

CONDITION OF THE COLOURED SHACKS.

**Some of these Places are Exceedingly Filthy
there being an Entire lack of Sewerage
or Drainage---Progress by Police Col-
lecting Poll Tax.**

The police made their first morning raid after poll tax yesterday morning, and succeeded in gathering in about one hundred and fifty dollars. Deputy Chief MacCormack was in charge of the squad, which consisted of Officers McSween, McPhail, McIntyre, McDonald, and McQueen. They cleaned up the Hungarian shacks on Ferris street pretty thoroughly, and also paid a visit to the colored quarters.

The conditions in some of these places are bad beyond description. Some of the houses are fairly clean, but the majority are exceedingly filthy. There is no sewerage or water connections, and the ventilation is foul. Especially is this true in some shacks at the colored quarters, which are occupied, not by negroes, but by Hungarians, Poles and Newfoundlanders. The beds are simply a big deal table about seven feet broad, which runs down the whole length of the room. The men wrap themselves up in their blankets and lie on this shelf as close as they can pack. There is also in the room a stove, which the inmates seem to think it a point of humor to keep as hot as possible, and hanging from the ceiling, which is generally about ten feet high, are the spare clothes of the men.

None of the beds are ever aired, for as soon as one shift is out of them, another is in. These are, of course, the conditions in only the worst of the houses. The Ferris street Huns, who live all in sections of the old hotel Breton, keep their houses in some state of cleanliness.

Two families occupy a double house, and have from four to six rooms in it. The family, if they don't keep boarders, usually occupy two or three rooms at the rear of the building. The front room is filled with coal kindlings, and the up-

stairs rooms are used for storing vegetables and live stock, almost every family having two or three geese or ducks in a barrel.

If the interior conditions are fairly clean, the exterior conditions on Ferris street certainly are not. It is the prevailing custom there for each family to empty its dish water at the back door, and let it take its own course in getting to a ditch by the side of the street, and as a general thing, it doesn't get there at all, but stays near the house, and forms a filthy ill-smelling pool.

A number of fires have left their marks in big holes burnt through the narrow plank sidewalk, making it dangerous to travel there after dark.

The police had some trouble getting the money from some, but as a rule they paid up, the previous raids having instilled a wholesome fear of the law in their hearts. Some little opposition was met in one Italian boarding house. One man refused to pay and was taken to gaol; another refused to pay, but when the handcuffs were snapped on him, he changed his tune, and produced the money. The strongest opposition was met in a Hungarian house, when a woman frantically tried to defend her husband, who was in bed, from the ravages of the law. "He no gotta da mon," was her cry; and when told that he must get it, she threw herself over the bed and defied the officers to take him. The man took it very philosophically, and started to dress, but the wife still cried and screamed till removed from the room. She then went out and borrowed the money, and as the officers were leaving, grasped a kettle of boiling water to throw over them.

Several men were found hiding under a bed in one house, and many other like schemes were detected.