

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

## THEY ARE GOOD PEOPLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE OPINION  
OUTSIDERS MAY HAVE.

Mr. Strange Defends Moncton from the Charge of Rowdiness and General Lawlessness That Seems to Prevail in Regard to the Railway City.

I wonder when it will dawn upon that mysterious individual known as "the general public" that Moncton is not accountable for all the crimes committed within the confines of Westmorland county?

"So you have been having another horrible tragedy up in your city?" says the cheerful idiot as he hooks his arm in yours preparatory to wasting half an hour of your valuable time, and ruffling your temper until you are not even fit company for yourself—"by jove, old man, I wonder you are not afraid to live in the place! Might be robbed and murdered in your bed any night and nothing thought of it at all! Talk about Texas, and the border towns why they are not in it with Moncton, awful tragedy every few months in that bustling city of yours, and none of you seem to mind it!"

There is no use in trying to freeze this individual with a stony glare, he won't be frozen! And if you try to reason with him and explain that because the law sees fit to hold the preliminary examination of a criminal in the town nearest the spot where the crime was committed, that is no reason why the said town should be held responsible for either the crime or the criminal—Why he simply ejaculates "Oh come off, what's the use of trying to make me believe that; you know you're always having murders and things up there!" And if you don't smite that C. L., to the earth then and there, it is only because the policeman on the corner has his eye on you and it is broad daylight.

"A terrible tragedy including the three-fold crimes of robbery, murder and arson, took place on the night of September 10th at a place called Meadow Brook, in the vicinity of the city of Moncton the railway centre of the maritime provinces," says the Metropolitan daily. Then the travelling public begins to crane its neck what time the brakeman shouts "Moncton, next station!" and by the time the train comes to a standstill at the station it has worked itself up to such a pitch of excitement that it is almost afraid to get out on the platform and run across to the dining room for a cup of coffee, lest it should be robbed and murdered on the way: but contents itself with munching a dry sandwich out of its lunch basket and casting apprehensive glances through the windows at the awful Sodam, which looks so peaceful in the distance, with the winter sunshine gilding the spires of its many churches.

"We are credibly informed by our special correspondent at Moncton" says the rural weekly "That a most shocking tragedy took place last week in the vicinity of that city—" etc. "Horrible murder in the outskirts of the Railway City," announces another country weekly, and then you begin to receive letters from friends at a distance asking for particulars "What a terrible experience for you!" writes your aunt in upper Canada. "I wonder how you can live in a place which seems the resort of such abandoned characters, and where such dreadful things are constantly occurring. Surely it would be better to remove from a place where your life must be in constant danger. I never pick up a paper without anxiously scanning it, to see if there are any fresh horrors from Moncton; and I do hope that you always sleep with a loaded revolver within easy reach; it is really a necessary precaution in such a place."

"We read about the awful murder in your city" writes a friend who lives in the United States. "Do tell us all about it, I suppose you were on the spot as soon as the alarm rang, you newspaper men always are first on the scene when anything happens. I should think you would be almost afraid to go to bed in that awful town lest you would be burned up in the night! I am sure I would sit up all night if I lived there, and never unlock the doors unless there was a policeman in plain sight."

Now I am really getting tired of this sort of thing, and as a patriotic citizen of Moncton I wish to protest against it, in the strongest language possible.

In the first place I would point out to all whom it may concern that the distance between Moncton and Meadow Brook, the scene of the latest tragedy for which this city has been held responsible; is

estimated at from nine, to fourteen miles; and I really believe it not nearer than twelve, therefore can scarcely be described as in the near vicinity of Moncton. I am quite sure that if a murder were to be committed in Rothesay, no intelligent person would be guilty of remarking that it was strange how such a thing could happen on the outskirts of St. John, where the police protection was supposed to be excellent. Neither would any reasonable person insist on rating John Sullivan as a Moncton man. The prisoner now under sentence of death at Dorchester, has lived away from these provinces for many years, only returning comparatively recently, and his family removed to Moncton from Calhoun's Mills a year ago; so I fail to see that we are responsible for anything in connection with the tragedy beyond the facts of having held the inquest and preliminary examination here, and sheltering Maggie Dutcher for some months, until she was able to give evidence.

In the case of the Steadman murder, a Moncton policeman was shot in attempting to maintain law and order by arresting some suspicious looking tramps who were prowling about the city; and because the tragedy happened to take place in Moncton it is scarcely fair to hold the city accountable for the crime of a half-tipsy desperado, who has promptly and vindictively punished. All cities are liable to suffer from the evil doings of tramps, and Moncton is really more exempt from such nuisances than most towns of its size, having a reputation amongst the tramp fraternity for dealing out swift and stern justice to all strangers who are caught doing those things which they ought not to do. It is quite true that the Moncton aborigine is reasonably safe in committing little peccadilloes, and can break into your house, and steal all your belongings, either when the shades of night have safely fallen, or in broad daylight; and it is not likely that he will suffer the least inconvenience for his wrong doing, but will keep on jubilantly in the error of his ways until what time he decides to extend his operations to a larger field, and is tenderly gathered in by the police of some other city to pay the penalty he fondly imagined himself exempt from, judging by his experience in the land of his birth. As for murder—well murder is a very ugly word, we never had a murder trial of our very own. We did have some little trouble about a case of manslaughter once, but that was a long time ago, and the jury behaved like gentlemen in the matter, so we were freed from all blame. But however tender and gentle we may be in the treatment of our own criminals no one can accuse us of leniency towards erring strangers who happen to stray within our gates; and it is upon this trait in our character that I wish to dwell particularly, in defending the city of my adoption from the charge of an undue indulgence in tragedies; so that wicked people who read newspaper accounts of our doings, may not be led into the error of thinking that Moncton is a happy hunting ground for all the evil doers of the earth.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## ELEPHANTS WITH MEMORIES.

One That Avenge an Injury and Another That Recognized a Benefactor.

Elephants have a way of remembering injuries and kindnesses which surprises men not accustomed to the beasts. E. L. Layard and his wife were in Ceylon, in the Ambigamao district. They were journeying along gathering insects, shells, and birds by easy stages when they came to the station of a roads making party which was in charge of Woodford Birch. Mrs. Layard was interested in elephants, not having seen any close at hand, so Mr. Birch took her out to see a large, fine female. Mrs. Layard petted the beast, gave it a bunch of plantains, which were eaten with relish, and after making comments on the beast's gentleness returned to the bungalow. There Mr. Birch incidentally remarked that it was a violent beast, having killed two keepers during the past month. When Mr. Layard heard that he reproached Mr. Birch, while Mrs. Layard grew pale. Then Mr. Birch said:

"Do you think I would have allowed Mrs. Layard to go near her if there had been danger? That elephant is the quietest and best tempered beast in the stud. She was quite right to kill the keepers. They had robbed her of her food. I had observed that she was growing thin, and seeing only a little grain or feed in the box one day I rated the keeper soundly, in the

## 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*

## PRIMITIVE WATER WORKS.

The Mexican City of Guaymas Supplied by Mule Power.

Half way up the Gulf of California, on the southwestern coast of Mexico, is the little seaport of Guaymas. Of late years Guaymas has grown apace commercially, and her Mexican and Indian citizens, spurred onward and assisted by the influx of Yankee and English merchants, have a great many modern improvements, and as soon as you land the people begin to talk to you about the wonderful advantages of Guaymas, either as a residence or business location. With pride they show you their street lights, their horse cars, and several other more or less modern improvements. But no one ever has a word to say about the water works or the water system. Yet you notice with satisfaction, the water they give you to drink is clear as crystal, so soft and very pleasing to the eye and taste alike. Of course, you do not expect to find running water in each room in a Mexican city of only 5,000 inhabitants, and you are not greatly surprised to have the water poured out for you from big leathern bags or earthen jars, for that is the way of things in Mexico, and a very good way with respect to drinking water.

But after you have visited the new plaza and seen all the sights that the towns affords you may have a curiosity to know something about the water system. If such a curiosity should possess you it may seem strange how the natives avoid conversation on the topic. They do not even care to talk about the good quality of the water, and this seems passing strange to the newcomer, because even towns that lack good drinking water never fail to blow about the quality and quantity of whatever drinking fluid they do happen to have. But here in Guaymas the subject of drinking water, at least in business and commercial circles, is strictly tabooed.

Now, if you are a thoughtful person, all this will strike you as remarkably singular, and some fine day, after enjoying a glass of this most excellent water, you will start off on a tour of investigation for yourself, bent upon discovering the source of Guaymas's water supply. About a mile east of the city, if you have good luck, you will strike a very ancient artesian well surrounded by a curious arcadic system of adobe walls, plumes, prehistoric windlasses, one mule, and two Indians. These comprise the water works of Guaymas. It is said by travellers that there is not such another antique water pumping station in North America. And it is not difficult to believe this if we add the qualifying words, "in a civilized community of 5,000 inhabitants." Surrounding this artesian well, which is said to tap a subterranean stream that flows as freely today as in the days of Montezuma, is a quadrangle stone wall of about four feet in thickness. In the centre of the south and north walls are two piers or columns of stone which rise to a height of about ten feet above the walls. Resting on the walls is a substantial roof or flooring of thatch, and in this there is a small opening immediately between the columns. Resting on the columns over this opening to the well is a most primitively constructed windlass. This is operated on the ground below by a big, crude-fashioned wooden wheel that is best described by comparing it to a bird cage, and this cage like wheel in turn is operated by the slow and toilsome meanderings of a

very ancient and weary mule, that requires the constant surveillance of an Indian driver in order to keep him wide awake. Just what it is that keeps the Indian driver awake is another question.

A long untanned leather strap winds several times around the bird cage wheel and then takes a diagonal cut up to the end of the windlass. Attached to the windlass are two rude buckets made something in the shape of barrels, which appear laden with a sweet, pure drinking water as ever quenched the thirst that springs eternal under the hot skies of the Mexican seacoast. In the east wall of the quadrangle is an opening through which a big wooden flame leads from the water casks as they emerge from the well down to a series of wooden reservoirs that stand upon stilts about ten feet from the ground.

In these reservoirs or sluice boxes the water is stored. Early every morning these sluice boxes are filled. The inhabitants of Guaymas come out and take their day's water supply therefrom, and by night the sluice boxes are emptied. Not every inhabitant of Guaymas makes a diurnal pilgrimage to this primitive water works, but all of the poorer people, who cannot afford to pay the slight charges incident upon having their leathern water cases filled by the regular carriers for the well-to-do, may be seen in the early hours of the morning going forth and returning with their crude and curious water vessels.

One's first question upon discovering this antique water supply of Guaymas is inquiry concerning the age of the artesian well and the antique wall around it. No one seems to know, but the American Consul says that it must be fully 400 years old. At is evidently not of Toitec or Aztec origin, for its distinguishing characteristic is its extreme crudeness. Some day an enterprising Yankee will import a few thousand feet of iron pipe into Guaymas, and then these water carriers will be out of a job. It is doubtful, however, whether it will ever pay to replace the tired mule that works the windless by a stationary engine. The artesian well lies back of the hills, and is at an elevation of fully 1,000 feet above the town.

Guaymas is situated on Yaqui Bay, and is the seaport of the provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua. Its chief exports are wheat, flour, and hides, while the Indian part of the population makes its living by fishing in the bay. Yaqui Bay is a commodious port, and has excellent anchorage, but is not provided with an abundance of modern wharfage facilities. Nevertheless Guaymas's foreign trade is considerable, and though the climate is hot and unhealthy, the streets narrow and dirty, the residences, as a rule, squalid and unpicturesque, yet the surrounding scenery is very beautiful during the winter months, and the place is visited by not a few Americans and European tourists. All these are loud in their praise of the delicious water they give you to drink at Guaymas, but very few of them know in what a primitive fashion it is furnished.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Wanted Damages.

Of those would-be litigants who, like Hotspur "in the way of bargain," will "cair on the ninth part of a hair," a Kentucky lawyer tells, in the Louisville Courier Journal, this good story:

"I was in my partner's office at Brownville one day, when a tall, lank native, about fifty years of age, came in. After he had warmed himself we inquired of him his business. To the inquiry he replied:

"I want ter bring suit agin old man H.'s estate. During the war he drafted me for service, and when I showed up he said he didn't need me. Ef I had 'a' went in I would have been a-drawin' a pension now, and I want ter sue him fer damages fer keepin' me from drawin' a pension."

When we told him that his cause for action was no good, he shambled out of the office, and remarked that 'there was no justice in law, nobow!'

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. SUGAR, Druggist, St. John, N. B.