

WHAT HE THINKS OF IT.

THE HUSBAND OF MRS. STEVENS DISCUSSES THE RECENT TRIAL.

His Extraordinary Signed Editorial in the Moncton Times—His Ravings Against the Court and the Public Interfered With Shallow Wit and Blasphemy.

I have purposely waited some days since the conclusion of the Hallet-Stevens trial, so called, before offering a comment on this somewhat remarkable case, and previous to the close. I naturally felt it improper to say anything on the subject, through the columns of the Times, though my convictions in regard to the whole matter were as strong then as before or since. But now that the trial is over and sober second thought—to that considerable class who have first thought—must have put in an appearance, it seems to me that in the public interests some phases of the whole subject may properly and usefully be indicated.

The subject-matter of all this perturbation was a little girl—an orphan from the fact that her mother was dead and her father useless—the one unable and the other unwilling to support her—the one unfortunately in the spirit world and the other unfortunately in this—who was taken into the home of Mrs. Stevens and kept for some months as a sort of youthful visitor, when it was thought advisable, it she was to stay, that she should be adopted, solely for the purpose of securing to her the rights as well as privileges of a home and at the same time promoting in her that respect for authority which young people in this age do not always possess in any extreme degree. She continued with us for about five years, during which time she was of no practical value to us, whatever, as no expense for servants or otherwise was lessened in any way to the extent of one dollar, while in the meantime she cost us many hundreds. She had reached an age when, if she had lived, she might have been useful, though we did not look for that, being content to see her make her own way in the world through a respectable occupation. She developed some undesirable traits of character of which I do not care to speak particularly, firstly, because she is dead, and secondly, because they evidently came to her as a natural inheritance, sometimes an inevitable following from that law which prevents children having the slightest voice in the choice of a father. I may digress here to remark that it would be well, occasionally, at least, if this procedure could be reversed and the children allowed to elect their parents—the father at least—with the same privilege of discharging him that he now possesses in regard to them. However, the reform would be difficult to work out and in fact the subject is hardly a debatable one, the present plan having been fixed many years ago by competent authority with the evident purpose that it should prevail during the present dynasty.

Men and women in this world, however it may be elsewhere, have varying notions of discipline. When I was a boy I found that school teachers were built after different models in this respect and it is even so with women. Some believe that the Almighty was right in imposing limitations on the play of nature as created by him and spoiled by his enemy, while others think that He made a mistake, and that children should be allowed to grow up as weeds grow, without conscience and without law, though it be generally, also, without usefulness. My own impression is that the Lord was right—an impression strengthened by the fact that when I was a boy and went a fishing, without permission, the fish I thought most about were those I caught after my return home at the end of a rod divested of twine and hook. In this recreation I never lost a bite, unless I happened to be sent supperless to bed to reflect on an empty stomach and also on the vicissitudes of youthful life and the tyranny of parents. On several occasions I almost made up my mind to discharge them and hire a new lot, but better counsels prevailed and I decided to continue to tolerate them as best I could. In point of fact they deserved a good deal of consideration because they profited not by my enterprises, for if I had both legs full of the snare's sour apples, I would never think of offering them one. So young and yet so mean!

Well, judging from my own experiences—and I was a model youth if I can be believed; judging also from the attitude of the good Lord who is said to have made us—judging also from observation of my neighbors' children, it seems evident to me that discipline, correction, punishment are as much the unquestioned, irremediable rights of childhood as wholesome food and clothing. Failure to apply these remedies, when needed, is a crime—a crime that may be forgiven in this world but is not likely to be in the next. That it is a common crime no one who moves about need be told. If human law was perfect, the slaughter of morals would be an indictable offence inasmuch as morals are of even more importance to the state than continuance of life.

All people who believe in discipline at all—of whom there are too few—have different ideas as to the extent and kind. Some use the rod, some isolation and some various kinds of taffy. The children all prefer the taffy, which is why they get it too often, but the State, if the State is wise, prefers that parents shall prescribe the other remedies occasionally or oftener.

I have an impression that it was taffy the devil served to mother Eve when he persuaded her to steal the apple that he occasioned so much trouble in the world and led to so much difficulty in running a newspaper.

Turning to the case under consideration, it has been shown by perjured testimony and otherwise that the deceased was punished for wrong-doing in the way common in families, where punishment is administered at all, and in accordance with the ideas that prevail with those who have failed to appreciate the sentimental nonsense of folks to whom Providence has for some reason denied the pleasure and responsibility of testing their theories on their own offspring. I have observed that when I first put on long pants I knew more about training a refractory horse, building a saw mill, or managing a wife than I did twenty years afterwards with the accumulated experience of so long a time. I don't like to impugn the natural order of things but sometimes it seems to me that it would be better if we could be born old and move backwards to childhood, instead of the present arrangement. Most of us are now

born young—very young—and become old by a movement which we cannot control. Suppose we could be born old and go forward or backward to infancy, would we not be better fit for the afterlapse whatever they might be? I submit this philosophical question for the consideration of the women who have nothing to do but attend to the affairs of their neighbors, and regulate a suffering world, promising them my support should they inaugurate a movement to effect this reform. Those of them (and there must be several in the W. C. T. U.) who are on familiar terms with the Almighty, might afford to let their wicked female neighbors go to destruction in their own way for a time while they proceed to persuade Him to adopt their ideas and work out this scheme, if they approve of it. Possibly the Lord will feel thankful to them for pointing out defects in His general plan, and in grateful recognition of their services, will grant a dispensation relieving them of their few domestic duties and constituting them an advisory council in relation to all matters affecting this world in particular and the universe in general.

Turning to the case under discussion there is not a tittle of evidence that would disturb the most sensitive of empty scales that the child was ever maltreated or treated more harshly than thousands of children in the homes of their own parents. Believe the testimony of rascally servant girls if you will and then ask yourself, if you please, how much better things would seem at home if your own 16 year old daughter should die and to prove wrong doing on your part, every little correction you had ever administered in any way should be trotted out in what is called a court of justice (probably because it ought to be that.) Imagine yourself in a glass house with every act, every play of passion, or make believe of passion, exposed to public view without your knowledge or consent. Let the fair or unfair reader of this put herself in this position for a moment and I take it she would wish that God had devised some other than the prevailing way to keep the world agoing, or had made a less number of liars, or given to political enemies some show of decency as to the methods of retaliating on their opponents.

Either God has been in error all along in his treatment of the race, called human, or else the reward of wrongdoing ought to be punishment—not punishment as an arbitrary set-off, so to speak, but punishment as a means of preventing a repetition of the offence. If this is not a wholesome and good arrangement then I have been a much abused individual, because I never stole an apple or unfastened a stirrup strap to give a would-be rider a gentle surprise, without keenly feeling it at the very bottom of my being—without, in fact, sharply suffering in several parts of my anatomy besides what the doctors call conscience.

Turning to the case again: That the girl was badly constructed was no fault of hers. She came to this world without being consulted and therefore there was imposed on somebody—the parents or foster parents—the solemn, imperative duty of subduing inherited tendencies to evil and of cultivating a sense of that responsibility which attaches to every son and daughter of Adam and his wife. Speaking of Eve reminds me that the devil, who is abused as a common, notorious liar and for whom I have not a semblance of respect, really trotted out a few facts in his conversation with our venerable mother. I mention this to his credit, or perhaps to his discredit, for whether attributable to increased skill and care or to increased cussedness, his followers and servants at Dorchester—some of them—made no such mistake. They had evidently been under his tuition and were ambitious to surpass their teacher.

Respecting the matter under inquiry and the methods of determining the issue raised I have one or two remarks to make—remarks that ought to have the reader's consideration for selfish reasons, if no other because of what happened in the case of Mrs. Stevens—a woman found at the close of a malignant inquiry to be innocent—may happen to the sister, wife or mother of any reader of this paper. Not on her account or on my account, but on your own account, reader, note these facts: During the preliminary proceedings Mrs. Stevens remained at her home or walked the streets freely under bonds of about two thousand dollars, free at any moment to forfeit this amount and to move out of the reach of her persecutors, but when she went to Dorchester to stand her trial and to pay for guards that might be deemed necessary nothing would do but confinement in a miserable cell, not altogether clean in the common jail. This may be justice but it so the good Lord has not given me a mind to appreciate it. That there was no thought of escape was evident; that escape if feared would have been impossible, with guards hired by the crown, and paid by the accused, was evident; that the degradation was unnecessary, gratuitous, malicious, damnable exercise of arbitrary power, a power not given for purposes of revenge or the venting of spite but for the security of justice and fair play, was equally evident. Why evident? Because after two days a sensation of mercy prevailed somebody's soul and the accused was allowed comfortable quarters on the ground flat of the keeper's rooms from which, for there were no guards if she had been a desperado she could have escaped at any hour of the day or night.

I have much to ask forgiveness for and I ought to forgive much, but I may as well confess that I have not faith to believe that I will ever have enough of the grace of God—if the grace of God works that way—to forgive or forget this infamous outrage, and I do hope to live to avenge it. I have tried to be calm—I am trying to write calmly—but I would be untrue to the inheritance that is mine—an inheritance of justice purchased by rivers of British blood and millions of British gold if I allowed any French or English bastard, without protest to treat me or mine as we were treated at Dorchester.

I owe an apology to my friends for submitting to this infamous outrage. My apology is that it was wholly unexpected and I was altogether powerless. No man, in like circumstances, should make this plea hereafter. We know now what Dorchester county court justice is. It is to put an innocent woman, your wife or mine, in a felon's cell, not because she is guilty, not because she might attempt to escape, but apparently because it was feared that she was innocent and would not be

punished unless the opportunity to punish in advance was promptly seized. I do not know, I would like to know, if this kind of thing is done in any other part of the Queen's domain, or if it can be regarded from any point of view as a decent administration of British law. If so, and I can be convinced of it, I want to move to Siberia, where British law is not heard of, or to some new section of the wild and woolly west where every man carries the arbiter of personal justice and right in his hip pocket. I hope that such an injustice, perpetrated in the name of justice, will not be repeated in this county or country, or if repeated that public indignation will render it impossible for the same thing to occur again in the same building. If in view of all the sacrifices of the past, British subjects are today to be compelled to endure gross insult, inhumanity and wrong, then we need either a change of law or a radical change in the administration of the law—a change that will secure in the hearts of those invested with power a small abiding place for decency, propriety and respect for forfeited personal rights.

I may have occasion to touch this subject again, but before closing, I ought, I think, to call attention to what is, I believe, a prevailing and very unfair custom. I refer to the undue advantage which the Crown arrogates to itself in any contest with an individual. If I am right the Crown appoints the judge, controls largely the selection of other officials, shells out the people's (including the prisoners,) money ad libitum and without stint, to pay counsel, secure witnesses, or otherwise to obtain a conviction, while the accused must either pay out his own money for such services or stand to be condemned. Is it a fair trial of right and wrong for the tremendous power of the government. In these and other ways to be arrayed against an individual who may be helpless as to finances or influences? I believe it is not. On the contrary I believe it is to be just as much, if not more, the duty of the crown to use its resources to defend and protect the meaneast subject of that crown against a threatened wrong as it is to prosecute and punish the guilty. I am aware that the court will sometimes, as an act of charity assign a stick of a counsel to a poverty stricken prisoner, but the effect of this usually is only to increase the injury done by combining a deceptive impression of fairness with an imbecile defence.

If these ideas are based on correct notions of personal rights and personal liberties they are worthy of more consideration than they receive. If not, or if they are based on misconceptions of any kind, I should be glad to have the facts pointed out.

I ought not to close this brief sketch without mentioning our high appreciation of the great ability of the attorneys for the defence, the kindness of Mrs. Tait and family, then in charge of the jail, the general kindness of all who had no spite to vent and the thoughtfulness of friends and acquaintances who, from every province of the Dominion wrote during the trial to express their confidence and sympathy in what they regarded as a cruel persecution. To these people, acquaintances of a few days more or less, I hope to write individually, but if I fail, and I am apt to fail in anything requiring labor, they will kindly accept this grateful acknowledgment.

H. T. STEVENS.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

DR. LEWIS BLUNDIN'S STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

Afflicted With Paralysis for Twenty-five Years—Pronounced Incurable by the Foremost Physician in America—A Case of World Wide Interest.

(From The Philadelphia Times.)

Many survivors of the late war left the ranks un wounded, but with broken constitutions; an instance in point is Dr. Lewis D. Blundin a resident of Humeville, Bucks Co., Pa. In relating his experiences and what he had suffered in consequence of the hardships he had encountered Dr. Blundin said:

"I was born at Bridgewater, Penna., in 1841, and went through the war as private, sergeant and hospital steward in Company C, 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers. My service was active, and while in Georgia I had an attack of typhoid fever, which left me weak and a ready victim for future disease. My kidneys were then affected and this finally developed into spinal trouble, which lasted through my army service. In 1866 I was mustered out with an honorable discharge, and entered the the Jefferson Medical College as a student. I due time I graduated and removed to Maununk. One day, after I had graduated, I was lying on a sofa at my home in Maununk, when I felt a cold sensation in my lower limbs as though the blood had suddenly left them. When I tried to move them I was horrified at the discovery that I was paralyzed from my hips to my toes. The paralysis was complete, and a pin or pinch of the flesh caused me no pain. I could not move a muscle.

I called in Dr. William Todd, of Philadelphia. He made a careful and exhaustive examination of my case, sounding and testing, and finally announced that my trouble was caused by inflammation of the spinal cord, and that I would likely have another stroke of paralysis. I consulted Dr. Moorehouse, of Philadelphia, who said that no amount of medicine would ever prove of the slightest benefit to me.

"One day last September I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people. I sent for one box. I had always been troubled with a sort of vertigo after my first stroke of paralysis to such an extent that when I got out of my bed my head would swim, and I had difficulty in saving myself from falling. My appetite was bad, digestive organs ruined, and no assimilation of food. In addition to my many other ailments, rheumatism held a prominent place. By the time I had finished the first box of Pink Pills I was comparatively free from these minor ills. My appetite returned, the digestive organs got down to their daily grind and the rheumatism disappeared. I was much encouraged and immediately sent for half a dozen boxes of the Pink Pills. Relief followed upon relief with astonishing rapidity. First one ailment would disap-

pear, then another, until the pills got to work upon the foundation stones of my trouble—paralysis. I felt a sense of exhilaration, and the general effect was beneficial, becoming more so each day. Noting this fact, I increased the dose from one to two pills after each meal for a few days. Before I had taken the six boxes of pills, I was sitting in my chair one afternoon, when I felt a curious sensation in my left foot. Upon investigation, I found it had flexed, or, in other words, become movable, and I could move it. From that time on my improvement was steady and it was not long before I was walking around on crutches with little or no discomfort. It was three years before taking the Pink Pills that I had been able to use the crutches at any time. My health is daily improving and I feel sure that Pink Pills have done more good than all the doctors and all the medicine in the country, and as they are not costly I can easily afford the treatment."

Dr. Blundin tells of another remarkable cure effected by the use of Pink Pills. One of his comrades in the army was Lewis J. Allen, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who has been a sufferer from rheumatism for nearly all his life. Mr. Allen is a grandson of Ethan Allen, of revolutionary fame. "I know," said Dr. Blundin, "that Mr. Allen could not lift his arms to his head, or even his hands to his mouth because of chronic rheumatism. He read in a Detroit paper of a wonderful cure made by Pink Pills and bought some. His cure was sudden and complete. Knowing that I was a sufferer from rheumatism, along with my other ills, he wrote me about his recovery and advised me to try them. I was then using them. He said he had perfect control of his arms and hands and could use them freely without experiencing any pain. He added that as a cure for rheumatism the pills were the most complete in the world.

My case alone proves that, for I am confident that my greatly benefited condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Sworn to before me this 15th day of May, GEORGE HARRISON, Notary Public.

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These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for 2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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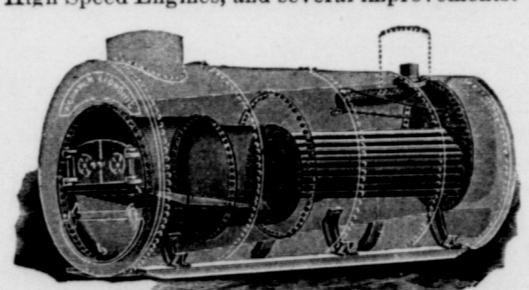
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