

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

GAMBLING ON SUNDAY.

SUSPICION THAT IT IS DONE IN HALIFAX AT TIMES.

Boys who Play Cards for Cents are Fined while Worse Offenders Escape—Two Sides to the Story—Clubs That Draw the Line on This Side of Poker.

HALIFAX, May 30.—Four or five boys, the children of respectable parents, were discovered on a wharf the other day by the police, playing cards for small sums of money. They were summoned and arraigned before stipendiary Fielding on a charge of gambling on Sunday. On Monday the magistrate fined each of the youths and administered to them a sound caution.

Such was the fate of the boys caught by the police. This fact caused some inquiries into alleged gambling carried on by adults, and in places where the police have often no jurisdiction. It has been said that there is much gambling in Halifax; that immense sums are lost and won over cards; that there are men here who make their living by gambling. Stories are told of clerks who at one sitting lose or win as much as \$100. The names of merchants are handed round as inveterate gamblers who had far better be attending to their business ere it be gone from them. Then there is talk of gambling places open on Sunday, or of rooms where the entire Sunday afternoon is spent over cards. Dalhousie students, even, have been known to sit at the card table all Saturday night till late Sunday forenoon.

These may be airy charges which are probably exaggerated, in something the same way that a pre-election bet of \$5 in a few days becomes magnified into a wager of \$50 or \$500. A good authority states that gambling at cards in Halifax is not nearly so prevalent as it was from five to ten years ago. He says that in those days it was a fact that very large amounts of money changed hands over cards [and that much valuable time] was [worse than wasted] in this way. The gentleman in question, who knows pretty much all that is going on in certain circles in this city, gives it as his firm opinion that gambling at cards is less general, but he is unable to offer any explanation for this. Possibly, he says, people have not the money to risk. He does not think it is any moral reformation that has worked the change.

The rumors of heavy and persistent gambling, and the partial denial of it that has been made above, are the two sides of the story. There is no doubt that, no matter how greatly the gambling spirit may have prevailed in the past, it yet exists. At the City Club, poker is not permitted by the rules, nor at the Halifax Club is the game played.

MERELY EXCHANGE FAVORS.

Halifax Aldermen Think That One Good Turn Deserves Another.

HALIFAX, May 30.—“Every man has his price,” said Walpole. “Every alderman, too,” says an observer of the inside working of the city council. Here are two instances which are not generally known: The discussion [over the purchase of the Ronald steam fire engine is a matter of somewhat ancient history in Halifax, but a new phase of it can be mentioned.

The Ronald was the Canadian engine before the council and the Amoskeag the United States machine. It was neck and neck between them. The police commission had not yet been established, and the city council had voted to dismiss a policeman for some serious offence. A kind-hearted alderman was anxious for the reinstatement of the “exp.” He had given notice of reconsideration of a resolution to dismiss. The vote was coming on for the selection of the fire engine. The change of one vote would bring victory to either the one or the other. The kind-hearted alderman had his price, a price that did no discredit to his heart. One of the advocates of the Amoskeag was haranguing the council and its merits while another was arranging the quid pro quo with the alderman for his vote. It was this: “You vote for the Amoskeag and we’ll vote for reconsideration and your policeman.” The offer was satisfactory and the deal was made. The kind-hearted alderman voted for the Amoskeag, which won, and the United States engine men voted for reconsideration, which, however, whether it carried or not, did not finally result in the policeman’s reinstatement.

The after illustration of the fact that every alderman has his price is of more recent date, but it, too, occurred some time ago, though also not generally known. It was owing to a shrewd deal and much manipulation that the union engine company was dismissed by the city council, and its place taken by the new “Halifax fire department.” The vote of one man was wanted against the U. E. C. That alderman, on his part wanted a place on the schoolboard. What was very greatly desired from him was a vote against the N. E. C. “You vote for us in expelling the old volunteer fire department and we will vote for you and the schoolboard appointment.” Both succeeded. Other instances might be given, but these are sufficient to show that every

alderman is likely to have a price. There are many exceptions, but it seems probable that in small matters, if not in great principles, every alderman has his price,” even a Halifax city father.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

How McNutt, of Nova Scotia, Felt when He Was Liberated from Prison.

Most of the readers of PROGRESS in Colchester county remember, or have been told of the case of young McNutt, who was sent to prison in Kansas twenty years ago as one of the principals in a conspiracy to defraud a life insurance company, in the course of which a man was murdered and the house containing the body was burned. McNutt belonged to a highly respected family in Colchester, and great efforts were made on his behalf to save him from the extreme penalty. After twenty years in prison, he is now free once more, and his strange feelings being restored to the world again are thus described by the Wichita Eagle.

“Are those geese or ducks?” That was a question asked by a man 40 years old in Lansing, Kan., last Sunday. It was Arthur Winner, winner and McNutt were the two most famous prisoners in the Kansas penitentiary. These men were liberated last Sunday after an imprisonment of over twenty years. At 5 o’clock Sunday morning Warren Chase unlocked the cells. He took Winner and McNutt to the prison barber shop, and after they were shaved gave them two Government suits, which did not fit at all. Winner, who worked in the prison shoe shop, had brought two pairs of patent leather shoes. The men put these on. With the highly spanned and stylishly pointed footwear and the ridiculously cheap and awkward clothes, they, in company with ex-Senator O. H. Bentley of Wichita, stepped outside the great stone walls.

For twenty years they had seen neither tree, shrub, flower, grass nor domestic animal. Two of Warden Chase’s daughters met them just outside the door and presented them with two beautiful flowers. Several trustees approached them beaming, and presented them with bouquets as they went down the path. Tears were in both men’s eyes.

“See,” cried Winner, the more demonstrative of the two. “There is a town! There was no town here when I went in.” “That is Lansing,” said Mr. Bentley. “Let us not go over there,” said Winner. “I want to go over to these woods.” McNutt agreed and they went over to a thicket by the roadside. The two came across a cow. “Is that a cow?” said Winner, hesitatingly. “Don’t go on. Let me look at it.” And he circled around the animal much as a man examines a lion in Barnum’s. Then he approached her timidly, and laid his hand upon her back. “This,” he said is the only cow I have seen in twenty years.”

A little later they met a flock of geese. “Look!” said Winner again. “Tell me, I really do not know, are these geese or ducks?” He was told they were geese and he tried to pet them. “Winner,” said McNutt, a moment later, “what is the secret? Do you smell it?” “Yes, it must come from those flowers.” Both men descended upon an elderberry bush and stripped it of its blossoms. They were like two children. They picked every flower they saw and carried it with them.

“See here,” said Winner, “here is a good old milkweed. How green and beautiful it is!” And he plucked it and added it to his armful of variegated vegetation. “Arthur,” said McNutt, very slowly and deliberately, “do you notice how queer it is to talk loudly? How queer the words come to?” “I wonder if I could sing,” I guess not,” said Winner. He did not try.

Both men curiously felt the bark of every tree they came upon. Finally with their arms filled high with green twigs and flowers, they went to the hotel in Lansing. Mr. Bentley had a breakfast waiting for them. Winner drank three cups of coffee. “How nice it is,” he said, “to have sugar in your coffee! And cream, too! Think of it!” “How does the butter strike you?” asked Mr. Bentley. “Oh, well,” said Winner, “I’m used to that. We had butter every fourth of July.”

After the two men had eaten everything in sight they were shown to their room and there put on tailor-made suits which had been ordered for them and white linen shirts, collars, and ties. They had eaten at the prison early in the morning, again at the hotel at 9 o’clock, and at 11 o’clock the same morning they sat down to another feast, prepared by Mrs. W. E. Winner, the wife of the Kansas City capitalist and Winner’s brother. This was a great banquet, and both men ate voraciously.

Later in the day the whole party went to Kansas City. The long imprisonment had dulled the men’s minds. They asked about all they saw. McNutt wanted to know what grapes were. When they reached Kansas city they both began to place things they had read about in the newspapers. McNutt could not distinguish between a cable car and an electric car. He insisted on trying both, and finally put it in his head which was which. In the evening they went to a park and saw a toboggan slide in action. Neither had read about this in the papers, and both were greatly excited over it. They also insisted on stopping and examining every high building. “In these twenty years,” said McNutt, reflectively, “the world has moved along a century.”

McNutt’s case is the sadder. Winner’s folks are wealthy, among the most wealthy in Kansas city, and he went at once to their palatial home, where he was received with open arms. McNutt has no one to whom to go. His old mother still lives in Nova Scotia, and is very poor. His wife is married to another man and lives somewhere in Missouri. Winner was 19 when he went to the penitentiary and McNutt 20 years of age. McNutt has secured a job of decorating in Leavenworth and will open a shop there.

IN JUDICIAL SESSION.

HOW THE GREAT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES LOOKS.

Mr. George E. Fenety Describes His Visit to that Mighty Tribunal—The Judges Have No Scarlet Robes Like our Solons at Ottawa—How the Work is Done.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21.—Having been informed that the supreme court of the nation was to hold a session yesterday, to consider the constitutionality of the late act of congress, which provides a direct tax upon the whole country, on all persons whose income exceeds \$2,000, I took advantage of the opportunity and hid myself to the capitol, where the supreme court chamber is situated, on the northern side. It was eleven o’clock, a. m., when I got there, which was just one hour in advance of the opening of the court, and at this time the chamber was already crowded by one of the most respectable and dignified audiences I had ever seen, for the question before the court to be disposed of was of the most supreme importance, equal to any that had ever come before nine men for disposal. I thought at the time that the great convention at Philadelphia in 1776 did not involve the probability of more far-reaching consequences. The latter was to overturn a government and expel the Royalists. This was to destroy a solemn act of congress, which occupied many weeks to bring about, and to throw into confusion the financial affairs of a great country, in a very important branch of its revenues and to lead not only to heavy losses in the returns, but to great inconveniences to those who have already paid their taxes, (aggregating \$80,000) in order to refund or recover.

Inside the space consecrated to the use of the legal system, I had pointed out to me a fair epitome of the legal acumen of the nation, from almost every state, as the occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, and others who were privileged to be within the bar—the attorneys and solicitor generals of the nation were there—governors, senators, admirals, generals in plenty—ex-Ambassadors (at the court of St. James) Phelps, judges of inferior courts from other states, members of the cabinet, and one lady named to me as Mrs. Belva Lockwood, a practitioner at the bar, the only lady within this spacy circle, whose right within the bar “there was none to dispute.” Altogether the touts ensemble was highly picturesque and imposing.

At 10 o’clock to the minute the judges came filing in from a room in the rear and without any fuss or feathers took their seats on large well-cushioned arm chairs, placed in a row. The centre seat was for the chief justice, there being four judges on each side of him, dignified, stately looking men, with heads that any phenologist might handle profitably and make no miscalculation as to their capabilities, attainments and character. The only decoration about them was their silk gown, no grand robes as I learn is the case in Ottawa with our supreme court judges; but then, you know Ottawa is the ne plus ultra of all that is sublime, not ridiculous in this world, which makes all the difference. Nor had they on bands, or white neck ties, as a rule; several wore about their necks black or colored scarfs. Taken altogether these judges impressed me as being very sensible, dignified looking men, and would appear well in any position in life, even in the grandest court in Europe, and—because they appeared in their every-day clothes, natural and unstarched. Then, the members of the bar, some hundreds, like the judges, appeared in their ordinary costume, not even gowns on, much less white chokers. On the judges entering the court room, the members of the bar and the whole of that immense audience rose to their feet, but I, like some hundreds beside me, dispensed with that formality, for we had no seats to rise from, having been relegated to standing positions for a whole hour before this. There were persons who had entered the room as early as ten o’clock, and so, like the early bird, wormed or ensconced themselves in all the seats about the chamber. However, we unfortunately were spared the humility of rising when the judges came in and so possessed our dignity. My eyesight not being the most acute, when the chief justice, (a spare, dignified little man) took his seat, I remarked to a friend, “How is it that the chief alone wears a wig?” He smiled and said that it was his natural hair. I was struck dumb, for on surveying the subject a little more, I found that his white hair, which seemed to have a will of its own, and straggled in all directions about his ears and eyes, like a shock of corn well headed out and ripened, was really, and truly not a wig but the growth. I might say of seventy years, and well becoming the owner. On placing “the judgment of the court” upon the table beside him, it struck me we were in for a whole day’s standing, (by this time it was impossible to get in or out of the chamber, for the people kept on coming and the crowd became so dense that we were all blockaded into a solid mass of human good nature). The bulk of manuscript or printed matter to be read, seemed so formidable that it made us uneasy; you

Trade

“HEPTONETTE”

REC^dN^o.85290

Rain-Proof

Mark.

Walking, Driving or Travelling CLOAKS. The very best rain-proof garment ever introduced to the ladies of this country. “HEPTONETTE” CLOAKS DO NOT BECOME HARD. “HEPTONETTE” CLOAKS ARE POROUS AND FREE FROM AIR.

“HEPTONETTE” Cloaks have the most style, are well made and finished, (seven seams) and are equally suited for wet or fine days.

A new stock just received, new shapes in Black, Navy Blue and Fancy Designs, 54 to 62 inch lengths.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John
Sole Agents for Maritime Provinces “Heptonette” Cloaks and Cloths.

may imagine what the strain must have been upon our muscles at this time, after an hour’s standing, first upon one leg, and then upon the other. However, having made up our minds to stand it, and having considerable will power (for which all the ancient journalists were famous) we settled down with the belief that it is well to take things easy.

The reading of the judgment occupied three quarters of an hour, and was well delivered in a low voice, but well heard in that vast chamber. The only fault in the reading, it fault it can be called, was at the raising of the voice at the end of a sentence. You are aware that these are the great faults in some otherwise able speakers—some drop their voices while others raise them at the end of a period, neither of which habit is what it should be. The chief’s voice is melodious and his enunciation clear and explicit. But the whole subject was so full of interest that no attentive listener failed to catch a single word. No preacher ever had a more quiet and attentive congregation.

The judgment upon the constitutionality of the act for taxing the nation by the federal government grew out of the proceedings of last winter, by Congress; and as the supreme court of the United States is an integral part of the constitution recognized as a fourth branch, and like the privy council in England, the final appeal for the solution of all knotty questions, a number of persons feeling aggrieved combined in order to have the whole matter tried out to its bitter end, notwithstanding the will of the people through their representatives, as well as the senate, demanded this tax. It seems rather singular that congress, taken as a whole, should not have studied the subject more closely before passing such a measure as their rights, and thus have prevented the opinions of one man (the judges stood 5 to 4) to upset the deliberate act of the whole legislature. There is nothing like this in any other government in the world. Think of the privy council in England being able to overturn any act of the imperial parliament! Then again, it is said that even this decision may not be final—for if there were a change in the personnel of the supreme court, i. e., if one of the judges on the majority side were to pass away or his seat become vacant, and the minority become a majority, and the question be reopened, the act of congress may be restored and go into operation. It is therefore on a very slight tenure of certainty either way, that the whole question rests. If I understand the business at all, or rather what the chief justice said, the pith of the whole matter is that, where a man is taxed in any state or community upon income derivable from bonds, mortgages or real estate, he cannot be taxed by the nation a second time. Therefore, the late act of congress is deemed unconstitutional, and what I suppose we call ultra vires. In his own words the judge summed up as follows:

First—We adhere to the opinion already announced that taxes on real estate being undeniably direct taxes, taxes on the rents or income of real estate are equally direct taxes.

Second—We are of opinion that taxes on personal property, or on the income of personal property, are likewise direct taxes.

Third—The taxes imposed by sections 27 to 37, inclusive, of the act of 1894, so far as they fall on the income of real estate and of personal property, being a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution and, therefore, unconstitutional and void, because not apportioned according to representation, all these sections constituting one entire scheme of taxation are necessarily invalid.

The decrees heretofore entered in this court with reference to the above taxes, and the cases remanded, with instruction to grant the relief prayed.

After his honor had finished, apparently to the satisfaction of every one present—there was a faint murmur of applause—Judge Harlan, sitting next to him on his left, rose and delivered himself as one of the minority, in very strong terms. All his arguments were on the side of the constitutionality of the law. At times his invective partook of the sarcastic, he would face the chief justice and sometimes the majority, as Cartwright does Foster and vice versa, by way of emphasising his opinions, and showing his teeth. However, much and widely our judges may differ upon knotty questions they talk with closed doors. Even if Judge Tuck and Judge Barker got into an altercation it would not be known out of doors unless the eye happened to be blackened and even in such a case there are the great court of the United States for judges to wash their dirty linen in public, it seemed to me to be the most unseemly way of acting imaginable. But lest your readers may suppose that I am in a disposition to exaggerate I here copy from the Washington Daily Post, a few of the judge’s remarks:

Justice Harlan supported the law as it stood.

In doing this, however, he set all precedent of conservative utterance at naught. He made an

almost personal attack upon the justices who had concurred in the majority opinion, he was caustic in review of their decision, and he added the emphasis of gesture to his vigorous words. At times he turned deliberately around and faced the Chief Justice and Justice Field, as if his remarks were particularly addressed to them, while at another moment, when he intimated that the majority opinion was influenced by the argument that the law had been enacted by the votes of senators and members from States that would least bear the burden of the tax, he seemed to ignore every one in the chamber except Justice Gray, whose gigantic stature loomed high above his colleagues. If the sarcastic words had any influence upon Justice Gray, the latter did not give evidence of his perturbation, for he continued to write some letters, in apparently utter unconsciousness of Justice Harlan’s words. Some of Justice Harlan’s sentences were almost savage in their pessimistic view of the effect of the demolition of the law. He said that (or less than the over-turning of such a law nations had been swept away from all semblance of law and order by a frenzied people. He regarded the majority decision as a menace to the future of this country. It excited the gravest apprehensions, he said, because it struck at the very foundation of national authority. He predicted that it would provoke a contest in this country for which the people could be and ought to be prepared.

A couple of the other judges in favor of the Act unlinked themselves without stopping to pick out the bones, and not so severely as the judge just quoted. Judges of all others, especially in the highest court in the land, even above the legislature may differ, but surely there is a calmness and a dignity of expression which should never be lost sight of in public. In the House of Commons at Ottawa we are apt to see or hear of such exhibitions—for there they do not know any better and therefore the parties indulging in them are somewhat excusable. Not so in the case under consideration—far from it.

A few days ago in company with friends I visited the quaint old town of Alexandria about five miles below Washington on the Potomac. It is said to be over 200 years old. The streets are paved with the old fashioned cobble stones, being uneven and very bumpy, as though an earthquake had struck the place and made havoc with the thoroughfares and sidewalks, which latter are brick-laid. The chief attraction was old Christ church, where Washington was shipped, and some of the proud nobility of old Virginia. We were shown into the church by the sexton. It reminded us of old Trinity in St. John during the rectorship of that good low churchman and able preacher, Dr. Gray, a man staunch and loyal to the 39 articles, a true “Defender of the Faith.” The pews once were all square in the old Christ church, (like in Trinity once upon a time) and were afterwards cut down and divided, so that now the only square pew is the one which Washington once occupied—just as it was then, so it is now. The name, George Washington, is engraved upon the top most ledge of the pew. A little distance off is the pew once held by General Lee, a connection by marriage, of the father of his country. Washington was one of the first church wardens in this church and was a faithful attendant upon its services and a good church worker, before and after the war. The old fashioned pulpit and reading desk remain the same as they did one hundred years ago, and indeed, so we were told, the church remains unchanged; everything is the same. The major part of the congregation of Washington’s time, repose just without the walls of the old church, in the cemetery, beneath the beautiful carpet of verdure.

I notice in the St. John papers much grumbling on account of the dogs destroying the flower beds on the squares. Last year (feeling greatly interested in the work of the Horticultural society) I addressed an anonymous letter to one of the papers in which I advised or pointed out what I thought would be a good remedy for the protection of the flower beds, and that was simply to place a few stakes around each bed with an open linen or wire netting costing very little and the same could be taken up every fall and put down again in the spring. This plan would keep the dogs out. I am more than ever strengthened in my opinion by what I observe in this city on the public squares. Here they have a netting of wire about the beds, and one of the keepers informed me that they could not get along at all (on account of the dogs) without these safe guards, although I believe there is only one dog in Washington for ten in St. John, running and yelping at large. Don’t blame the dogs then after this, for the injury done to the plants, but rather those who have the means of preventing the nuisance.

G. E. FENETY.

Girl Graduates in After-Life

What becomes of English girl graduates is indicated by some statistics of Newham, collected by Mrs. Henry Sedgewick, the principal. Of 667 graduates known to be alive, 108 have married, 122 are living at home, 5 are doctors, 2 missionaries, 1 a book-binder, 1 a market gardener, and 374—more than half—teachers.

HE IS A WISE BRAHMIN.

The Finance Minister Could Get Some Points From Him.

There is a Brahmin in Bombay who has been lately giving various audiences some startling indications of his abnormal strength of memory and extraordinary facility in making mental computations.

This man, to remember whose high-sounding and extensive name is in itself a triumph of memory, is nearly seventy years of age. While seated at a table engaged in playing chess, in which he is generally successful, he plays a game of cards with another opponent, explains different passages in Sanskrit to a third, counts the grains of wheat thrown at him by a fourth, works out the extraction of square root of a large number, multiplies a number of thirteen figures with one of twelve figures, and solves a primary equation with two unknown quantities. These eight operations, incredible though it may seem, he carries out simultaneously.

He is, moreover, capable of solving in five minutes very involved arithmetical problems, almost invariably requiring five hours for their solution, and he very rarely makes a mistake in anything he attempts. It has been rumored that this prodigy purposes to visit Europe and give performances in various countries.

A SMART COSTUME.

A pleasing agitation will shortly fill the minds of the ladies touching new costumes. Nothing better can be obtained than a Cravenette. In a variety of shades it makes up as a smart costume or wrap, or cloak, if need be, while it is at the same time absolutely impervious to rain or dust. It is rainproof and yet as porous as any other dress material, so that it is free from the objections of the rubber goods, Cravenette in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black, the ideal dress goods for spring and summer, saves money, in wear, while it guarantees a distinctive appearance.

A Sherlock Holmes Dog.

Gentleman (to dog dealer): “I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.”

Dog Dealer: “No, sir; I quite believe you. He was to busy looking at the burglars, so as to be able to identify ‘em, to even think of barking.” If you was out with this here dog and was to meet them burglars, he’d know them in a minute. He ain’t no common barkin’ dog; he’s a regular detective, an’ worth his weight in gold, he is.”

Jackets and Shirt Waists

Will be worn extensively this summer, and we are prepared to meet the rush, whether with collars and cuffs, or frilled, if done at UNGARS, you will be pleased with the result. Also all kinds of Dyeing and cleaning done A 1.

Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SCOTT, CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

DEAFNESS.

and Head-Noises Cured by our new improved Ear Drums. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Safe, comfortable, invisible, and can be removed or inserted without dangerous force. Write for Pamphlet, EXCELSIOR EAR DRUM CO., Toronto, Ont. Mention this Paper.