

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

## INDICTED FOR CRUELTY.

### WOMAN'S WAY OF DEALING WITH DUMB CREATURES.

"Astra" Thinks Her Sex Needs a Rebuke and Administers One—An Earnest Plea for Ladies to Discourage the Wholesale Slaughter of Birds.

I have come to the conclusion that women are naturally cruel. I never thought so before, because I have always been too fond of my own sex to see many faults in them, but lately the conviction has been forced upon me, and I must accept it. I have long known that the most timid women, the clinging, shrinking creatures who always want some one to lean against, and whose trembling inexperience and sweet timidity is sure to arouse every chivalrous instinct in the hearts of the men they meet and make them long to protect such fragile ware, are the most cruel, the most utterly reckless of all suffering that does not affect themselves. I have seen a little gentle frightened damsel whose whole soul was wrapped up in music—and who looked like a modern Saint Cecilia who might well call down the angels to listen to her as she sat wrapped in inspiration and delicate silk garments, at the piano or organ—I have seen this little saint spring from her chair with shrieks of horror when a bewildered and harmless moth banged itself heavily against the lamp shade; and when some devoted admirer caught the bloodthirsty reptile of her imagination, I have seen this same seraph take it boldly into her little hand—and drop it carefully into the flame of the lamp with the utmost deliberation and satisfaction, thanking her deliverer at the same time with a child-like smile. I have seen a sweet faced angel with great blue eyes, and the rosy mouth of one of Raphael's cherubs, who looked as if she would not hurt a fly, and whose soul bowed in terror before a bumble bee, secure one of her enemies when he was sleepy and helpless in the evening, plunge a pin through his body, fasten him securely to the wall and leave him there to die in lingering agony which lasted for two days. And I have seen the strong-minded, independent female who never yearned for protection, or called up chivalrous instincts in the hearts of the sterner sex, burn her fingers with a red hot lamp chimney in her haste to remove it and release a moth which had fallen inside, pick a drowning fly out of a pail of water, and cry till her nose was crimson, and her eyes invisible, over a dying kitten.

Almost invariably the timid creature who nearly goes into hysterics at the sight of a tiny mouse quivering with a far more terrible, because well grounded, terror than she can feel—manages to stave off her nervous convulsions long enough to shriek lustily for some one to "Kill it! Jump on it! Put it in the fire! Throw the tongs on it!" And while the entire family are gathered around the howling victim of nerves and affection, her plain faced and strong minded sister has quietly picked up the palpitating atom of grey fur and blue terror which has caused all the disturbance, dropped it tenderly into a sheltered nook in the back yard, within easy reach of the cellar, and is busily setting the furniture to rights, at the scene of the late engagement, before her more interesting relative has recovered consciousness.

The timid woman is, as I said before, singularly indifferent to the sufferings of others. When anything in the animal world annoys or frightens her she wants it killed at once, if possible. A frolicsome puppy chases her and perhaps succeeds in catching her dress, and that woman's nearest male relative does not know the meaning of the word peace until he has called upon the owner of the too sportive pup and threatened him with the utmost rigor of the law unless he has the vicious brute immediately destroyed. The family cat either scratches the baby, or has a convulsion brought on by enforced abstinence from food—as the timid woman is usually too much afraid of animals to feed them—or else by indigestion, caused from a rather tough rat in her little inside; and her hysterical mistress refuses to be comforted until the dangerous creature is drowned. Under like circumstances the strong minded, hard-featured female arms herself with a coarse towel, which she throws around the struggling creature to protect herself from its claws, and then carries it out into the back yard, lays it on the grass, and says quietly, "Poor old pussy, she is not well. I must give her some catnip." I wonder how you would feel, O nervous woman, if some one wanted to drown you every time you had a fit of hysterics?

Unfortunately the weaker women predominate largely in the scale of creation, and so, when a few of the stronger, and more thoughtful amongst them endeavor in good faith to put down some abuse which they feel to be a disgrace to humanity, they have to fight, not so much against established usage or public opinion as the weakness, the sanity and the thoughtlessness of the great majority of their own sex. The thoughtful woman reads with feelings of absolute horror of the wanton destruction of bird life, that is caused by the ever increasing fancy for birds wings, stuffed birds, and feather trimming, in the millinery and dress garniture of the past few years; she reads reliable accounts of the sickening cruelties practised upon the helpless creatures, how the birds which are only wanted for their wings, especially sea birds, are frequently caught, stunned, their wings torn off, and their bleeding, but living bodies thrown back into the water and left to die in agony. How day after day whole boat loads of birds come into the English seaport towns from foreign ports, "dead birds" they are called but many of them are half alive when they are landed, and I think if we knew how many were alive when they were shipped, flung wounded and suffering into the boats to

gasp out their wretched lives on the voyage, and die of suffocation beneath layers of their already dead comrades; how one leather merchant in London received in one consignment 360,000 singing birds of different varieties from the East Indies, and another records the sale in the city of London of over two millions of birds in one year, while one feather merchant in New York sells and exports thirty millions of dressed and stuffed birds yearly. I have borrowed these figures from a recent issue of the *Toronto Mail*, and I feel certain they are not exaggerated. French naturalists complain that in some parts of France certain varieties of singing birds, such as nightingales, warblers and red throats are in danger of total extermination, as they cannot multiply fast enough to supply the demand for their lifeless carcasses. Think of it, nightingales! Why it almost seems like trapping angels for the sake of rifling their wings to kill a nightingale, a skylark or a thrush, but yet I firmly believe that if the angels walked the earth today, there are some women who would willingly have them denuded of their wings, provided "angel plumage" came into fashion.

Is it any wonder the woman with a heart in her breast and brains in her head feels ashamed of her sex, ashamed that the name of woman should be connected with such cruelties, for we and we alone are responsible for all this slaughter; men don't wear stuffed birds in their hats, or feather trimming around the tails of their coats, they have too much sense of the fitness of things. Is it any wonder we feel that the gentle Princess of Wales has taken this matter in hand, none too soon, and is now lending her influence to the discouragement of bird slaughter for the gratification of female vanity, as she might have lent it long ago? I believe her royal highness has discontinued wearing stuffed birds and feather trimmings of all kinds, and may all humane women soon follow her example; a very large majority of women will do so; I doubt not, but it will not be from motives of mercy, so much as from the fact that the decision of our future queen will be likely to render bird trimmings unfashionable.

Don't wait for the fashion to change, girls, and then fall into line because others do? Stand at the head of the procession yourselves and let others follow you, show that you have a mind of your own and what is even more important, a heart. Don't be guilty of the bad taste of going about with the mummied corpse of what was once one of God's most beautiful creatures perched on your hat, but be strong minded enough to show some originality in the garniture of your head-gear, and if you cannot be satisfied with the wide range of choice offered by ribbons, flowers and velvet, then call self-denial to your aid, consent to be a little less stylish and console yourselves with the reflection that no innocent and beautiful lives have been sacrificed for your adornment, because surely if our Heavenly Father takes count of each sparrow that falls to the ground, He will not neglect to take count of the millions of His feathered songsters sacrificed for the gratification of our vanity, nor to punish those who are responsible for it.

ASTRA.

### Why Duels Have Been Fought.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded, as an excuse, that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admission to a club of pigeon-shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 75th, and Captain M'Pherson, of the 42nd British Regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob, and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—Tid Bits.

### Marvels in Miniature.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cherry, and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miter and crowns. The gentlemen who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, \$25,000 for a cherry seed.—Chicago Herald.

### Circumstance and Responsibility.

We hear much now about circumstances making us what we are and destroying our responsibility; but, however much the external circumstances in which we are placed, the temptations to which we are exposed, the desires of our own natures may work upon us, all the influences have a limit they do not pass, and that is the limit laid upon them by the freedom of the will, which is essential to human nature—to our own personality.—Anon.

## COLUMBUS IN THE AIR.

### BOSTON BOOMS HIM AND TAKES A REST ON POLITICS.

Pictures of the Distinguished Navigator as He Did and Did Not Appear—The Craze for Celebrating—St. John Folks Seen in the Cultured City.

Boston, Oct. 25.—The newspapers dropped politics last week to give Columbus a show, and if everybody does not know all about the man who ran against this great and glorious continent 400 years ago it is not the fault of the press.

The pictures of the candidates which have had a monopoly of the city for weeks, all went into the back ground and Columbus turned up in every direction, with and without whiskers; dressed to perfection in a frill that made his neck straighter than that of the most pronounced dude in town; with white hair, black hair, straight hair and curly hair. In fact there were so many styles of Columbus on exhibition, that if a cromo or painting of a man did not have a name under it, it was taken for granted that it was the discoverer, while fakirs on the common offered to add to the general collection, by shouting "Peanuts, five a bag, picture of Columbus in every bag."

The great feature of the celebration was the parade, in which miles of Italians in all kinds of uniforms, white with dust, fenced in the city between Columbus avenue, Chester Park, Washington and School streets, until late in the afternoon.

It was a great show, and the foreign element came out strong. Italian bands and Italian banners, sons of Italy with gaudy national costumes and swords and feathers that made them look like bad men for a row. They turned out in thousands and marched like heroes fully conscious of the recognition due their native land and bound to make the best of it.

But, although the Italians led the procession, and strung out to a surprising extent, they did not make up the parade. A long detachment of equally patriotic Portuguese were next on time, and then came scores of Roman Catholic societies, school children, barges, floats and all the conventional features of a great parade.

Boston was in holiday attire. The front of the City hall was lost to view in bunting and historical features, while hundreds of many colored incandescents were in place for the illumination in the evening. Except on Washington street, however, where a few of the big dry goods stores went into the decoration business with the intention of giving a show worth looking at, and brought out many historical facts very vividly by means of paintings and mottoes, the displays about town showed very little originality. In most cases it seemed as if the people put out some of last year's bunting with the remark that "we might as well use it as let it get covered with dust."

St. John has shown more enterprise and originality in making the town look attractive times without number.

But a great many Bostonians have expressed themselves as being tired of the celebrating business. It was very aptly remarked the other night that there seemed to be a certain set of people in the United States who did nothing else but hunt up people and events for the country to celebrate, and that there seemed to be no end to the list. All classes and nationalities must have a chance to turn out, and in the great dumping ground like the United States it takes a good many holidays to go round.

The boys brigade seems to be as popular with the youngsters of Boston as it is in St. John. One of the features of the parade was several detachments of boys with uniforms and wooden guns who marched like veterans all day.

The city was pretty well crowded on the holiday, and late in the afternoon when the procession still continued to blockade the streets, the people were not so good natured as the papers might lead one to suppose. Nor did hundreds forget to celebrate in the old fashioned way. The bar-rooms did a rushing business, and in many cases the police took it up where the bartender left off, but as common drunkards are discharged as soon as they get sobered up the receipts of the police court did not help to defray the expenses of the celebration.

Talking of the police court reminds me that Magistrate Ritchie occupied a prominent position on the grand stand when the Columbus statue was unveiled. I also saw Dr. Maher, of the North end, who came up on the same boat, and a few minutes later found Mr. Ritchie renewing an acquaintance after fifteen years with Mr. Henry O'Meara, of the *Journal*, whose verses were recited and sung at the unveiling of the statue and in Boston theatre.

In a large room with polished floors and handsome furniture, on the fifth story of the new *Youth's Companion* building, on Columbus avenue, Mr. Walter L. Sawyer, one of the originators of *Progress*, now spends eight or nine hours a day reading manuscripts for the great weekly. He is one of a coterie of literary men of national reputation, who, from thousands of manuscripts, select the best short stories, anecdotes and short articles of general information that the literary market of America affords. The *Companion* is one of the greatest papers in America—in many respects the greatest—and its new building is thought by many to be the finest in Boston. During the last few years Mr. Sawyer has been a regular contributor to the paper, and a few weeks ago was invited to take a desk in the readers' room.

Washington street was pretty well crowded Thursday afternoon, and I met a number of St. John people. Some were up on a vacation, and are now probably home, but others have been here so long that they have a long list of questions to ask when they meet anybody who has been in St. John within a year. As a usual thing when you see one young man who has come from St. John within recent

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years, you are pretty certain to see a few more familiar faces in his immediate vicinity. On King and Charlotte streets Sundays and in the evenings, there are always a certain number on parade. The boys and girls both do it, you know. They go in flocks, like ducks, so to speak, and quite often you see a pair of young fellows who seem to be almost as inseparable as the Siamese twins were, or the Misses Christine who appeared at the Institute a few years ago.

Well, here in Boston the same order of things prevails. Columbus day I saw three young men on Washington street who were chums in St. John; at the Mechanics Fair I saw one or two pairs of them; and I run across lots of them in the course of a week. They come up here in ones and twos, and the boarding house that has several provincials on the list, and sets a pretty good table, can count on having a colony of them before many years. They come for better or worse, and get it in about equal quantities. St. John people will recognize in the Dr. Ewing mentioned last week, "Jimmy" Ewing, formerly of the delivery department of the post office.

R. G. LARSEN.

### THREE FADED ROYAL BEAUTIES.

The Austrian Empress, the ex-Empress Eugenie, and Alexandra of Wales.

The three most beautiful women of modern times are fast losing the charms which made them famous through increasing years and the sorrows incident to womanhood. Thirty years ago the Empress of Austria was called the most beautiful woman in the world, and like the Empress Eugenie, by her charms won an imperial crown. Her figure was slender and graceful, her eyes large and brilliant, her features faultlessly cut in the purest aquiline type, and her dark hair was braided in heavy braids about a splendidly poised head. Now, conscious of the waning of her charms, hopelessly morbid and sad over the death of her son, she avoids all public ceremonies and functions and rides on horseback through unfrequented roads, or walks in secluded paths with a huge fan, ready to be spread instantly a stranger approaches. For twenty years she has refused to have her portrait painted, and the only pictures that will be left after her death are those showing her at the height of her incomparable beauty.

The Empress Eugenie, oldest of the trio of beauties, is a white-haired woman, crippled with rheumatism, and retains of her charms only the statuesque poise of the head and the beautiful outline of the bust and shoulders. Once the best dressed woman in the world, as well as the most beautiful, whose jewels were the envy of queens and princesses, she is now robed always in most sombre garments. Formerly, as she drove through the streets of Paris, the people grew wild at sight of her beauty; now they call her "the fatal woman," and refuse her a dwelling in the land. As long as her son lived she painted and powdered, dyed her fast thinning yellow locks, and replaced these from the hairdresser's store. Now the beautiful head that wore the diadem of France is crowned with snow-white hair beneath the veil of mourning.

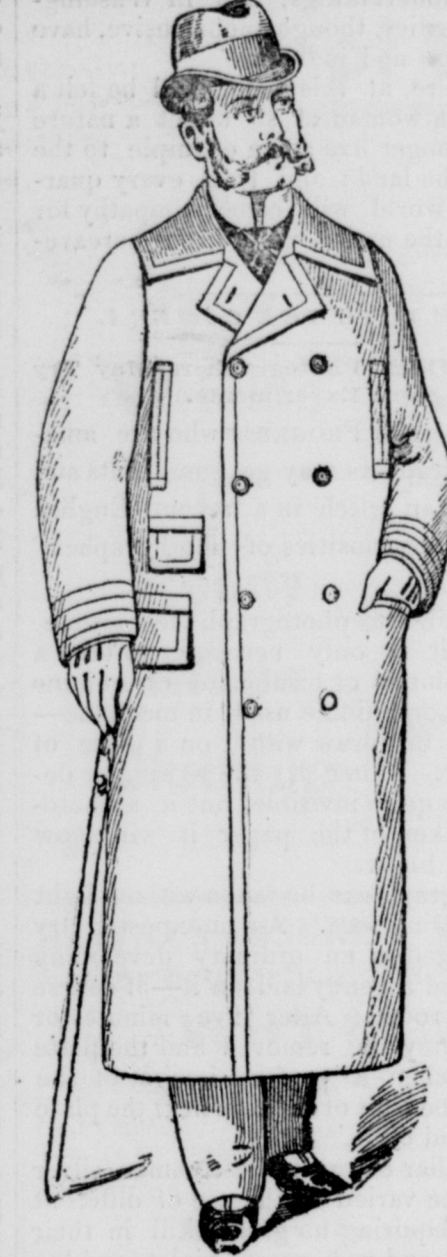
The Princess of Wales, youngest of the three royal beauties, though she still preserves unimpaired the slender symmetry of her beautiful figure, resorts to the coiffeur's art and the painter's cunning to repair the ravages of time. Four wigs, all precisely alike, have been made by a famous artist in Paris, and are kept on the route continually from London to Paris when not in use to be redressed. It takes three hours to prepare the Danish beauty for the day. Her face is tinted as delicately as a miniature, her gowns are gilded and adjusted with exacting nicety, and always in public during the day time she wears a tiny veil of dotted net. Her hearing is greatly impaired and is the source of much embarrassment to her. Still previous to the death of her son the fair Alexandria, when once her toilet was completed, looked but little older and very much handsomer than either of her daughters. Now she is haggard and worn with grief, and looks more nearly her age of almost fifty than she did a few months ago. It is little wonder that the English people adore their princess, for as an example of womanly patience, endurance, and loyalty to pure ideals she stands supreme.—N. Y. Sun.

### He Won the Bet.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered, half audibly to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.



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### TOLD OF A GOLD NUGGET.

It Supported a Consumptive Who Exhibited It and Was Worth \$8,000.

Near Sonora, Tuolumne county, in 1852, a nugget weighing 45 pounds and containing gold to the value of about \$8,000 was found. The finder had a friend who was far gone with consumption, yet was trying to work in the mines. The owner of the nugget saw that by working in the water and lifting heavy boulders this man was fast killing himself. He told his friend to take the big nugget and go back to the States and exhibit it, as at that time such a mass of native gold was a curiosity to see which many would willingly pay a reasonable sum.

As the ailing man was well educated it was arranged that besides the nugget he should take some fine dust, "chispas," gold bearing quartz, black sand, gravel and dirt from a placer, and the like, and with all was to fix up a lecture on life in the mines, mining operations and California in general. When the owner of the nugget wanted it or its value he was to let the other know of his need.

The sick man took the nugget to the States, got up his lecture and did well wherever he went. For a time the miner heard from his friend pretty regularly, then for months lost track of him. He began to think his nugget lost; that perhaps his friend had been murdered and robbed in some out of the way place.

One day, however, a letter reached the miner from a banker in New Orleans telling him that his friend had died in that city but had left the big nugget at the bank subject to his order. The miner wrote to have the nugget melted down, and in due time he received a check for a little over \$8,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Durability of Water Colors.

Some years ago there was a fierce controversy in the papers on the durability of water-colors. Those who took part in it, as well as every one who is interested in the subject, should visit Dr. Flinders Petrie's exhibition in the Oxford-Mansions, noticed in yesterday's *Daily News*. In his recent explorations at Tel-El-Amarna, the city of Kheunaten, he discovered a fragment of wall-paper in distemper or water-

color. The portion that had been least injured by confusion or abrasion is that where the two daughters—Merit-Aten and Makt-Aten—of Kheunaten are represented. According to Dr. Flinders Petrie this painting is as old as 1400 B. C., and consequently has now stood the test of time for nearly 3,300 years, and yet the colors could not have had a much fresher appearance when they were first laid on. This picture has been preserved under the mounds of an old city, and has received knocks and bruises, so it cannot be said to have been kept under the best possible conditions. Still the colors have survived, showing that water-colors if properly taken care of do possess the quality of permanency.—London News.

### A Clear Headed Reasoner.

"My father saw you coming out of a saloon today, Edward," said the young lady to her beau.

"Well, he had no fault to find with me for that, had he?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, my coming out showed that I didn't want to stay there, didn't it? If he had seen me in a saloon hanging around a bar, he would have had just cause for finding fault with me; but coming out of one—well, I don't know any place that a young man should come out of quicker, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, what harm have I done? I think I should be praised rather than blamed for my action. Don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

### Expense of Living in America.

You ask whether living is dearer in America. Yes and no. It depends on the nature of the expenses. The American expends more for his rent and for his clothing; but he spends less for food. For his rent the American pays about 16 per cent. of his entire revenue, the Englishman 11 per cent., the Frenchman 8 per cent., the Belgian 47 per cent., and the German 49 per cent. These are only approximate figures, subject to controversy, but the general conclusion is exact and according to the reality of the facts as I have observed them in all parts of the Union.—Philadelphia Press.