

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MONCTON PEOPLE FORM AN S. P. C. A. BRANCH.

Two Butchers of the Town are Among its Leading Members—The Shocking Condition in Which Sheep and Lambs Come by Rail to St. John.

MONCTON, Nov. 15.—At last Moncton has a branch of the S. P. C. A., not only an agent, who might be terrorized into neglecting his duty, but a full fledged branch with president, twelve vice presidents executive committee of eleven members, treasurer, assistant secretary, and all the other requirements which go to make up a properly equipped association of any kind.

It may strike the casual observer, at the first glance, that a good many officers seem to be required for the management of this infant society, and that twelve vice-presidents will be likely to get in each other's way on busy days, but mature reflection will show an excellent reason for the precaution of numbers. The man who undertakes to protect animals in our city almost takes his life in his hands, and therefore needs plenty of support and protection, so much, in fact, that the twelve vice-presidents and the eleven members of the executive could only arrange to make their rounds of inspection securely fastened together by ropes as the guides and tourists do in Alpine climbing, it would even be a better plan. But perhaps when the untutored native—especially the small boy—gets accustomed to the new order of things, and finds his bearings in the general chaos which threatens to overwhelm him now, he will yield gracefully to the inevitable, and the officers of the whole society lately formed will be able to attend to their duties without police protection. The animals of Moncton have been unprotected for so long that the tough element of the city, and the ever present street gamin regard them as their legitimate prey, and I fear the society will have some hard work at first. I who have struggled for years to constitute myself a sort of authorized branch of the S. P. C. A., and give the helpless dumb creatures of the city what little protection lay in my power, can speak from experience, and know just how hard, and how thankless a task it is trying to defend those who cannot defend themselves and whose friends, I sometimes think, are represented by about ten per cent. of humanity while the other 90 per cent. are against them.

For many years the need of such a society has been a crying one in Moncton, and I am surprised that it was not formed long ago; we have so many societies in our city, and with much varied objects in view that the array of capital letters with which the notices of meetings in the daily papers fairly bristle, is bewildering, but I am glad that at last the letters S. P. C. A. have been added to the number.

The names of the men and women who form the different committees might almost be taken as a guarantee that the duties of the society will be conscientiously performed, and that advice on the subject would be superfluous, but still I am going to presume on my own longer experience of those duties, to express the hope that the transportation of cattle and especially the condition of the cars loaded with calves, lambs, sheep, and even geese passing through the I. C. R., accommodations provided for these poor creatures are often such as would disgrace a savage nation. Only last week the St. John Telegraph drew attention to the shocking condition in which a carload of sheep and lambs arrived in that city, and that was but a single instance out of many which have escaped notice.

I shall never forget sitting in an upper window of the old "Point du Chene house"—which faced the railway yard at Point du Chene—one broiling day in August, and watching with stentorian indignation the loading of the cars with sheep and lambs. Again and again I tried to leave the window and forget the cruel sight, but each time a morbid fascination seemed to draw me back, and I had to wait until the last terrified, bleating overhauled creature had been driven into the torture chamber and death trap called a car.

The cars which are used for the transportation of sheep, as anyone who has observed them knows, are divided into two stories, an upper and a lower, and each "flat" is packed to suffocation; when it is considered full, and its capacity is something like a street car which will always hold one more, the door is shut, and the other half filled. I watched this process of packing till I began to wonder whether my eyes were not so dazzled with the glare of the sun, and the constant stream of sheep huddling and crowding into their narrow prisons before the lashes of their tormentors, that they were playing me false, for in no other way could I account for the number which were driven into each car.

Again and again I feel certain not one more could be forced in, and still the drivers whooped and flourished their sticks, and the sheep crowded in. The day, as I have already said, was one of the hottest I

ever remember, the mercury standing at 97 in the shade, and both lambs and sheep had well grown, heavy fleeces, so the sufferings of those unfortunate creatures can be better imagined than described on a day when human beings clad in the lightest of garments could scarcely support existence in the coolest and airiest spot they could find.

When not another animal could possibly find room to stand on one leg, the doors were banged, and the cars shunted on to a siding to await other freight, and starting orders.

I suppose it was a usual occurrence, only that I happened to see it that day; but the sight made such an impression on me that I determined to suggest at the earliest opportunity the advisability of having an agent of the S. P. C. A. appointed if possible at Point du Chene to keep a watchful eye on the Island boats which cross the strait with cattle, and also to watch the animals being loaded on the I. C. R. trains. I hope the Moncton S. P. C. A. will take this matter into consideration, and do what they can towards remedying the evil.

"In conclusion" as the clergymen say, the society in Moncton has begun its existence under very favorable circumstances; the choice of a president has been a wise one, and those interested have gone about the formation of their branch in a thoroughly business like manner. One of the most noticeable features in the report of last Friday's meeting is the fact that the names of two well known butchers, holding stalls in the country market, appear on the executive committee, and the members in question, Messrs. George C. Mathews and William K. Gross, deserve to be warmly congratulated for proving to the public that even though a man's business may be the slaughter of animals it does not prevent him from being quite as humane, and as anxious to spare dumb creatures from needless cruelty, as if his occupation was one of the gentlest in the world.

I need scarcely say how cordially I sympathize with the movement nor how grateful I feel to Mr. Wetmore, the society's general secretary in the maritime provinces, for his action in forming the Moncton branch of one of the most praiseworthy associations ever organized.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## A SMART NEWSBOY.

He Solved the Problem of the Lost Helms in Fine Shape.

There was a crowd on Fourth Avenue about a little girl and a dog. There were a couple of policemen, a half dozen women and a dozen men. The little girl was lost. The policemen knew it, the women knew it, the crowd knew it, and the little girl herself knew it. Now, the problem every one was trying to solve was where the little girl belonged. That neither the policemen, the women, the crowd nor the little girl knew.

"Where do you live?" asked a policeman.

The little girl looked up in a frightened way and shook her head.

"Poor little dear. Where does your mother live?" asked one of the women, thinking to get at the problem in a roundabout way.

Still the little girl shook her head.

Finally the newsboy appeared on the scene. He eyed the assemblage contemptuously.

"Here," he said to the dog, "go home."

Off started the dog, the little girl hanging on to his shaggy coat and the crowd following behind, down Fourth Avenue a few blocks, around the corner, straight into the arms of an anxious woman, who looked half frightened to death, and who took the little girl in her arms and hugged and kissed her. The dog went quietly into the house, the newsboy disappeared, the policemen and the crowd went away, and it was all over.

Fish That Swallow Bigger Fish.

The late Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Natural History," says that a tiny jack or pike, of 5 in. in length, has been known to capture and try to eat a gudgeon of its own size, and to swim about quite unconcernedly with the tail of its victim protruding from its mouth. The angler-fishing frog has a small, thin, tapering body, no larger than the whole of his enormous head; and yet, as Garrett describes, he will swallow a large cod or a conger-eel. The Chiasmodon niger, one of the deep sea fishes, occasionally swallows a fish bigger than itself, and then the larger fish may be seen in a kind of bag or pouch-like structure, attached to the under side of the fish, from which it will be gradually digested and absorbed into the system. Dr. Johnston mentions the curious case of the sea-anemone, known as the Actinia Crassicornia. One of these voracious animals, originally 2 in. in diameter, contrived to swallow a scallop-valve as large as an ordinary saucer. In the South Kensington Museum is a specimen of a fish known as the black swallower, about a foot in length, with pointed fins as sharp as thorns. It is said that this fish is capable of swallowing other fishes ten or eleven times its own size.

A Complete Job.

O'Guinn—O'd loike yez to half seel an' heel them shoes.

Cobbler (examining the articles)—They'll not stand it. The uppers are all worn out.

O'Guinn—Oh, phwell! Put new uppers on them too!

## HALIFAX JOY AND WOE.

AN UNFORTUNATE CORONER; AND THE TUPPER DINNER.

Should Dr. Hawkins' Commission as Coroner be Revoked?—How a Rising Young Lawyer Corrected an Eloquent Politician's English—Both were Wrong, However.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—Dr. Hawkins is certainly an unfortunate man. He has been in more little troubles and big ones, too, than any other citizen of Halifax, during the past five years. From the very commencement of his career he has not only been in hot water himself, but he has been the means of dragging others into unpleasant situations. He began by creating an ugly feeling, when he sought an appointment to the Victoria hospital. Occurrence after occurrence has come in quick succession in which Dr. Hawkins has found himself in peculiarly undesirable predicaments. One source of his troubles has been his office of coroner. Progress knows how anxious he always was to get an inquest, and it would be cruel just now to tell the old story. Recollections of what Judge Townshend described as a most disgusting exhibition of Coroner Hawkins' desire to get an inquest have been revived by the trial recently concluded, in which Hawkins sued Undertaker Snow for \$1,000 damages for alleged false imprisonment, and malicious prosecution. The case arose out of the coroner's race for poor Fullerton's body after his death on the train from Amherst to Halifax. Snow had refused to allow Hawkins to remove the body from his establishment to hold the inquest. He practically beat the coroner and his constable off. That night Hawkins returned, in Snow's absence, opened a window, and removed Fullerton's body. Snow arrested the coroner for theft, and afterwards dropped the case. Then Hawkins sued the undertaker as stated, Judge Townshend and a jury tried the case, and it took the jury but a quarter of an hour, after the evidence was all in, to bring in a verdict for the undertaker. The address to the jury by Lawyer Drysdale on behalf of Snow was one of the most severe and cutting attacks ever heard in the court. Judge Townshend's charge to the jury, in describing Hawkins' actions, was only less remarkable for its denunciation of the coroner's conduct.

There is something to be said in favor of letting by-gones be by-gones, but in this case Coroner Hawkins' record certainly disqualifies him for the further discharge of "coroner's" duties. He should not longer be allowed to retain the office. The provincial government, and Hon. W. S. Fielding, could not do a more popular thing, even with liberals, than to revoke Coroner Hawkins' commission as coroner. With Judge Townshend's charge to the jury before them, the government cannot now say they have no official knowledge of Coroner Hawkins' conduct as coroner. "Have the courage of your convictions!"

## A MERRY DINNER.

How the Word "Maritime" Should be Pronounced.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—The dinner at the Halifax hotel last week, tendered by the liberal-conservatives of the city to Sir C. H. Tupper and the other visiting cabinet ministers and their friends was a pleasant affair. There were nearly 100 seated around the tables. The banquet was a \$5 per plate one, and was more of a social political gathering than a demonstration for campaign effect. Deputy Speaker Ouimet showed that he can make an effective address in English, but the French-Canadian members of the party, naturally enough, were stronger in music than in oratory, and they showed it. A dinner of the kind, without some humorous accident, would be a rare one, and this wasn't the exception. An eloquent local politician of prominence was proposing a toast. He frequently had occasion, in the course of his remarks, to use the words "maritime provinces," and he invariably pronounced the first word "maritime." A rising young Halifax lawyer has a decided opinion that the word should be pronounced "maritime," giving the second i its full value. The local politician was saying that if the government adhered to the good old policy the "maritime" provinces could be depended upon to back it up with the old majority, when from an adjoining table the lawyer cried: "maritime," correcting the prominent politician's pronunciation. Again and again the prominent speaker told of what he believed the "maritime" provinces would do, and as regularly as clock-work the weird echo came from the other table in piercing tones, "maritime!" "maritime!" A smile began to overspread the faces of the banqueters and for a few minutes the war of pronunciation closed and there was peace. Before the prominent politician sat down, however, once more he stepped into the fray and uttered the fateful word "maritime." The lawyer lunging to the speaker's heels with the pertinacity of a bull-dog, and sung his old refrain, "Maritime!" "Maritime!"

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liant men, and the lawyer is a conscientious disciple of Blackstone, but it is worthy of note that the pronunciation of the word by both men was incorrect. It should be pronounced as it spelled "maritim"—with a short i. There is no intention on the part of Progress to charge politician or lawyer for this information, because all way get it for themselves either from Webster's or Worcester's dictionary.

## THE JAPS AS JOKERS.

How a Japanese Ambassador Gave a Gentle Rebuke.

The Japanese are a very polite people, they sometimes like to play a joke in a roundabout Oriental way upon the men of the West. In the days of the Second Empire, Baron Gros was sent to Japan to demand the opening of certain ports to French commerce. Among the rest he named to the Japanese Ministers a certain city. The Japanese functionaries smiled so broadly when he preferred the request that the French Ambassador asked them to tell him what gave them so much amusement; but instead of answering, the Japanese Ministers said:—

"We will open the port in question, my lord, if France in her turn will open a certain port to us."

"What port is that?" asked the Frenchman.

"The port of Liverpool."

"But, your excellencies" (laughing), "Liverpool is not a French port, but an English one."

"Yes," answered the Japanese. "And the port you named is not in Japan but in Corea."

The French ambassador was compelled to admit that the joke was against him.

## An Alaskan Ice Cave.

"While at Birch Creek," said Mr. Oberlander, "I was informed of the discovery of a wonderful cave by a miner named Schumann. I was unable to visit the cave, which is located forty miles above Masterdan Creek. Schumann states that this cave is eighty feet in length and varies from four to seventy feet in width. After entering through a small aperture, the sides of which are composed of granite, one emerges into a solid ice chamber, from which hang numerous stalactites glistening like silver. Schumann was surprised to find that there was a number of air currents in the cave, the source of which he could not determine. At one side he found a black bear sitting partly upright. The sight of the animal alarmed him greatly at first, but failing to detect any signs of life, he approached it and found that the bear was frozen stiff in a block of ice. He took his axe and chopped a piece off the animal. Picking up portions, he found that it crumbled at his touch.

## Considerate Monopoles.

"It is very kind in the railroad company to put up those signs: 'Beware of pickpockets!' If it wasn't for them signs we pickpockets would have to go out of the business," said a pickpocket to the officer who arrested him.

"Those signs are put up to spoil your trade," replied the officer.

"But they don't," said the pickpocket. "They help us. As soon as a country jay reads the sign if he has any money he puts his hand on it. We know then he has money and where he keeps it. We follow him up, and as soon as he takes his hands out of his pocket we put ours in. See? Great thing for the perishes, those signs. Don't tell me after this that corporations have no consideration."

## A Cooperative Colony.

Bellamy's co-operation scheme is to be practised by a colony in Pittsburgh. The first building's corner-stone was laid a few days since. One member gives a building lot, and receives certificates, the legal tender of the Colony, in return; another furnishes building stone; two glass-workers dig the cellar; members will do the work. The colony is known as the Integral Co-operative Association. It expects to build more houses, and to go into manufacturing. The products of its plants are the only income of members. Twenty-five cents an hour is fixed as the rate of pay for all classes of labor.

## In a Corner.

Clubber—What's the matter with Clerkley? He looks worried.

Homier—He is. He's proposed to 10 girls so far this season and been accepted by them all.

Clubber—That's nothing.

Homier—Nothing, eh? He's just got news that his rich uncle has died and left him a cool million.

## THE CURSE OF THE ROMANOFFS.

Baron von Humboldt's Prophecy Regarding Nicholas of Russia.

James Russell Lowell used to tell this story to intimate friends. It was told him by John Lothrop Motley:

"In 1853, just before the Crimean war commenced, the venerable Baron von Humboldt came to London on a very important confidential mission. He called upon Lord Palmerston and said: 'I know a war is imminent between England and her allies on the one hand and Russia. If you will temporize, make diplomatic delays, do anything to gain time for a year or two, there will not need to be a war.' 'Why?' Palmerston asked. 'Because Nicholas of Russia will die within two years. The fatal curse of the Romanoffs is on him. Do you not that a great seeress told Peter the Great that no male member of the Romanoffs would ever live to see his 65th year?' 'But Nicholas is not yet 50,' Palmerston answered. 'I wish to save an immense flow of human blood,' said old Humboldt solemnly. 'I know that the Czar will die within two years.' Lord Palmerston was greatly impressed with Baron Humboldt's statements. But he could not hold his own hand then. France, in view of Louis Napoleon's ready recognition by Palmerston, and all Europe followed his lead, was then ready to take the field. So the Crimean war had to go on. But Nicholas of Russia died within four months of the two years' limit given him by Von Humboldt."

Leaving the prophecy out of the question, it is a fact of history that the Russian Czars have all died before 65. Alexander III's grandfather, the half insane Czar Paul, and the four heads of the Romanoffs before Nicholas all died before 50, and of the same disease that has been so deadly to Alexander III. Alexander I., at one time Napoleon's great ally, then his enemy, who so aided in the downfall of the French empire, died when he was 47 of "monomania, bordering on insanity," says history. Metternich, the great Austrian Premier of that date, bluntly declares he was insane. The Grand Duke Constantine, who was really entitled to the Russian throne, waived his right in favor of Alexander. He had sense enough to be aware that he was not mentally fit to rule such an empire as Russia. He died in his 52nd year of what would now be called cerebrospinal meningitis. The Grand Duke Michael was killed in his 43rd year by a fall from his horse while in a fit. He had shown signs of madness so often that it was a question whether it was safe for him to be at large. So goes the long kept never-changing record of the Romanoffs for two centuries.

Alexander III. was personally a most kindly man and remarkably free from the grosser vices. He drank a little red wine sometimes, but no strong liquors, and he abhorred drunkenness, as did his father before him.

## Can Infants See at Birth?

Professor Preyer who has worked on a single subject (a boy of his own) considers that although sensibility to light exists from the moment of birth, yet this sensibility is more alive to the sense of feeling than to that of sight. The infant from the first closed its eyes when exposed to a strong light. With regard to actual sight, as denoted by the fixing of the eyes on objects, Preyer says that up to the tenth day he noticed no movements indicating that the child fixed its eyes on an object. He seemed only to look at objects before him up to that time. Other authorities assert that in this latter respect infants differ greatly. This much, however, is clear, that it usually requires between two and three weeks for the sense of sight to come into full operation.

## Costly Violets.

One of the wedding gifts to Miss Louise Morris, the Baltimore beauty, who married Fred Gebhardt, was a bunch of violets (a present from the bridegroom), which weighed 22lb., and cost \$300. At the time of the death of Napoleon III. and of the burial of Prince Imperial, violets were at a high premium. At Chiselhurst the usual penny bunch was eagerly bought by some of the French visitors at the price of five shillings. The violet was the emblem of the Napoleonic dynasty, and how it came to be so was recently told in Progress.

## Origin of the Bridal Veil.

The bridal veil is said to have originated with the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held in each corner by a tall man over the bride and groom in such a way as would conceal the blushes of the bride. When, however, the bride was a widow, the veil was dispensed with.

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