

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1892.

## A GREAT TOWN FOR LAW.

MONCTON PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO SPEND MONEY ON IT.

The Legal Fraternity Grows and Flourishes—Men who Value Real Estate at a Pretty High Figure and Want Every Inch of It—A Case in Point.

Moncton people seem to have a natural taste for going to law which, like a birthmark or a hereditary predilection for drink, is well nigh ineradicable. It is not always in great matters that this peculiar tendency shows itself but also in very trifling ones and, like the western family who engaged in a lawsuit with a neighbor about the ownership of a pig and fought over the case until both families were ruined and not only the original pig but several generations of his descendants had paid the debt of nature and been either gathered to their fathers or garnered in the smoke house—the average Moncton man will fight for what he considers his rights until like Alexander MacStinger he is covered with weals or else has won his case. Money is no object to him when it comes to a lawsuit. He will sell all that he owns and mortgage his house in the good cause, but law is the one extravagance he permits himself and law he is going to have in abundance even if it takes all his worldly goods to procure the luxury; and the stranger who visits our town for the first time and is struck with amazement at the number of lawyers' signs, and consumed with wonder that a town of our dimensions should be able to support eleven—I think it is eleven—lawyers in comfort, proves how utterly unacquainted he is with our distinguishing characteristic.

A striking instance of this peculiarity, and at the same time a forcible illustration of the proverb that "great effects from little causes spring" was given last week in a lawsuit in which two well-known Moncton firms were engaged, and which, but for an accident, would probably have been fought out to the bitter end, even if that had been complete financial destruction for both firms.

Some months ago the masons put the finishing touches to one of the finest buildings in the city which had been erected by a firm of hardware merchants who also dealt largely in stoves and general heating apparatus, and which in honor of their native land they had christened "Albion Block." This edifice would have been an ornament to a much larger city than Moncton, and Monctonians naturally felt proud of it, and gazed with unlimited satisfaction at it as they passed by; it looked so massive, so solid, and so very expensive. Little did those worthy citizens dream that the massive structure they so admired was in reality built on the very verge of a precipice, a yawning chasm of law; but such was the sad fact. To the left of that building stood a house and lot owned by another well known firm, also dealing in stoves and heating apparatus, and whether professional jealousy may have entered into the case or not, the present writer is unable to say, but a short time ago suit was entered by the last named firm for encroachments on their land, the said encroachment being something between three and seven inches. The limit was placed at two and a half inches, but as the case has been kept so remarkable quiet by both parties that particulars are almost impossible to obtain, it is well to leave a large margin for exaggeration. The owners of the building asserted that they had carefully placed their foundation some inches inside their own boundary line, in order to be well within the limit, and a competent engineer being consulted and pronouncing the edifice at least three inches on the right side of the line, the owners prepared to contest the case and fight for their rights. All things were in readiness and the case had even been one day in court when another engineer who was merely taking an interested glance at the bone of contention, made the astounding discovery that the building was "out of plumb" and a survey with measurements gave the result that it was two and three-eighths inches out of the perpendicular; not only this but a closer inspection revealed that 40 feet from the ground the building did really encroach on the other firm's territory to the unpardonable extent of one quarter of an inch. Of course the case was at an end at once and the unconscious squatters on another man's property were glad to settle the case for something between \$130 and \$150.

There are many little incidents related in connection with the case which are scarcely to the credit of the prosecuting firm, and which would almost lead one to suspect a sort of persecution of men who have undeniably done a great deal towards improving and beautifying the city and are consequently entitled to the gratitude rather than the enmity of all good citizens. Part of their ground of complaint in the first place was that the masons during the construction of the building annoyed them by dropping mortar on their premises, and when the workmen rigged swinging shelves to catch the mortar, they threatened suit for the construction of projecting obstructions. It is also asserted, that suit was threatened on account of the workmen expectorating on the property of the opposing faction, but as the men succeeded in proving beyond all possibility of doubt that they invariably took pains to expectorate from the front of the building overhanging the public sidewalk, and directly on the heads of the passers by, this clause in the indictment was struck out.

The real reason of the difficulty is said to have originated in the fact that one of the pegs driven to indicate the dividing line between the two properties was placed at an angle of about 45 degrees instead of directly perpendicular, so that, the fateful peg around which clustered such important results, was somewhat in the position of the bone referred to in Max Adler's witty story of the man who was blown up in his own laboratory and one of

whose bones descended in such a manner that it lay directly across the boundary line between two counties, and furnished the coroners of those counties with an excuse for two separate inquests. And yet in the face of such facts as these there are people in our city still at large, who will boldly assert that the value of real estate is steadily diminishing in Moncton.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## GROWING IN FAVOR.

The Kennebecasis and Its Village Booming with Tourists.

The villages along the line of the Kennebecasis have enjoyed quite a summer resort boom this season. Wherever there is a hotel or a private residence, which takes summer boarders, it is well patronized. This is especially the case at Reed's Point where "The Willows," McCormick's summer hotel, is now in the second year of its existence. This venture looks as though it will prove a complete success. For the past month Mr. McCormick has had more guests, almost, than he can attend to, and the prospects are that while the season lasts his hotel will be crowded.

The steamer *Clifton* finds her way from Hampton to St. John three times a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, making return trips each day. This has not only proved a great convenience to the people along the river, but summer visitors also find it an easy method of reaching all desirable points. Some of them only go as far as Chapel Grove, others find their way to the islands of the Kennebecasis, some to Moss Glen, others to the pretty village of Clifton, while many find their way to Reed's Point and not a few to that old historic ground, Kingston. The *Clifton* makes a special trip on Thursday, starting from Indian town, for the benefit of those who wish to spend a day on the river, and return at night. She leaves Indian town as late as 9 o'clock in the morning, passes by easy stages from point to point until she reaches Hampton, and returns in the afternoon, picking up her wandering excursionists and arriving at her wharf in the dusk of the evening. As many as two or three hundred enjoy this trip on a fine Thursday, and sometimes the comfortable little steamer is hardly large enough to accommodate all those who want to go.

Those summer visitors who have gone up the Kennebecasis think there is no place in the province that can excel it for natural beauty. They all agree that with the display of a little energy and the expenditure of some money it could be made a very popular resort. It can be reached in two or three ways. The favorite method for those who cannot drive is to go by the steamer *Clifton*, but there are others who find it more convenient to take the train to Rothesay, and drive from there to Gondola Point, about five miles distant. Here they are met by an obstacle. There is no steam ferry on the Kennebecasis. There was once, but that was in the old days when Kingston was the shire town of the county, and driving by the way of Gondola Point was the favorite route for all who went there. Now, there is a scow, a good scow it is true, with plenty of sail and in efficient hands, but if there is no wind and the scow happens to be on the other side of the river, it means a wait of at least one to two hours before man and horse can cross. There is some talk of re-establishing the steam ferry service, and no doubt it will be done if the people will realize its benefits and come to the assistance of the project. There is no doubt if there was a steam ferry at this point, the Gondola Point road would be the favorite drive from St. John both week day and Sundays during the summer season. As it is at present, this route is patronized very liberally. Sometimes a start is made by the way of Milledgeville where there is an excellent ferry, though the road from Milkish to Kingston is not as good as it might be. Either this pretty village or Reed's Point is a convenient stopping place, and a new start is made there for the city, crossing at Gondola Point and following the splendid road from there to St. John.

## The Preshensile Foot of East Indians.

The traveller who walks in the native quarters of the cities of India can easily study there all industries in their beginnings, as they were probably practiced in Europe in the middle ages. The shops are usually open, and the workmen can be seen inside; textile industries, pottery, shoemaking, joinery, armoring, jewelry, confectioners—all can be observed in a single street like Chitpore street, Calcutta. If we take pains to examine attentively the methods of working, we shall be struck by the enormous function played by the lower limb. Whatever the industries, the Indian, squatting or sitting on the ground, works with his feet as well as with his hands; and it might be said that all four of his limbs are in constant exercise. The joiner, for example, has no assistant to hold his plank, but makes his great toe serve that purpose. The shoemaker does not employ a fixed clamp for the shoe on which he is sewing, but holds it in his feet, which change position to suit his convenience, while his nimble hands do the sewing. The metal worker holds the joint of his shears on his feet in cutting copper. In the making of wooden combs I have seen the comb held straight up by the feet, while the workmen marked the teeth with one hand and with the other directed the instrument that cut them. The wood-turner directs the hand-rest with his great toes; so, generally, do Egyptian and Arabian turners. In smoothing twine or sewing a bridle the Indians hold the article between the first and second toes. When the butcher cuts his meat into small pieces, he holds his knife between the first and second toes, takes the meat in both hands, and pulls it up across the knife. I have seen a child climb up a tree and hold a branch between his toes. These are enough details concerning the constant, universal use of the foot.—*Popular Science Monthly* for August.

## LIFE IN THE FOREST.

The Observations of a Fredericton Trapper While Tending His Traps.

Harry Braithwaite, a famous trapper, and his partner, Peter Pringle, came out of the woods last week with \$1,200 worth of fur, the product of their work in the winter and spring months. They killed 16 bears, 24 foxes, 24 otters, 44 minks, 98 martins (or sables), 22 lynx, 18 beavers, 120 muskrats, 8 moose, and 12 caribou. The line of traps was seventy miles in length. Probably no man in eastern Canada has made a closer study of forest life than Braithwaite.

"Speaking of bears," he said, "it has always been a mystery to me why they do not increase in numbers in our Canadian woods. They breed rapidly, live to a very old age, are unmolested by other animals and seldom molested by man, yet the bear population is on the decline. Two winters ago I hit upon an explanation that astonished me greatly and taught me how little I knew about bears. I found that old bears, especially she bears, when food is scarce, frequently devour their young. I had often seen she bears in the spring that had apparently lost their cubs, but I never knew how or why. During the past two years, however, I have closely investigated the subject, examined the stomachs of old bears, etc., and in a number of cases have discovered undoubtedly evidence that the cubs had been eaten. I believe that such cases among carnivorous birds and animals are more common than heretofore supposed. For instance, this winter I saw a large Arctic owl tearing away at its prey on the edge of a thicket. I went to the spot and found that the meal consisted of the remains of another owl that had been slain in combat.

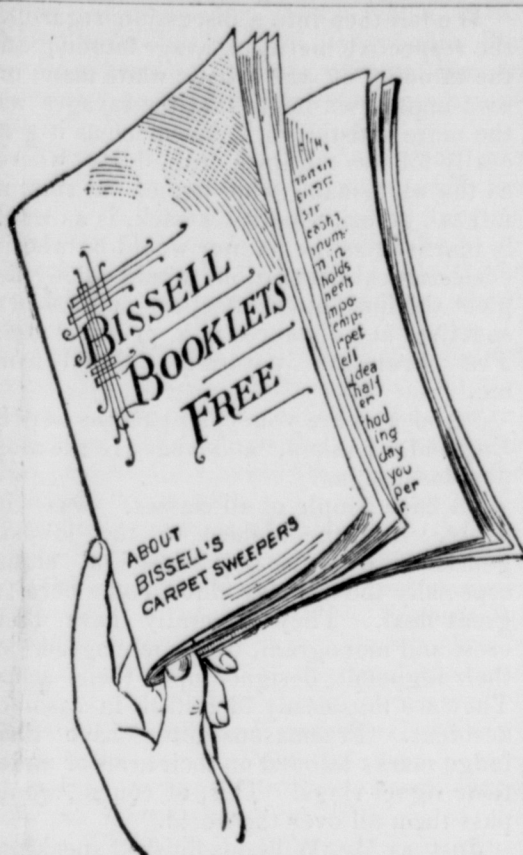
"It used to be my opinion that a bear would not tackle a man unless wounded or badly cornered, but they are very dangerous if surprised. A year or two ago, while cruising for lumber, I almost stepped upon a she bear before I saw her. She rose on her hind feet and tried to grapple with me. I had no weapon, not even a knife. I looked her steadily in the eyes and backed away slowly. She followed me about ten minutes, growling and snapping her teeth in a most vicious manner and trying to get behind me, but when I would make a move toward her cubs she would rush toward them and give me a brief breathing spell. At last I reached the edge of a little clearing, and she wheeled and made off through the woods. I did not feel much afraid while the bear was after me, but when she left I sat down and it was half an hour before I had strength enough to walk. Since then I have not had the confidence I used to have in scrammages with bears.

"It is believed by many that two varieties of the black bear are to be found in the Canadian and New England forests, one gaunt and long and the other stout and less active. I am convinced that this is a mistake. Bears differ in their habits and disposition, but they belong to the same species. Some are like hogs in their habits, subsisting mainly on roots, grass and berries, while others are fond of game. A bear will occasionally vary his diet with a menu of fresh fish. I have known them to frequent the outlets of lakes, where trout and suckers congregate in very warm weather to cool themselves, and scoop the fish out with their paws. The hide of the black bear is sometimes eight feet in length. The largest in our pile this spring measured seven feet six inches. The best way to catch bears is with steel traps; it takes a good deal of time to construct a deadfall properly, and if the bear is very large he is pretty sure to escape. I have caught them frequently with the marks of the deadfall upon them. They are the most valuable fur-bearing animals we have except the silver gray fox, which is very rare. A bear has much more sense than he is generally credited with. When he has committed any depredation he seems instinctively to know that some sort of a trap will be prepared for him. If he has killed a sheep he never approaches it again without reconnoitering the spot, walking around it and getting squarely to leeward, so as to detect the presence of man.

"I am unable to say why the black cat is called a fisher. I have never known him to do any fishing; and, in fact, he belongs unmistakably to the martin family. Others have a very keen sense of smell. I was travelling up the Miramichi River last winter when I saw one acting very strangely a little way ahead. He mounted a mound of snow, shoved his nose in the air and sniffed about as though suspecting danger. He repeated that action several times. On the last occasion he made a race for the water and disappeared under the ice. There was an air hole some rods below where he went down, and I thought it likely that he would show himself there. He did so, and I shot him. I then kept on up stream and about half a mile above met my partner, Pringle, coming down. The wind was blowing down stream, so it is evident that the otter must have scented Pringle fully a mile away.

"Foxes are gifted with miraculous powers of scent. They will locate and dig up a small piece of frozen meat covered with four feet of snow. I have known them to catch the scent of buried bait a quarter of a mile off and to wheel in their tracks and make directly for it. Last fall Pringle caught a beaver in one of his traps, but the trap was not properly fastened, and the beaver made off with it. In the following March Pringle noticed that a fox had dug a hole six feet deep through a snowbank near where the beaver was lost. At the bottom of the hole the snow was frozen hard, and the fox had been unable to get down any deeper. Pringle dug out the hole and found the beaver with the trap attached and no worse for its long imprisonment.

"There are, I believe, no wolves now in New Brunswick, though the deer are coming in so fast from Maine and the Canadas that they may be expected to follow them. It is many years since the catamount, or Indian devil, has been seen in this province. Moose and caribou are increasing in numbers. The best time for shooting them is the last weeks of September and the first weeks of October, during the rutting season. The immense antlers which grow on



## Free to those who ask for it.

WE have only a few of them, but every lady should have one. It is a bright little book about good carpet sweepers—about

Bissell's Carpet Sweepers.

That everyone who lives on carpets ought to read. Sixteen pages of new ideas put in a new way.

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## Wanted—

EVERY one to know that we are having a **Red Figure Sale** at **Oak Hall**. Every garment reduced and marked in plain **Red** figures. This is the greatest chance for **Bargains** in Men's and Boys' Suits and Trousers ever offered in St. John. Come early for a Suit.

## Scovil, Fraser & Co.

OAK HALL, Cor. King and Germain Streets, St. John, N. B.

the moose in the summer season and drop off in November are a great impediment to the animal in travelling our forests. The design of nature seems to be to protect the cow moose from too ardent attentions. The cow moose can penetrate thickets where the male is unable to follow."—*N.Y. Sun*.

## A Curious Creature.

The chameleon has for ages been an object of curiosity, not only on account of its ability to change its color at will, as one might suppose who had read accounts which mentioned only that one characteristic, but also on account of a remarkable power which admits of the creature instantly changing its form. At times it takes upon itself almost the exact form of a mouse; again, with back curved and tail erect, it is the exact counterpart of a miniature crouching lion, who no doubt gave origin to its name, chameleon, which clearly means "ground lion." By inflating its sides and flattening back and belly, it takes upon itself the form of an oval leaf, the tail acting as the petiole, the white line over the belly becoming the midrib.

When thus expanded it also has the extraordinary power to sway itself over so as to present an edge to the observer, thus greatly adding to its means of nourishment. As is well known, the least excitement, as in handling, will cause a change in the color. In its normal state it is of a light pea green. When excited the groundwork remains the same, but transverse stripes—about thirty in number—appear on the body. These stripes, which are of a very dark green, to begin with, soon change to inky blackness. The prevailing idea that the chameleon takes upon himself the peculiar hues of whatever he is placed upon is as curious and widespread as it is erroneous. Placed in boxes lined with red or blue silk, they retain their pea green color, with no leaning toward the brighter hues of the surroundings.

## Mannerisms of the Great.

Mr. Matthews, the English home secretary, has a curious way of holding up two fingers when he is addressing the House, after the manner of a catholic prelate blessing the congregation. Perhaps he is not aware of that. Many persons are quite unconscious of their mannerisms. Mr. Gladstone, for example, probably does not know that he is in the habit of scratching the top of his head with his thumb nail.

There is a well known member who takes himself into custody by a firm grip on his collar whenever he rises to speak, and another finds relief from his nervousness by buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat. The British "er, er," pronounced in a sonorous tone by way of filling up gaps, is heard in its greatest perfection from Sir William Harcourt. Until he gets well started and warmed up his speech consists mainly of "er, er." Mr. John Morley has a trick of doubling himself in two and then starting back it a spring were suddenly touched. Mr. Balfour anchors himself fast to the box on the table.—*MacMillan's Magazine*.

## Columbus' Burial Place.

In the will which Columbus signed just before his death he indicated a desire to have his remains taken to San Domingo. It has generally been supposed, however, that a temporary interment took place in a Franciscan convent at Valladolid. The will of Diego seems to indicate that as early as the year 1513 the coffin containing his remains was conveyed to Seville, where, for nearly or quite thirty years, it rested in the Carthusian convent of Las Cuevas. Royal provisions relating to the removal to San Domingo have been preserved, bearing dates of 1537, 1539 and 1540. From these orders and from the fact that the cathedral at San Domingo was completed in the year 1541, the inference has been drawn that the transfer took place in that year or a little later. There is evidence that the removal had been accomplished before the year 1549.—*Adams' Biography*.



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## RETURNING BY THE HUNDREDS.

Yarmouth People Think There is No Place Like Home.

"Have you any means of telling how many people are coming back to this part of the province from the United States?" inquired a Yarmouth Times representative of Mr. W. H. Moody, collector of customs for Yarmouth.

"Yes," replied Mr. Moody, "I can give you a pretty good idea of last year's returned, but hereafter no statistical table is to be kept. In the year ending June 30th, 1892, there were just 80 families came to Yarmouth from the United States with their household effects."

"Were these new settlers, or returned 'exodians'?"

"There is nothing in my returns to positively show this, but from personal knowledge of the people and conversation with them, I can say without hesitation that with scarcely an exception they were our own people who had enjoyed the experience of living in the United States and had come back to their own province to settle."

"What part of the province did they principally belong to?"

"The eighty families I speak of were all Yarmouth people. Almost every trip of the steamer I had official knowledge of families with their household effects returning through Yarmouth to Digby, Shelburne and Annapolis Valley, and I know of many who have returned from the United States with nothing but their luggage, having sold off everything over there before returning."

"Is this return of population on the increase or decrease?"

"Why decidedly on the increase. It has been larger this summer than ever before."

"What would the numbers in these families average and what would the value of their effects be?"

"The families would about average three each and their household effects entered would about average \$100 to a family."

"That means that about 240 people returned to this country during the past fiscal year and brought with them furniture and effects to the value of about \$8,000?"

"That is about it."

"Can you tell how these figures compare with the numbers leaving the country?"

"I think much larger. In fact I have no doubt about it, but I have no official means of knowing how many are leaving to settle in the States, and very few take their effects with them."

## One Pound Heavier than Another.

Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? was a favorite question with "school committee men" of the old time, and the first rash answer used almost always to be, "A pound of lead!" Then, from the older pupils, would come

the reply, "Both alike." If this question were asked today our old time querist might receive a decided surprise, for the pound of feathers could easily be proved to be the heavier. With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other part of the balance the beam will, after a few oscillations come to rest exactly level. So far the verdict "both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance upon the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink and the lead "kicks the beam." The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead. The truth is that what we call a pound was not such in fact. For the atmosphere buoys up everything within it in proportion to the bulk of the object, and the feathers being of greater bulk than the lead, are supported by the air to a considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from this supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.—*American Notes and Queries*.

## The Sultan's Harem.

It is the ambition of every Turkish official to get his daughter into the Sultan's harem, each occupant of which receives the title of princess, together with a large dower, a staff of ten servants, a carriage and four, and last, but not least, the possibility of gaining influence over the Sultan, and so raising her family in rank and power. The maintenance of the Sultan's harem costs Turkey 30,000,000 gold roubles yearly (£3,000,000). 'Woman' says it is a perfect nest of intrigue and scandal, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitable nesses. When one of the ladies leaves the harem to marry (and about 100 of them leave every year) she receives a dower of \$7,500. The vacant places, however, are quickly filled up, so that the number of odalisques never falls below 300.

## Deterioration in Teeth.

According to Sir James Crichton Bowne, an eminent authority on dental matters, the teeth of the rising generation are of a very poor quality. Out of 1,861 children under the age of twelve recently examined, the proportion of those who were blessed with teeth which neither required extraction nor filling was only one in eighteen. The principal causes which are operating to produce a race which shall have toothless gums are the consumption of unsuitable food, the breathing of vitiated atmosphere, and the weakening of the nerves by the high pressure under which we live. Sir Crichton Bowne also made the startling statement that twelve millions of artificial teeth are used in England annually.