

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

IN SWEET SWITZERLAND.

THE LAND OF MOUNTAIN, LAKE, GLACIER AND CHALET.

How a Journey into the Loveliest Country in Europe Impressed a Young Lady from St. John—A Theme Upon which are Played Wonderful Variations.

Paris was looking its brightest as we drove through it for the last time, and a most delightful drive it was. The Seine was looking lovely and for a wonder quite clean. Our way to the station lay through some of the older streets of Paris, near twisted old thoroughfares with narrow "high shouldered" houses. I was charmed with them and when we came to one part, near the Seine, where a row of the most venerable looking stood near the water's edge, apparently gazing at their own reflection and musing over the events which have taken place beneath their moss grown roofs, I went into raptures. It seemed to me that I saw more of Paris during that one drive than I had in the whole week and violent longing seized me to go back and do it all over again.

I forgot all that by the time I reached the station, being consumed with anxiety lest those dreadful old ladies should accidentally stumble over us again, and having sufficient amusement in watching the people who were waiting on the platform for the train to start. They were mostly English and seemed particularly fastidious about the carriage, for every one of them opened all the doors, looked in, stepped in and tried them all before they made a choice. Their anxiety was pathetic to behold.

We were off at last. Our carriage was occupied by an English gentleman and his two daughters, a Frenchman and his bride. The latter two were fat and spoony, smelt strongly of garlic and snored loudly when they slept; but otherwise our companions were unobjectionable. And even the French became bearable, when they got out at one of the smaller stations. That was a long and rather trying drive for me. To save my life I cannot manage to sleep while I am travelling, and so I lay back in my corner watching the rest of the people, marvelling that they were so ugly when they slept, and that anything human could snore as that Englishman did and trying to make out something of the stations at which we stopped. It was not possible to do so, the last station I made out with any degree of distinctness was Fontainebleau, and a very unimpressive place it seemed, but perhaps that was hardly the time to see it with advantage. Then I began to compare the time with that of home and to wonder what you were all doing. That answered better than anything else. It was the longest night of the year, and I could imagine you all till it was half past ten with you and half past three with us. Then I roused myself to realize that the longest day of the year had dawned, and that we were in Switzerland.

I may live to be very old, but I shall never forget that sunrise. They were all asleep in the carriage and so I had it all to myself. Alison looked so pale and tired that I hadn't the heart to awake her. That flood of crimson light which I first saw over a plain covered with poppies, long grasses and corn flowers. Then we were suddenly among the mountains, or rather hills—for compared with what followed they were only hills—and here and there one got glimpses of picturesque villages which even at that early hour had a few people wandering about in blouses made of that everlasting blue cotton.

The train stopped and everybody woke up. It was an old, little out-of-the-way station, but the Englishman announced that we were to have our baggage examined there, so we made ready. As the pause was a long one we thought we might as well get out and get a breath of fresh air, and once out, the demands of "imperial nature" urged us to take a cup of coffee from an old woman who was selling it on the station platform. Here came my double experience, of hearing German spoken for the first time—for Alison interviewed the old dame in that language—and of tasting the worst coffee that ever was concocted. I drank long and deeply of it before I gave myself time to taste it, and spent the next hour in regretting it. So did the English family, who took refuge in chocolate, which they swallowed eagerly in order to get the taste of the coffee out of their mouths, while Alison and I found our surcease for suffering in Marsala, a bottle of which that young lady carried about with her always and refused to be separated from. The train moved on. It was not until it had gone some distance that we realized that our luggage had not been examined after all. They are trusting people in Switzerland, evidently, for we were not troubled by the customs all the time we were there. It was a great relief. I hate customs.

The train rattled and the others tell asleep, while I got absorbed in the scenery, which every moment got lovelier and lovelier. Higher and higher grew the hills, deeper and more profound the valleys. Perched in picturesque isolation upon the mountains,

and grouped in quaint clusters in the valleys the Swiss chalets came in view. I was charmed, and well I might be, for anything more lovely I never remember to have seen. Finally I had to wake Alison. She was looking so pale and tired in her sleep that I hadn't the heart to disturb her before. But it was impossible to permit her to miss any of all this loveliness into which we had suddenly rushed. A wide sheet of water, shining like silver in the distance beautifully blue near at hand. The railway was skirting what was apparently the base of an exceedingly high mountain. From the carriage window I could not possibly see to the top. As far as I did see it was all vineyards and chalets, continuing apparently clear up into the clouds. From the other window the vineyards sloped precipitately down to the waters edge and far in the distance, I saw for the first time snow capped mountains. I held my breath as I looked at them, they looked so dazlingly in the midst of all the other dark pine clad hills. Little golden clouds were wandering over all this whiteness, the mountains looking like a young girl peeping every now and then through the meshes of a golden veil.

I shook Alison energetically, "wake up," I said, "This is the loveliest place on earth!" "Lake Neuchatel," she said, looking up with a yawn. "I've seen it twice before," and then the weary little woman fell asleep again.

Switzerland must certainly be the loveliest country in Europe. I never in all my dreams of it imagined anything one-half so lovely. All the time we were there I was in a constant rapture over it all—it seemed as if I never could get used to those mountains and their excessive beauty. I thought of Hans Anderson's beautiful story of the "Ice Maiden." It was very reminiscent of it, especially at that early hour in the morning—the hour when the hardy young mountaineers in the story used to climb the hills in pursuit of the chamois. It was delightful being there amid the same scenes.

A German got in at one of the stations and seated himself next to me. Suddenly he burst into an enthusiastic string of words with which he evidently expected me to be impressed. As I naturally understood not one word of what he said, it would have seemed reasonable to suppose that he would be disappointed in that expectation, but I happened to catch the words "Young Frau," and went into the requisite raptures as he pointed in the direction of a stupendous snow-capped mountain which rose in the distance beyond a plain covered with wheat and poppies and looked for all the world like the ghost of winter haunting summer. For hours afterwards that "Young Frau" seemed to overlook us. We changed carriages at Berne, which we reached at half-past nine, and then we had a couple of hours travelling through the beautiful country, the valleys of which were ablaze with poppies and radiant with wheat, among which the harvesters were busy; and over it all watched the mountains, unspeakably grand and magnificent amidst all this human endeavor.

Presently a few lakes began to mix themselves up with the landscape. We stopped beside one of them and exchanged the train for a small steamboat. We were on Lake Thun. I am overwhelmed with despair at the thought of trying to describe our next hour and a half. It was too lovely. I was sleepy and tired after my wakeful night, and perhaps that is why I had such a strong idea that I was dreaming. The only thing that made me believe in it at all was the positive knowledge that I had not imagination enough to dream of anything one half so lovely. Such a marvellous lake as it was, bordered by the towering dark wooded hills—mountains rather—at the base of which every now and then appeared a tiny village the red roofs of its chalets contrasting picturesquely with the varied green shades of its trees. To describe it all so that it will appear before your mind's eye, is I fear, a task too great for me. I fear lest my continual raving about the mountains will become a trifle monotonous. Yet what can one do when describing Switzerland! They were everywhere, some rising abruptly from the water's edge in precipitous cliffs of austere brown stone clothed but sparsely with a few bushes and shrubs, all in that light tender shade of green that plants wear in June, above they wore their dark stern looking crowns of spruce, pine and fir—for the vegetation of Switzerland resembles that of Canada very closely—others stood far back from the lake as if to give the tiny villages a chance to come close to the shore and peer at their own reflections in the water, and these hills joined with a vast crowd of others, all of which could be seen far off in the distance until they were lost in that wonderful blue haze that always moves dreamily over the hills. The lake too is wonderful, so irregular in shape, sometimes lying channel-like between two mountains, other times branching off into two opposite directions until in the centre the shores were barely perceptible in the distance, sometimes sending a long narrow channel far into the land. Again rounding some tiny promontory which jutted out into it. Every variety of color was on the water, the reflection of the deep blue of the sky with its yellow clouds flocking it here and there; the red roofs of the chalets, deep green of the trees, and the pearly white of the snow crowned summit of the "young fern." It is like a noble human soul "darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven," and just the very highest and noblest of earth, it ever reflects. Yes, mountains, lakes, forest glaciers and chalets, that is Switzerland over and over again, but upon that theme nature contrives to play wonderful variations.

HARD ON THE LAWYERS.

MIKE MEDITATES ON THE WAYS OF THE LEGAL QUIBBLERS.

Pettifoggers and Their Tricks Carved with a Keen Knife—How Clients are Victims of Sharp Practice—Instances that Illustrate the Theory Advanced.

Wherever he may be in full operation, that respected citizen, the legal quibbler, who is unknown in the bailiwick of St. John, is, to the mundane affairs of men, what the pious fraud is to their immortal souls, and the medical quack to their tortured bodies.

His arm of offence and defence is commonly called law, which is a two-edged weapon that penetrates a vital spot in your adversary's purse, whilst inflicting a mortal wound in your own pocket. Law is supposed to be based upon common sense, and, therefore, many think it is justice, but it always isn't. In reality, it is a number of words grouped into phrases, sentences, sections, sub-sections, clauses and acts, the reading of which bears several conflicting interpretations; that is to say, the aforesaid words, phrases, sentences, sections, sub-sections, clauses and acts, are usually construed according to the particular reader's inclination, or interests, or both; whereby tangled complications arise which scholars, especially trained for the purpose, "to wit," trained in the science of jurisprudence, settle,—perhaps.

Sometimes farmers, bakers, and scientists of that kidney assist in framing the law, but the legal quibbler expounds it, adjudicates upon it, and generally thrives by its practice; and the demands made on the dollars of that unfortunate class of ninnies, yeelped clients, for what are termed "costs," not to mention retainers and fees, are nearly as modest and fully as effective in their way for filling an empty exchequer, as was the "stand and deliver" of the old time highwayman, who "raked in" a revenue on the road in the ante-electric days of Richard Turpin, Esquire.

An ancient bookworm, whose title is not to be found in the handbook of Brother Joe Knowles, has taken the trouble to put in print that "procrastination is the thief of time," and the same is abundantly quoted by some of the gifted writers who now manage to get into the newspapers, and who have so little original to say that they are forced to build reputations for themselves on the utterances of others, but if said bookworm had the chance of looking into some of our modern law courts, he would find his thief badly discounted, for said courts are bristling with postponements, which, in law, are the very essence of procrastination.

The adage, "delays are dangerous," has no application in the case of the legal quibbler. His motto seems to be "haste is unprofitable," and he acts up to the spirit and the letter of that device. He calls his opponent "my learned friend," a piece of questionable etiquette that age and indiscriminate usage have robbed of any meaning it once might have had, and the sincerity of the expression now appears to be an unknown quantity of professional clap-trap. To the eyes of a layman, noting an average "cause" dragging along the weary tortuosities of some of the modern law courts of Maine, the operation seems to be mainly dependant on the counsel's ability to extract ungettable or unwilling evidence; to suppress damaging testimony; to magnify insignificant and minimize important events and circumstances; to cajole, badger, or browbeat witnesses; to hoodwink the jury; to flatter and conciliate the judge; or these failing, to rely on flimsy technicalities and hair-splitting quibbles to gain his cause. If there is any calling on earth which that monstrous sophistry, "the end justifies the means," applies to with force, it is to that of the legal quibbler, because he acts as if he believed that everything is fair in law, as it is alleged to be "in love or in war."

I do not desire to be classed as an unreasonable or hackneyed carper; nor do I believe that the disciples of Mr. Blackstone are worse or better than the bulk of their fellow sufferers who subsist by sharp practice in branches of scientific pettifoggery beyond the pale of the law. Neither am I unaware that there are numerous illustrious examples of veracity, integrity and honor, to be found here amongst the brotherhood of litigation, many of whom are, in a small way, like unto Mrs. Caesar, "pure and beyond reproach;" but I want to be understood as saying as forcibly as I can, that all of the subject matter of this paper, which does not refer to Russia, is most applicable to Halifax; for it is an established fact that one of the inherent traits of the dyed-in-the-wool Haligonian, lay or legal, is to be a quibbler; so, friends and fellow-townsmen, if any of you are ever tempted "to go to law," even for an unpaid base ball guarantee, in that overrated village of third rate sports, permit me to tender you this piece of advice gratis,—don't.

But if you want a practical test of the possibilities of the forensic attainments of the quibbler, get into a quarrel with a

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pugnacious neighbor about a line fence, and apply to the law of your country to settle the dispute. Whatever the possibilities are, the probability is, that both your neighbor and yourself will eventually lose the line fence; the pieces or parcels of real estate which said fence was intended to divide; the general assets which both of you are possessed of; and whatever accumulations of dry cash is contained in your respective stockings. Your antagonist's quibbler advises, he will surely get a verdict in his favor; your's will as strenuously contend that your claim is just, and he is equally sanguine of success. You go before the courts, mayhap prosperous but deluded subjects, and leave them, if you live until the case is ended, poorer, perhaps wiser, but I fear no better Christians.

Legal quibblers of high standing in different countries display an amazing divergence in the conduct of affairs in the courts over which they preside, and deal out justice. In Canada one method, which is a model worthy of imitation, operates pleasantly. In the United States is found another, nearly as perfect, but differing in many ways; and

In Russia, where freedom does prevail, The judges are pure and wise, But are prone to sentence those to jail Who are wont to criticize Their public acts, in the public press Where rash writers do aver That judges are merely men, or less, And as such are apt to err; But the loyal subjects of the Czar— Except some uncultured clods— Know, or suppose the justices are Infallible demigods, Who over Slav mortals hold full sway, And confine, and also fine The delinquent wight who dares to say That their Honors overrule; And sentences passed in that cold clime Are severe, prompt, and peremptory; And there's no appeal for that dire crime Which the Russians call "contempt"; And such appeals to the courts above Are referred to those below, Where the criminal can manifest his love For his critic's no foe; So in the land of the Muscovite The law is so just and strong No carping newspaper scribbler may write That a court can do ought wrong.

In England, different standards from those in the courts of the Romanoff's obtain. A learned judge, passing sentence on a prisoner, a dock laborer, at one of the Liverpool circuits, took occasion to deliver himself somewhat after the following fashion, which need not be considered a verbatim report.

"Prisoner, stand up." "Through the bungling of your counsel, and the stupidity of the jury, you have been found guilty of misdemeanor; under the law, I sentence you to imprisonment in the county gaol, with hard labor, for a term of twelve calendar months. This is the lightest penalty I can award you, and, although I fully believe in your innocence, yet I have no option but to make that penalty as light as I can.

"I know you are not guilty of the offence charged against you; I deeply sympathize with your family, whose condition I've inquired into; and whose lot, in the absence of their natural protector and bread-winner, will, I fear, be deplorable, but your only redress now is, to appeal to a superior court. If you so decide, it will cost you £20, and you may learn what the result will be three months hence. If the judgement should be unfavorable, you can take the case to a higher

tribunal, which will cost £50. If there is not a press of business before court, judgment may be had, say, in nine months. Then if you are dissatisfied you can have the case carried still higher, and so on, until it will cost you about £300, and you may have to wait from three to five years or more for its final settlement.

"I tell you this because I want you to understand that there is no lack of law in Great Britain; that the law is intended for the peer and the peasant alike; but then you must remember that the peasant is expected to pay as much for his law as the peer does, for before the law of the land all persons are equal, in theory. Yes, prisoner, the law is a wondrous thing. It has numerous provisions, wise and otherwise. It provides for a great many contingencies, but it doesn't provide for your poverty. There are two courses open to you; first, you must go to gaol and serve out the term of your sentence; or second, you must go to gaol, appeal from the finding of this court, and spend from £20 to £300, and wait from three months to five years for a chance of having justice done you. If you can afford to adopt the latter mode of procedure you are at liberty to do so; if not, you must take the alternative; in either case the sentence of the court will probably be carried out. Remove the prisoner."

Moral: If pleasure, business, curiosity, or a desire for foreign travel ever induces you to invade the Slavonian territories, beware of the consequences, and do not commit that atrocious offence, contempt of court. There, or elsewhere, never address a Blackstonian on a matter of importance without first having written what you intend to say; carefully revise the manuscript; burn it, and if possible leave the speech it contained unspoken. Yours, legally, MIKE.

SPRING NOVELTIES IN MONCTON.

One is the Board of Aldermen and the Other the Sidewalks.

The city of Moncton is rejoicing in two novelties this spring, one of which seems to be responsible for the other. The first is the new board of aldermen, and the second is the very extraordinary and inexpensive sidewalk system which is only a little less new than the ward itself, and which would be a disgrace to any country village. I am fully aware that the present city council cannot be justly blamed for the construction of these man-traps, which were built during the reign of the old council, but they are at least responsible for their continued existence, which is a reproach to the city and a menace to the limbs and safety, if not exactly the lives, of the citizens. A brief description of the manner in which these great public works were constructed may be of interest to the outside public, especially the corporations of other cities who are contemplating the building of new sidewalks on the cheapest possible plan. The method adopted in Moncton was simple in the extreme. Shortly before the civic election of last month, and during one of those fits of feverish activity in the matter of municipal improvements which seem to be prevalent at such times, it was decided to lay new sidewalks along nearly all of the side streets, and not by any means deterred by the fact that most of the sidewalks were covered more or less thickly with well packed and frozen snow, the

good work was begun at once, and the process simply consisted of hauling a quantity of cinders to the streets, to be operated upon, and then emptying them in a narrow and devious stripe along the centre of the sidewalks, directly on the top of the snow. These cinders were then "raked down," as it were, and left to the winds of fate, which in time fulfilled their destiny; and blew warmly over the land, melting the ice and snow in all available places, but finding it impossible to reach the centre piece of the new sidewalks, which protected as it is by its superstructure of cinders, bids fair to retain the frost until some time in June. A recently ploughed field is a billiard table for smoothness beside these sloughs of despond, which are soft and slushy during the warmest part of the day, and like unto Windsor Junction for rockiness during the frosty evenings.

It is to be borne in mind that in some places these sidewalks are nearly two feet above the level of the surrounding territory, that they have a narrow footpath on the summit, and on each side at the base where the old sidewalk still remains, so it can readily be imagined that a sudden descent from the new to the old regime, would be attended with a serious shock to the nervous, if not the bony system of the human frame. Indeed it requires only a stiff freeze, and a vivid imagination to make the wayfarer fancy himself rambling along the dizzy apex of one of the dykes which restrain the noble Petitcodiac river from encroaching upon the ash-marsh dyke is usually built of marsh mud, and is very solid, while our sidewalks are perforated, along the top and sides by pitfalls in the shape of holes made by the feet of the unwary, as they struggled for a foothold, and failed to obtain it. After night-fall it is no easy matter to get out of one of these holes without falling, and everyone who has ever tried to fall easily into a bed of frozen cinders knows just how difficult a feat it is.

Of course it is easy to find fault, nothing easier, but still this is a matter in which the fault is too apparent to need much searching for, and when some citizen or citizens fall, and breaks his or her leg, or otherwise sustains injury, the City Council will not care to have a writ for damages brought against the city just at this time, when that body has so many more weighty matters to engage its attention; and the citizens are waiting, in a sort of hushed expectancy, to hear of a duel to the death between two of the aldermen.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

They Give Away the Business.

A curious way is taken by the Berlin police to stop the sale of poisonous preparations, without resorting to legal proceedings. In every newspaper in which such an article is advertised they insert, under the advertisement, an announcement to the effect that they have caused an analysis to be made, and that the article is composed of so-and-so, and its intrinsic value is so much. The use of this may be seen when it is said that in one case a cosmetic for the complexion, mainly a solution of corrosive sublimate, a violent poison, was being sold by the makers at an enormous profit. There is no interference in the case of harmless preparations.