

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895

## SHE IS NOT IN HALIFAX.

THE RUMOR THAT MRS. LEAR IS IN THAT CITY DENIED.

The Will Attend the Trial Next Spring and Give Evidence—Judge Graham Angry—King's Regiment Succeeded by the Royal Berkshire—A Cruel Bank Clerk.

HALIFAX, Dec. 12.—Another step in the Byron (Lear) versus Tremaine suit has been taken. The pleadings are now complete since the plaintiffs solicitors have filed their reply to the defence set [up to Tremaine. It was expected that that reply would have been a lengthy document answering the different paragraphs in detail, but the prosecution decided otherwise. All they filed in the prothonotary's office on Saturday were the words:

"The plaintiff joins issue with defendant's defence."

This simply means that they will place upon Tremaine the burden of proving [the truth of the statements he has made, rather than by any possibility raising fresh questions. They will absolutely deny that Tremaine had any right to pay one cent of the \$900 collected from the four young men to Percy Lear, or to any one else than to Mrs. Lear. Even granting that there was any liability on Tremaine's part to Tremaine, the plaintiff will contend that the money collected, as she alleges for her sole benefit, had no right whatever to go to the husband who secured divorce, any more than to the sultan of Turkey, for instance.

In connection with divorce costs, by the way, while Tremaine rolls up a bill of costs of over \$1,000, in one way or another in this suit of the Lears, the cost in recent proceedings where a divorce was granted by Judge Graham, amounted to only about \$140.

The trial of Byron (Lear) versus Tremaine will come off probably in the early spring. Then it is said that both Mrs. and Mr. Lear will be on hand to give evidence. There was a rumor that the plaintiff was in town a week ago but it was a mistaken report, for she was far enough away. But it is confidently stated by those interested that she will be on hand bright and early when the suit comes up for trial. If the couple get on the stand it will be an interesting story they will tell even though its novelty be somewhat dimmed for the public are already pretty well acquainted with the principal features of the story.

If ever there was an indignant judge, it was Mr. Justice Graham, when he found out how the divorce court, over which he so ably presides, had been treated in this matter by all concerned in the notorious divorce proceedings of Lear versus Lear.

The King's Liverpool regiment has gone and the Royal Berkshire is here in its place. It cannot be said that the departure of the King's was regretted so keenly as is often the case with the embarkation of a regiment which has been garrisoned here for between two and three years as was the King's. There are always scenes of weeping and mourning along the line of march from the barracks to the dockyard. "The girl I left behind me," is not anxious to conceal her feelings as Tommy Atkins goes aboard ship, and she does not mind who knows how dearly she loved her departing red coat. But the public were not "broken up" over the exit of the King's. Colonel Stone was not by any means, what would be called a "popular" commanding officer. The trouble between the Wanderers and garrison, too, originated with the King's.

The departure of a regiment in old times was the signal for ship-keepers to arm themselves with capias for departing officers who had contracted accounts with them. A soldier below the rank of a commissioned officer cannot be proceeded against for debt. But a soldier holding a commission is as liable in this respect as any civilian. The capias is frequently resorted to on the eve of a regiment's departure to collect bills from officers who would not or could not pay up previously. But in these days the number of capias issued under such circumstances is not so numerous as once it was. An authority says that nowadays not one-third as many are taken out. While in times past the departure of a regiment would mean the issuing of a half dozen or more capias, when the King's left, for instance there were only two, and the sum total of debt claimed was only \$13. One of the capias was issued by a Barrington street dry goods firm for the arrest of Major Banning, for \$9. The other was for Captain Pollett, by a piano dealer who claimed \$4 for piano tuning. Sergeant Baker presented himself at the Wellington barracks gate with the capias for the arrest of the two officers named, but the sentry suspecting something of the kind, would not let the policeman in. Then Baker betook himself to the ship's side and awaited the arrival of his prey. By and by, the keen-eyed policeman saw them, and he lost no time in laying firm hold upon his men. Mayor Banning paid up, and he

was a free officer once more. Captain Pollett gave security for his \$4, and he, too, went aboard ship in proper form.

The capias is a rough and extreme way of collecting a debt, and it is pleasing to know that our military friends are called upon to endure it less frequently than hitherto.

Is there any danger that the rapid outpouring of lawyers from our law schools and elsewhere will produce a class of shysters rather than a set of honest legal gentlemen? There are those who fear that the legal ranks are being so overcrowded, often with incompetent men, that the shyster will out-number the lawyer.

The shyster has long been represented in Halifax, as doubtless he also has been in other cities.

What would be thought of a lawyer were it to be shown that he went into the Halifax police station and there found a poor, unfortunate young woman who had been sentenced by the magistrate to a \$4 fine for drunkenness. Supposing he were to enter into conversation with that woman, and learn from her that she had no money wherewith, to pay her fine, but that if her mistress were acquainted with the facts she would readily hand over the necessary cash to escape a term in Rockhead. Then supposing that the lawyer were to go to that mistress and state the case, and were to get the \$4 to pay the fine, and supposing that with the money in his hand he were to give the police station a wide berth and never go near the prisoner, and were to keep that money in his pocket, supposing that in the meantime another friend came to the rescue, raised the \$4, and paid the woman's fine, while the lawyer still retained the money he received from the mistress. Supposing a Halifax lawyer did this, which it is alleged he actually did, and which is a matter of common talk among members of the bar here, is that legal limb a lawyer or a shyster?

The S. P. C. is in communication with a Mr. Stubbing, clerk in a bank in this city. The grievance the society has against the young man is that he is said to have been guilty of cruelty to a dog which it appears had the misfortune to have him for its owner. Fashion, it seems, demands that a fox terrier's tail should be cut short. Nature did not cut Mr. Stubbing's dog's tail short so, if the reports to the S. P. C. are to be believed, the owner took the matter into his own hands and artificially made the tail the regulation size. Probably the S. P. C. would have done nothing in the case if that had been all, but that was not all. A neighbor of Mr. Stubbing's had further information which he did not hesitate to impart to the cruelty prevention people. It came to this: neighbors knowledge that the poor dog had been treated with cruelty beyond the average with such people as dock horse's tails and cut short dog's tails merely because it is the fashion of certain sections of "society" to do so. This kind-hearted neighbor of Mr. Stubbing's acquainted the S. P. C. A. with the fact that twice over was the dog's tail abbreviated with a knife, and that after the second cutting the poor canine was left in a barn, where he bled to death. After the first operation, so the informant alleges, the bank clerk was not satisfied with the extent of the knife's work which had been done by another hand than his, and the "surgeon" (?) is known, so he himself took off another slice. In the morning the dog was found in the barn where he had bled to death. This case looks something like the refinement of cruelty.

Chief O'Sullivan and his force have again taken to some liquor license law enforcing, such as they carried out during the last year of Inspector Mackasey's regime. Within two weeks the police have reported five cases, and already some of them have paid fines. Among those reported for selling after hours, are the Aberdeen hotel, Ted Wright, Captain Verge's, and Andrew Finlay's. It looks as if the chief were inaugurating a new campaign of liquor law enforcement, which may prove interesting in its outcome.

Society in Little Harbor.

The squeal of the babies and the pigs is heard through the land. The following arrivals are noted: to Mrs. David Harding a son; Mrs. A. Swansburg, a son; to Mrs. Allen Swim, a daughter; Mrs. Melbourne Ringer, a daughter. The following killed pigs six months old.—John Ringer, 345 lbs; Snyder Decker, 277; Frank Godfrey, 244; Danl Swim, 242.—Lockeport, N. S., Hustler.

Lost Faith in Her.

"Woman," said the dejected young man, "is a fake."

"Yes?" spoke one listener.

"Yes. It has not been so many moons since I saved up all my billiard money and lived on beans two weeks to blow myself on an opera and a supper for a young woman. Then I asked her to marry me, and she said she was afraid I was too extravagant to make a good husband."

## IN THE BALMY AZORES.

WHERE ONE MAY FIND REPOSE IN A VERDANT PARADISE.

Sights and Scenes Among Quiet Islands of the Archipelago—The Natives and the Animals are Small and Peaceful—Coffins to Rent for Funerals.

Sailing from Fayal to Terceira, a distance of only sixty miles, we passed in the darkness of night between the two small islands, Sao Jorge and Graciosa, without getting a glimpse of either; and therefore fell constrained to retrace our steps over the ocean highway in order to pay them a flying visit. As everybody knows, this widely scattered archipelago is divided into three distinct groups, the extreme eastern and western islands lying some 300 miles apart, with Fayal, Pico, Sao Jorge, Graciosa, and Terceira, and is yet in a measure dependent upon it, as Pico is upon Fayal and Corvo upon Flores.

The six hours' run between the two is generally accomplished in the small hours after midnight. You go to sleep in your berth at one port and awake to find yourself in the other. Graciosa ("gracious paradise") has, as its name indicates, a rich beauty peculiarly its own, pervaded by a sort of mellow effulgence due to certain atmospheric conditions, such as I have rarely seen elsewhere. It is barely twenty miles in circumference, with a population of less than 20,000 and only one settlement large enough to be called a village—Santa Cruz, its port and capital. Seen from a distance, it looks like two tiny islets, because of tall mountains at either end, the land between them being on a level with the sea. A more verdant and peaceful looking spot could hardly be found, and so fertile is it that the people manage to export an incredible amount of fruit and vegetables, barley, wheat, and corn. Before the bright created such havoc in the vineyards of all these islands, wine used to be the staple production of Graciosa, or, rather, wine distilled into a fiery brandy, called aguis ardente ("burning water.")

Nowadays, since grapes are scarcer, the Azoreans content themselves with the milder tipples, made from sweet potatoes, a cheap intoxicant, to be brought in all the so-called "dry goods" shops for two cents per glass, and these glasses are warranted to produce the desired state of semi-oblivion and a fine "head" for the morrow. There is no hotel or other public accommodation for strangers in Santa Cruz, but a couple of hours will give you ample time to see everything of interest on the island, unless you care for a rough tramp over the hills, to peep into the inevitable crater of the interior, one which has had no eruption within the memory of man.

There was a fiesta in progress the day we were at Santa Cruz; the church bells were jingling merrily and the streets were full of people in holiday attire. The houses are well built, the thoroughfares clean, and everybody looks prosperous and contented. We strolled two or three miles beyond the town, into the green and pleasant country, and were much interested in the glimpses of peasant life afforded. The tiny farms are cultivated to the utmost, and the raising of sheep, cattle, and donkeys appears to be a prevailing industry.

By the way, an odd circumstance, which cannot fail to strike the observant traveler in the Azores, is the fact that all our four-footed creatures seem to increase or diminish in their proportions, according to the size of the island upon which they are found. Thus, in San Miguel, the largest island of the archipelago, the cattle and horses are of ordinary size, as seen in other parts of the world, while in Fayal and in Terceira they are "middling," in Pico and Graciosa very small, indeed, and on tiny Corvo and on St. Mary's so infinitesimal that they look like toy animals escaped from some miniature "Noah's ark."

There is a so noticeable difference in the produce, fruits and grain degenerating in the smaller islands, as a rule, and exotic plants losing much in bloom and perfume. The people of Graciosa seem to match their island homes to perfection, being small in stature, gentle, mild-mannered, ignorant, and happy. Mormonism is said to prevail among them to a considerable extent—but there may be worse things in the world, even than that. There is not such a thing as a jail, an almshouse, an orphanage or a foundling asylum on the island, nor need of any. There is one manufactory, for the burning of bricks, and a number of the islanders build boats, from models of their own, which are famous in these waters for exceptional seaworthiness—though the timber for them, as well as wood for household purposes, must be brought from Terceira. They also make the material for their own wearing apparel—excellent white linen and well-dyed woollen cloth. The homes of the peasantry are so nearly alike that a description of one answers for all the rest.

The whitewashed stone cottage has generally two rooms, with roof of thatch and

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mother earth for floor. An opening near the apex of the roof serves for both window and chimney, or else a square aperture is left in the side wall, without glass, but provided with a rude barn door like shutter. The furnishings are scant, indeed. A pile of stones in one corner serves for a stove upon which the cooking is done, the smoke escaping as best it can. In another corner is the bed, so high that it almost needs a ladder to climb into it, covered with a gay patchwork spread, such as our grandmothers used to make in the days of "crazy quilts." There is also a hand loom, a deal table, with some scriptural prints on the wall, a bench, and perhaps, a chair or two, with seats of woven rushes. But the latter seem to be merely ornamental, or reserved for company, the ladies of the household invariably squatting upon the floor when busy with their sewing or spinning, carding flax or wool, weaving baskets and braiding hats, doing their beautiful knitting and embroidering, and making exquisite laces out of the split fiber of the aloes. For illuminating purposes there is the same modification of the old Roman lamp that our Puritan ancestors used in New England, viz., a small triangular pan to hold grease, with a floating wick of twisted rag in it.

One thing which perplexes a stranger in the Azores is the multiplicity of names in the same family, making it difficult to identify its members. When a girl marries she sometimes takes her husband's name but often she does not. The eldest son, when arrived at years of discretion, appropriates one or two of his father's ancestral names, choosing those that please his fancy, and the second son selects some of his mother's in the same manner, but neither ever assumes the father's family name. This is considered of no consequence whatever, the baptismal name being the one to which importance is attached. Thus Marias and Filomenas, Jorges and Jesus abound in distracting numbers, and in the postoffice letters are assorted accordingly, no attention being paid to the surname, but the Antonios put in one pile, the Batiss in another, and so on through the Alphabet.

Sao Jorge is about the same size as its near neighbor, Graciosa, but a greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that between the appearance of the two islands. Topographically considered, Sao Jorge is by far the most interesting island of the archipelago—except, perhaps, Pico, which surpasses it only in the height of its single volcanic cone. Thirty miles long, but barely three and a half wide, with tall mountains ranging from end to end, it presents one of the most impressive sea walls eyes ever beheld. Skirting it in a yacht, on a tranquil summer's day, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience as full of danger as of sublimity. No wonder that sailors dread the approach to this small speck in mid-Atlantic even more than rounding the storm-beset Cape Horn! The mighty mass of headlands, rising sheer and abrupt out of the Azorean Sea, from 800 to 1,500 feet, with scarcely a break in their grim sides save where gulches corrugate the upper heights are guarded by projecting reefs of high black rocks against which the surf beats with ceaseless fury. Strong currents set in shoreward, with blasts blowing down the gulches with destructive force soon dash to pieces the unfortunate vessels driven under the lee of this Titanic wall, where not a solitary ragged project to which a drowning mariner may cling.

Sao Jorge's one town, or rather hamlet, called Ponta de Las Valhas, set close to the shore on the shelving edge of one of these heights, looks just ready to slide into the water. Taken all in all, it is the most lugubrious, was begone, and desolate-looking place to be found in many a long journey. You climb up to it over a slippery, wave-washed heap of rocks, called by courtesy a quay, and enter the village through a picturesque medieval gateway. Rains of ancient fortifications surround the little harbor, as if nature had not sufficiently fortified the undesirable possession; but the rusty guns, long since planted in the earth, mouth downward, serve the peaceful purpose of tying-posts for boats. Grass and weeds spring up unhindered in its irregular streets, and there are a few poor shops, a market place with a covered shed, a great church, and a hospital. The latter building was once a populous convent. The narrow cells of

the monks, turned into sick wards, have a cheerful outlook into the cemetery on one side and into the patio on the other, where the official coffins are stored.

These black painted boxes have been many times used, being only loaned to the dead for the short journey to the grave, into which the corpse is dumped uncoffined, the box being returned to the patio to serve the same purpose again and again. The most attractive place in Velhas is the central plaza, standing in which, looking up and around, you feel as if at the bottom of a mighty well, so close on all sides are the precipitous mountains. The broad plateau which forms the backbone of this rocky islet is extremely fertile, and every available patch of soil is cultivated to the utmost. Even the most perpendicular sides of the loftiest cliffs are terraced and tilted, to the edge of precipices which drop down hundreds of feet to the ever-raging surf below, on slopes so steep that it would seem as if both wings and claws were needed to cling to them, and in gorges accessible only by boat from the sea where the pheasants' sole companions are mountains goats and buzzards. Men and women working on these terraced heights look like flies clinging to the wall of a room. In pleasant weather the scene is attractive, green, and peaceful; but imagination fails to depict the terror and devastation which follow in the wake of the fierce gales which so frequently buffet these stern coasts. Even more destructive, are the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that occasionally overwhelm the island. Several times since its settlement—notably in the years 1580, 1757, and 1808—its towns have been literally wiped out and the green fields buried in deep-blackened lava and scoriae. Velhas is situated in just the right spot to be demolished by volcanic streams seeking a pathway to the sea; but as often as destroyed it has been rebuilt on the same site, for the simple reason that there is no other opening in the rock-bound coast on this side of the island; and after each disaster nature has made extraordinary haste in gilding the ravages under its inevitable and beautiful. It is hard to believe, but is nevertheless true, that the industrious population of 19,000, not only manage to wrest a comfortable living from these rugged hills, but actually export considerable butter, cheese, fruit, and cattle to Portugal and the neighboring islands. Their cheese is said to be of special excellence and the shipping records show that in a single year one house alone in Lisbon received \$50,000 worth of butter from Velhas.

The peasantry of Sao Jorge are more picturesque in dress and manner than any we have yet met in the Azores. Their ways of living and methods of labor are as primitive as were those of the Moors, when they invaded Spain and Portugal, from whom these people are said to have sprung and to whom they certainly bear a strong facial resemblance. The women wear dresses of dark blue woollen cloth, with enormous balloon-like skirts thrown up over their heads from the waist and scant petticoats of the same material, bordered with scarlet. Of the men's outfit the most noticeable part is the funny little cap, of dark-colored cloth edged with red, with triangular visor turned up in front, so that the long, sharp point looks like a finger pointing skyward.—Fannie B. Ward, in Inter-Ocean.

Doctoring for Rheumatism.

"I saw a Digger Indian medicine man treat another old Indian for rheumatism a few days ago," remarked Dr. W. L. Berry "and I can assure you it was something new in therapeutics. I was travelling in Mendocino County when a young buck who spoke good English informed me that one of the Indians had devils in his legs and the medicine man would take them out at the rancheria. Of course I was anxious to see the operation."

"When I reached the scene I saw a pile of dry wood with green willow boughs heaped over it. The old Indian, who was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, was carried out in a blanket, the corners of which were tied around his neck, while his feet stuck out through a couple of holes. He was placed on another wet blanket that was spread over the willow boughs, strings were run from his big toes to the tops of two little saplings about thirty feet away, and lizards, toads, frogs, water dogs, and garter snakes were tied all along the strings at intervals of six inches. Then the medicine man set fire to the dry wood, and danced around the fire till the paint and perspiration on his body shone like varnish. All the while, he shouted appeals to the

Great Medicine Man up above to use his influence in persuading the devils to leave their victim's legs. He threatened that the reptiles on the string, which are supposed to be the favorites of evil spirits, should be tortured till their masters left the victim of their torments.

"The old fellow on the fire commenced getting hot, and he yelled murder for fully five minutes before the medicine man and his assistant took him off the fire. The old fellow was almost roasted, but they carried him down and dunked him in the cold water of the little creek that ran by the rancheria. Then they placed him on his feet again, but he was still unable to walk. He was placed on the blanket and grilled again, and again dunked. This operation was repeated till the poor old fellow tottered half a dozen steps to avoid further torture, and the medicine man announced a cure."—San Francisco Post.

Laid Low by indigestion.

I Was so run Down I had to Give up Work.

Scott's Sarsaparilla the Kind that Cures.

Indigestion or dyspepsia is the bane of thousands, and is one of the most depressing of afflictions. It arises from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, which weakens the digestive and assimilative organs, rendering them incapable of performing their natural functions, and if neglected, the sufferer loses flesh, complains of exhaustion after slight exertion, and becomes rapidly debilitated.

Mr. Wm W. Thompson, a prominent resident of Zephyr, Ont., in a letter dated Aug 12 h, 1895, says: "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the fact that Scott's Sarsaparilla has caused a most remarkable change in my condition. I was so much run down I had to give up work and felt as if life were not worth living. Mr. Drake induced me to try Scott's Sarsaparilla, and after taking four bottles I am now feeling as I formerly did years ago, and I want to say for the benefit of those suffering from indigestion and feeling, to use slang phrases, 'completely knocked out,' don't despair until you give Scott's Sarsaparilla a fair trial."

Scott's Sarsaparilla is a blood food, it stimulates all vital organs to healthy normal action, enabling them to throw off all poisonous and debilitating humors. Sold by druggists at \$1, but there is only one Scott's. The kind that cures.

Took Powerful Medicine.

A physician of Pocahontas county, Va., tells a story of a patient who one night recently swallowed two 32 calibre cartridges in mistake for two five grain capsules of medicine. The doctor left the capsules with the instructions that the sick man should take them during the night. The man awakened, reached for the capsules, but somehow got hold of the cartridges, and did not discover his mistake until he had swallowed them. No serious harm resulted, though the patient had an anxious time for some hours.

## Money

That Should be

## Saved

is a study for all, and in a few words we can explain it.

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