

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

A CUR OF HIGH DEGREE.

THE FAVORED DOG OF A MONCTON ALDERMAN.

Every Dog Whose Taxes are Paid Should Be Treated as a Citizen Contributing to the Town's Revenue, but He Should be Made to Respect Others' Rights in Return.

MONCTON, Aug. 22.—The oft disputed question, as to whether a man who takes part in making laws for others, can possibly be a law unto himself, never seems to have reached a satisfactory settlement! The man himself thinks he can, while the populace generally, and his immediate neighbors in particular, are of the opinion that he can't. And to do the latter justice they can usually bring forward some pretty solid arguments to support their views.

A man who presides at the councils of nations is rarely a pleasant neighbor, I fancy! His mind, like that of the Laird of Cockpen, is usually too much "ta'en up wi' things o' the state," for him to be individually agreeable and he is so eager to see the municipality he represents that he is tempted to overlook private interests altogether, except when they happen to be his own. The smallest details connected with the working of the ship of state, interest him far more than the largest concerns of his next door neighbor. In fact he has got so into the habit of taking wide views, and looking at great matters from a distance, that he can scarcely be expected to take much interest in the small details of daily life going on around him. Like the great natural laws he works for the good of the race, not the individual, and it the latter should happen to get in the way and be hurt, why of course it is his own fault for not keeping off the track, and leaving the way clear for the country's rulers.

Such at least seem to be the sentiments of the average politician; and a certain member of Moncton's city council, whose voice is usually loudest in the council chamber, and whose advanced views on the subject of civic administration might well revolutionize all existing forms of municipal government, is no exception to the rule. This gentleman resides on one of the principal streets of the city, and is the possessor of a large black dog of the Newfoundland denomination who devotes an amount of attention to the neighbor's affairs, which fully makes up for any lack of interest on his master's part, and is a source of considerable embarrassment to the neighbors themselves; indeed all they ask is that the master will either pay a little more attention to the dog's peculiarities, or else buy him a good strong muzzle.

This engaging quadruped is not only very ill-tempered towards all the human race, but he wages unchecked war upon every cat within the radius of Ward 2, and is therefore very unpopular even amongst his master's most ardent supporters.

There are eccentric people in this world who consider a thoroughbred Maltese cat quite as valuable as a long haired, short tempered dog who can only be connected with the rock bound shores of Newfoundland by a very great stretch of courtesy, especially when the cat happens to be their property, and the dog another man's. But even leaving the question of value out, it would require an angelic disposition to look on patiently while the dog vaulted lightly over your front fence, pounced upon your favorite cat who was dozing peacefully on the verandah steps, and broke her back before you could interfere, leaving the poor creature to writhe in agony, until you could find some means of putting it out of misery.

This has happened so frequently that the residents of that street are beginning to find the repetition very monotonous, and as the alderman does not seem to concern himself about such small matters, my attention has been directed to the great annoyance suffered by the dog's immediate neighbors, and as he is very much in the habit of dragging the remains of his victims from one yard to another, and leaving them on strange doorsteps, there to pollute the summer air, I have been requested to suggest that if the civic ruler does not care to muzzle his dog, he will appropriate a small sum yearly to be applied towards the decent burial of his pet's victims, or at least undertake to notify the board of health, and have the bodies removed before rigor mortis sets in; as it is both inconvenient, and expensive to have the flooring of one's verandah taken up once in a while in order to remove the ghastly and unpleasant remains of some murdered pussy which have been making the house almost uninhabitable.

Now it is well known that dogs in Moncton, like converted Jews in England, come high, but providing you are willing to pay for the luxury no one will object to your keeping one, if you see that your dog does not violate the laws. Every canine whose taxes are paid is a citizen; he should be regarded as any other taxpayer and his rights respected, since he assists in defraying the expenses of the city, but his owner must see that he respects the rights of others in return, and it is scarcely fair that a dog belonging to an alderman should be allowed

to commit depredations which would be promptly punished were the offender owned by a mere private citizen. If any dog in Moncton presumed to even bark at a child of one of the city fathers, no matter how he had been provoked, he would be branded at once as "a savage brute" or "a dangerous animal," and the first time he was caught without a muzzle there is little doubt that the private gallows of the city marshal, or the murky waters of the historic Petitcodiac, would be his portion. But when it comes to an animal belonging to an alderman, it seems that the rule does not work and the dog is surrounded by an invisible barbed wire fence, almost as strong as the divinity that doth hedge a king; his master helps to make the laws, and therefore the law is not going to touch him.

I confess I cannot take this view myself, because it seems to me that it is the high privilege of an alderman's dog to prove a shining example to all other dogs by virtue of his exalted position and if his own moral qualities will not enable him to do so unassisted, let his master call in the aid of a muzzle, and like the Western judge who tried, convicted, and sentenced himself for being drunk the night before, enforce the penalty of the law, even when he cannot refrain from breaking the law itself.

AMONG THE CHOLERA PATIENTS.

How Green the Historian Fought the Disease in London Hospitals.

In an entertaining article upon incidents of his friendship with the historian Richard Green, with whose history of England so many are acquainted, Mr. Hawes speaks of his devotion to duty during the cholera in London.

"He was devoted and indefatigable. We used to go into the London Hospital together in the morning, and rub the blackened limbs of the cholera patients, which seemed to give them relief. Those piteous wails even now rise vividly before me. I shall never forget that terrible time—the stifled bodies, so hastily covered; the poor little children sitting up, three or four in a large bed, moaning in the early stages of seizure, and not knowing what ailed them; the long rows of the dying and the dead. Green was perfectly fearless, and kept his head level, and stood to his guns when, I regret to say, many of the East-End clergy found it convenient to go out of town for change of air.

This hand to hand fight with death was to me a most exciting spectacle. To get the dead away—to burn the cholera rags and beds—required the utmost vigilance and determination and promptitude. It was almost impossible to get adequate help, but Green went about with me and we did it ourselves, and in those days it was not an uncommon thing to meet Green walking between two loose women of the town, entering house after house, and with their own hands getting the dead out and the rooms deodorized. Green often referred to the noble self-sacrifice of those poor outcast girls, who rallied round their pastor when many respectable folk hung back. He said he could always rely upon them in an emergency for such dangerous work."

UNCLE SAM'S CONSCIENCE FUND.

Founded Early in This Century. It Now Amounts to About \$270,000.

The "Conscience Fund" has figured in the statements of the treasury department for over eighty years, says F. L. Crisham, in Lippincott's. It was opened in 1811, and appears in the general fund of the government under the head of miscellaneous receipts. Like other assets of the treasury it can be used for any purpose that congress may deem proper. Its origin was due to the fact that away back in the beginning of the present century some unknown person began to feel the sharp thrusts of conscience. In some way he had defaulted the government, and could find relief only by returning the money to the treasury. This was the beginning of the account showing the receipts of money by the government from unknown persons. Since then the fund has been accumulating in large and small sums, until at the present time it aggregates nearly \$270,000. Remittances are received nearly every week. During the prevalence of the hard times the receipts have fallen off considerably, and sometimes a fortnight elapses before a communication is received, showing that even a man's conscience can feel the effect of tight money.

A Photographer's Love Story.

This is a photographer's story: "About a year ago, a young man employed in a railway office came in and had his picture taken. About the same time a beautiful young woman from an interior town came in and had hers taken also; both left the order desiring me to send them to their addresses as soon as finished. In the book my clerk put the initial of the first name and wrote the surname in full. It happened both had the same last name; the young man's name was John H.—and the young woman's Julia H.—. When the pictures were mailed there was a mistake, the young man getting the young woman's pictures, and vice versa. Now, out of this incident quite a love affair has grown, the young people having fallen in love with one another at sight of the pictures. They corresponded for several months. Some time ago the young man bought a solitary diamond ring, and now he has ordered his wedding suit. That is what I call a first-class romance. The best of all is that the couple are well suited in every respect and both are of good families."

AN OLD SALT'S WRONGS.

HE WAS NOT LET INTO THE HALIFAX SAILORS' HOME.

Henry Hope's Graphic Account of His Voyage on the "Ziopatista," and his Imprisonment in England—His Charge Against the Sailors' Home Superintendent.

A sailor named Henry Hope has sent PROGRESS the biggest sheet of manuscript that the paper has ever received. It is a complaint against the superintendent of the Sailors' Home at Halifax, written on a sheet of manilla paper, fifteen by twenty-four inches. The writer is evidently not a regular contributor to the press, for he writes on both sides of the paper, but he tells a very straightforward story, which, if true, would justify him in publishing his grievances. He claims that he has been going to sea off and on for the last thirty-five years, and enumerates many vessels of all rigs and sizes with which he says he was connected. The following is a synopsis of the story as told by this correspondent:

"Last fall the two British seamen, Henry Hope and Thomas Alice, were shipped at Halifax to go in a vessel, supposed to be a barquentine, lying at Pictou, by Captain Blithe. The next morning at 8 o'clock the shipping clerk came to the Sailors' Home for the men, who then went on the train for Pictou.

About noon, when the train was stopping at Truro, the shipping clerk left the train, returning with a large bottle of whiskey, of which the two British seamen were not at all loath to partake. Then the shipping clerk said that, to the best of his belief, the two sailors and the second mate were shipped to go in a barque. There were five men shipped altogether, two being Norwegians. The sailors hardly knew what to make of the conflicting statements that they were going on a barque and that they were going on a barquentine, but when they got to Pictou they found that what the clerk said when he passed around the whiskey was correct. They were all going in the old barque Zio Patista.

This vessel was a Portuguese wreck brought by one McMullan. The men got aboard the Zio Patista, which was lying alongside the wharf, made fast with two small lines, one aft, the other forward. They did not particularly admire the looks of the vessel, and, as in the old ballad, "over went the second mate and the seamen two." The last of the three to go was the seaman Hope, who was met by the captain, the pilot, the mate, and the owner, who asked him where he was going. He said that he was going after the two other men. He was then shown by the four that he was mistaken as to his destination. They took him on board the vessel. Hope said that he would not go on the ship. Then the captain struck him with some instrument, so that his face was black for two months after.

The ship was then pulled out into the stream. It rained and blew for four days and nights. The vessel was rotten and leaky and loaded too deep, the Plimsoll's marks being under water. The vessel got to England all right, however, and was put in a dry-dock, it costing about four hundred dollars to repair her. Before the vessel left Pictou all the crew had refused to go to sea in her. The captain and owner had held a petty survey on the vessel, and had passed her as fit for sea.

John Stephens, the mate, and Thomas Alice and Henry Hope were given a "sly trial" in the cabin of the vessel after her arrival in England. They were refused a lawyer, and were sent to jail for three months.

After they had been in jail for eighty-five days the sheriff came to them, and gave them quite a little lecture, saying that they had caused a lot of trouble to come on the ship when she got to England by their sending a letter over about her. He then let them out of jail, and sent them across to Halifax. They were not allowed admittance at the Sailors' Home, they being told that there were no beds for them. The sailors waited outside the institution for about fifteen minutes, and their wrath was not at all appeased by seeing the official who refused them admittance take in two Norwegians.

"The next day," complains Mr. Hope, "he took in John Stephens, but then Stephens had told the ladies in Pictou that he belonged to Poole, England. On the ship's articles his place of birth is given as Halifax; and it is believed he belongs to some part of Newfoundland."

"This," continues Hope, with bitter sarcasm, "is the man he got his truth from. They kept us in the snow and took in niggers and foreigners all winter, refusing to take me and Thomas Alice in just because we wouldn't go to sea in an unfit ship. When we offered to pay our board the superintendent of the Sailors' Home called me in and told me he would put me in jail if I didn't stop talking about him. He told me I never was aboard of a ship, and called me a loafer and a tramp. I have plenty of papers to show what I have been doing all winter. I paid my

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Ladies' Tailoring, - Fall, 1894.

We take much pleasure in informing the Ladies of the Maritime Provinces that our Custom Cloak Department is now re-opened after the summer vacation, and having received our pattern garments in

JACKETS, CAPES AND PALETOTS,

And a very large variety of new Fashionable Cloths, we are prepared to MAKE UP TO ORDER in the most approved manner any kind of outside garment which a lady may require.

Prices Moderate, Consistent with First-Class Work and Style.

In addition to making Cloaks and Mantles, we have added the making of CLOTH SUITS or COSTUMES in regular Tailor-made Fashion. Only CLOTH COSTUMES made up; not the thinner Dress Materials, and in Plain, Tailor-made Finish.

Perfect Fit and Satisfactory Work Guaranteed.

Ladies out of town can have their garments made by us without the necessity of coming to the city to be fitted. Samples and measurement form on application.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

way like a man. I belong to the Shipping Federation and I showed ten years' good discharge to join it. I also belong to the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, and a man can't join that if he ain't a seaman. A seaman won't go to sea unless he gets his proper wages, and if every man did the same there wouldn't be so many farmers going to sea, that have to have somebody else to do their work.

"The superintendent of the Seaman's Home never was to sea in his life, and don't know a sailor when he sees one, but he knows how to charge a man \$2.25 for an oilskin coat and pants that he can get anywhere else for \$1.75, and it was just for mere spite that he wouldn't take us in the Sailors' Home and see whether we was willing to go to sea in a seaworthy ship. It served all the men the way he served us it would take some funny soldier to suit him. But what does a soldier know about a sailor, anyhow?"

REMARKABLE FISH STORY.

It Differed From all Other Fish Yarns, and Yet was Not True.

The holiday season was rapidly drawing to a close, and many who had been seeking rest and recreation had already returned to town, when one evening a gentleman called at a suburban house on a matter of business. During the conversation he said to the head of the family—

"I understood you've been spending your holidays in the L'ke district near Windermere?"

"Yes, and had a jolly good time."

"Go fishing?"

"Several times."

"Catch anything?"

"Just one little perch."

"Ha, ha, ha! Only what might have been expected."

"When the caller had gone, the lady of the house said indignantly—

"William, it is disgraceful that you should have been sitting there telling stories in that shameful way. You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece; and then there was that big jack that was nearly twelve pounds."

"My dear," responded the husband appeasingly, "you don't understand human nature yet. That man is now ready to take my word for a thousand pounds. If I had only told him about those fish he would have gone away with the firm conviction that he had been talking to one of the biggest liars in the kingdom."

SQUEALING FOR JUSTICE.

A Frenzied Husband Who Had no Patience With the Law's Delays.

A few mornings ago, shortly after the adjournment of the court, a man came in and wanted a warrant.

"You can't get it now," explained one of the officers. "The judge is gone for the day."

"Where can I find him?"

"You'll have to wait until tomorrow morning to transact any business of that sort."

"Wait until tomorrow?" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and gazing at the empty bench as if he'd like to jump aboard of it and issue the warrant himself.

"There ain't no use of getting excited," continued the officer. "You don't expect to be murdered, do you? And nobody ain't going to burn your house down, I guess."

"Well, you keep on guessin'," replied the exasperated citizen, "but if you had a woman next door hangin' over your back yard fence from mornin' till night talkin' to your wife, while you was waitin' hungry for your meals, I'm bettin' you'd squeal for justice a good deal louder'n I can."

Nearly as Bad as the Puritans.

The deluded people of the Indian Archipelago seem to be about as far behind the times as were the Salem witch burners 200 years ago, only that they seldom go to the extremes which history tells us that our Puritan ancestors did. In Ceylon the system of "witch finding" is both unique and terrible. Some oil from newly gathered king coconuts is manufactured by one of the friends of the complainant. This is poured into a primitive stone vessel and heated to the boiling point. Each of the suspected witches is then brought upon the scene and is then and there compelled to dip three fingers of the right hand into the seething caldron, each having a right, under their ideas of justice, to throw the oil remaining upon his fingers into the face of the complainant, who stands near by. While this ordeal is being undergone a single exclamation of pain on the part of the suspected person is construed to be

an admission of guilt; if no such exclamation is made, the innocence of the accused is supposed to be established. It is said that every tenth person on the island of Ceylon has maimed fingers as a result of having met the "ordeal of boiling oil."

THEY SPORT WITH HUMAN LIFE.

I'll give you the plain facts in the case, and you shall help me to judge whether there was a mistake made or not.

It seems that some time in 1889—in the winter, no doubt—Mr. Strong, of Leicester, was taken down with influenza, often called the grip, and truly a strong grip it has when it once takes a hold. Well, I am glad to say he was able to fight out the battle and get the best of it. But the best wasn't anything to brag of. The influenza hadn't exactly beaten Mr. Strong, but it left him in very bad condition. And here is where you and I properly pick up the thread of the story.

His meals didn't tempt him; the most savoury of dishes had no charms for our friend. He had lost his appetite, and in the long run a man had better lose his appetite than have a grip. He forced down something of course, but it gave him such a pain in the chest that he wished he hadn't swallowed a mouthful. Then, naturally, he got so weak and nervous he couldn't sleep at night.

This, as everybody knows, is the straight road to the graveyard, through the madhouse. Lots of people are making that trip all the time. We must eat and we must sleep. If we don't we are done for. Neuralgic pains, too, made matters worse for Mr. Strong. He saw a doctor, and what did the doctor do? This is what the patient says on that point: "This doctor gave me all kinds of strengthening medicines, but none of them did me any good, and I continued to suffer for month after month."

Just what we might have expected. Mr. Strong further says: "In October, 1890, my friend, Mr. James Webster, of 28, New Walk, Leicester, advised me to try a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I followed his advice. The first bottle gave me great relief, and I began to digest my food and to have an appetite; and after I had used three bottles I was another man. I was completely cured. All my aches and pains left me, my strength returned, and I have been all right ever since. What astonished me was that the Syrup cured me so quickly, and I never shall cease thanking Mr. Webster for making it known to me. You are at liberty to publish my case for the benefit of others. Yours truly, (signed) W. STRONG, 41, East Street, Leicester, December 30th, 1891."

Now, was there a mistake in this matter, and if so, what was it? Yes, there was a common mistake made. It is an old and seemingly hopeless blunder.

"The doctor," says Mr. Strong, "gave me all kinds of strengthening medicines."

Open wide your ears and remember what I'm going to tell you now; remember it for the hour of your own helplessness and pain. There is no such thing as strengthening medicine, neither in the earth nor in the waters which are under the earth. This is the truth; all the high class doctors know it. As for the others—well, there! the less said about them the better.

Mr. Strong took "strengthening medicines," and what happened to him? Why he "continued to suffer month after month." Did you ever see a horse made stronger and fatter by spurs and lash-whips? leaving off the oats and hay? I think not. And that is what "strengthening medicines" do, and all they do. So-called tonics are like making a sick man walk far and fast by kicking him at every other step.

Nothing under the sun but digested food imparts strength; no drug ever does.

And herein is the perpetual success and victory of Mother Seigel's Syrup; it cleanses the system of disease-poison and leaves Nature sweet and free. The stomach then cries, "Feed me," and so power and health come back like the green grass after a shower. Do you see? Mother Seigel proclaims "I destroy disease!" Nature responds, "Only do that, and I can take care of myself."

The disease is indigestion and dyspepsia. Mr. Strong had it and was badly treated. Should you have it, try the syrup first—not last, for I have told you why.

London, March, 1892.

To Be Expected.

Suddenly he grew desperate.

"An abyss," he cried, "yawns between us."

She looked eloquently at the clock.

"I can't blame it," she answered severely.

The hour was indeed late.

Short Sighted Folk.

Prof. Ball, the astronomer-royal of Ireland, says that if the fixed star Sirius is inhabited, its people cannot see our sun, which is 100,000,000,000 miles from them.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of

Dawson's Chocolate Creams

I never subscribed or recommended any of the many worm remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis, Dawson's Chocolate Creams Contain No Mercury. I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no after medicine.

Dawson's Chocolate Creams.

are NEVER SOLD in the form of a Chocolate tablet or stick but in the form of a delicious CHOCOLATE CREAM.

25c. a Box of all Druggists, or from Wallace Dawson, Chemist, - Montreal.

No One Who is Inclined to be Sick Should go to Sea Without

PRESTON'S SEASICKNESS PELLETS

Some people have the absurd idea that it is best to be sick, especially if one is inclined to Biliousness.

Note that there are two bottles in the package. One is to counteract any bilious tendency and the other to settle the stomach in case of any inclination to nausea.

For sale by Druggists, 25 cents a bottle, or mailed on receipt of price.

PRESTON PELLET CO., LTD., St. John, N. B.

If You Need

a good Liniment

Buy Minard's

as it is the BEST.

If You Do Not Need

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as you may want it in a hurry.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

RECIPE

FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

Adam's Root Beer Extract..... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a cake
Sugar..... two pounds
Lukewarm Water..... two gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles make two and five gallons.