

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

A JUSTICE OF THE NORTH.

HE WAS ABSENT MINDED WHEN COURT DAY CAME.

And Being Absent Minded the Lawyers Settled the Affair—What it was all About and the Amount of Damages They Agreed Upon.

The circuit of the court of over and general gaol delivery reached Madawaska on Wednesday, 22nd September. The numbers who congregated in and about the Court House, betokened that sensational trials and interesting lawsuits were on the docket. Indeed, would not the names of Nawchette, Couillard and Bonnette Soucy attract the people more than the brilliantly colored posters of the late Barnum's circus.

Nawchette is Madawaska's thief, particularly designated as the "sheep stealer." As the saying is "I would like to own all the sheep that found their way into Nawchette's backboard," one may have some idea of the extent of this man's operations. A true bill was found against him, and Mr. Thos. Lawson found a client to defend.

After an interview with his client, it was deemed best to look for saving planks that had nothing to do with the merits of the prisoner or his case.

"Your Honor," said the counsel for the defence, "I submit the prisoner is not properly before the court." Everybody looked at the prisoner, who was never known to be properly anywhere, especially at night time. As the counsel waxed eloquent on dangerous international complications, it was gleaned that the prisoner had escaped from gaol, and gone to Uncle Sam's territory, where he stood safe from the lion's paw; and having come over to our country one solitary night to break in Bertrand's store and commit a felony therein, which in vulgar language means drilling the safe and ransacking the whole store, he went back to his newly adopted country. But the citizens of all the stars and stripes were convinced that our loss was not their gain, as their naked clothes lines, missing fowls, and sheep of course, abundantly testified. So, one dark night like "on lac St. Pierre," Nawchette was handcuffed by real yankees and summarily ejected from the land of the free onto our inhospitable shores. Michel (not Strogoff), Buckshot and other bloods were in attendance with a long rope which being tied to the handcuffs, a bee line was made for the gaol on the full run.

The court replied that a true bill having been found, and the prisoner being in custody, no other course was left but to proceed with the trial. Together with the father, Nawchette, his eldest son, stood in the dock under the same indictment. Not guilty, said they, and the crown officer moved for trial.

The prosecution relied upon the evidence of a young man, awkwardly proven by the crown officer to have been an accomplice, but the clever lawyer explained this to the jury by telling them "this young man is ignorant, just as ignorant as you are, perhaps more so." However, the jury like everybody else, conscientiously thought the guilt of the prisoners sufficiently established, and brought in their verdict accordingly, which in the vocabulary of the court, as was afterwards made known, meant for the father, ten years of Dorchester grub, and for the son, four years private board and tuition in the Industrial Home under the patronage of Lady Tilly.

Since the trial, search warrants have been restored to gleeful owners three trunks full of female equipment. In view of the premises, the people of Madawaska, from the tiptop of the province, say to the folks down by the sea shore, whither our Jesse James has gone, "Look out for your sheep and petticoats."

Couillard and Bonnette Soucy were disgusted with the grand jury not finding a true bill against one Michaud, whom, it was alleged, had committed an assault on the fair Domitilde Lavoie, with intent to do grievous bodily harm and spoil her complexion. This case was an offspring of Justice Couillard, who had forgotten when he issued the summons, that he would be absent minded on the day appointed for the hearing, and the court being absent minded, a settlement was advised. The good looking Domitilde consulted with the judicial countenance of Bonnette learned in the law. The result was an offer to settle for one dollar, which was then and there paid by said Michaud, and pocketed by Bonnette for and on behalf of, and as the true and lawful attorney of, and in the name, place and stead of the pretty Domitilde Lavoie whose injured knee was from thenceforth, and until now and will be hereafter completely and forever soothed, relieved of swelling and pain, and she was lame no more, that is to say, to wit, her knee, and her complexion is as it was and as it always will be. The absent minded J. P. said "yes, yes," to all and singular that was done and said on the premises that day, appertaining to the matter in question between the parties. But, lo! and behold! when a few days after the cause had evaporated, and nothing more was left but a sick headache and a deranged mind, he

ordered the parties aforesaid to be brought before him again to once more take the assizes and hold the pleas between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the said Michaud and unduly sent up the defendant for trial, with no bill as a result. The county council will probably speak like the grand jury, when Couillard presents his bill. If such happens he will be obliged to pay his expense bill out of his own pocket.

In speaking to the grand jury, His Honor said he had a matter to mention not because it concerned them officially, but because he thought it proper something should be said about it. One Hebert Mercure had come to his death at the hands of Gilbert Guerrette. The coroner's inquest had returned a verdict of accidental death, attaching no blame to Guerrette. An examination had also been held, and the presiding justice had dismissed the information. It was the privilege of the crown to bring the matter before this court by an indictment, and the fact that it had not, brought him to the conclusion that the attorney-general whose great experience in cases of this kind enabled him to judge better than anybody else, had also concluded that Mercure's death was only accidental, and that the coroner's jury and the justice who held the examination were right in determining the case as they had done. The judge's remarks gave general satisfaction, but must have bitterly disappointed a busy body who, after expressing to all who wished to hear it that Mercure's death was accidental, had written to the attorney-general to secure the job of prosecuting at the examination and after the justice had dismissed the information, again wrote to the attorney-general that the justice had been unduly influenced by the counsel for the defence. "O mores! (never mind O tempora!)"

On the bench behind the judge in striking contrast with the bare cold walls of the desolate court house, the style and beauty of Edmundston, gaily attired were arrayed apparently listening to the proceedings, but there were many furtive glances to be caught. They carried not scales nor swords, and evidently they were not there to weigh matters, nor cut up moieties, as Dame Justice is pictured to us; but regardless of justice, there were there to win with Cupid's darts shot from intensely strung ares, and as for Caesar of old, their whole mission might be summed up in "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

No less important than the criminal, was the civil docket. Deputy Crown Land Surveyor, A. Edgar Hanson, had pronounced the second tier in the parish of Saint Francis out of horizontal plum with his crack shot eye and this year's magnet. The distance being fifty-five rods, meant derangement of the whole line and lots—in other words, a good fat job for the titled deputy. One Landry, wishing to test the line in dispute, had brought an action of ejectment against one Levesque, who, resting on the assurance of Hanson's three-legged compass, had taken possession of the lot in question. Landry went on the stand and told the court and jury how he had occupied his lot for years, and that the defendant never knew any other line till the adventure of Hanson with his sticks, geography and splinter posts, roving in all directions, seeking how much he could devour. Barry began the cross-examination, but at the second question was stopped "short never to go again when" the defendant's case "died." What was the trouble? The defendant's counsel had gone into the consent rule "a la Hanson," and claimed the whole width of the second tier as an appurtenance belonging to the third; but the Court decided that he must confine himself to the premises belonging to the defendant, and unless he could prove a title to the whole lot in question, he must lie in his defence. "That is something new to me," said Barry. But parallel cases were quoted which knocked the bottom out of the defence, whereupon a verdict was by direction of the Court given to the plaintiff. As the deputy was making his exit, a strong draught gushing in the door watted back some muttering like "souwest" or "sourwest," his compass going whirr, whizz, and the crier shouted "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Might be Said Pretty Often.

An old German shopkeeper was standing in front of his place the other day, looking at the clouds, when a young man who wanted to be friendly approached him and said—

"It looks like we might have some rain to-day."

The old German looked at him with astonishment as he said—

"Ve! Since ven ven ve partners—eh?"

They Don't Take Long to Ripen.

Mr. Youngbridge—"and what else have you nice that would do for dinner?" Grocer—"We have some nice egg-plant, ma'am."

Mrs. Youngbridge—"Well, I might take an egg-plant if you have one that you think will bear fruit pretty soon, but I'd rather have the ripe eggs if you have them, because I want to use some right away."

KISSING DOGS AND CATS.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE'S ADVICE UPON THE HABIT.

The Cat is Clean Compared with the Dog Which Reveals in all Kinds of Nastiness at Times—Kissing the Babies—Dangerous for the Babies.

"A Continental doctor," who I fear is not so well informed upon the subject of which he writes as many might suppose, warns people against kissing domestic pets, and informs them that a recent examination of the saliva of cats revealed the fact that it was "rich" in all sorts of minute "bacilli," and that dog's saliva was even better provided with this sort of richness. If this gentleman had employed his pen in warning mothers against allowing Dash, or Jack to lick the baby's face all over, or allowing the baby to examine Dash's teeth, explore the innermost recesses of Jack's mouth, and make voyages of discovery as far down his throat as possible to find out how his tongue is fastened in, he would have been doing a great service not only to the baby, but also to humanity in general.

It is a common remark for a proud mother to make, that Dash is such a lovely dog, and so fond of the baby that he licks the dear little fellow's face and hands a dozen times a day. She does not consider it worthy of mention that the baby eats his biscuit, or his piece of nice pared apple out of the same hands which have been half way down Dash's throat, and very probably have not been washed since, because it would be almost impossible to watch dog and child so closely, as to know just when the little hands are covered with the dog's saliva; it might be two minutes after they had been well washed.

I am a devoted lover of all animals, from an elephant down to a mouse, but my very intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the dog, has taught me the depth of degradation to which the "friend of man" can stoop, and learn that there is no animal, not even excepting the pig, more filthy in his habits than the dear faithful, gentle, soft eyed dog, who plays with the children so happily dozes so innocently on the hearthrug at home, and wallows in such unimaginable nastiness out of doors. Bacteria in his saliva, says our scientific friend from the "continent!" Why the only wonder is, that his own saliva does not poison him everyday, and it would too if he had not a constitution of wrought iron armor plated. There is nothing on the earth's surface too horrible for even the dog of high degree to play with, chew and wallow with the greatest gusto: He will eat chocolate caramels, nougatines, and mers' mallow at home, refuse the wing of a chicken if it happens to be boiled instead of roasted, and then walk languidly into some vacant and waste spot, and there devour horrors which would make the hair of an eye-witness turn white in a single day, if she had not been guilty of kissing him. Then he will roll in the remains of the feast, shake himself, lick his lips carefully and trot cheerfully indoors to greet baby with a loving kiss which baby's mother has not the least idea she is doing wrong in permitting.

Perhaps some people may think this is a disgusting picture and very much overdrawn! My dear friends, it is nothing of the kind, it is really so sketchy that it hardly deserves the name of an outline. Ask any fair minded and intelligent owner of a dog whether he or she ever remembers washing that canine with especial care, putting on his new collar or best neck ribbon and taking him for an airing, that he did not make a direct line for the first heap of filth, or the first piece of carrion he scented in the distance, and wallow delightfully in it?

We have a dog of our own, a beautiful creature admired by every one who sees him, carefully trained, affectionate and docile, but the number of times he has been sent home in disgrace at the very outset of a promised walk, just because he had rendered himself so unpleasant to his proprietors that they could not walk within twenty feet of him, would almost equal the months of his life. And he can't be cured of his low appetites. They are part of his nature, and while he lives they will remain with him.

The cat, on the contrary, is one of the cleanest of animals, her distinguishing characteristic is her fastidious care of her personal appearance, and her extreme dislike of anything soiling her dainty fur. Like her natural enemy and chosen prey the rat, her personal cleanliness, is something wonderful. If you stroke her with a soiled or greasy hand she immediately resents the insult by sitting down and licking the spot clean, and if she were forced to walk through a sewer, the first thing she would do on getting out would be to remove every trace of her recent experience from her coat, feet and face, before proceeding on her journey. Remember that pussy, or rather her tribe is supposed to enjoy the distinction of ranking next the human race in cleanliness, as the only branch of the beast creation that washes its face. She is very cleanly about her diet too, with the exception of her hereditary

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ASTRACHAN JACKETS

are made in the same style as the seal. Our Jackets are all made from reliable skins and are well shaped

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are mostly worn from 18 inches to 36 inches deep, having flat blocked shoulders. Many of the most stylish have the full Collarettes, in addition to storm collar, in Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Black Marten, Greenland Seal, Grey Lamb, Beaver, Alaska, Seal, Etc., Etc.

FUR COLLARS, COLLARETTES and RUFFS in every variety of FUR and in newest shapes. FUR LININGS, FUR TRIMMINGS and SKINS for Cloak and Dress Trimmings; any width or shape cut to order. FUR LINED CLOAKS in medium and full lengths. Among the newest shapes will be found the COLUMBIA and PRINCESS MAY, the leading shapes for season 1893 and 1894. FUR LINED CLOAKS and SEAL JACKETS made to order or reshaped to latest fashion.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, - - - ST. JOHN.

taste for rats and mice, but as poor kitty is generally valued according to her capacity for destroying these "household pests," her weakness in this direction can surely be forgiven; only I don't think anyone who is aware of it would care to kiss pussy's ruby lips with sufficient fervour to endanger the communication of bacteria from her saliva. I fancy most of us would feel inclined to adopt the touching and celebrated couplet is often launched with telling effect from the temperance platform, and say—

"The lips that touch mouse's Shall never touch mine."

Now the argument which I have been endeavoring to establish is this, that people who are sufficiently fond of animals to be suspected of kissing them, must know something of their habits, and even an elementary knowledge of the subject would effectually destroy all inclination to imprint even the lightest and most chaste salute upon their lips! Therefore the danger he warns us against, really does not exist at all!

I speak with some authority on the subject as a lover of animals, and the intimate friend and companion of many other animal lovers; and I can truthfully say that I never yet saw any human being kiss an animal anywhere near its mouth! I have seen the mistress of a fluffy kitten, hug it affectionately and press a loving kiss on the top of its head, I have committed this indiscretion myself times without number in my early youth; and I have seen many a pretty cheek pressed against a dog's honest face, while the dog himself was being hugged almost beyond the limit of his endurance. I have seen him kissed in the same manner on the top of his dear flat head, but never, never, on his mouth.

So I think our Continental doctor will have to find some more real danger to warn us against, and he might find a very real one in quite another branch of the kissing habit—the terrible habit of letting anyone, and everyone, who comes into the house kiss the baby. The old, the infirm, the smoker, the consumptive, the clergyman, who suffers from chronic sore throat, the uncle, who has been a martyr to catarrh all his life, and the stranger and pilgrim, who may be suffering from any disease known to science, but quite unknown to the baby's parents.

This is a danger which is very near, and very real, and far more worthy of serious attention, than any abstract danger to be apprehended from the possible consequences which might follow, if people made a practice of kissing their pet dogs and cats. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

About Asbestos.

Some of the common ideas concerning asbestos appear to have resulted in mistakes of a serious practical nature. Thus, the usual conception that it is no wise affected by heat is true only to the extent that, though infusible except at very high temperature, it is a fact that only a very moderate degree of heat—heating to low redness in a platinum crucible, for instance—is required to entirely destroy the flexibility of the fibre, and render it so brittle that it may easily be crumbled between the thumb and finger. Another mistake is that relating to its high non-conductivity or power of resisting the action of heat—the assumption being that because asbestos is infusible, it must, of necessity, be a good non-conductor. The contrary assertion to this is made and proved on good authority, namely that by placing a vessel of water on a sheet of asbestos cardboard, and applying heat from below, or more simple proof still, by placing a piece of wood on a sheet of asbestos millboard on a hot stove. If, however, asbestos is teased out and worked into a fluffy mass, there is thus obtained a non-conducting material, but it is the air enclosed by the fibres that is the real non-conductor, the asbestos serving simply to entangle the air.

A Logical Conclusion.

"Papa, when we raise a flag to the top of a pole it means we are glad, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"And what does it mean when the flag is half-way up?"

"That somebody is dead."

"And that means we are half-glad?"



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SPRINGHILL'S COTTAGE HOSPITAL

Will Open Its Doors November 1st—The First in Nova Scotia.

One of the most elegant of the buildings in the mining town of Springhill, and one of the most comfortably constructed edifices in the province, is the All Saints Cottage Hospital, which will open its doors to the sick and needy—on the coming first of November, writes a correspondent of PROGRESS. The building is the tangible result of three years of solid labour in its interest by the Rev. W. Chas. Wilson, its founder, the rector of All Saints Parish, Springhill. Beset from the inception of the work with obstacles which seemed almost insurmountable, and receiving no substantial encouragement from those who might naturally have been expected to provide such an institution, yet the good work went quietly along to its ultimate success.

The building has been constructed for its special purpose and is well provided with modern medical facilities. The furniture and bedding are first class, almost bordering upon elegance. There are three main rooms, one for men, one for women, and one for children. There is a private room in which special patients may be treated and receive all the comforts and luxuries they are willing to provide for. The various rooms in the hospital are named after the church or donor who gave the room, and most of the beds were thoroughly equipped by friendly hands and bear the names of the generous donors. The private room for instance was fully furnished by Mrs. R. G. Leckie, wife of the manager of Acadia mines and bears the name of "The Leckie Room." Although the whole building is solely the gift of church people, yet it is distinctly stated that patients of any or of no denomination will be equally welcomed within its doors. The corporation contains the names of leading men of many denominations, and the Women's Hospital Auxiliary comprises members from various religious bodies.

The hospital contains twenty-four beds, and although patients will be expected to pay according to their ability, for the facilities afforded, yet if funds and accommodation permit, none will be excluded, even if unable to pay anything. The corporation intend to make a specialty of accident cases from mines, railroads and factories; but all classes of patients will be received.

The hospital has the honor of being the first of its class in the province, and will have a district training school for nurses, in connection with it, which will doubtless prove an admirable help in the private homes of the sick. The matron will be Miss Eleanor Green, of Summerside, who has received high honors at the Philadelphia Hospital, and has had a special training at the Roxbury Cottage Hospital for accidents.

The work undertaken at Springhill must command the confidence and sympathy of all friends of humanity. Free beds and endowed beds are the great need at present, and many of our monied men might very profitably and creditably provide these as memorials of their generosity and humanity. At all such institutions, donations of provisions and supplies of all kinds are of great value. The well-laden larder of richer homes, the choice brand of wines, (for medicinal purposes,) the overstocked store of fine linen, and the well-filled bank account that cannot be taken across the dark border, will be all the richer and fuller, if they share their plenteousness with the sick and needy. Send the hamper along (express fully paid) and experience the truth of what we write, urges the correspondent. Those who have acquired wealth in Nova Scotia should take a pride in royally sustaining such an institution, and fitting it for a permanent career of usefulness by remembering it in their bequests, or, in a more timely way, give it substantial aid in their lifetime, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the fruit of their labors.

Was Not in the Business.

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothing. It was as follows:—

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wots 'ritm' it is a married man, and he says he can't bide any soft ing; it allus gives him the spazzums."

Would Like to see the Wolf.

Mrs. Harduppe.—"No work, John? Oh, how shall we ever keep the wolf from the door?"

Mr. Harduppe.—"There's no such luck as the wolf coming to our door. I only wish he would, Maria. Why, if a wolf came to our door, do you know what I'd do? I'd let him in and start a dime museum in pretty short order, and don't you forget it."

Sati's Factory.

Bixby.—"Will those wheat cakes be long, waiter?"

Waiter.—"No, sir, they'll be round."

Bixby.—"I mean, will they be round before long?"

Waiter.—"Of course they'll be round before long, because they won't be long at all, sir."

The Cause of It.

Blinks.—"Blindness is dangerously ill." Winks.—"Why, I saw him riding in a horse-car yesterday."

Blinks.—"Yes, that's where he was taken ill. He gave a lady his seat and she said, 'thank you.' I'm afraid he'll never get over it."

He Ought to Have Waited.

Mrs. Doolan.—"Shure thin, Mrs. Dunn, your husband must have died very sudden?" Mrs. Dunn.—"Indade he did, ma'am, and what makes me tale the worst, is to think that the poor mon died widout the help of a doctor."