

WILL GET A FAIR TRIAL.

A CHANGE OF VENUE GRANTED FOR THE WHEELER TRIAL.

Mr. Justice Townshend Scores the Provincial Papers and Detective Power for Their Unprofessional Utterances—Says They Prejudged the Case.

HALIFAX, May 28.—If ever there was an indignant judicial mind it has been that of Mr. Justice Townshend during the past few weeks. His anger has been kindled against the newspapers of this city and province on account of their conduct in the case of Peter Wheeler accused of the murder of poor Annie Kempton near Digby. His lordship says the papers have deliberately tried and condemned Wheeler without waiting the ceremony of his arraignment in court. The Halifax papers, on a former occasion, were lashed by the judge, when they were told that it was only because Wheeler had no friends' nor money, that they had escaped severe punishment. Both the Herald and Chronicle published long interviews with Detective Power in which that official hesitated not to say that Wheeler was a red-handed murderer. Possibly Mr. Justice Townshend was hitting at the Detective, over the shoulders of the reporters, when he spoke as he did of the conduct of the newspapers and the way they had merited the courts severest censure. His lordship is very much annoyed, not to say disgusted, at this introduction into Nova Scotia of these methods of "Yankee-dam," and if he had his way such a lesson would be taught the Halifax papers as they would not forget in a hurry.

On Friday his lordship gave judgment on an application for a change of venue for the trial of Wheeler. He granted it, ordering that the trial take place at Kentville, King's county. This decision was given, not on account of the writings in the Halifax papers, but because of even more patizan articles in several papers printed in and about Digby, which were produced in court for his inspection. The violence of their language was so great that the judge had no difficulty in ordering the change of venue asked, and in transferring the trial to the town of Kentville.

The people of King's county are to be sympathized with in this matter, for it means the expenditure by them of about \$1,000 as the costs of the trial, the money to be wrung out of the taxation of the county. Perhaps it is the warden of King's county had been as active as Warden J. E. Stafford of Halifax county, King's county would have been spared the expense of this murder trial. When Warden Stafford heard that the application was being made for a change of venue he came up from Hubbard's Cove and engaged in a vigorous campaign against the idea of having the trial in Halifax. He kicked viciously against the proposition and he would have kicked more than viciously if Halifax had been selected. The Halifax county council may possibly add to the laurels worn by Warden Stafford, by publicly thanking him, at their next meeting, for his herculean exertions in causing the taxpayers of King's county, rather than those of Halifax, to pay the bills of this murder trial. Possibly, however it was the conduct of those much-maligned Halifax papers that saved Halifax, rather than the work of the Warden, for how could the judge have transferred the trial from "the frying pan to the fire" by removing it from the scene of the murder to the source of publication of the dailies which tried and almost hanged the prisoner, on the unofficial evidence of Detective Power? The trial will be conducted by Mr. Justice Townshend.

AN HISTORIC PASTURE GROUND.

An Alderman who Pastured his Cows on the Citadel Slope.

HALIFAX, May 28.—For years a grievance the public have endured has been the letting of the citadel slopes by the war department to alderman William McFatridge to be used by him as pasturage for cows. The alderman had a great snap on this. His rental was about \$80 per year, for which he was able to cut a lot of nice hay and to sub-let the large areas in grass to scores of cattle-owners for a dollar a week per head. There was lots of money in it for honest William. At the same time there was almost enough public ill-feeling an account of the exclusiveness thus made necessary to have fomented a rebellion against "the old flag," had the grievance been allowed to continue for many years longer. The alderman always denied that it was he who had citizens and strangers turned off at the citadel, but people generally believed that he slyly "pulled the strings" which caused the trouble. It was his interest, on behalf of those to whom he sub-let his pasturage, to do so, and no one will claim for a moment that Alderman McFatridge is more than human. This year General Montgomery-Moore refused to let the grass to anyone, and the alderman accordingly lost his snap.

The citadel will be made an attractive place to visitors this summer. The city council has obtained authority from the military to construct a wide road round the most at the summit of the hill. This will cost at least \$6,000, an amount which has already been borrowed for the purpose. Precautions will be taken to prevent danger from falling into the moat, 20 or 30

feet deep that surrounds the ramparts, and an ornamental but serviceable fence will be built to keep visitors from encroaching on the reserve slopes below. No more, therefore, after this is done, need people be afraid of the red-coated military police, roughly hustling the sightseer from his coigne of vantage, for there is no point from which to see the beauties of Halifax equal to the top of the citadel. Good-bye, Alderman McFatridge; welcome new order of things!

NOTICED IN THE RESTAURANTS.

American Manners Are Changing—Women Now Tip the Waiter.

Another old joke is almost doomed. After a long and useful existence it is about to be laid away to rest. It is the joke about the lightning swiftness with which Americans once despatched their meals.

Ever since Dickens painted the fleeting glories of the American luncheon, the topic has been a favorite one. The railway lunch, the business lunch, the free lunch, every known variety of lunch, has come in for its share of attention. Not only that, but Americans have been accused of bolting their breakfasts, of gulping their teas, and of actually racing through their dinners. In a restaurant or a hotel they begrudged the time for any of the niceties of the art of eating. They wanted to pay the bill while they were yet engaged with their meal, so as to lose no time after they had bolted the last morsel.

It was a fertile field for the funny man, and, to do him justice, he really worked well. But there will have to be a rotation of crops pretty soon. Americans are taking their meals more slowly. Every restaurant of ten years' experience admits this. Where an American formerly spent ten minutes over a quick lunch he will now take half an hour for a comfortable meal; and where he would have begrudged half an hour for a restaurant meal with a friend in days gone by, the two cronies will now sit and gossip for almost that length of time, simply waiting for their order to be served.

"Oh, yes," said a well-known caterer the other day, "there's been a mighty change in the time men give to their meals. You'll take my word for it, though, that there are some hotels where you won't hear the same story. The Western man hasn't the same patience that the Eastern man has. Generally he's here on business, and he isn't waiting time on finger bowl. Perhaps he takes more time to it when he's at home, though I must say it has a pretty habitual look."

"How about the man from Philadelphia? Is he as calm and deliberate as you would expect him to be?"

"Well, now, it's a funny thing about Philadelphia people. Do you know they're as different here in New York from what they are at home as day is from night? Did you ever take a meal in Philadelphia? Well, then you know that if impatience is a vice you don't want to go to the Quaker City for meals. You'll ruin your chances for heaven in about three days. It takes a Philadelphia waiter longer to get you a sandwich than it would take a New York one to serve you with a course dinner. Well, the people over there get used to that sort of thing, and when they come over here and see a real swiftness waiter, it goes to their heads. You can't serve them quick enough. You'd think they were used to having their meals brought on by chain lightning. Queer, ain't it?"

"How about the Boston man?"

"Oh, he's got time generally unless he has to catch a boat or a train. But did you ever notice the way a Boston man eats? No? Well, you just watch 'em the next time you have a chance. They always make me think of a cow. You know the way a cow sits around—I mean stands around—and chews and chews and chews without saying anything, but you know what I mean. At any rate, that's the way the Boston man eats. He gets a good mouthful and then he sort of ruminates over it. He chews and chews, and all the time he looks as if he might as well be chewing sole leather for all the difference it made to him."

"Does he care much what he has to eat?"

"Indeed he does! That's the funny part of it. There isn't any other more particular than he is, except the New York man. It's just his looks, you know. Speaking about being particular, there's one man that thinks he is the most particular being in the country, and that's the San Francisco man. You can always tell him by the way he looks, and he does things. But if you couldn't tell him that way, you wouldn't have to wait long before he told himself. He's always talking loud about his town and its restaurants. I never got so mortal tired of anything in my life as I did of their old Poodle Dog. If I've had that thing rammed down my throat once, I've had it a hundred times."

"And there are the men from Texas and rougher parts of the West. They are of two kinds. One kind thinks it is smart to swear at the waiter and damn the fix'n's. The other kind wants to pretend that he's never had anything else. We have people like that, though, from all over the country. They're the ones that haven't been used to much style, but who don't want to give it away that it is new to them. They're the worst ones we have. They think that the way to assert their experience is to make a big kick about something. Half the time they do it about something that is quite proper, only they are too ignorant to know it. It was about one of these men that they tell the old story about the

vanilla ice cream. He had it taken away because it had 'black specks all through it. Didn't you?"

"What does a waiter do in a case like that?"

"Well, his orders are to be polite under any sort of fire. If a man makes a fool of himself the waiter mustn't let on. I think one of the worst cases of that sort that we ever had was a Chicago Alderman. He came in with a party of his friends—a family party, I guess, for they looked to be pretty much of a lot. They sat down and began to act as if they owned the place. We were pretty full just then, and it was a few minutes before a waiter went to take their order. The room was quiet; only a murmur of voices and the subdued noises that you hear in a first-class restaurant. All of a sudden everybody in the room jumped. The Chicago Alderman had broken loose. He talked at the top of his voice, and his language wasn't choice. Of course the waiters hustled around to get his order, not, mind you, because we wanted to please him, but because we wanted to shut him off for the sake of the other people. It is when the greenhorn sees a case like that one that he thinks it is the way to go to bed well and quickly."

"What is the way?"

"Oh, well, of course everybody ought to be served alike, but I won't pretend that they are. The people who are best served are those who have a quiet, assured way of doing things. It indicates experience. Pretty generally, too, it promises a tip. There's no use denying that the prospect of a good tip is mighty lubricating. It's human nature that it is so. But the blusterer isn't really the best served man, although it may look as if he was. The waiter if he round and makes a great show, but secretly he resents it and gets even somehow."

"How about women?"

"Well, now you have struck an interesting topic. I don't think I've noticed any more decided change in this business—that is, in that part of it—than the way women act when they're alone. It used to be the exception that a woman gave a tip. Now it's a cold day when she doesn't. But they're funny even yet. They give the smallest fees and the largest. Men average just about the same, but women give everywhere from a few cents to a dollar where almost every man would give a quarter. They've learned a lot, too, about what to eat, I mean. Oh, they order salads a good deal, of course, and ice-cream and made dishes, but they've changed; oh, yes they've changed! I know of women who can order just as good a dinner as any man can, and what's more they do it. But take them as a whole and they're not up to the men in the sort of dining. I suppose they like good things to eat well enough, but they'll save on a dinner to buy a hat and all that sort of thing. Oh, yes, they will. I've heard them sit at a table and figure what they could buy with the money they saved on their luncheon."

"The money they save?"

"Yes. You see, they come in tired and hungry, and they say, 'Oh, I'm so hungry as a bear! Let's have a good, square meal!' and then they begin going over the bill of fare, and as they sit there they get rested, and they drink a lot of ice water, and that takes the edge off their appetite, and they figure up what things are going to cost, and what it would buy for them to wear and then they order one chicken salad and a cup of tea. I suppose it may be sensible enough in them to want to have something they can keep instead of, as they say, just eating their money, but if they would dine more sensibly they would find that they would keep their good looks longer, so that the frills and finery wouldn't be so necessary. Still women have improved a lot. They are among our best patrons now, and there are some women that it's a real pleasure to serve. You can tell them right away. They come in as if they were going to have a good time, and they take off their veils and go over the card in a way that means business. Then, if you bring them anything that's just right, you can see that they know it and appreciate it. Other women come dragging in as if it was an unpleasant duty they had to get through with and they keep their veils on and say, 'What do you want?' 'Oh, I don't care. Order whatever you please!' When it comes they push their veils up to their noses and get them all thick across their eyes so they can't half see, and they eat with their gloves on. But, thank heaven women are improving. They're not all like that."—N. Y. Sun.

To Dust Carpets and Floors.

Sprinkle tea leaves on them, then sweep them carefully. The carpets should not be swept frequently with a whisk brush, as it wears them fast; only once a week, and the other times with leaves and a hair brush. Fine carpets should be gently done with a hand brush (such as is used for cloths), on the knees. Those parts of the carpets that are most soiled may be at any time scrubbed with a small hard brush, when it is not considered necessary to undertake a general washing of the whole; always add a little gall to the water, to preserve the colors. A little ammonia in the water is also a good thing.

KNIVES FORKS & SPOONS
STAMP
1847. ROGERS BRO
Genuine and Guaranteed
by the
MERIDIAN BRITANNIA CO
THE LARGEST
SILVERPLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE
WORLD

We pay highest prices for old postage stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare special issues. Remittance first paid after receipt of stamps. A. F. HAUSMANN & CO., 19 Leader Lane, Toronto, Canada.

MEN & WOMEN
ought to make Crayon Portraits in spare hours at their homes by a new copyrighted method. Soon earning big money will be furnished work by mail, by which they can EARN \$8 TO \$16 A WEEK. Send for particulars to
H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

DYSPEPSIA,

Mild or Chronic, has Innumerable Victims.

TO THESE HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE IS A PRICELESS BOON.

It is a Triumphant And a Never Failing Remedy.

Hawker's Dyspepsia Cure, containing the element necessary to restore perfect digestion and relieve the dyspeptic of the misery he suffers, is one of the most valuable discoveries of science.

So common is the disease that few escape at least a mild form of it, and careless dieting is a fruitful source of the trouble. Even the severe chronic cases yield to the corrective and curative powers of Hawker's Dyspeptic Cure.

Sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cents per bottle, or six bottles for 2 50. Manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Theodore Tilton

Says: "Every school-boy ought to learn shorthand before he goes to college; otherwise he will allow nine-tenths of the oral instruction to go to waste."
Experts write 250 words a minute and upwards: easy to learn and easy to write because the vowels are written. 10 lessons \$2.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
Box P. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGNS! Our White Enamel Letter Makers make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1881. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WA TED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free to any who write. Riv. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED 1000 typewriters or photos to enlarge to life size. We give you, a splendid, true, 16 x 20 portrait at a very low price. Send pictures by mail or call at GORRELL PORTRAIT CO., 27 Union St., St. John, N. B.

P HOTO Outfits and materials. Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON P. PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young or middle aged men of character. Hundreds of rooms in Canada started with us. About \$14.00 a week to begin with. The Bradley Garrett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARRAKAT Bros. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to run for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Tides property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenby Barrister-at-Law, Peggys Building. 24-6-97

Columbia and Hartford

BICYCLES.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Ltd.

Market Square, St. John, Agents.

English Cutlery.

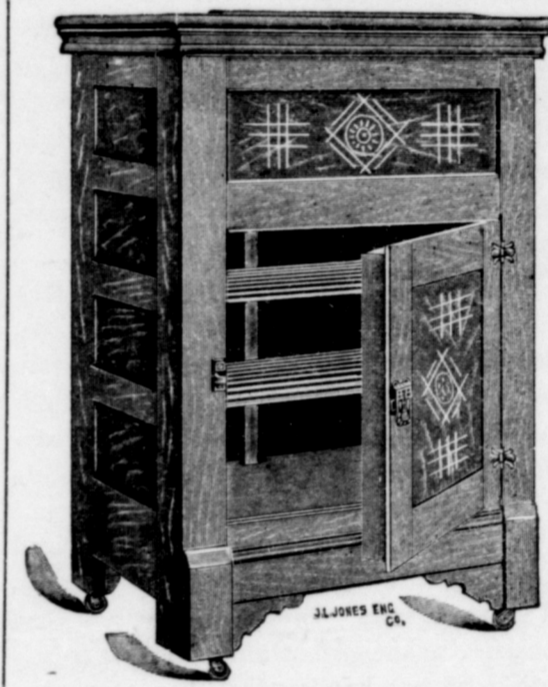


Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears.

A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 15 & 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Refrigerators for 1896



THE VALUES

Offered this season surpass all former efforts, and you know the BFST is always the CHEAPEST.

A Great Variety of Styles and Sizes.

Every REFRIGERATOR lined with Mineral Wool, possessing a perfect system of DRY COLD AIR.

Write for Circular with description and prices.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—Ice Cream Freezers, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Fly Traps, and other Sea-odible Goods.

Do You Want A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from

\$35.00 to \$65.00.

LOOK AT THE LIST.

Singers, Raleigs, Betlsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

Quick Repair Shop.

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.

Bicycle Academy, - Singer Rink.