

HAD ENOUGH OF SPYING.

THE EXPERIENCE OF HALIFAX WITH INFORMERS.

How It Was Proposed to Carry Out the Liquor Law—The View the Court Took of the Position of the Spies—A Seizure that Cost the County Some Money.

HALIFAX, Sept. 4.—All lovers of justice and fair play will endorse PROGRESS views in denouncing the spy system lately inaugurated by License Inspector Vincent in the municipality of St. John. Informers of the Riggs type are not desirable members of society. They are more to be shunned than courted. Spies in the army are dealt with very summarily, but in civil life they must be tolerated, and as long as the law compels a court to respect their oath, so long will they find employment, questionable though it may be.

Halifax a few years ago experienced a scare from a visit of paid informers. The project was not insisted on by a licensed inspector as in the case at St. John, but by an organized body of women—the W. C. T. U. whose professed object is the elevation of the moral state of mankind, and believing that the suppression of the liquor traffic is an important step in that direction, they in their earnestness of purpose think they are warranted in "doing evil that good may come," even to calling in the aid of that objectionable being the paid informer which unfortunately is to be found in all communities.

The cause that prompted the W. C. T. U. to this extreme measure was the dissatisfaction of the workings, or rather the result of the license law, of which so much was expected. This law was the acknowledged production of the extreme temperance element of Nova Scotia, which law has never received the moral support of the moderate party or the public generally. The advocates of the law attributed its non-success to the laxity of the license inspector in not laying traps or adopting the spy system to catch the unwary law-breakers, and resolved to undertake the job themselves. Therefore they set about with an energy worthy a better cause. To employ Halifax men would not do, as they might be suspected, so it was decided to import two men, strangers to the city.

Such two were found in Pictou county. They assumed the role of sailors just paid off, and were spending their hard earned money freely. Being furnished with a list of suspected offenders and supplied with money to spend, they launched forth, and for a week or so had a high old time, drink and treating in shop or shanty. "One morning the whole retail trade of the city received a sudden shock. The unlicensed vendor trembled with fear and the duly licensed felt uncomfortable while at the mercy of such men. The long and tedious trials were the all absorbing topic at the time, resulting in convictions in nearly every case before the city stipendiary. These convictions were ultimately quashed in a higher court, perjury being proven against both informers. The judge delivered a scathing rebuke to all concerned. To the informers he pointed out how good their chances were for Dorchester, should any one prosecute. One of them being a foreigner and not fully understanding the consequences, was let down easily, but no so the other who was a native of the province. To him the judge delivered a warning sufficient to serve him for life. The severest condemnation was reserved for the prosecutor, or originator of the scheme, a young, prominent merchant with more misguided zeal than judgment, and husband of one of the foremost leaders of the W. C. T. U. His unenviable position was clearly defined by the judge in his relation to criminal laws of Canada, "that everyone is a party and guilty of an offence, who counsels or procures any one to commit the offence." Since that time Halifax has enjoyed immunity from informers.

In matters pertaining to license inspectors, Halifax manages things better than they do in St. John. Both city and county inspectors have fixed salaries, unlike Mr. Vincent who has to depend upon fees for his remuneration, which may account for the energy he manifests in bringing offenders to justice and the necessity of engaging the services of a Mr. Riggs.

Mr. Reid, the Halifax county inspector, requires no such stimulus. He is imbued with the spirit of the law, and ready always to carry it out to the letter. No sooner is a breach reported than he drops the hammer, throws aside the blacksmiths apron and hies himself to the most distant parts of the county, carrying terror to the illicit seller. By such prompt action he has rid the county of many objectionable rendezvous, while at the same time it has developed another feature and that of concentrating the liquor trade in Halifax city. Express men and carriers are frequently entrusted with orders from parties requiring the legitimate article for home use. It was this branch of the business that seemed to annoy or defy Mr. Inspector Reid. However, he considered himself equal to the occasion. There was one Johnson a carrier who runs an express wagon from the city to St. Margarets Bay and French Village and whom Mr. Reid suspected of being a conveyer of the ardent into his territory. So he decided to waylay him. Accordingly one fine summer morning last year, he watched

the departure of Johnson with a well loaded waggon. Accompanied by constable Henry Wright they followed Johnson until noon when he halted for dinner at an hostery on the St. Margarets Bay road. While Johnson was enjoying his dinner the two minions of the law were engaged going through his load. They found packages of groceries, which were carefully examined to see they contained no toothful samples of the obnoxious. There were also packages of dry goods, tinware, hardware, etc. At last they came to the hard stuff, the object of their search. True it was all in sealed or original packages—not one bottle which Johnson could give, sell or take a glass himself on the road. When Johnson was made aware of the inquest being held on his load, he protested against so high handed an act as searching a private wagon without a warrant. He also explained that the liquor was not to sell but to fill orders from private parties. All to no use. "Too thin," they laughingly replied as they transferred the liquor to their own wagon to bring back to the city. As might be expected, the county stipendiary justified the action of their inspector, but when the case was appealed to a higher court the stipendiary's decision was reversed. The confiscated liquor had to be returned with the exception of a quart drank in the court house and the county was mulcted for heavy costs. Councillors naturally kicked, particularly with a prospective suit for damages, in addition, that night, at any time be forthcoming.

Some councillors were for bouncing Mr. Reid, but they found they could not. He was a fixture as one councillor remarked. Mr. Reid was an incubus foisted on them by law. The only way to remove him was by reducing his salary—starve him out. To that end a resolution was introduced at last meeting of the council, but failed to carry. What will be the result at next meeting it may be premature to predict. Councillors as a body do not object to a license inspector, but they fear one who indulges some pet temperance hobby is liable at any time to run the county into a bill of costs and damages.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

How They Can be Manufactured at Home by Any Handy Young Lady.

The favorite candies illustrate the use of fondant both for the centre of candies and for the outside "dipping" as candy makers call it. In the first place get everything in readiness. A fork, some sheets of oiled paper—paper rubbed with olive oil—or waxed paper, a large bowl, and three small saucers or basins, your flavoring, the chocolate, and your mass of fondant are what you will need. Take a half pound of fondant and work into it half a teaspoonful of vanilla drop by drop. Then break off small bits and shape them into balls or pyramids. Stand them on the paper so they will not touch each other, and let them harden in a dry, cool place—not the refrigerator—for two or three hours. When the creams are ready to dip take half a pound of sweetened chocolate or cocoa and put it in the bowl, and place this in one of the basins or saucers into which boiling water has been poured. You can add a trifle of boiling water to the chocolate to hasten its melting. When it is melted add an equal amount of melted fondant, and stir constantly till the mixture is like thick cream. To melt the fondant put it into a saucer, and set this into a second filled with hot water.

Never place the basin with the fondant in it directly on the stove. It will scorch and burn in a twinkling. In melting fondant for dipping you must never forget to stir it, because unless stirred it will go back into clear syrup. Be very careful no water splashes into it. When the chocolate and fondant are mixed together they are too thick for a smooth covering add a few drops of hot water, drop by drop, until it is as desired. If you get the fondant too thin it is useless. When the mixture is ready bring it to the table, saucer and all. Drop into it one of the balls, and take it up on a fork, and, shaking it a bit, turn it on the oiled paper. This must be rapidly done, as the hot mixture will melt the balls if they are in it too long. If the mixture for dipping gets too stiff take it to the stove and let the water in the under basin heat again, or replace the cold water with hot from the kettle, carefully stirring the fondant every moment. If the chocolate runs off too much and shows the white cream underneath, the dipping mixture was too hot. Take it out of its basin of hot water and stir it, letting it cool a little before beginning the dipping again. The method of dipping candies, whatever may be their centres or their flavors, is the same, so that once you can make chocolate creams, you can make any of the cream candies—Harper's.

Told of Mr. Blake.

It is strict court etiquette for a lawyer to wear a suit of solemn black, says an American writer. One victim of forgetfulness of this custom was the well-known Edward Blake, since member of Parliament for some county in Ireland and an active home ruler. It was the last day of the term in the Toronto court and the lawyers were sitting around the courtroom of the Chief Justice, each man awaiting his turn to make motions, etc. Blake, contrary to court etiquette, wore a white vest, and the

Chief Justice, who was a strict satirical disciplinarian, therefore skipped him when it came to his turn. Blake arose and made his motion, but the Chief Justice said: "We hear a voice but we don't know where it comes from." Blake looked amazed and indignant until a lawyer beside him pulled him by the skirts and said: "For heaven sake pull your gown together and hide your white vest, or you'll upset the whole machinery of justice and never have a client again in Toronto."

PRINTING IN JAPAN.

Every Compositor Has Half A Dozen Boys To Find Letters For Him.

There are keen journalists in Japan; but it must be allowed that the business is carried on under difficulties from which even the hardened Western newspaper man might be excused from shrinking. The Japanese written and printed characters consist of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures, made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails—the foot-prints of a drunken fly—and of the original Japanese syllabary called kana.

Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which, perhaps, 14,000 constitute the scholar's vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in daily use, while the 47 simple characters of the kana are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task.

From the nature of the problem several consequences follow. First, he must be somewhat of a scholar himself to recognize all these instantly and accurately. Secondly, his sight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a large pair of magnifying goggles; and, thirdly, as it is physically impossible for any man to reach 4,000 types, a totally different method of arrangement has to be devised.

The compositor, therefore, of whom there are only three or four on a paper, sits at a table at one end of a large room, with a case containing his 47 kana syllables before him. From end to end of the room tall cases of types are arranged like the shelves in a crowded library, a passage three feet wide being left between each two.

The compositor receives his copy in large pieces, which he cuts into little "takes," and hands each of these to one of half a dozen boys who assist him. The boy takes this and proceeds to walk about among the cases till he has collected each of the ideographs, or square Chinese picture words, omitting all the kana syllables which connect them.

While the boys are thus running to and fro, snatching up the types and jostling each other, they keep up a continual chant, singing the name of the character they are looking for, as they cannot recognize it till they hear its sound, the ordinary lower class Japanese not understanding his daily paper unless he reads it aloud.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lady Versus Woman.

The question has often arisen of late as to when the word lady and when the term woman should be used. It is very evident that this is a knotty problem. Perhaps it is the higher education of recent years that has rendered the women who were, never accustomed to be called anything but ladies so broad-minded and unconventional as to definitions, and made them realize that the term woman is the more correct appellation of female humanity. On the other hand, education, too, has in some slight degree made the women who were unaccustomed to the other terms wish for the delicacy of its sounding. The result is that the right or wrong of the definition remains undecided. In these days it is not too much to say that every woman, from the servant upwards, is a lady according to her own ideas, and if the name makes her happier it really seems unkind to deny it to her. However, it is this disputed term is to be literally defined, the following seems a reasonable summing up: A lady is she who has a kind word to say all around, and puts a gentle interpretation, even on questionable actions, as her own natural refinement of disposition makes her reluctant to see evil in others. She is sincere without being blunt; she speaks truthfully, but carefully avoids tender points; she is always ready to give the "lead" to others and with a dignity, that has in it true of her rivals; her voice is low; her conversation, though brilliant, is never pedantic nor of a nature to exclude others. Thought for her acquaintances, consideration for her enemies always characterize her, and last but not least, she never allows herself to enter into that essentially female domain, the misery of being in a fuss; she is very near to being perfect indeed and let us add very uncommon.—The Housekeeper.

A Terrible Danger Avoided.

The ominous number thirteen, which is still the cause of so much anxious perturbation from end to end of Christendom, has been "disenchanted" by a happy Providence," says the Freie Rhatier, in a village of the Hinterpaltz. The brave mother of a family of twelve children found herself about to become the mother of a thirteenth. The new baby, whether boy or girl, was destined beyond all doubt to a life of ill luck. The parents eagerly consulted all the wise persons in the neighborhood as to the possibility of averting the disasters of

a "thirteenth child" from the expected new citizen of the world. They found miserable comforters in all their friends, so they were driven to the forlorn hope that the child might be still born, and thus escape this world, and go straight into limbo infanum, when the mother suddenly gave birth to—twins. The joy of the parents in the possession of fourteen children instead of the dreaded thirteen was exuberant; and the happy father invited all his neighbors to a generous christening feast, where the family and the commune were both congratulated on their deliverance from the misfortune of possessing "Eir Dreizshutes." —Westminster Gazette.

TO STEAL A PETRIFIED QUEEN.

The Bold Bad Scheme of a Speculative Pacific Coast Skipper.

A curious tale is told by passengers just arrived from Alaska on the steamer City of Topeka at Victoria, B. C., of the discovery made by one of their number, a Seattle man named Brennan on Prince of Wales Island. Brennan went north some time ago with a small sloop laden with a miscellaneous cargo, on which he realized a good profit, trading among the natives of the northern coast.

It was on this expedition he chanced to visit one of the least accessible villages of the isolated tribes on Prince of Wales Island, and, while there to see the mysterious divinity that is supposed to keep watch and ward over the tribe, a former priestess or queen, who, by some rare action of the peculiar soil in which her burial place was made, turned her not into dust, but into solid stone. Years later the rude grave was uncovered by chance, and the petrified body was found. The natives held it as an omen of good that the body should have been preserved and, carefully exhuming it, enthroned it in a place of honor in the village, the idol so rescued being ever since more honored than the oldest totem.

Brennan claims to be the first, white man to see the statue, but so far from feeling awe or being moved to a loraion he at once realized that it could be safely transported to the United States it would be worth a mint of money for exhibition purposes. The petrified woman, according to his account, stands as though frozen into granite while in the act of directing some important movement of her subjects; the features, as well as the limbs, are clearly defined, as though life was still in the body, and the whole aspect of the strangely preserved body is almost regal, although the goddess was mistress only of a savage tribe.

So much did the commercial value of the image impress the shrewd trader that a few words incautiously dropped partially revealed his mind to the tribe, with the result that he was obliged to take to his sloop and sail out into a thickening storm in order to save his life. He has now sold his sloop, and with the proceeds of the sale, added to the profits of his cruise, he proposes to purchase a fast steam launch, with which to return and boldly abduct the uncanny diety. He does not ask financial assistance in the undertaking and refuses all proffers of partnership in the enterprise.

According to present arrangements, he will buy his launch on Puget Sound and return as quickly as possible to Prince of Wales Island, waiting his opportunity to land, seize the idol, and escape before the natives can discover his presence and frustrate his plan. The "stone queen" has, according to the tales of the tribe, watched silently over their declining fortunes for upward of four centuries.

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