

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

POLICEMAN HAD A JAG.

BUT THE SLEIGH DRIVE WAS A SUCCESS NEVERTHELESS.

Twenty Halifax Police Officers Enjoy a Very Merry Outing—An Incident that Occurred and How it Ended—A Novel Amusement—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Feb. 18.—“What constitutes drunkenness, or some such question is one which often agitates the mind of the policemen and of the police court in this city. They don't know when a man is drunk and when he is not. In this connection a member of the force the other day afforded a striking example of what drunkenness sometimes, at least, is. Half the force went out the road on a sleigh-drive: This was no harm, though it does look a little funny that 20 policemen should go off together on such a jollification as a stag sleigh drive generally becomes. This drive of the guardians of the peace was pronounced a success, which goes to show that there may be differences of opinion as to what constitutes success as well as drunkenness. On the way home from the place of festivity one of the blue-coated gentlemen fell half out of the team and made somewhat of a sensation by being carried along quite a distance at an angle of forty-five degrees with his feet uppermost. When a couple of blocks from his home the managers of the drive realized that something must be done or trouble would arise. Accordingly they sent out a reconnoitering party. A short search showed them a hand-cart which by an oversight had been left on the street all night. This they took and wheeled over to the team which contained the victim of the days pleasures. Quickly and silently he was lowered from the sleigh and with no unnecessary ceremony he was stretched out on the hand-cart for removal to his house. Now it would not look well for policemen to rumble along the street with such a load at midnight's dark hour, and the hand-cart was a noisy one. So they lifted the conveyance and carried it along like a stretcher for a wounded man, or a bier for the dead. Yet with all these precautions some one saw the officer and told it and now the few who know what goes on while others are sleeping are talking about what constitutes “success” at such a sleigh-drive as this, and are wondering whether the police court will get new light on the element of drunkenness.

The article in PROGRESS a couple of weeks ago on titles that are likely to be conferred on public men in Nova Scotia on the occasion of the celebration next summer of the Queen's diamond jubilee, caused a great deal of comment. The general opinion seems to be that the predictions of the honors to be bestowed were about correct and that next summer we will have in our midst Sir David McPherson, major of Halifax, Sir Malachy Daly, governor of Nova Scotia; Sir George Murray, premier of Nova Scotia; Sir Alfred Jones, merchant and ex-stateman; Sir Sandford Fleming, public-spirited citizen of Ottawa and Halifax, and Lord Tantram of Halifax, member of the house of Lords. This was the list made out by PROGRESS. Some of these men, in a highly proper way, of course are doing something to earn the honors that are to be conferred upon them. There is not much grass growing under their feet. But this remark is said to be true more of aspirants elsewhere for titles than of those who are pretty sure to be recognized in Halifax. The belief exists in well-informed circles that many are looking to the Queen with longing eyes for titles which they are willing to try to earn. These people are said to think that a good way to go about this laudable work is to become prominent in movements for celebrations of the diamond jubilee of her Majesty's beneficent reign, or even to become conspicuous in raising money for the India amine fund. It may be uncharitable to suppose any such thing, but such theories are being propounded by many, and they are merely given for what they are worth. Hugh Graham, of the Montreal Star, whose paper has raised more than \$25,000 for the relief of famine-stricken India, is one of the most likely men to be knighted, and he deserves it if anyone does, as journalist and philanthropist in this matter. The Queen is believed to have determined to honor several Canadian journalists and of these there is little doubt that Graham will be one.

By the way, some one said the other day that J. V. Ellis M. P., of the Globe was likely to be knighted as a representative eastern newspaper man, and that managing editor Willison of the Toronto Globe would be the western journalist to be honored by knighthood.

If there is one man who is not pulling the strings for knighthood he is David McPherson, mayor of Halifax. In fact his remarks at the city council the other day sounded as if he would rather be known as plain “Mr” than as “Sir.” However it was on his worship's suggestion that the city council voted \$1,500 for any possible expenses that might be incurred in the civic celebration of the diamond jubilee, and to the credit of the council be it said that not a single alderman breathed a word of objection to the vote. There are those who say that there is to be no general distribution of titles as PROGRESS has stated, but the event will show that the knighthoods are mentioned and perhaps more will be given. If ever there was an occasion for anything of the kind it is now, for never before in British annals was there a sovereign whose reign lasted more than sixty years; and what a glorious reign it has been.

DICTIONARY SNYDER.

A Character Known to the Students in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Stories of the unique characters that America contributes to the Latin Quarter of Paris, the section in which is to be found the majority of the art students in the gay French capital, are entertainingly told by Mr. Clinton Peters. Charles Snyder, who has lived for the past thirty-one years in Paris, is well known to the students in the Latin Quarter as ‘Dictionary Snyder.’ This sobriquet is due to his fund of information. But he is not an artist, but has for years associated with them. Snyder speaks seven languages, has a superior education, which, however, he has seldom been able to turn to advantage so far as his personal benefit is concerned.

‘In everything he is a typical Bohemian,’ said Mr. Peters lately, ‘and indifferent to the future, so long as his wants are provided for in the present. He is a master of expediency, and has given innumerable illustrations of his remarkable resources in practically living without money.’

‘At the beginning of the siege of Paris Snyder had but 15 francs, yet he lived on them throughout that long period, when the necessities of life were sold for almost fabulous prices. I asked him once how he managed to survive on such a small sum, and he replied that at the time the siege was announced he resolved to buy a quantity of food that no one else would think of and which would sustain life for a considerable period. Prices were so high that there were very few articles of food that were left to the choice of a limited pocketbook, and he solved the problem accurately. He bought three bottles of olive oil on the first day, when hardly any one of the Parisians thought of such an article of diet, and from day to day purchased small quantities of bread. The oil and bread were mixed together with water and made into a sort of soup, and on this limited though nourishing menu Snyder lived until the siege was nearly ended.

‘Toward the close of the siege he became extremely weary of his monotonous diet, and resolved on a bold strike for a change in the bill of fare. So he left the city secretly and walked boldly up to a German picket. Of course he was brought to a halt by the soldier. Then he explained that he was not a Parisian, but an American citizen, detained in Paris, and a very hungry one at that. He asked permission to enter the German camp, but the soldier told Snyder he had orders to allow no one to pass. Convinced that Snyder meant no mischief but was really a man in need of provender, he finally consented to become a party to a ruse which that fertile gentleman proposed. This was that Snyder was to take to his heels in the direction of the camp, while the soldier, as if in the full performance of his vigilance, was to fire his gun in the air. It was carried out successfully, and Snyder reached the camp in safety.

‘Here he was regaled with cheese, beer, and other good things to his heart's content by the Germans, and soon after started to return to Paris. But he had promised the guard who had first arrested his bold

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00 Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. SMITH, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

FOR FEBRUARY ONLY. MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

THIS is our first CLEARING-UP SALE in this Department, and we intend to make it a great success. We have therefore REDUCED a lot of goods especially for this sale to prices that will make EVERYTHING OFFERED A DECIDED BARGAIN.

All broken lines in Suits, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Ulsters, Overcoats, Waterproof Coats, and Office Coats will be included in this sale.

Boys' and Youths' Clothing Department.

For this sale we intend offering the GREATEST VALUE WE HAVE EVER SHOWN in Boys' Separate Pants, Sailor Suits (long and short pants), Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits, Boys' Reefers and Ulsters, Boys' Spring Reefers, Youths' Suits with Long Pants. All odds and ends and broken lines will be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, and many lines of New Goods will be offered Special Prices for FEBRUARY ONLY.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

flight to return within an hour. Indulging the foaming beer offered him in the camp, he had overstayed the allotted time, and on reaching the outpost found another picket. Explanations followed, and Snyder proposed that he be allowed to run for the gate through which he originally came, while the guard pretended to chase and fire upon him. Again was his scheme agreed to and he re-entered Paris. Once inside the gate the Frenchmen regarded him as one who had achieved a marvellous escape and as the Germans had done, set before him a beautiful repast.

‘Although at many times in the greatest penury, Snyder would never accept regular employment. I know of one offer that was made to him by a New York newspaper to take charge of its cable business at a salary of \$3,000 per annum. This offer was promptly declined by Snyder, who said that it involved a certain amount of routine work which would kill him. He was then living on about four cents a day.

‘At the time I was spending most of my earlier days in Paris there was an art student for whom Snyder had a particular fondness. He has since risen to prominence, but in those days the student was far from prosperous. There was to be a dinner given at a restaurant celebrated in the Quarter for the excellence of its menu, and, of course, this student I speak of was particularly anxious to go. But he lacked a most important essential. He had no white shirt! Snyder was called into the meeting of condolence that was held, and at once set his inventive genius to work. He pondered silently for a brief while, but his brow soon lightened and he cheerily asked ‘Have you a collar?’

‘The student responded in the affirmative, but announced that he had no tie to wear with it appropriate to the occasion. ‘I'll fix that easily,’ answered Snyder, reassuringly, as he went through the very limited wardrobe of the art student. He fished up a vivid red stocking, and by means of sundry holes cut in the collar and artistic manipulation the flaming stocking was twisted into a very clever imitation of a becoming neckcloth. The effect was satisfactory to all concerned, and the student departed for the dinner in high feather.

‘But unfortunately for appearances, and especially for the poor student, as the dinner progressed he forgot that in his shirtless condition it was important to keep his coat closely buttoned, and in an absent moment he loosened that garment and flung the lapels back against his shoulders. You may well conceive what a sensation the sight of his naked breast, culminating in a stocking-hung collar, produced on the company.

‘Another instance of Snyder's ingenuity in a desperate strait, and also another instance of the indigence of the same art student, now the head of a great art institution in America, occurred at another social gathering. Such had been the improvement in the student's fortunes that he was able to afford a shirt, but had no studs to ornament the front. Snyder was once more consulted, and a usual, repaid this tribute to his genius with a ready idea. He cut three black buttons from his shoes and strung them on a heavy thread. The buttons were hung upon the outside of the student's shirt and the thread from the inside held them deftly in place. They presented a respectable appearance, and the student went boldly to take his part in the festivities.

‘Dancing was in order, and the student was one of the gayest of those who danced. But also the exertion of his movements caused the thread to loosen and the shoe buttons to dangle at the button holes an inch or more from their proper places. The attention of the student was called to the singular appearance of his improvised studs, but, nothing daunted by the derision such a plight occasioned, he paused in the midst of his dancing, grasped the truant thread, and brought the button back in place with a resounding snap against the starchy stiffness of his shirt. He then gravely grasped his partner and continued his gyrations.’ Baltimore Sun.

PRIMITIVE SURGERY.

How Operations Were Performed Before Anesthesia was Discovered.

It is difficult at this day to realize the horror of a surgical operation before the discovery of anesthesia. The surgeon's knife was necessarily pitiless, and the victim could only writhe and scream under the torture. The horror of an operation, even to a hero, may be better understood by a story of Nelson, included in a paper by Dr. John Ashurst on ‘Surgery Before the Days of Anesthetics,’ published in the Philadelphia Record:

No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Tenerife he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow-officer whose own fate was uncertain.

When his own ship was reached he climbed up its side without assistance, saying: ‘Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better.’ ‘He underwent the amputation,’ so says a private letter to one of his midshipmen, ‘with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character.’

And yet so painfully was Nelson affected by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next going into action at the famous battle of the Nile, he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments.

WHAT GETS INTO TOBACCO.

Some of the Articles that Find Their Way into the Scented Tobaccos.

Why is tobacco so often highly scented? Is it not reasonable to suppose that in many cases it is to mask an inferior quality which otherwise would be manifest? That the treatment of tobacco with various essences and flavors is practised there can be little doubt, and every intelligent person knows that in by far the majority of instances the peculiar aromatic flavor of the tobacco he buys does not naturally belong to the tobacco leaf at all. We have strong reasons for believing that the dosage of tobacco with highly scented or aromatic compounds may give

rise to real injury to health. This matter becomes the more serious when we consider the large quantity of cheap and nasty cigarettes that are smoked by the small youth of the present day. We have been prompted to consult some of those mysterious though useful books which are described to contain ‘several thousand receipts, covering the latest, most important, and most useful discoveries in chemical technology, and their practical application in the arts and the industries’—in other words, those books that deal with trade dodges, and we have been rewarded with some valuable, if not altogether encouraging information. Here we find various formulae for the improvement of inferior qualities of tobacco and for the removal of any disagreeable smell and taste that may characterize them. In these interesting operations we find that the use of the following articles is concerned: Orris root, Tonquin bean, juniper berries, coriander seeds, storax, cascarilla bark, angelica root, cinnamon blossoms, badiane, cloves, saltpetre, cassia, glycerine, liquorice root, rosewood, sugar, bay leaves, walnut leaves, green oranges, oil of lemon, amber, vanilla, bergamot, nutmeg, balsam, cardamoms, cubebs, sassafras, galangal, calamus root, &c. It is not improbable that one or other of the substances in this really formidable list, especially if used in excess, would, when submitted to destructive distillation in pipe or cigarette, give rise to volatile products of a much more injurious character than those due to the combustion of pure unscented tobacco.—Lancet.

A True Ghost Story.

The truth of the following story is vouched for by a London paper: A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness, to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off, and the apparition vanished.

After an anxious, not to say chilly night, the visitor went down to breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold.

‘I hope you will excuse me,’ he said to the hostess, ‘but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own.’

The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.

Bubbles or Medals.

“Best sarsaparilla.” When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? ... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word “best” is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more “best sarsaparilla” bubbles since the World's Fair, pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.