

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1900.

The Newport of Nova Scotia.

Some Light
on the
Subject.

A certain lady and
gentlemen living not
a thousand miles
away from St. John,
were a few evenings

ago, earnestly discussing the advisability of cancelling their contract for light with a certain gas and electric company. They had about concluded to go back to the use of kerosene oil, when the lady struck a bright idea. "Now," she said to her husband, "while you are in the city attending the exhibition, get some of them there electric plants we hear so much about. We can just as well raise 'em ourselves, as pay for light we don't get, or buy dirty kerosene."

He has
No Woollens
Now.

The clothes line thief
is abroad once more
and with the first
frost of the season,
made sad havoc of

of many of the back yard wash-day displays about the city. Early in the week several families residing in the vicinity of High Street reported to the police that their clothes lines had been stripped of all their contents. A Mrs. Rabin who lives in that neighborhood is out several pairs of blankets as a result of a visit from these sneak thieves, while a gentleman of the same section of the city mourns the loss of his winter underwear which with other articles had fallen a prey to these ghouls who work by night.

Some
"Fresh"
Conductors.

A peculiar incident
occurred on one of
the cars of the street
railway company one
night this week. The

car had just left the Market Square when one of the lady passengers complained that the air in the car was stifling and asked the conductor to open a window. "Can't

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to say something about Digby or the Newport of Nova Scotia.

I have been coming here for the last six years and as I walk along the main street from one end of town to the other there is nothing but a foul odor meets your nose. Now the first thing to be done is to have perfect sanitary laws, so as the air may be pure and the town free from fevers, etc. Then the roads are in a dreadful condition after a rain, nothing but puddles here and there; a few loads of gravel would cost but little and certainly the tax payers would like to derive a little benefit from their money. Not to have it expended on pauper's who keep houses of ill fame, instead of being put out at Marshalltown or the poor farm where they could help around and do some kind of bright work. Even on the old school house hill you see a dilapidated building, where young and old have

do it, ma'am," was the reply. "Well, if you can't open the windows, will you please open the door, so as some fresh air can get in?" "Can't do that either, ma'am," said the man in blue cloth and brass buttons. "There's no need of it, as you will have to get out at the corner of Paradise Row, and we will soon be there."

The car was filled and the passengers had to put up with the stuffy air until the transfer point was reached. The heat inside was stifling, and the action of the conductor in keeping the windows and doors closed was the subject of much unfavorable comment from the passengers.

When the passengers went out at the

been taught, and many who are a credit to the town have graduated from there. What is it now? A place for disreputable people to live in, instead of keeping it as an old historic building of the town or making it into a public library, where young and old could go and sit and read, and enjoy the beautiful sight out on the Basin and get all the fresh air needed to make one healthy.

Many ask do they sell liquor here? What answer could a native say in reply, when the young men and middle aged are seen coming along the streets not able to walk? I believe they have a solicitor here or Scott Act prosecutor. But one never hears of the work being done until you read in Town Council items when whoever it is has drawn a salary. I think it would be a good idea to have amongst the councillors one who belongs to the medical staff, a man who thoroughly understands the

transfer the door was left open and the lady was pleased that then at least she would be able to procure a breath of fresh air as the car moved forwards. A big, burly policeman, however, boarded the car further along on Main street, and at once took up a position in the doorway, completely cutting off the supply of fresh air. He was asked to sit down, but replied, "Can't do it, I'm goin' to get off at the next block." And he stood right in the doorway until the north end police station was reached.

Sentimental One—Love makes the world go round.
Practical One—So does gin.

meaning of the word sanitary. Then we want a public recreation ground where one and all can go and play golf, tennis, base ball, cricket, and games for the younger people as well. Not a place where one or two are admitted. But where for a small fee, we all could go and have a grand good time in dear old Digby. We are soon to have a visit from our grand old man, Sir Charles, and I hope the mayor will be better posted on how to receive and entertain him than he did the admiral. It seems too bad where there is so much talent here that our sister city had to give them points. It strikes me that the people are slack here, lacking energy and push. All I have to say in conclusion is, that in 1901, when we come here, that a few of the improvements mentioned will be carried out, and that the people will come out of their trance and push ahead.

OBSERVER.

Where
Is
Muntot?

Prince William street
can boast of a myster-
ious personage, who is
styled, by those who
have seen her, in her

midnight wanderings, "the woman patrol." The woman is in love, though she knoweth not her lover's name. She does know that he is one of the stalwart police, but beyond that fact she is ignorant. One night last week the midnight maiden called at Central station and took up a position on the stone steps leading to the guard room. She carefully scanned the faces of each of the patrolmen as they passed in and out on their hour of rest. To some of the

men, the presence of a female, at so late an hour at night was an unusual sight.

Another night the patrolmen were surprised to find the mysterious visitor in the neighborhood of King street. This time one of the more fatherly looking men of the force stopped the woman and asked her whom she sought. The woman took a step nearer and in a hysterical whisper said "Oh, say it is not true; they say he is married, but I believe him before all else."

"To whom do you refer?" asked the kindly officer.

"I mean officer Muntot. W. H. Muntot that is the name he gave me. Oh, tell me, is he single?"

"My dear madam," said the stalwart, "you should not be at large and your mind so unbalanced." We have no officer Muntot on our force."

"Ah, you are deceiving me," said the woman. "I saw Officer Muntot almost every night during the summer, and I know he is a policeman. You cannot deceive me."

Left His
Family
in Want.

Last Saturday afternoon about five o'clock, a North End man started from the city to his home, via Portland bridge or Mill street, with a large bundle of provisions and two bottles of whiskey. He came very tired just after passing the station, and when Paradise Row was reached he concluded to hide one of his bundles while he took the other home. He laid the bundle of provisions in what he supposed to be a secluded spot, and then started for home with the two bottles of whiskey. Later when he returned for the provisions he was astonished to find that they had disappeared. Some one had appropriated them.

A DARING SNAKE-CHASER.

Dangerous Work in Getting Poison From
Cobras and Vipers.

In British India no less than sixty people die daily from snake bite, a total of twenty two thousand a year. Little wonder that the government pays a bounty for the heads of venomous snakes or that it readily agreed, a few years ago to assist Professor Calmette in his experiments in making from the venom of serpents an antitoxic serum which should serve as an antidote to snake poisoning.

The work of Professor Calmette was done at the Pasteur Institute. The venom which he used was collected for him at Delhi from the fangs of living snakes—about a hundred a week,—and was forwarded in weekly instalments to Paris.

The man employed to catch these creatures and extract their venom was a low bred Mohammedan of the district named Kullan, a snake catcher by profession. His father and grandfather before him had followed the same trade, and had both finally died of snake bite. An interesting account of Kullan and his methods has recently been published.

His only weapon in snake-hunting was a stick two feet long, with an iron hook at the end. He went lightly clad and barefooted. He used his naked hand to catch the snakes by the tail or back of the neck, after jerking them from their hiding-places with his hook.

Of the four kinds of poisonous snakes with which he had to deal—the cobra, the kerait and two kinds of viper—he used most caution with one of the vipers, because it is swift in its movements and irritable in temper. He feared the cobra least, because it is less rapid and is not aggressive. He would allow a cobra to strike directly at his hand, sure he could whip it away just before the fangs could touch, but he did not risk such liberties with the lightning-like little viper.

Kullan never pretended to any magic or peculiar influence over serpents. He was in the catching business, and was not a showman. Nevertheless, he occasionally played startling tricks to amuse his friends.

"On one occasion he made the onlooker's blood curdle," writes an Englishman who was present, by taking up a large black cobra by the neck and placing its head toward his open mouth. The inclination of these snakes is to crawl quietly out of sight in the first hole they can find, and so the reptile began to crawl into his mouth.

"Kullan waited his opportunity, and then suddenly closed his teeth firmly on the serpent's head. The snake, it is needless to say, violently resented the action; but it was powerless for harm, and could

only show its indignation by desperate wriggling of its body, while the man maintained a firm grip of its head with his teeth at the same time letting both hands drop to his side. After a few seconds he seized the snake firmly by the neck, and released its head."

When he did not purposely tease his cobras, he could handle them freely without annoyance on their part; indeed, they seemed to like it, for his touch was gentle and he talked to them endearingly in Hindustani, stroking and petting them as if they had been harmless worms.

With an angry cobra he dealt otherwise. He would hold up and shake a rag in his left hand. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand, from behind, the man would then suddenly seize it round the neck about three inches below the head, and an assistant would lay hold of the tail to prevent it from winding round Kullan's arm.

His right hand would then slide forward till he had fastened his fingers round the neck just behind the jaw. Then he would insert the rim of a watch glass between the jaws, slightly relax his grip, and the serpent would viciously close its jaws on the watch glass, and in doing so would squirt the whole of its venom through the tiny holes of its fangs into the concavity of the glass.

There it dried into flakes, which were afterward reduced to yellow powder, and sent to Professor Calmette in Paris.

Locomotor Ataxia.

This distressing affection, known also as Tabes dorsalis, is a disease of the spinal cord occurring usually in middle life, between thirty and fifty years of age, but sometimes in children as young as ten or twelve years. It is believed to be due primarily to some constitutional trouble, but is brought on often by exposure to changes of weather, by physical or mental overwork, and by whatever depresses the general health. It is said that railroad men and others who travel much are prone to suffer from the disease. Men are affected more often than women.

The first sign of the disease is usually a numbness of the feet and an uncertainty in walking especially in the dark. The patient feels constantly fatigued, without apparent reason, and sometimes slight attacks of dizziness are complained of. The difficulty in walking gradually increases, and then an awkwardness in the use of the hands is noticed. This becomes very apparent if the patient is made to shut his eyes and try to touch the end of the nose with the index finger. A well person can usually place the finger on or very near the nose, but one suffering from locomotor

ataxia is as likely to touch the eye or the chin.

There is also frequently a feeling of constriction about the waist, as if a cord were tightly tied around the body. Sharp, darting pains may be felt in the legs, and sometimes there is severe pain in the stomach, perhaps with vomiting. Not uncommonly there is irregular action of the bowels and bladder.

The eyes are often affected, the sight gradually growing dim, or double vision being present, and occasionally there is deafness as well. Painless swelling and deformity of one or more joints may occur, and sometimes the bones become so brittle that they break very easily, as in a simple fall.

A rare symptom is an ulcer on the sole of the foot, which it is difficult or impossible to heal.

Locomotor ataxia is a very slowly progressive disease, lasting sometimes for many years, and is seldom in itself a cause of death. When treatment is begun in the very early stages, it is believed that the disease may possibly be cured, but later the most that can be done is to delay its progress and relieve the most distressing symptoms.

Helped Heavenward.

A story of our Civil War has embalmed the memory of an unknown army chaplain who preached Christ without words.

The chaplain came upon a soldier lying wounded on a battle field, and seeing that the end was near, said, "Would you like me to read you something from the Bible?" But all the wounded soldier could answer was, "I'm so thirsty! I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain quickly fetched him some water, and then, when the soldier asked for something under his head, he took off his own overcoat and rolled it up to make a pillow.

"If I only had something over me!" moaned the soldier. "I am so cold!"

In a moment the chaplain had taken off his under-coat to cover the sufferer, and as he was doing so the dying man looked up in his face and said:

"If there is anything in your book which makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

Miss Romantique—How pale the moon looks tonight.

Mr. Grouch—Huh! Those spoony couples it has to look at are enough to make a yone sick.

"Of all the dumb luck I ever heard of," began Grumbell.

"There's no such thing," Nowitt interrupted. "Luck is never dumb. It brags too much."

CAN TALK FROM CLOUDS.

An English Clergyman Has Invented a War
Balloon.

Though only an amateur aeronaut, Rev. J. M. Bacon, rector of a small English parish, has solved the problem of communicating from the clouds to the earth without the use of wires.

The results of his experiments, which have covered a period of several years, have been made public and will be of valuable assistance to scouts and commanders in times of war. In the past the war balloon has been of little practical service for the reason that wires have been considered necessary in notifying the troops below of the enemy's movements, and because the wires have prevented ascensions beyond the reach of guns.

The fate of Shafter's war balloon at Santiago is a fair sample of what usually has happened. The old balloons were limited to an ascension of 1000 to 1500 ft. while the Rev. Mr. Bacon is able to converse at an altitude of 2000 to 3500 ft.

The Bacon apparatus consists of a huge, black collapsing drum, which hangs 50 ft. below the car of his balloon, and which he beats by means of electricity—the sounds being caused really by expansion and contraction. The dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic code have been used in Mr. Bacon's experiments, and have been heard for several miles. The report made by the drum, according to J. P. Holland, an American correspondent who recently made a trip with the inventor for the Daily Mail, "sounds like a huge firecracker," and is so loud that it "makes the huge gas bag quiver like a frightened horse."

An operator understanding the Morse code has been able to "take" Mr. Bacon's messages without difficulty. Naturally, in time of war, the operator in the balloon using the Bacon system would, while using the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, communicate with his officers below in cipher.

The enemy might hear the signals as plainly as the comrades of the operators, yet would not be able to understand what was said any more than he would a government message sent over the cable or telegraph wires.

Rev. Mr. Bacon has interested both the British war and navy departments in his invention, and on one of his recent experimental trips had as a companion Adm. Freemantle. The admiral expressed himself after the voyage as favorably impressed with the system, and said he had no doubt that if adopted by the government it would prove of great value either on land or sea.

Mr. Bacon is what might be truly term-

ed an insatiable aeronautical experimenter.

His study of sounds has led him to many unique experiments. It is not so long ago that he permitted himself to be marooned on the tiny island from which the Maplin light sheds its warning rays across the deeps and shoals off the lower coast of Essex. There, like a new Robinson Crusoe, with his bed, his bundle of provisions, and his sound-catching instruments, he studied the problem of sounds.

Too Severe A Test.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall was much annoyed by the habit which some members of his congregation had of looking round to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading-desk one day:

"Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I purpose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who comes in late."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked greatly surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to announce some late comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S., in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation was turned.

Three Kinds of Ice.

A German physicist, G. Tammann, has recently discovered some hitherto unnoted facts concerning ice and the freezing point of water. He finds that not only does the freezing point vary with the pressure, but that three different kinds of ice can be produced, each possessing its own crystalline structure. Thus water may now be said to have five known forms, namely, water vapor, water as a liquid, ordinary ice, called by Tammann ice I., ice in its second form, or ice II., and ice in its third form, denominated as ice III. Some nonscientific people would, in hot weather, add a sixth form generally known as ice-cream.

Mr. Meddlegrass—Hi Slocum sent \$10 to a feller in New York to find out how to win at roulette.

Mr. Foddershock—What did the feller say?

Mr. Meddlegrass—Said to 'run the game yourself.'