

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

GIVE LAWYERS A SHOW.

THEY SHOULD NAME SOMEBODY AS CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

Why the Doctors Want One of their Number Chosen—Law and Medicine Have Equal Claims—Men Who Are Eligible for the Position.

The doctors of the city, with some from the country, recently held a meeting and resolved to press the claims of Dr. Wm. Bayard for governor. The Globe at the time looked upon the movement as rather absurd and in bad taste, claiming it would be equally in order for the printers, dry goods men and grocers to choose a candidate for the position. The Globe only sees half way into the matter.

If Geo. W. Day were made governor, for instance, because he is the veteran printer, the other printers would not be a bit the better for it. Day's office would still be run by Ald. Seaton, and would still tender for corporation and other printing. So, too, if George Robertson were appointed, the King street grocery would still be run by somebody, and the only vacancy in public life would be the presidency of the board of trade. The appointment of John Boyd would be no advantage to the dry goods trade, for his firm would continue business at the old stand. There would be no money to any of the lines of business mentioned if any representative men from them assumed the gubernatorial chair. It is quite different with the doctors, for it is a matter of bread butter with them.

Dr. Bayard enjoys a large and lucrative practice. Were he to retire, no one would "carry on business at the old stand," but the patients would be divided up among the doctors who are now in keen competition with each other. Every old-established practice that can be shared around means something to the profession nowadays. That must be considered as explanatory of the suddenly awakened interest of the physicians of St. John in regard to the governorship. If they could get Dr. Bayard out of the way, they might feel encouraged to make another move or two, and secure other offices for others of their number, until the profession was brought down to a reasonably limited number of "leading physicians," who could enjoy the cream of the practice.

The lawyers, who have a still harder struggle for existence than the doctors, might take a leaf from their book. The chief difficulty in this connection would be that many of the leading lawyers have partners, who would "carry on business at the old stand," and so the fat clients would not be divided up among the more needy ones. Mr. Weldon for instance, enjoys a large practice, and is solicitor for a great many corporations (of particulars of which see the letter-head of the firm). Mr. Weldon having been the "people's candidate" for mayor once, might now be brought forward by the lawyers as the people's candidate for governor. But something would have to be done with Major Hugh H. McLean, who though a journalist and railway king, as well as a lawyer, would be likely to insist on carrying on the law business, even if Mr. Weldon were removed.

So, also, if Dr. Barker were made governor, the Belyea end of the firm would scoop in the practice. It would be necessary to secure some sort of an appointment for him. The same reasoning would apply to Ezekiel McLeod and his partners, and to the Hon. Alphabetical Stockton. There would be a gain, it is true, if Hon. Judge C. N. Skinner, M. P., were appointed, as there would be quite a distribution of good things if he were out of the way. Mr. Silas Alward is another eligible man, and so is Mr. Charles Palmer. Mr. Palmer would doubtless accept the position, if it were offered, and that would at once throw open the equity court practice to a larger number who are not retained now simply because Mr. Palmer is considered necessary as counsel in all important cases which come before that tribunal.

Then, again, Mr. Henry Lawrence Sturdee, having been disappointed by the failure to secure various offices to which he had good right as a title in the past, is worthy of consideration in the matter. So is Mr. E. H. McAlpine, who, like Mr. Sturdee, tolerably sure of being made judge of probate a few months ago. It may be pointed out that Mr. McAlpine is already doing very well as a referee in equity, but it must be remembered that Mr. Nicholson estate cannot last forever, and that other lawyers must have a share of what will be left of it.

After all, however, it would seem that the greatest good to the greatest number in the legal profession would be accomplished by giving the office to Mr. Charles A. Palmer, thus opening the equity court to new practitioners, even though such a course might render it much less certain to predict what the ruling of the court would be in certain points on certain cases. Who speaks first for Charley Palmer for governor?

The First Balloon Ascent in England.

On the 15th of September, 1784, the largest crowd ever assembled in London up till that date met in the Artillery Ground at Moorfields to see Vincent Lunardi, a young member of the Neapolitan Embassy, make an ascent in a gas balloon. Several hours passing ere the start, the people got angry, thinking the whole affair a fraud. But at last, when everything was ready, the balloon sailed slowly away. Lunardi was greeted with loud cheers, renewed again and again, which he repeatedly acknowledged by raising his cocked hat. The British flag flew at one side of the car. After touching earth at North Mimms, he finally came down near Ware, in Hertfordshire. The sight of the balloon was so entirely novel that some laborers whom he called to his aid were too terrified to help him. Of course, Lunardi became the hero of the hour and his fame spread far and near.

WHERE IS MAYOR SNOW?

Some of the Theories Advanced by Moncton People—No Word of Him Yet.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. J. McC. Snow, Mayor of Moncton, is a subject which offers a very wide field for speculation, and one which has not met with the attention it deserved. True, it caused some excitement in the city for a few days, but the Steadman murder followed it so closely that the lesser event seemed to be crowded out of the public mind, and for weeks it was almost forgotten, except by the friends of the missing man. As the time passes by, and no really authentic information of his whereabouts is obtained, people are beginning to awaken to the fact that a good and trusted citizen has dropped as suddenly and inexplicably out of their very midst as if the earth had swallowed him. The most careful search has failed to trace him with any real accuracy further than St. John, and that, as I understand, skilled detectives employed by his friends are positive he is not in either New York or Boston, and as it is doubtful if he had sufficient money to carry him any further, this would seem to bring the theory that Mr. Snow is safe in the United States, to rather a deadlock. It seems unlikely that a man without money, clothes, or friends would choose any of the smaller American cities to hide in, since the chances of recognition in such a case would be greater and the chances of obtaining employment correspondingly small.

Again, Mr. Snow was not a criminal; he had neither embezzled nor misappropriated public or private funds, nor had he victimized anyone. He was merely a man who had been unfortunate in business, and found himself unable to meet his engagements. Therefore he had no disgrace to dread, and no reason for wishing to hide from public notice. If he came back to Moncton now, he would be warmly welcomed and have little to fear from his creditors.

Apart from all this, those who know Mr. Snow best consider that it would be an insult to him if he is alive, and to his memory if he is dead, to deem him capable of such heartless cowardice as leaving his wife not only in suspense for all these weeks, but also in need of the absolute necessities of life, since it is well known that at the time of his departure Mrs. Snow had barely sufficient money in the house to last her for two or three days, and that her landlord has lately sold her furniture for the rent of the house she lived in. It is also very well known that Mr. and Mrs. Snow were a very happy couple, and viewed in the cold, clear light of reason, it seems scarcely likely that a man who was noted not only for his sterling character and prominence in temperance, Y. M. C. A. and religious circles, but also for his great kindness of heart; would treat his wife in a manner unworthy of the lowest and most heartless villain that ever disgraced the human race.

Many of Mr. Snow's friends are of the opinion that his business worries unsettled his mind to such an extent that he became worried, took an exaggerated view of his troubles, and in a moment of deeper depression than usual, put an end to his own life; indeed, the frequency with which this opinion is expressed shows clearly the confidence that is felt in his integrity and the inability to believe him capable of the cruelty of leaving his friends in doubt as to his fate.

It is, of course, hard to say, in a case like this, whose place it is to take the initial step, as it is well known that "what is everybody's business is nobody's," but it does really seem as if, late in the day though it be, some decided action should be taken with a view to finding out definitely what became of Mayor Snow after he left his home that day late in July to attend to some business at Hampton, taking with him not even a change of linen, or the ordinary conveniences usually carried in a small satchel by the man who expects to remain away from home over night. When this has been determined it will be easier both for his friends and enemies—it has any one to decide whether J. McC. Snow, Mayor of Moncton, is a much injured and wrongfully suspected man, or an unusually cold-blooded and unprincipled rascal.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STANGE.

What He Enjoyed Most.

This is a true story. Of course every one will look on it with doubt because such an assertion is made, but it is true, nevertheless. The hero of it, it can be called a hero, is a hard-working man. He has almost lived in his office. He is one of the rushing business men of modern times. It has always been rush with him to get to the office in the morning, and he has usually stayed there so late that it has been a rush to get home in time for dinner. But this year he took a vacation, the first in a long time. Now there are vacations and vacations. Some men enjoy one kind and some prefer another. Some go to the seashore, some to the mountains and some to the island lakes. He stayed in the city. He visited the parks and occasionally was at a loss to know what to do with himself.

And when it was all over his fellow employees asked him what he had done.

He replied: "Nothing."

Then they asked him what one thing had given him the most pleasure.

He made a mental review of all that had happened and returned: "Waiting for the next car."

The answer was inclined to excite curiosity and he was asked to explain.

"I never ran to catch a street car," he said. "If one was just passing when I reached the corner I let it pass, got in the shade of a building, and waited for another. That was luxury. It took me three days to get broken into the idea that I wasn't in a hurry to get anywhere, but when I did I enjoyed it. The most pleasant sensation I experienced was when I leaned up against the side of a building with a good cigar in my mouth and let a street car go by because it was too crowded. I haven't done it before for years."

LONDON JEWELRY STORES.

How they are Protected from Burglars of All Kinds.

The life of a London jeweller is one of constant watchfulness and unceasing vigilance. The costly nature of his stock-in-trade, its extreme portability, and the ready market which it commands, render him peculiarly liable to a visit from the Bill Sikes fraternity. Indeed, such a prime favorite is he with the wielder of the jemmy and the persuasive bludgeon, that there are few goldsmith's shops in the metropolis which have not at some time or another been singled out for an early morning call by these enterprising gentlemen.

Nor is the short-cropped, thick-necked, bull-headed individual who has "done time" the jeweller's only enemy. The swell mobman is a zealous and untiring customer; while the lady suffering from kleptomania has her most violent attacks of that accommodating malady on the premises of the diamond merchant.

To baffle the efforts of these unwelcome visitors requires the exercise of an amount of tact and a degree of caution such as are met with in no other business. In order to see for himself the details of the fortification of these citadels, the writer recently called upon a jeweller in a large way of business, and was shown the various appliances in use for the detention and capture of those individuals whose taste for personal adornment seeks to be gratified on the cheap.

It will be easily understood that it is absolutely necessary that the precautionary measures shall be no less secret than effective. Accordingly, great pains are taken that the checks and safeguards shall not be of such nature as will attract notice. To allow a customer to gather any inkling that he or she is the object of strict surveillance, or that the shopkeeper had the remotest doubt of his patron's integrity, would be absolutely fatal to the transaction of business.

The stranger who enters a large jewelry establishment in the Metropolis may feel perfectly certain that at least one pair of eyes besides those of the salesman are quietly and unobtrusively watching everything that takes place. This brings us to the first precaution. It is a hard and fast rule that, whenever a customer is being served, there shall always be more than one attendant on the spot.

Assistant number two stations himself in such a position that, whenever the server's back is turned, he is able to command a full and uninterrupted view of the counter and its contents. Many shops are fitted with a simple contrivance that enables the watcher to conceal himself, and yet allows him to exercise the necessary supervision. In a room at the back a pair of mirrors are fixed at such an angle that every movement both of buyer and seller is distinctly reflected through the communicating doorway.

Let us now carefully examine the door that leads from the shop into the street. Behind the framework we shall probably notice an innocent looking piece of string or wire. This also communicates with the room before mentioned, the end being within easy reach of the man who is mounting guard. If the demeanor of the customer has excited suspicion, or if any article has been missed, the string is promptly tightened, the door closely shut, and time is given for the salesman to rush round the counter before the culprit is able to effect an escape. He is like a rat in a trap.

We may have observed as we entered the shop that the whole of the stock-in-trade is inclosed in a succession of glass show-cases. That portion on exhibition in the window is protected from the inside by glazed partitions. Every article is covered. Stay! Here is a handsome clock standing on the counter. What could be easier than to rush in, snatch it up, and bolt? Apparently nothing. Let us try. No sooner do we attempt to move it than a bell attached to the bottom of it is set violently ringing, and our further progress indignantly stopped by a stout piece of cord which fastens the clock to the counter.

Suppose we enter the shop at night. The gas is blazing brightly; the illumination is perfect. Standing in a corner, and hardly noticeable, is an oil lamp, the light from which appears altogether superfluous. But the apparently useless duplex fulfils an important duty. The enterprising burglar who has planned a looting expedition in the early evening knows that it can be only cut the gas off, his spoils will be hugely increased, and his escape aided by the darkness and confusion. Hence the use of the lamp.

The proprietor's bedroom is quite a little arsenal. Lying side by side are a policeman's whistle, a spring rattle, a life preserver, and a loaded revolver. At the back of the shop reposes a bull terrier of unquestionable appetite and uneven temper. It may be truthfully asserted that the shop of a London jeweller is as carefully guarded as a fortress in a hostile country.

There are numerous other safeguards in common use. Nearly every establishment of note has its strong room, and is fitted with steel-lined shutters; but inasmuch as these precautions are well known, we refrain from doing more than mentioning them.—Tit Bits.

Curious Marriage Customs.

Russia still has many old and curious marriage customs which would be interesting the Mona Caird cult. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race madly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whoever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master in the household. In some provinces the young wife is obliged to take off her husband's boots in the presence of the guests in token of her submission. A whip falls from the boot, and with it the husband strikes the wife three times.

He Sealed Them.

Young Husband—I want you to love and trust me, Mabel. Young Wife—I can love you, Charlie, but I can't trust you. (He had married his tailor's daughter.)

CHILDREN'S CORDED WAISTS

Manufactured by us in St. John, thus saving 35 per cent duty on the making which the purchaser reaps the benefit of in the prices.

"ECONOMIC" Waists are made from English Sattreen Jean, and lined with strong twilled cotton. We guarantee them to have more weight of material, thus giving better support to the child, and durability than any other waist sold.

Economic



Waists.

Perfectly Made, Properly Shaped and Economic in Price.

STYLE 7—For Infants 6 to 18 months. Retail price 50 cents. Made in White only. Sizes 19 to 24 inches. STYLE 8—For Children 18 mos. to 3 years. Retail price 55 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 25 in. STYLE 9—For Boys or Girls 3 to 6 years. Retail price 65 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 26 in.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

N. B.—Special Prices to the Trade.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Prudent persons always look forward. This is the time to look forward to clothing yourself and boys for winter. Our stock of Men's and Boys' Winter Clothing, Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers surpasses any we have ever shown, and it is our desire to sell clothing lower than any other house in Canada. All persons buying from us may rest assured of obtaining the lowest prices. One price and plain figures.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS A SPECIAL FEATURE JUST NOW.

OAK HALL, Scovil, Fraser & Co., King Street, cor. Germain.

A POLITICAL REQUEST.

How a Chimney Sweep Rewards the Man who Carried Out His Wishes.

Tom Blackie was a well-known master chimney-sweep, residing in a mining village in the north of England. He was known far and wide as an enthusiastic politician, and there were few men in that part of the country who looked forward to the polling day in the late election with greater eagerness than Tom. He hoped to wear the blue colors when he recorded his vote. The polling day came, but alas! Tom Blackie did not put in an appearance. A few weeks before he was suddenly taken ill, and ere the polling day came round he had gone to join the great majority.

It was his habit at every election to climb his chimney and plant upon his chimney-top the colors of the Blue party. Tom was an eccentric, no doubt, and yet he had some excellent qualities too. At his death he left a will, and having no family he appointed Mr. Jasper Harris his sole executor. A few days previous to the election I received a letter, on the outside of which was written "Immediate." Hastily opening it, I read these words:—"DEAR SIR,—As sole executor of the late Mr. Thomas Blackie, I am requested, at the appointed time, to communicate to you the last wish of the deceased.

"(Signed) JASPER HARRIS.

What I had to do was to hasten down by the one o'clock train to the residence of Tom Blackie's widow, and hoist from the inside of her chimney the colors of the Blue party. I hesitated about complying with this queer message, and at once sent a telegram stating that I regretted I was unable to come.

Shortly afterwards I received a telegram saying that it would be greatly to my advantage if I went down to my old friend's residence without delay. I then very reluctantly took train, and arrived at his village early the following morning. I called on Mr. Harris, but could get nothing from him as to how I should be benefited in any way by undertaking to accomplish this foolish task of climbing the inside of Mrs. Blackie's chimney.

However, I went, and having explained to the old lady my errand, she readily found the flag and pole. On examining the chimney I found old Tom had driven spikes into the sides for the feet to rest upon all the way up to the top. Old Mrs. Blackie assisted me by pushing up the pole and flag from the bottom, saying, "There's a good lad; thee'll see, we'll win the day yet!"

Arriving at the top I lashed the pole, and the flag fluttered in the wind, amidst the laughter of the folks in the street below. I was just coming down when I saw hanging to the side of the chimney a small iron box; this I at once detached from the wall, and came down as quickly as possible. "What have ye got there, lad?" exclaimed the old lady; "a bit o' bacon or a ham?" Surprised at the weight of the iron box, I replied, "Wait one moment," and having pried open the box I found it full of gold coins, while on a small slip of paper were written these words:

"I give this box and contents thereof to my nephew for doing his duty in hoisting the blue colors, as directed by my will."

The old lady's eyes glittered with astonishment as she put on her spectacles and eyed the box. It was found to contain a considerable amount of gold coins. I gave half of these to Mrs. Blackie, and kept the other half myself.

After the election she refused to have the flag taken down. "Nay, nay," she would say; "let it be till end of my days." Unfortunately, two days afterwards, a gale of wind blew the flag and part of the pole through the shop window of a "Yellow" draper on the other side of the street. In sorrowful glee, the old lady exclaimed, "Ah! there's judgment on the poor craters. Serve them right, for they never were any good!"—London Tit Bits.

FROM SLAVE TO RULER.

The Story of Toussaint L'Ouverture and What he Accomplished.

Thirty years ago Toussaint L'Ouverture was a name to conjure with. Poets and orators described his virtues and his genius, and cited him as an illustrious example of the capabilities of his race.

A romantic interest will always attach to his name. The fact that for fifty-four years he lived in deepest obscurity as a slave on a Haytian plantation and the epic character of his subsequent achievements give a tinge of antique heroism to his history.

The French colony in Hayti was long one of the greatest slave marts in the world. At the time of the French revolution there were in the colony 30,000 whites, 20,000 free mulattos, and 500,000 slaves. The mulattos, many of whom had been educated in France, took advantage of the revolution and obtained a recognition of their political rights from the French Assembly; the whites of Hayti refused to recognize the decision and a war broke out which was soon complicated by an uprising of the whole slave population. On a memorable night in August, 1791, the plantations were fired and many of the whites were murdered.

Toussaint had not at that time acquired the name of L'Ouverture. This word, meaning "the opening," was applied to him afterwards because he opened a way for the freedom of his race through the chaotic conditions of the following years.

In the dreadful wars of the years following the uprising of the slaves, his extraordinary influence over his race and his military genius gave him pre-eminence over all other chiefs. A design of freeing his race, which could only be accomplished by making it the ruling race of Hayti, gradually took shape in his mind and forms the key note of his career.

France, Spain and England each bid high for his alliance, but France declared for the freedom of the slaves and he finally ranged himself under the French flag. It was evidently his desire to maintain a desirable connection with a European power which would not leave him at liberty to develop his plans for his own race; but the realization of his idea required a disinterested co-operation of which no European government was capable.

In a few years he had been recognized by France as commander-in-chief of the army of Hayti and was practically dictator of the island.

As ruler of Hayti he surrounded himself with the pomp of a prince, although personally he retained habits of severe simplicity. He ate sparingly and slept little, being possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance. In dignity of manner he was entirely equal to his position. He endeavored to reconcile conflicting races and his rule was impartial and able.

But Napoleon was not the man to allow a dictator under himself. He sent an army of 30,000 men to Hayti to restore slavery and reduce the colony to subjection.

Suspecting the true purpose of the expedition, Toussaint resisted the landing of the army, but finally laid down his arms after he had been assured that there was no intention of restoring slavery and that he injured the cause of his race by resistance.

He was still too powerful to be openly seized, but he was decoyed into the French quarters and was then hurried on board a vessel and carried to France. He hoped to meet Napoleon and defend his conduct, but on landing he was secretly hurried to a lonely fortress in the Alps, where he shortly afterwards died. Many wild stories attributing his death to murder found credence at the time. Neglect and the change from a tropic to an Alpine climate doubtless hastened his end.

By this removal the progress of his race was incalculably retarded.

While Toussaint's fate and place of imprisonment were still unknown, Wadsworth

wrote the beautiful sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture." His history is the subject of a drama by Lamartine, and of a novel, *The Hour and the Man*, by Harriet Martineau. During the anti-slavery agitation in the United States he was cited as a most illustrious example of the real capabilities of his race. A poem by Whittier and an oration by Wendell Phillips commemorate his virtues and his genius.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hunt for a Title.

After Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* had been written, and the time was come to begin its serial publication, a title had not yet been found. A story could not be published without a title; but neither the author nor his friends could hit upon one that seemed suitable. Dickens had been appealed to, and had failed; so had Forster, who was prolific in good titles. Collins was in despair.

The day was approaching when the story must begin. So one day the novelist took himself off to Broadstairs, determined not to return until a title had been found. He walked for two hours along the cliff between Hingsgate and what is called Black House; he smoked a case of cigars, and all to no purpose; then, vexed and much worn out by the racking of his brains, he threw himself on the grass as the sun went down. He was lying facing the North Foreland lighthouse, and, half in bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophize it thus:—

"You are ugly and stiff and awkward, and you know you are—as stiff and as awkward as my white woman—white woman—woman in white—the title, by jove!"

A title had been hit upon, and the author went back to London delighted.

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