

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

GARRISON--WANDERERS.

THEY ARE TO HAVE NO CRICKET MATCHES THIS YEAR.

The Schedule was Arranged and the Series was Cancelled--Reasons Given for the Attitude of the Halifax Civilians Towards the Officers.

HALIFAX, June 20--There are to be no cricket matches between the Wanderers and the Garrison eleven this year. This is too bad, for the play between Garrison and W. A. A. C. has always been the most interesting cricket of the season. The Garrison are trying to boycott the Wanderers, but that the effort will have very little effect is no reason to doubt. They tried it once before and found the experiment a failure. Two years ago the Garrison refused to play cricket with the Wanderers. This action did not ruin the game, for next year the W. A. A. C. were able to get together with the St. John men, to put a team in the field at Toronto, which showed the upper Canadians that we down here know a good deal about cricket.

The peculiar thing about the Garrison, Wanderers cricket series this season was that a schedule of matches had been arranged, the secretary of the military agreeing to the dates and that thereafter the series was arbitrarily cancelled. The Garrison never arranged for the time-honored series before with better hopes of success, for they had this year in Mr. Austin a player who was said to be a phenomenon. On the other hand the Wanderers are without W. A. Henry, a grand bat and good all-around cricketer, and without J. J. Mackintosh, a splendid bat and wicket-keeper.

Nevertheless, just before the date of the opening match, the Garrison notified the Wanderers they would not play. It was a rather self-denying boycott, but it seems it had to be done.

The bye-laws of the W. A. A. C. prohibit officers from becoming members of the club, and the reason they will not play cricket is that the military find they cannot over-ride the rule. Efforts have been made to secure the repeal of the anti-military law, but the sentiment and the votes of the club have always been against such a change. The Wanderers do not want the officers as members and they will not have them. The club was organized for the benefit of the young men of Halifax, and the framers of the bylaws, years ago, came to the conclusion that there would not be room in the club for both officers and civilians. The grounds are owned by the city and leased to the club at a rental of \$100 per year. The city fathers might not feel like renewing the lease, six years hence, if they found that the military were being used as much by the grounds as by the sons of Halifax tax-payers and possibly to the exclusion of the latter.

The officer is largely a man of leisure, and it is quite possible that in this Garrison of 1200 soldiers and as many sailors during part of the season, the grounds might be monopolized by the officers to the exclusion of the civilian membership. As it is, there is grumbling that bank clerks, for instance, with lots of time use the grounds so constantly that less favored members have not the chance they would like. It fits officers were let loose upon the grounds these complaints would be yet louder and more emphatic. There are other reasons why, in a club of this kind, the officers of the Garrison are not desirable members. So the W. A. A. C. founders, thinking that prevention was better than cure, avoided possible trouble by seeing that it was not allowed to come.

A positive advantage in keeping military and civilians in separate athletic organizations is that rivalry is rendered more interesting if the officers are to join the Wanderers, what would then become of the Wanderers-Garrison cricket matches, even if they have disappeared temporarily for another reason.

Because they cannot become members, therefore, the officers have now refused to play cricket with the Wanderers, even though a series had been arranged by the secretary of the military team. Before the time for the first match arrived, some of the officers must have obtained new light, for it is a fact that although the Garrison as a team refused to play cricket with the Wanderers they are by no means unanimous, the question. No one yet knows what finally caused the sudden kick which ended in a declaration of war, but it will soon come out. Colonel Anstruther, of the royal artillery, is one who sees no harm in a few cricket matches even if in addition to the honored letters "M. C. C." he is not allowed to pin to his coat "W. A. A. C." The antagonism largely comes from the officers of the King's Liverpool regiment rather than from the artillery or engineers. It is said the vote in the Garrison stood 7 to 3 against cricket with the Wanderers.

The cricket boycott may be followed on the part of the Garrison by a football boycott as well. The Garrison may

carry the argument to its logical conclusion and refuse to enter the city championship series. If they do, as in the cricket matter, they will doubtless find themselves the greater losers. Good cricket matches can be arranged by the Wanderers with the noncommissioned officers and men, with the band, etc., and with others not bound to the "Garrison" decision, and the boycott will not be general, while as for football, it is the Dalhousians and the Wanderers who are the real competitors for the trophy.

Captain Cahalane and his eleven will have enough cricket this season anyhow, and the Garrison may be able, also, to arrange some matches.

SUGGESTING A SAYING.

What Some Halifax People Say About the Inspection of Licenses.

HALIFAX, June 20--The inspector of liquor licenses has not been in evidence very much of late. Perhaps this is because there are no violations of the law, or because every place in the city which sells without license has been stamped out. It is not the general opinion that either of these is the reason why the license inspector is comparatively so seldom heard from these days. More potent reasons are said to be an occasional aldermanic "pull," so that when the inspector would arise in his might he is drawn back by the coat-tails. Besides this, it is the new broom that sweeps cleanest, and a license inspector, after more than a year in office, cannot be said to be a "new broom."

In this connection, one of the most intelligent aldermen in the city council remarked the other day that he thought the city's best plan would be not again to appoint an inspector of licenses at all, but to impose all the duties of the office upon the chief of police. He held that while Chief O'Sullivan is one of the hardest officials in the civic service, yet that he could transact the business of inspector Banks' office without interfering with the efficient management of the police, and that the enforcement of the liquor law would not suffer in the slightest degree. Deputy-Chief Nickerson could be called in to assist in this work, he could do a good share of it in fact and not be by any means overworked. During Mackossey's last days all the enforcement of the law that took place was directly the work of Chief O'Sullivan. Why could it not be done, commencing next year by the chief, in name, as well as in fact at that time?

It is not hard to find proof that the chief not only could look after the liquor law as well as the inspector does, but it is easy to substantiate the statement that he could do it better. In the first place, the chief is more independent of the city council than is the inspector. He cannot be removed from office except for cause, and a two-third vote of the aldermen, and he therefore need not be afraid of an irate city father. The inspector on the other hand, has to run the gauntlet of a majority election every year. It is a matter of supreme importance to the inspector that he stand well with the aldermen, or he may find some bright day that a rival has been elected to fill his place, and all because, perhaps, ten out of the eighteen aldermen or a majority of them present at the meeting, had a real or fancied grievance against him and voted for the other man. Another reason why the chief could do the work more effectively than the inspector is that he has absolute control of a police force of forty men who could become active agents of the chief as inspector, night and day, in every part of the city. It is not difficult, then, to show that the chief could do the inspector's work, without impairing the efficiency of his present department, equally if not more effectively than by an inspector nominally devoting all his time to the business.

One practical and economical benefit from the proposed change would be a saving to the city of \$1,200 per year, which is now spent on the inspector's salary. That is an item worth looking after. The committee of the council, which is now engaged in preparing a report to the city council and civic officials, and their salaries, might hospitably take this point into consideration. They might see it is not practicable to have the liquor law just as well, or better, enforced by the chief of police and his men, as it now is by Inspector Banks, and the change either leave the \$1,200 spent on the inspector's salary in the pockets of the tax-payers, or devote it to keeping the streets in better condition or put the money to some other good use.

A Cool Suggestion.

"Montserrat" Lime Juice is, without a single exception, the king of summer drinks, cooling, fragrant and delightfully pleasant. It should be on every table during the hot weather, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold. No other drink is so wholesome and refreshing. Grocers and druggists.

HE APPRECIATED CATS

BISHOP MEDLEY'S KINDNESS TO OUTCAST ANIMALS.

His Gentle Nature Exemplified by an Incident--The Impression he Left on a Caller who Must Ever Remember Him as he then Appeared to Her.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the episcopal See of Fredericton, and the various anniversary sermons preached in the different churches, all consisting more or less of sketches of the life, and work of the late metropolitan, first bishop of the diocese, have had the effect of calling forth many anecdotes, and reminiscences of that father of the church, who was so personally dear to his people. Many are the tales told of Bishop Medley's kindness his warmth of heart, his self sacrifice, and his devotion to the church. These qualities were too well known by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, to require further dwelling upon, but the small reminiscence I have to contribute to the general fund, shows a side to the bishop's character which has not, so far as I know been touched upon by any of his chroniclers. Bishop Medley's intimate friends will remember that his warm heart held a particularly tender spot in its depths, for all animals; no four footed creature was too wretched, or too forlorn for him to notice it and speak a kind word to it, and this affection was most warmly reciprocated by all the animal kingdom, except on one occasion, when the Bishop was severely bitten in the face by a vicious dog he had stooped to pat. Some years before his death--five or six I think, I was visiting at Moncton, and chanced to call one afternoon at the rectory of St. George's church. The rector at that time was the Rev. Arthur Hoadly one of the gentlest, most tender hearted souls who ever lived, a man who seemed naturally to attract everyone, and everything that was in trouble or need towards him and none ever found his large heart, or his slender purse closed against them. He sacrificed his life for his Master's work at last, and he and his pretty wife lie buried in the churchyard of the South African mission, which was the scene of their last work on earth and the climate of which proved too much for their endurance.

Every stray and suffering animal was sure of food and shelter at the rectory and no humbug of a tramp ever told to impossible a tale to be believed and helped on his way with food and money, consequently the family themselves did not exactly live in the lap of luxury, and Mrs. Hoadly would often tell, as an excellent joke how they had had bread and dripping for supper last night and enjoyed it immensely. On the present occasion, as I entered the drawing room in the dim twilight of an Autumn day, the first thing my eyes rested upon was the venerable figure of the metropolitan seated in a deep arm chair by the fire, and on his knee, reposing peacefully upon his rich silk apron, was the most delapidated specimen of the genus cat that could well be imagined. One ear gone, part of the fur was missing from his head, and his tail had been abbreviated much more than nature had intended it should; but that the poor fellow was happy no one could doubt; he was purring hoarsely, and spasmodically, like a cat to whom the chance of having anything to purr for, came so seldom, that the apparatus had grown rusty, and every now and then he would rub his rough head against the delicate white hand that stroked him so gently, and look up with an expression of confidence and affection touching to see, into the kind old face bent over him.

The metropolitan was the soul of old fashioned courtesy, and he excused himself formally for not rising, when I shook hands with him. "I do not like to disturb my poor friend here," he said.

And then of course being lovers of animals in general, and cats in particular, we exchanged ideas, and grew very friendly indeed as we found how perfectly we agreed. "I am fond of all animals," the bishop said "but I have always had an especial weakness for cats; I have found them just as faithful and just as affectionate as dogs, and I think the only reason they are so unjustly estimated, is the fact that they are so seldom well treated; I believe the cat is the most ill-treated animal in the world. This poor fellow is the latest pensioner on the rector's bounty. I hear, and he seems to have taken such a fancy to me, that I cannot help meeting him half way."

The metropolitan was looking very frail and delicate, as he had recently recovered from a very severe illness, and it was a picture long to be remembered; the fragile, slender figure the exquisite daintiness of the dress, the noble old face framed in soft silver hair, and the thin white hand caressing the wretched outcast cat on his knee.

Whenever I think of the Metropolitan, strange to say it is not the bishop in his



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gorgeous robes, administering the rites of the church, that rises up before my imagination, or even the feeble invalid laboriously taking part in the service of his own beloved cathedral as I last saw him. But it is rather the memory of that afternoon at the rectory, which always comes back to me.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Thousands of Diamonds and Gems are in It, and It is Comfortable.

In the Tower of London is kept the Queen's crown, the diadem used at her coronation in 1838. It is composed of very ancient relics, but is a modern composition, having been made by the firm of Rundell & Bridge, and completed in the year 1838.

The crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her Majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver, encase a crimson velvet cap with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk.

Above the crimson border on the lower edge of the band is a row of 129 pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of 112 pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV., set in the centre of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another but smaller sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires extending all round the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by clusters of diamonds, 128 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight testoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the centre of which glitters the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The centre of the ruby is followed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centres, containing respectively 132, 124, and 130 sparkling diamonds.

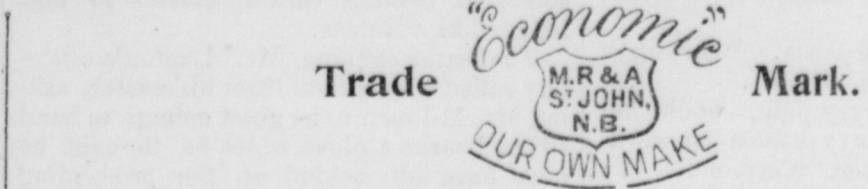
Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them, are four ornamental shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrustated with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its centre a rose-cut sapphire set in the centre of fourteen large diamonds.

Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pendant shaped pearls, and 273 smaller pearls.

It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

Luring Trout With Lights.

The use of a light at night to lure game or fishes within the reach of the hunter or fisherman is probably a very ancient device. To take trout with the fly under cover of this device is essentially an outcome of nineteenth century enterprise. Mr. Cheney, in a late issue of Forest and Stream, calls attention to angling under these conditions at Pharaoh Lake, in the Adirondacks. He affirms that the most beautiful of all brook or speckled trout are found there. Their claim to superior beauty resides in their superb coloring, inasmuch as they are enveloped in a sheen of the richest purple. In most specimens red spots are rare, while in others they are entirely absent. The method of taking them with a fly at night, is to start a bonfire on a rock which slopes into the water. This attracts the trout, evidently of the



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most unsophisticated kind and indifferent to the presence of the angler, who cannot be otherwise than most conspicuous. The publicity given to this new method of taking trout at night will probably lead to extensive nocturnal fishing during the present season. It can hardly be supposed that the trout on Lake Pharaoh are any less astute than those found in other waters; consequently one may expect to see after dark, from now until the close of the season, the edges of ponds and streams brilliantly illuminated with the bonfires of enthusiastic anglers. Heretofore trout have enjoyed immunity from pursuit, at least during a few hours of the night, but henceforth they may expect no respite whatsoever.

DONE BY THE MADSTONE.

Singular Instances of the Absorption of Poison by a Mineral.

"When I tell you that we have had a madstone in our family for over three quarters of a century, and that I myself have positive knowledge of hundreds of cures of bona fide cases of hydrophobia by the stone, you will understand why I am such a thorough believer in it," says Mr. Pointer of Memphis, Tenn. "My grandfather, Tom Pointer of Halifax county, Va., first came into possession of the stone I have in my younger days often heard all about how he got it, but have forgotten most of the details. I know that a friend of my grandfather's travelled in the East, India or China, and came back with a great many of these stones. I do not know how he got them. He sold many to different people. He did not sell this one to my grandfather, but left it with him, saying my grandfather could have it unless he returned and claimed it. He was a great traveller. He made another trip after this and was never heard of again. Hence, my grandfather retained the stone. Later in its history it was broken. One part is now in the possession of Joe Pointer and Green Williams of Person county, N. C., and I and my sister, Mrs. Smith of Dallas, Tex., keep the other. At one time, when it was necessary to sell this stone at auction to settle an estate, and he brought \$750.

"The stone we have is quite ordinary in appearance. It is black, and might be mistaken for a chunk of coal. One side is smooth, but the other, the porous side, is applied to the bite, is rough. When the stone is used it is laid on the spot where the bite has scratched the skin. If poison has been deposited there the madstone will stick and absorb the poisonous substance. "I recollect on one occasion when a member of our household had been bitten, the doctor gave up the patient and said he could not live till morning. The bite was on the arm, and the swelling was immense. The patient could not open his eyes. There was no doubt about this being a case of rabies, for the doctor so pronounced it. The doctor having given up the case and declared that death would ensue before morning, I asked him if I could not try the efficacy of the madstone. He had no objection, stating that it would do no good, but to appease my insistence he said it could do no harm. So I applied the stone. It adhered. Presently it had absorbed all it could contain of the poisonous substance and fell off. By that time the sufferer had been benefited sufficiently to be able to open his eyes. I placed the stone in a bucket of lukewarm water, the usual way of treating it, and the poison at once exuded and rose to the top of the water, forming a green scum. When the stone had emptied itself it was again applied to the sore, and before it had filled up again it fell off, all the poison having been absorbed. The patient recovered, though the doctor, a disbeliever in the madstone, had given him less than twelve hours to live.

There are many people in this city and in Mississippi who can vouch for the efficacy of this stone. I remember of a cure before the war in which Phelan Lucas, who now lives at Holly Springs, was deeply interested. Mr. Lucas had a valuable negro bitten by a rattlesnake while working in the field. The bite was on the thumb. The negro came in from the field with his hand and arm fearfully swollen and suffering great pain. There was no chance for him to live long. Mr. Lucas said afterward that anybody could have bought that negro for \$100 then. But the madstone was got from my father's and the negro was cured.

Got Rid of the Whiskey.

A great bonfire was built at Fultonville, N. Y., recently, as a result of the evangelistic services held there by Evangelist (Bill) Doyleston, Pa. One of the converts at the meeting was a saloon-keeper named Firth, whose place was one of the most notorious in the town. He determined after his conversion to quit the business. By his invitation the meeting adjourned to his saloon, and the entire stock, worth six

hundred dollars, was brought out and emptied into the gutter, and a bonfire was made of the barrels and fixtures. Mr. Geil preached from the top of an empty whiskey barrel to the crowd that assembled.

He saw Her stockings.

He must have been a brute, for this is what he did: A pretty, modest-looking girl entered the elevated train at Fourteenth street. She had evidently been shopping, for her arms were full of packages. He noticed at once that one of them had broken open, and a pair of light blue silk stockings were exposed. The young woman sat down directly opposite him; and he, smiled broadly. Just as the train reached Eighteenth street he caught her eye and said in a perfectly respectful but terribly distinct voice: "Excuse me for mentioning it, madam, but don't you think you'd better cover up your stockings? You're showing a good deal of them now."

"Sir!" she exclaimed in the most horrified tone, blushing furiously and nervously trying to pull down her dress, which already touched the floor. "I meant the one on your lap," he said quietly, but with a wicked smile, and bowing politely stepped off the train.

On the Safe Side.

"We need no ring to plight our troth," he suggested as he kissed her impetuously. "Oh, yes, we do," retorted the maiden. "None of your slight of hand tricks with me."

BABY'S BURNING SKIN
Skin Peeling Off, Skin Literally Afire, Cooled and Soothed by Chase's The Great Feature of Chase's Ointment--Almost Instantly It Touches Itching, Burning, Eczematous skin, Relieving the Pain--Is a boon to Mothers Whose Children are sufferers--There is Nothing Uncertain About It or this way of speaking About It.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind the ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and on first application showed the curative effect of the remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked, the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured." (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Ann Street Toronto.

A Face that was a Scab from Forehead to chin cured in 10 days.

On behalf of the Fred Victor Mission Bible Class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box of Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brownie, 162 River street. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scab from forehead to chin, and in brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift was worth more than its weight in gold. EDMUND YEIGH, 264 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

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