

PROGRESS, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1895

HAPPENED IN HALIFAX

A NEWFOUNDLAND MAN WHO HAD A LITTLE EXPERIENCE.

Lost His Money but Found It Again—A Case of Tampering With Justice—An Old Good Man Gone Wrong—Spotting Dead Head Dogs—The Retort Courteous.

HALIFAX, Sept. 26.—Two weeks ago a Newfoundlander, who answered to the name of Bowen, was paid off after a season of work on the Dartmouth branch railway. He had \$70 in his pocket, and when he came to Halifax had two days to await the arrival of a steamer to St. John's. He determined to see the sights of the upper streets and forthwith betook himself thither. It was not long until he fell in with three young men who subsequently came to believe, not only helped to spend his money, but took it from him, purse and all.

Such was the tale Bowen told Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power. In two hours the police had the three young men in custody, the purse found in the pocket of one of them. There seemed to be not a shadow of doubt regarding the theft.

But a couple of the young men had stung and especially energetic friends. It was apparently sure conviction that Bowen persisted in his story and it occurred to the prisoner's friends that salvation lay in the disappearance of the Newfoundlander. Accordingly he was "spirited away" and has never more been seen. It is understood that he left for parts unknown with his pockets holding another \$70 in lieu of that which had been abstracted on Albermarle street. The case came up before Stipendiary Fielding more than once for hearing, but Bowen was not in evidence, and there was no other prosecutor. The business was well managed.

The police say that the next time any man comes into the station with such a story as that of Bowen, and has arrests made in the fashion he had, they will know where to find the prosecutor when he is needed. One experience such as that Bowen gave them is enough to make them sure of their principal witness next time.

There is a serious aspect to the matter. Supposing Freeman, and his alleged confederates were guilty, which the police are sure they were, the young man who induced Bowen to disappear are liable for punishment only less severe than that for which the prisoners were held—highway robbery. In putting money into Bowen's pockets, to make good his loss, and to secure his absence as a witness, they were compounding a felony. For that they would be liable to a term of three years in the penitentiary. It is a dangerous game and it would be the part of wisdom for others who may be tempted to do likewise sometime to refrain, for they might not succeed so well as the Bowen compounders did, and besides they might be found out in a way that would bring unpleasant consequences to themselves.

Never before in the history of Halifax were there so many cases of dishonesty to chronicle in so short a time as during the past weeks. The list has become a long one now. The latest instance of financial wrong-doing is furnished in the Salvation army. The cashier in one of the departments of the Army work here has been found to be short in his accounts \$50 or more. It is no worse for a salvationist to steal than for any one else to do so, but then somehow it seems more shocking.

The police have been busy for the past week or two gathering in non-tax-paying dogs or their owners. Secrets of suits have been brought against the owners of dead-head canines. Many of these owners have got the better of the cops in the police court. The blue-coat often found it a difficult matter to prove ownership or the age of the curs or the thoroughbreds, and there was considerable tall swearing indulged in to make a point. Yet the police by their industry in making reports, and in spotting would be dead-head dogs, have added considerably to the revenues of the city. The income from dog taxes amounts to \$1,500, and it is safe to say that not half that amount would have been forthcoming had not the officers of the law kept their eyes about them with commendable diligence. It is right that they should do so. The dog nuisance in Halifax has during past years been a serious one. This strict enforcement of the law regarding the collection of the tax has already made a sensible improvement in our streets, and it brings in an honest penny to the city treasury. Chief O'Sullivan will keep at it.

It was but Saturday evening at the Halifax hotel. The handsome dining room was well filled with guests, at one table was seated together a member of the staff of the Halifax conservatory of music; a leader in one of our city schools; one of the most intelligent aldermen now in the city council; and the fourth man was the head of an entertainment combination that had appeared before the public the night before.

There was a flow of wit and wisdom which shamed much good fellowship.

The entertainment man suddenly arrested attention by looking the conservatory professor far in the eye and saying:

"My friend I have one fault to find with you; that is that you were ever born!"

That was a rather startling assertion to make, but it gave a new idea to the school teacher. After the sensation had partially subsided the wielder of the birch addressed his gaze to the amusement purveyor who had made the first statement, and remarked:

"My friend there is one virtue about you; that is that you will some day die!" Honors were about even.

MAN'S MIGHTY WORKS.

Ten Wonders of the World to be Found by the People of the Present Time.

The ten most remarkable works of human labor are enumerated:

1. The Pyramids of Egypt, the largest of which, near Cairo, known as the Great Pyramid, built by Cheops, King of Egypt, took 350,000 men twenty years to build.

2. The artificial reservoir—Lake Moeris—built by Amenemha of the twelfth dynasty, which served to store up the waters of the Nile during the season of floods, and distribute them by canals over the land during the dry season. Its circumference was 3,600 furlongs, and on its being allowed to fall into ruin, the fertility of the region became, to a serious extent, a thing of the past.

3. The Taj Mahal, a tomb erected at Agra, in Hindostan, by Shah Jahan, over his Queen, Noor Jehan. It is built of the purest white marble, and yet seems so airy that when seen from a distance, it is so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble about to burst in the sun, that even when you have touched it and climbed to its summit you almost doubt its reality. It cost over three million pounds.

4. The Temple of Braabec, in the erection of which stone 62 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 15 feet thick have been used—more prodigious masses than have ever elsewhere been moved by human power, and much exceeding in size the stores used in the Pyramids.

5. The Temple of Karnak, described by Fergusson as the noblest work of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man. It covers twice the area of St. Peter's at Rome, and undoubtedly is one of the finest buildings in the world.

6. The Great Wall of China, 1,230 miles in length. It is 20 feet in height, and in thickness 25 feet at the base and 15 feet at the top.

7. The Eiffel Tower erected in the grounds of the 1889 Paris Exhibition, 984 feet high.

8. The Suez Canal, with 88 miles of waterway connecting the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and forming the principal route to India. It cost more than 17 millions sterling, and 172,602 out of the 399,677 shares were purchased by and belong to the British government.

9. The railway bridge (the largest cantilever bridge in the world) over the Forth, with two spans each of 1,700 feet, erected at a cost of nearly four millions.

10. The leaning Tower of Pisa, which deviates 13 feet from the perpendicular. The following works were by the ancients esteemed the seven wonders of the world: The Pyramids; the Tomb of Mausoleus; the Temple of Diana; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the ivory and golden statue of Jupiter Olympus; and the Paros or Watch Tower of Egypt.

Chew Your Food.

We have been reforming our bread for the last quarter of a century, and made considerable progress, but a majority of people still eat a poor article which is doughy and pasty, and the result is, its starch is not properly insalivated and so is not digested.

Another point is mastication. If one does not chew the food well, the same thing happens; the starch is not converted into a soluble form and indigestion results. One of the most necessary hygienic reforms of the time is the reform from our hasty eating to slow eating with plenty of chewing. Count Rumford more than a century ago said that the Bavarian soldiers would chew their food thoroughly they would not need more than two thirds as much to nourish them, and this would be a great saving of expense to the government. We might say that if every one would chew his food thoroughly, it would nearly if not quite put an end to indigestion.—Journal of Hygiene.

Was a Remarkable Dog.

"I have a dog," said a minister, "who is very sagacious. One Sunday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard, and of course went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in a woodshed, standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one paw and gesticulated with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs even more sadly than I had done in the morning."—Ex.

TRIUMPHS OF SURGERY.

WONDERS WROUGHT BY THE KNIFE IN MODERN TIMES.

The Advance of Surgical Science Within a Brief Period has Been Marvellous—some of the Results of Recognition of the Antiseptic Theory of Treatment.

Not so many years ago, in a certain hospital in Germany, and in most of the hospitals of the world, sixty to eighty persons died out of every one hundred brought in with those cases of broken bones in which either the force that caused the break or the end of the broken bone itself had made a hole through the skin. But it the skin was not torn or broken, nearly all the people with broken bones recovered. This difference between the effects of the two sorts of injury had existed since the world began.

It seems wonderful at first that for all these thousands of years no one saw that the difference must be due to something that got into the system through the break in the skin, but we must remember that for nearly all of that time our ancestors saw only what was visible to their naked eyes. They have never heard or dreamed that they were constantly surrounded by myriads of little bodies, living and growing and feeding on whatever they could find available, and often destroying the things they lived on just as we destroy the things we eat so that they may be useful to use as food.

In course of time the microscope showed us little micro-organisms, or "bacteria," all about us in inconceivable numbers; most numerous in the presence of dirt of most kinds, or in such close, ill-ventilated, crowded rooms as hospital wards used to be, fewest in the fresh, pure air of the sea or the mountain-top, but never absent. Then we got on the track of the discovery that has made possible the effective surgery of to-day.

But even after the discovery of micro-organisms, many years went by, during which hundreds of thousands of persons died from various injuries before it was understood that these little bodies getting in through wounds in the skin, made the difference between living and dying to so many people.

About thirty years ago, or so how ever, Sir Joseph Lister of Edinburgh, Scotland, made a discovery which revolutionized modern surgery. This was the great "antiseptic theory," which has saved a vast number of lives since its discovery and its application to surgery by Lister.

This discovery was that the fatal diseases following wounds, whether made by broken bones, by rifle bullets, or by the knife of the surgeon, were due to the entrance of little micro-organisms, which at once begin to grow and multiply and spoil the tissues round about them, as preserves are corrupted in the bottle which has a defective cork.

By the action of the micro-organisms new substances are formed in the wound, some of them gases which often have a disagreeable odor, but are in themselves comparatively harmless; others, much more poisonous, that are taken into the blood, and are often as deadly as an overdose of strychnine or prussic acid.

The microscopic bodies that work so much evil are found not only in the air, but on the hands, especially about the finger nails—on the clothes, in the dust of rooms, on the instruments of the surgeon, and on everything about us. They are killed if brought in contact with certain chemicals in solution, or if they are put in boiling water.

So now the surgeon who treats a wound made accidentally, washes it out with some of these chemicals, like carbolic acid; or, if he is about to make a wound himself, washes his hands and the skin of the patient in the same solution, boils his instruments, and in some way, either by heat or chemicals, destroys the "bacteria" or micro-organisms that are in the dressings with which he is going to cover the wound.

If I simply stopped here, I should have told already the most important part of the marvels of modern surgery. In the hospital in Germany already spoken of the same surgeon who, in spite of his undoubted skill, had lost such an enormous percentage of his cases, learned, in 1870, the facts about bacteria. He applied them in practice, and treated, without a single death, three hundred and forty patients with precisely the same kind of injuries that had previously led to the death of eighty patients in every hundred.

In a hospitable near by, one of his friends, also a distinguished surgeon, had been obliged in a few years to amputate about five hundred limbs injured by machinery and railroad accidents, and two hundred and fifty of his patients had died. He joyfully resorted to Lister's great discovery, and saved all but six of his next three hundred and ten patients whose limbs had to come off.

A like change, took place all over the world, and in the hands not only of great surgeons, but of men in every rank of the

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profession. The Listerian method is losing a little of its marvellousness now through familiarity, but it was very astonishing in its saving results to surgeons bred in the old practice.

When we think of the hundreds of thousands of human lives unnecessarily sacrificed to diseases easily avoided,—blood-poisoning in all its forms, pyæmia, septicaemia, erysipelas, hospital gangrene, etc; when we recall not merely the deathlists of the Crimea, the Franco-Prussian War and the American Civil War, but the infinitely larger lists of the victims of accident and injury during the last fifty years of rapid transportation and machinery; when we recollect that a great proportion of these lives might have been saved by the simple method now in vogue, we are conscious of a profound regret that surgeons should have been blind so long. Perhaps the healers of the future will stand similarly aghast at the havoc wrought by our ignorance of some other simple facts that we do not perceive, though they may be in full view all the time.

With the antiseptic theory as a basis, let us look at a few examples of what the surgeon of to-day can do to save life and lessen suffering. I shall try to tell the stories truthfully and in plain words.

Once upon a time a young lady fell down an elevator shaft, and broke her right arm, just below the shoulder. The limb was put up in splints, but the bone failed to grow together. Various attempts were made to get it do so, but all were unsuccessful, and at the end of a year the arm was like a flail, helpless and useless.

A surgeon made a cut through the skin and flesh down to the broken bone, sawed off the ends squarely, brought them together, placed across them a steel plate three inches long and a half an inch broad, and fixed it there by four screws carried into the bone above and below the break. Then he brought the flesh together above the plate and left it there for six weeks.

The young lady was then etherized again. He cut open the wound, unscrewed the plate, took it out and found the bone grown together into one piece. The wound soon healed, and now that right arm is as good as the other.

She was only nineteen. Had she been born twenty-five years earlier she would be a lifelong cripple. But she had the good fortune to follow Sir Joseph Lister's discovery, and she has perfect use of that arm.

In another case a pistol-ball entered the skull on one side, went through the brain to the opposite side of the head, bounded back from the inner side of the skull in another direction, and was buried in the brain.

A surgeon cut the skull away at the place where the ball went in; the wound it made was followed to the opposite side by a probe, and a little mathematical calculation showed in which direction it must have gone. It was traced up, found and taken out. The patient got entirely well.

Sometimes now the bullet, in such a case when it is far out of sight, is found by gently putting a metal probe with a telephone attachment. When the probe touches the ball and the two metals comes together the telephone bell rings, and the surgeon knows that his search has been successful.

A man who has been lying motionless in bed for nearly a year, paralyzed from his waist down, unable to move a leg or a toe, unconscious of the pain, even when pins were thrust into his legs or a burning match was applied to them, was asked if he was willing to run some risk for the sake of walking once more. He agreed gladly.

He was etherized turned on his face, and a portion of the vertebral column, the back-bone, was cut out. Inside of it, and pressing on the spinal cord—the great nerve trunk which conveys the power to move the muscles and the power to feel to the skin—was a little tumor the size of a walnut, which was taken away by the knife. Then the wound was closed.

The next day the patient could feel a little when his feet were touched; the following day he could move his toes; within a month he was out walking, and in a short time he began to make his living again as a laboring man.

I could continue with such anecdotes indefinitely. They are taken from particular cases, but represent simply the experience of every surgeon in active practice at the present day. It is not many years since these patients would either have died or have been at best miserable lifelong invalids.

I have said nothing of the blessings of ether and chloroform, though they are as yet so new that they might fairly be called recent. Nor have I even mentioned the methods now used to save blood by rendering parts bloodless before operating and by tying blood-vessels afterwards. These are modern but not recent.

Great as have been the recent triumphs of surgery, there are, I believe, greater still in store for us. The science of prevention is rapidly advancing; and I look forward to the time when, instead of curing existing diseases, we shall be able practically to wipe them out of existence.

Since anaesthesia was introduced in 1840, the advance of medical and surgical knowledge has prevented an amount of human suffering in comparison with which the tortures of a thousand inquisitions dwindle, and has added to the sum of human life more than enough years to outweigh the deaths in all the wars that blot the pages of history.

I firmly believe that the next half-century will witness an equal or greater advance, and that the surgeon of 1950 who tries to instruct those of that period as to the "wonders of recent surgery," will look back upon many of our methods as we do upon those of the Eastern Magi or the medieval astrologers.—Youths Companion.

GHOST AT THE TELEPHONE.

A Stock Broker's Queer Narrative which is Important if True.

For years I was the junior member of the firm of ——— & Co., my brother being the senior member, says a New York stock broker. We did a general brokerage business, seldom entering the field of speculation on our own account. Between my brother and myself there existed an affection stronger and deeper than brothers generally have for each other. In fact, we seemed bound together in some strange manner, and it was at all times possible for him to impress his thoughts upon my mind. We understood each other instinctively. Of this we often spoke, and we wondered if the bond would be broken by death. It was agreed that the one first to die should, if possible, communicate in some manner with the other.

"Four years ago my brother died. I determined to continue the firm without changing its name, and for a time business continued in the old routine.

"One afternoon, about an hour before the closing of the Exchange, I sat here all alone at my desk. My thoughts were vague, if I had any—my mind was in a thoroughly receptive condition. Then I was aroused from my lethargy by the ringing of the telephone bell at my side. The office boy should have come to answer it, but, as he did not do so, I turned to it with the demand, 'What's wanted?'"

"The answer came: 'Buy 1,000 'Mop' for the firm's account and hold for a six-point rise.'"

"The voice was my brother's. Had he been alive I should not have hesitated a moment. But as it was I thought I was the victim of a cruel hoax and angrily demanded the name of the person who was talking.

"Upon receiving no answer I vigorously rang up 'central' and asked for the number of the 'phone that had just called me up. I was assured that my number had not been called within the preceding thirty minutes, and that if my bell rang it must have been the result of crossed wires.

"I concluded that my own imagination

had deceived me, but I could not dismiss the matter from my mind. Missouri Pacific had shown no sign of strength for a month, and I had what I thought were good reasons for expecting a drop in the market. Had I wished to speculate I certainly should have gone short of the stock.

"Well, to shorten the story, 'Mop' the next morning became quite steady, and in the afternoon advanced a point by fractions. Still I had no thought of buying. Within a week the stock had advanced six and one-half points and there it hung for nearly two months.

"Two weeks after my first experiment with the telephone I was again called up at a time when I sat alone here in my office. Before I picked up the receiver I knew who it was that would speak to me, but I had creepy feelings up and down my back when that mysterious voice directed me to sell Chicago Gas and to wait for a profit of ten points. I tried to ask for further information but my voice failed me; I was as helpless as one paralyzed.

"When I had recovered I rang up central and asked if any one had called my 'phone. I knew what the answer would be, and hung up the receiver almost before the young lady was through talking.

"The firm went short of Chicago Gas to the extent of 1,000 shares before the Exchange closed for the day. I decided that I would be willing to lose a few thousands for the sake of demonstrating to myself that I was the victim of an overwrought imagination. The market was bullish and most of the boys predicted a general rise in prices. The rise came, too, but Gas was an exception, and within a month I had taken the profit of ten points.

"As I told you before, our firm had long had a reputation for conservative, careful methods, and we had never been looked upon as speculators. I had no desire to speculate, and yet before a year had passed I was regarded as one of the most reckless men on the Exchange. My speculations were made in the face of the market, but were without exception successful. Still the boys predicted an early disaster. As for myself, I was in what many would call a hypnotic state. Of my own volition I made not a single move on the Exchange. I was guided by that mysterious voice, which I feared worse than I feared death itself, but which I could not escape.

"It is not necessary to say how much our profits amounted to—they added considerably more than a million dollars to our bank account. The day previous to the first anniversary of my brother's death I was last called to the telephone. The deal I was instructed to make was as successful as had been those which had preceded it. When I closed it I decided to pay no more attention to the Voice; I knew if I did I would lose my reason. However, I had no opportunity to test myself. For three years 'It' has been silent, and for three years the firm of ——— & Co., has not speculated.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's [the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

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