

BOOM IN LAW CIRCLES.

THE CAPIAS IS STILL POPULAR IN HALIFAX.

It Gives Better Results Than the New Debt Collection Act—Some Men who Have Been Captured—A Model Police Force and How It is Managed.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—Those who have much to do with its execution say the new debt collection act for Nova Scotia is more of a failure than a success. Money cannot be obtained under its provisions with the facility that prevailed under the former system. The "good old capias" still retains its popularity. Here are some instances how it was put into force during the past couple of weeks. There is a relish about these actions for they are not generally published in the papers here.

Mrs. Sharp was owed \$6 by a boarder whom she could not prevail on to pay up. The capias was sufficient to extract the dollars, though how long it would have taken a commissioner under the collection act to do the work it would be hard to say. Thomas Doyle got two accounts through the capias. One was for \$58 37, and though the debtor went to jail he eventually settled. The other account was owed by Charles Murdock, who paid \$14 under the pressure of a capias.

James K. Munnis was not so successful. James Small owed him \$15 for clothes. Mr. Munnis got his capias but Small has been out of town for some days. There are impossibilities in law, as in everything else, and collecting \$15 under a capias, when the debtor has vanished for nearly a week, is one of the things that no policeman can do.

J. B. Shaffner had an amusing case. He bought a quantity of potatoes from Captain McDougall, a P. E. Island dealer. Shaffner thought he bargained for them at 18 cents a bushel, but by some error paid at the rate of 20 cents. After the cheque was given the merchant discovered his mistake and asked the captain for a refund of the difference, which amounted to \$2. The request was refused with an aggravatingly supercilious air. Captain McDougall was about sailing for his island home and Mr. Shaffner lost no time in vindicating his position by capiasing the potato dealing mariner. It had the desired result and the two dollars was added by the merchant to the cash receipts of that day's business.

Peter Doelle bought a suit of clothes from James A. Halliday, one of our canny tailors. Peter did not pay the \$17 which the garments cost, and there were circumstances which indicated that he did not intend longer to continue his domicile in this good city of Halifax. Accordingly Mr. Halliday had recourse to the capias; the man was found and the money duly paid.

Thus the world wags on. The capias is a harsh measure but occasionally it is the only effective means of squaring accounts.

Chief O'Sullivan and his men are proud of the record the force has made for sobriety during the past twenty months. Not once during that period has there been a single complaint of drunkenness in a policeman in this city. Any one who knows anything about the force prior to the present reorganization will see what a wonderful change has come to pass. In the old days hardly a week went by without an "investigation" by the police committee, and no matter how clear the evidence of wrongdoing, the chances were ten to one that the offending officer would escape with nothing beyond a more or less mild reproof. Now a substantiated charge means dismissal sure, and the good effect is apparent in a perfectly sober force. Not one charge against a policeman for nearly two years, and nothing to found a charge upon. What is better still—the personnel of the police force is such that there is no likelihood of any complaint of this kind materializing for twenty months more.

The management of chief O'Sullivan and the police commission has worked admirably under the former regime the force numbered forty privates. Now, though the city is extending its bounds, there are only 37. Notwithstanding this the streets are better patrolled than ever. The force is divided into six divisions with a sergeant in charge of each. A private's pay is \$500 a year after one year of service has been put in, making a total pay roll to privates of \$18,500 annually. A sergeant receives \$600 per year, totaling for the six men \$3,600. The deputy chief, who acts as an assistant to chief O'Sullivan has a salary of \$800 a year. Detective Power, a most efficient officer receives a similar amount. Chief O'Sullivan started with \$1000 a year, and he has now reached the maximum of \$1300 fixed by the statute. Chief Clark of St. John has considerably more pay than the head of the force in Halifax, but a harder worked, or more valuable man than chief O'Sullivan, a man who makes his work tell, it would be hard to find.

The total cost of the police force of Halifax is thus \$25,000. From the chief down to the latest addition to the ranks, this little army numbers 43 men, whose average pay amounts to \$581 29 each year. There is no branch of the civic service where the same amount of work is obtained for as small a sum.

Canada Not in It.

California's ice palace is an accomplished fact, and her ice carnival will be ready for opening next week, when she will reach for some of the laurels hitherto monopolized by Canada. It is a striking illustration of the wide range of climate in the state, and the varied attractions it offers, that while an ice carnival is in full swing in one part the orange crop will be harvested in another part. The ice palace will be held at Truckee. The ice palace is built of lumber and wire netting, veneered with a

coating of ice. Water is sprayed over the structure every day and freezes during the night. A week ago the ice coating was two inches thick. The skating rinks are in good condition, there is good sleighing already, and a big toboggan slide is building. It will be California's first ice carnival, and is attracting much attention all over the State and in neighboring States.

CANADIAN IN BALTIMORE.

They Had a Merry Christmas and Want their Friends to Know about It

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 29.—The weather in Baltimore has been all that could be wished for during the fall season. The trees have lost their leaves, but the grass continues to be green. Christmas was exceptionally fine and warm and reminded us of June days in the north. The day was enjoyed by Messrs. W. Sprague, (Shediac.) F. S. Anderson (Dorchester.) L.iners, Woodstock, F. Lafertie, P. E. I. W. Murray, Moncton, F. Thomas, Annapolis, C. Sborvenell, Sherbrook, who were entertained by Messrs. Bert Armstrong, T. D. McLeod and C. H. McNutt, to partake of a Christmas dinner. Everybody thought the fowls were very good, especially the long legged lady, which is generally known as a turkey. The turkeys down here are much larger than those of our native provinces, but they lack that peculiarly flavor, which so characterizes ours. Leaving turkey, as we had too, after it was all consumed toasts were proposed.

Things passed off as well as could be expected. The conversation became general and many different topics were discussed, which in time drifted around to the Venezuela question. All were pretty much of the same opinion, and concluded if Grover was not careful the "Lion" would catch the "Eagle" by some vital part, and in future the United States would have to get some other fowl to do the flapping.

In case of war the boys thought it would be expedient to retire to the back woods, as bombardment from the British man-of-war would cause great havoc, and it would take a smarter man than Columbus to discover where some parts of the United States now stands.

Christmas is over and by all appearance the "war" as well.

The boys wish the Progress staff a happy and prosperous New Year and many of them.

Valuable Advice.

A Boston woman who bought a mechanical toy of a street vender, and found when she got home that it wouldn't work, got some valuable advice from the vender next day when she took it back. "I didn't sell you that," brazenly said the vender, "so I can't change it, of course. I only began selling toys like that this morning. But I'll tell you what you ought to do. When you buy a toy from a fakir on the street—and here his voice assumed a confidential, friendly tone—"you be sure that you get the toy that he has just made up to show you how it works."—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Cleveland uses for note paper a very pale blue paper, neither rough nor smooth, but comparatively smooth, which looks as if it were covered with lint of a deeper shade of blue. This paper, which she has used ever since she was married, she orders from a Boston house, to which she was introduced by her friend, Miss Ruth Burnett, whose family are among the residents of Beacon Hill, Miss Burnett, for whom little Ruth Cleveland was named is a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and recently entered a convent.

A Pretty Wedding Custom.

A pretty German fashion was followed at a recent wedding, says the New York Evening Post, when the bride removed her wreath of flowers and placed it upon the head of one of her bridesmaids who were clustered round her in a circle. The bride was blindfolded, and after turning around six times placed the wreath upon the head of the maiden whom she touched. The one thus crowned will, according to tradition, be the next bride.

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Mrs. H. B. Downey, 42 W. 98th St., New York: "I took the new Specific '77' for Grippe and it cured me; one small vial."

BARTRAM B. NEWHALL, publisher of the Lynn, (Mass.) "Transcript," says of the "77" for Grip and Colds: "Acquaintances have had experience in the use and are loud in praise of the efficacy of its work. In all my experience with Humphreys' Specifics there never has been a case where they have failed to do what you claim for them."

Mrs. HUGH MAYER, Princeton, Ky., says: "Several weeks ago I got a trial bottle of your '77' for Grip and Colds; am so much pleased with the success of it that I want more more."

"77" will break up a Cold.

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SKIES IN QUEER HUES.

WHEN MEN WERE FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE COLORS.

A Red Terror of the Fourteenth Century—The Green Day and a Number of Yellow Portents—The Famous Dark Day Which Alarmed Good and Bad.

On Jan. 27, 1306, from sunrise until midnight, the churches of Europe were crowded with kneeling suppliants, while solemn chants and the smoke of the censers arose uninterruptedly. Thousands of terrified people lay prone upon their faces in the streets and squares. Women clutching their infants to their breasts ran, half naked, shrieking along the highways. Creditors forgave debts; usurers pressed upon their ruined clients their ill-gotten gains; rich men distributed their wealth in the name of charity to all who would consent to accept. Criminals voluntarily confessed their misdeeds and besought the extremity of human justice. Kings and princes threw off their ermine, donned the rags of beggary, and vowed new crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk. Men went mad. Anchorites and hermits issued from their cells, wild-eyed, clad in goat skins or sackcloth, and, stalking through the streets, cried aloud: "Woe! woe! the hour of judgement is at hand!"

It was the Day of the Red Terror, described by the ancient chroniclers. The dawn broke clear and mild as in midsummer, we are told, and "not a cloud of a handbreadth's bigness was to be seen in all the sky." But just before the sun rose a strange red haze or mist overspread the heavens, deepening in hue and density, until at 9 o'clock the firmament was a crimson pall which obscured the sun and cast a dull, ominous glare upon the earth like the reflection from a tremendous conflagration at a distance. Despite the unnatural illumination the gloom was so profound, even at midday, "that one man knew not another, though he were his own brother. Toward 3 in the afternoon there came a great splendor of crimson, like blood, and some cried that now, indeed, 'the heavens were departing as a scroll when it is rolled together;' others that they beheld the angels battling against the hosts of the Apollyon in the upper air, and yet others that blood rained upon the earth." At about midnight the fiery pall disappeared, seeming to be dissipated as a light mist driven before a strong wind; the stars came forth in their tranquil beauty, and the panic-stricken world grew calm again.

In April of the year in which Columbus set out upon his memorable voyage to the Indies, incidentally discovering America, occurred the wonderful Green Day. During the forenoon there had been a succession of light showers, but at 12 o'clock the sky cleared, and the sun shone brightly. At an hour past noon the sun grew pale, and lost its brilliancy, as if obscured by a winter fog, though there was no trace of vapor in the atmosphere. At the same time the azure hue of the sky changed to a livid green, deepening gradually to a rich emerald tint. The sun became wholly invisible, and there was a sort of preternatural twilight upon the earth. The green hue was so intense that "all objects took the color of oak leaves, and men stared in affright at each other's faces," for they, too, were of the prevailing livid green. The populace poured into the streets to gaze in terror at the emerald sky, and to ask each other what had become of the sun, and if the end of the world was at hand. Bells were tolled, services were held in all the churches. In one French town several persons expired from fright. At about 8 o'clock in the evening the sky resumed its normal aspect.

There are several Yellow Days on record, the most remarkable being that which occurred in the reign of Charles IX. of France, and was regarded by the Huguenots as a manifestation of the Divine wrath against the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "All the previous night such a tempest of wind blew as not the oldest man had seen. Steeples fell with a horrible crash. Strong houses and palaces fell down flat upon the earth. Whole forests were levelled, and thousands of deer destroyed, so that there was no hunting in all the realm for the space of six years. Some heard loud and terrible voices crying in the air, denouncing punishment upon the blood-guilty. Some heard the shattering blasts of vast trumpets, so that the soul faints at the sound."

At sunrise the storm died down to a breathless calm. It became so intensely hot that cattle died in the fields, men fell down in the streets, steam rose from standing pools, and hayricks took fire. Yet there was no visible sun. The sky was a brilliant yellow, like that sometimes seen in the west at early twilight, deepening toward noon to a splendid orange, and later, to an ugly muddy brown. So frightful was the omen "that men, not daring to go forth for the dreadful heat, confessed themselves to each other, forgave debts and old friends. Those that ventured out of door denuded their clothing with water, which turned to vapor in a hundred paces. Many died in their houses, whether of the heat or fear, and half the world was overcome."

Our own Yellow Day appears to have been very similar to the one described above, though it was not accompanied by the preternatural rise of temperature. It appears, also, to have been more circumscribed in area, at least the accounts we have, strangely meagre, starting a phœnomenon, embarking upon a startling voyage, and ending in a mysterious way. The Dark Day of 1816 has been frequently mentioned in many yet unexplained eye-witness reports from Rhode

Island lady, a cousin of Gen. Nathaniel Greene:

"The sky was clear until near noon, when the sun began to fade, as if its light were withdrawn, until it needed very keen eyes to mark its position in the heavens. At first there was a sort of greenish twilight, then everything became as dark as midnight. The stars came out. The fowls went to roost. People looked at their clocks, sure that they must somehow have mistaken the time. The churches and meeting houses were open. The bells tolled mournfully. Some men stood upon the corners preaching that this was the Last Day foretold by the evangelist. Some people wrapped themselves in white sheets and sat at open windows or on roofs, singing hymns. But just before sunset the sky cleared. I remember that my mother and father embraced each other, then kissed me, and seemed overjoyed, and the street was full of people running to and fro and shouting that the world was saved."

The Black Day of the thirteenth century must have been yet more dire and terrifying, according to two fragmentary accounts which have come down. "During the whole day the sun was a disc of ebony in a funeral firmament, and the whole earth was full of weeping. The beasts crept into men's houses for comfort."—N. Y. Paper.

THE PORKER'S RUM BLOSSOM.

He Likes Whiskey and His Nose Shows the Effect of His Indulgence.

Just across the line from Lawrenceburg, Ky., in Mercer county, there is a large distillery, owned by one of that county's most reputable and influential citizens. This man made a discovery a few days since, the like of which was never heard of before.

He has for many years owned a white pig, of the Berkshire variety, which was the pet of the entire family. The pig, instead of staying around the house, made his home constantly in the large whiskey warehouse near by and was fed at this place, never leaving except for a few moments at a time. About three months ago the distiller noticed that the nose of his pet was taking on a crimson hue. He thought rather strangely of this, but didn't give the matter much attention, thinking that possibly the pig's nose had been hurt in some way.

Last Sunday he had occasion to again notice the pig, and discovered that its nose was now perfectly red and it seemed very droopy. He at once came to the conclusion, which proved to be true, that the pig was a confirmed drunkard of the worst type. It was a custom at the distillery when a leak was found to place a tin bucket under the barrel and catch the drops as they fell until time could be found to stop the leakage. This whiskey was given to the hands at the warehouse, and they were never in a great hurry to repair the barrel. Knowing that the pig could get whiskey no other way except out of these buckets, he was watched and was seen to go to a bucket and drink at least a quart, after which he would smack his jaws together and utter a dissatisfied grunt.

The distiller thinks the hog acquired the whiskey habit by drinking the distillery slop, on which he was fed for a long time. No attempt will be made to break him from the habit.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Presence of Mind.

Arthur Roberts, says Household Words, was once the means of averting a panic in a theater. Some odds and ends of scenery had taken fire, and a very preceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent, when Mr. Arthur Roberts appeared on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger—I give you my word of honor there is no danger." The audience did not seem reassured. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessities of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?" The panic collapsed.

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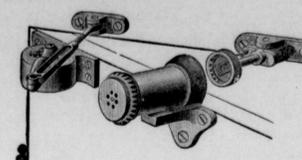
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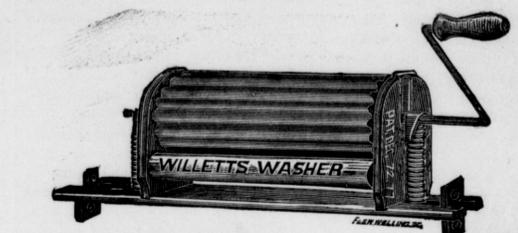
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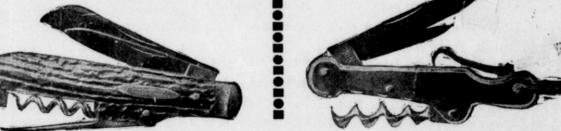
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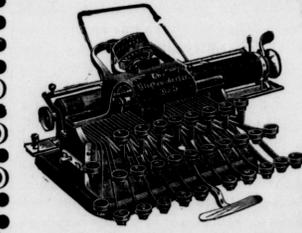
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