, a station of the Caspian railway. Since then his services in Bulgaria and in the Russian provinces in Asia have been valuable.

CLEANING UP.

The Great Work Undertaken by a Chicago Woman

Women have always been famous for house cleaning; now we have one who has become renowned for street cleaning. What the majority of her sisters do for their homes, Mrs. Paul is doing for the streets of Chicago. She has official charge of the downtown streets in the city's first ward, and they are cleaned and paved under her direction. "All nighters" in that part of Chicago have become accustomed to the sight of the stout, cheerful woman driving about the streets in a top buggy drawn by a patient, ambling horse.

The outfit is seen only at night. The horse never breaks into a trot, and the driver never hurries him. They simply keep going all the time. The woman driver has a shrewd and kindly face, with a pleasant gleam in her eyes. Policemen exercise a sort of fatherly care over the outfit. They watch it from crossing to crossing, and grow uneasy if it fails to appear at the proper time.

Zal for the welfare of the men, women and children of the city first drew Mrs. Paul to her somewhat unusual sphere of labor. A few years ago she lost her husband and only child, their deaths being caused as she believes, by the unsanitary condition of the streets. Since then having means at her command, she has made a special study of sanitation, street paving and kindred subjects. For two years she gave her service free of charge to this department of work in Chicago. Her energy and ability being recognized she was made superintendent of downtown streets.

The office is no sinecure. At seven o'clock every evening Mrs. Paul gets out from her hotel, for street inspection and cleaning are carried on between seven in the evening and six in the morning. Driving over to her little office in the city yard Mrs. Paul calls the roll of workmen. About seventy-five laborers are employed, and they crowd about the desk railing, chafing one another like a lot of school boys.

The laborers are for the most part Italians. To them Mrs. Paul is "de boss," or "Meester Paula." She is "boss" in fact as well as in name, and the big fellows know it. They know, too, that no other woman occupies the place that their boss does, and they take an innocent pride in the fact. Yet, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, they are a little in doubt as to whether it is all gain to work under a woman.

"She no cuss, but she make work all the time," they say.

After roll call, sweepers, cartmen and street pavers scatter all over the ward and begin work. Mrs. Paul knows the streets as a housekeeper knows the rooms of her house. She now begins her all-night drive, and not a foot of street escapes her notice. About seven in the morning she drives back to her hotel, "just in time," she says, laughingly, "to see the grocers' clerks sweeping refuse slyly into the streets."

A WILD BREAKFAST.

American Speculators Propose to Establish One in the South.

The close of the Spanish War left the way open for the carrying out of a farming scheme that is somewhat novel in design. Its object is to raise wild animals in captivity, so that circus managers may not have to scout foreign lands to procure them. Wild animals in tropical countries are fast decreasing in number, and it is feared that hunting and the increase of population will soon exterminate them. The idea is to provide a regular farm for the raising of animals that hitherto have been procured only from hunters.

More than two years ago a thousand acres of land were purchased in southern Florida for the carrying out of the scheme, but the whole county round about was roused to indignation at the thought that ferocious wild beasts were to be turned loose in the neighborhood. The scheme was consequently abandoned, so far as that location was concerned, but negotiations were entered into for the purchase of

several small islands not far from the Florida coast.

The war with Spain delayed the completion of the purchase, but eventually three islands of about six thousand acres were secured. They are said to be ideally located for animal farms. There is no fear of the beasts crossing over to the mainland, and the islands are far enough apart to deter the inhabitants to any one island from paying an unwelcome visit to another. It will thus be easy to divide the animals into three classes according to their ability to get along together, and to give each class an island to itself.

It is said that when the scheme is perfected the farms will be as homelike as it is possible to make them, and that experts will be in charge of each. The animals will be brought from Asia, Africa and South America, and turned loose in their new homes.

Portions of the islands are wooded, and in some there is a thick undergrowth that will make a fair imitation of a jungle. An animal hospital is part of the scheme. Already expeditions are being fitted out to search for the animals.

Wanted to Carve McKinley

Ireland's delegate to the Philadelphia convention spent a night in the West Thirtieth street police station because he made public declaration that he would kill President McKinley for allowing himself to be nominated for chief executive while Theodore Roosevelt was alive.

Besides this, too, he expressed a desire to shoot and carve everybody who had anything to do with the naming of the man from Ohio for re-election.

At the station house he said: "I'm the original old Born that helped lick the British a thousand years ago. I just ran over here from Ireland last week to nominate Roosevelt for president. After that I was going down and drive 'Bobs' out of the Transvaal."

After this information he confessed to the name of Ebenezer Young, but stuck to the story of his intentions.

"Brian Born" thrust himself into notice first, by a whoop and a harango, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon at Twenty-ninth street and Broadway, in front of the Gilsey House. His wild gesticulations persuaded some of the bystanders that the work of extermination commence at once, and they called a policeman "Brian Born" saw him coming and hurried down the street. At Sixth Avenue and Twenty-first street he repeated his performance. At Twenty-ninth street he delivered another harango. He started, after it, toward the Hudson River. Detective Binning arrested him near Seventh Avenue.—N. Y. Telegraph.

The Prince of Wales

His uniforms are worth \$75,000.
He is colonel eight times over.
He has thirteen university degrees.
He loves to travel incognito in Paris.
He owns the deepest mine in England.
He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He is 57 years old and has four grand children.

When he was young he was very tender-hearted and cried for days when his tutor let him.

He started life with an income of \$55,000 a year.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

He sets the fashion in clothes for the whole world.

He was the first christian to dine with the Sultan.

He is 5 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds.

He is said to be one of the best shots in England.

He receives 200 letters a day and answers most of them.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner, and yachtsman in England.

He has friends in every station, and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian.

He has made more speeches than any man in this world, but mostly short ones.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,000 a year.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist him.

He visited Nova Scotia in 1860 and it is expected he will again visit this continent before the end of the year 1901.

A Watchmaker.

The late Aaron Dennison was called 'the father of American watchmaking.' He was interested in his work, because he hoped thereby to benefit his fellow man.

Often he worked late into the night, so late that his loving wife would go and beg him to 'wait until tomorrow.' One night she said to him: 'Are you not going to bed at all? What are you doing?'

"And he turned and slowly answered, 'I am trying to make it possible for every poor man to have a watch—a result which is very nearly accomplished.'



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.