

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

A MIXTURE OF OFFENCES.

Magistrate Ritchie Dispensed of a Variety of Cases Last Monday.

A variety of cases were introduced into the Police Court last Monday morning, in fact Monday morning is pretty nearly always sure to be interesting in Magistrate Ritchie's domain, but the first day of this week was particularly so. His Honor entered the judgement hall, those seating rose from their chairs deferentially and the machinery of justice was set in motion.

A drunk was called and tugging nervously at his hat pleaded guilty. The usual questions, "where did you get that liquor?" etc., were put to him, he being a Saturday night offender, and a fine of four dollars or ten days imposed.

Liquor lover number two straightforwardly acknowledged his guilt. A handsome fellow, whose confused actions and genuine blushes of shame told that he was somewhat of a stranger to the situation. He was fined eight dollars or twenty days in jail, and after a few minutes a friend handed over the required amount to the clerk and the prisoner was freed.

The next fellow on the prisoner's bench was a lad from the country. He had come in from Sussex, how or when he could not clearly recollect, but when the police found him he was in a perfectly helpless state of intoxication, so much so that he had to be carried to the place of incarceration. Waking up, as it were, in the presence of a city judge and without any friends about the Sussex lad was in a bad plight. He told that he got his liquor in the country, and was fined, or go to jail.

An old offender next faced the Magistrate. It was no new experience to him. Beside being drunk and violently resisting the officers who lugged him to the Water street lockup, he had badly bitten the thumb of one of them. For this show of blood thirstiness His Honor added to the penalty and said \$24 and 3 months jail. In defence the whiskey throated jail frequenter said: "Shure they must hev choked me purty harrud fer Oi hov a sore throath now, yer Haner or!"

A whole flock of Assyrians gathered about the Clerk next, like a miniature of the Cronje capture. They were there in answer to a summons about business licenses. The Chamberlain's receipts for taxes were presented, but it was explained after frantic efforts that they must get the proper papers from the Mayor's office. It finally turned out that most of the summoned foreigners did their selling outside of city limits.

Then an Erin street householder had an Erin street grocerman up for threatening to break his neck, which was only a very late phase of a long-standing bad feeling between them. The householder had owed the grocer \$20.00 since Christmas and seemed loathe to pay it, while the man of sugar and soap was becoming wroth about it, and swore he'd sue for the amount. He said he had called several times for the money, but the debtor's wife had locked the door in his face. In reply to his threat of suing the account the householder said he would have the grocer arrested for insulting his wife on the street, the "insult" turning out to be a reminder "about that little matter." There was no denying that the grocer had threatened to break his neighbour's "head rest," in an excited moment and His Honor fined him two dollars, which was promptly paid.

Matters were just now about in full swing when a Chinaman all out and bruised about the face shuffled into court looking for a whole heap of justices and redress to be served in a chunk.

The Mongolian had no sooner been ushered to a pew when the highly elated Erin street householder, who was about to leave for home, was arrested in full view of everybody by Constable McLeod, and hurried downstairs into the guardroom and thence to the jail. Chief Clarke saw the transaction and knew it to be wrong, as no man can be arrested in a Court of Justice, so after no little flurry of words and argument the prisoner for debt was ordered brought to court. His wife in the meantime had rushed breathlessly back and established her husband's claim to being illegally arrested but when His Honor offered the householder his liberty as far as his home on Erin street he refused it, saying he intended "swearing out" and might as well do so now as at another time. A compromise was arrived at with the Constable whereby he would pay a quarter a week until the small debt of two year's standing was eliminated. This was not the grocer's

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

debt, understand.

The Chinaman's case was put off until Tuesday, as was also the case against Mrs. McCutcheon for selling liquor in the old Central House on King Square, a place which of late bears no too good a name.

With the splinting of a few other peace fractures the Magistrate and Clerk sighed deeply, and retired to their offices.

SKEPTICAL COACH DRIVERS.

They Viewed St. John's First Horseless Carriage and Criticized.

Coachmen and livery stable men are, if anything, more than average in the matter of mind-your-own-business and perhaps no class of citizen goes about his work with more of that spirit of concentration, which the how-to-succeed writers consider so necessary nowadays. But a veritable lyddite shell burst in the St. John hackmen's camp early in the week—an automobile, or to be more explanatory a vehicle alongside of which the time honored and hill-tested horse cuts no kind of a figure. It was the anti-horseness of the machine that attracted the cabbies and liverymen, who viewed it at the National Cycle & Automobile Co's headquarters on King street Wednesday with all sorts of eyes, credulous, incredulous, wondering, suspicious and zealous. The inanimate steam cart was critically scrutinized, sarcastically spoken of, its "finish" was quite within the range of the visitor's vision and dire things were predicted for it when it tackled several well-known hills about town.

"Where's the works of the thing anyhow?" asked one fellow peering inquiringly up under the vehicle.

"It'll balk sure on the first hill," added another, "if more than one person is aboard."

"What puzzles me," joined in a third, "is the size of the boiler, they can't stuff me it'll supply steam for a forty mile run, sure it's only a sauceman!"

"A mere toy I'd call it," chimed in an observing boss liveryman who had been tooling with the simple mechanism of the rubber-hoofed steed, "it'll hang out in good condition for a season in this up and down country I'll sell out my string and auction off my outfit."

An amateur engineer, chief on a local steam launch, got down on his back and peered into the mechanical makeup of the horseless carriage. "Well I'll be blowed if she ain't a triple expander!" he gurgled, "but if she lasts any time with a thousand weight to propel on rocky old St. John, I'm beat."

Then the head agent of the automobile concern jumped aboard the vehicle and in a valuable address extolled its virtues. He explained in the most detailed way the workings of it and no question of the horse sceptics was unanswerable to him. The cabbies grew gradually more silent, and at last with their faces somewhat longer than when they entered, but not before reiterating their doubts as to the "coming-to-stay" prospects of the carriage without a horse, they shuffled out into the street. Now, as they pass the National Cycle & Automobile Co's window in which the horseless carriage is reposing, they look down from their high coach seats, grin a knowing grin, yank at the mouths of their hard-worked but beloved old horses, and sing out "git up!"

Look out for "Bob" Veal.

For the next few weeks in the rush of Easter good things in the markets the usual quantity of "bob" veal will appear, and most of it will be purchased. Pretty nearly everybody knows what the physical penalty is for indulging in this kind of meat and as experience is the best teacher many would not eat of the baby bovine's flesh unless the victualler next thing to supplied a written guarantee as to its age. As soon as the river boats commence to run in the spring veal arrives in town in large consignments, among it being no small number of "bob" carcasses and quarters. A lot of this escapes the honest buyer's notice and he snaps it up in his grab for country produce, but the careful merchant inspects the meat thoroughly before pur-

chasing, while some Indian town dealers have boldly stepped forth and forbade the sale of suspicious looking veal, which was of course a kindness to the community. Last spring several carcasses were stopped in one day. Sometimes even expert butchers cannot tell whether veal is old enough to eat or not, as was evidenced by a controversy in the country market a few seasons ago. One merchant gave it as his opinion that the veal was six weeks old, another, four weeks old; the third said two months, but in reality the veal had only been born five hours. It was an unusually large carcass. Veal should weigh eighteen pounds per hind quarter before it is fit to eat.

Driving an Accomplishment to St. John.

"Do you know," said a well known city horseman to PROGRESS on Thursday, "that St. John has as many dangerous spots, from the standpoint of a horse driver, as any city in America, proportionately speaking. For instance, what more hurry-scurry corner and crossing would you want than the head of King street at any busy hour of the twenty-four, with the broad square a most tempting gambel-ground for a fractious steed. You have also to be very careful in the rush of teams and cars at the foot of King street, to say nothing of the car track traps. The transfer corner on Mill street makes you look about carefully before driving around it, for there is always a mixup of traffic of all kinds at this junction. From the standpoint for a pedestrian that short crossing between the Grand Union Hotel and the depot is a risky one, especially when coach traffic to the trains is heavy and the coachmen are thinking of everything else, but the people on the streets."

Yes sir, our own little city turns out some clever reinsters, that is horsemen and horsewomen, why? because as I have just told you they are trained to keep a cool head on their shoulders and to be handy with the ribbons when they get into a tight place at any of the many places in town where the teaming tide runs swift, and people and cars interfere."

America's Hymn in the Philippines.

Dean Worcester, one of the best authorities on the Philippine Islands, told a story recently at a dinner party in Washington to show the feeling which the Filipinos entertained for the late General Lawton. A town had been taken, and as usual in Lawton's command, there was no burning or looting, and the head man of the town was greatly affected by the difference between the American occupation and a Spanish occupation some years before, when everything had been destroyed and the inhabitants massacred.

"I was sitting one evening with General Lawton in his little house," said Mr. Worcester, "when a native band came to serenade the officer. I called the leader in, and said that he ought to know the Star Spangled Banner, and whistled it over for him a few times."

"Inside of an hour the band was back again, and playing the American air in good form. A native priest asked General Lawton and myself to attend mass at the church on the following day. We were surprised to hear during the solemn music the strains of America's native air. We were afterward told by the priest that he should always in memory of General Lawton, include the patriotic air in his sacred music at the church."

Harmless Germs.

In the abundant talk about bacteria, during these later years there is cause for alarm to those in whom 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' If the air is swarming with bacilli, say they, where is safety? How shall the human organism protect itself? At first, the wind of science swept us into mad generalization. Germs were everywhere, and all germs were harmful; therefore, the more food, clothing and coins were sterilized, the better for us. Then, when it was discovered that not only the food we eat, the air we breathe, but the surface and cavities of our bodies, swarmed with bacteria, while we might be

enjoying robust health, it was decided that only certain forms of germ growth were harmful. These were labelled with great care and ingenuity, until it seemed as if every disease was at last provided with its specific cause; and as soon as that was done, a farther advance in science made us aware that even a specific disease-germ has no power except under favorable conditions, where the body is disposed to that disease.

Ferdinand Hueppe, the German professor of hygiene, has recently declared that the causes of illness can no longer be regarded as if they were as simple as a problem in botany. No germ, however deadly, can be the sole cause of disease, nor can it produce poisonous effects in more than one body in four, even though it enters them. The conditions prevailing in the cells and fluids of a given body may change the deadly germs of tuberculosis or cholera to harmless products.

"When no susceptibility to disease exists we may harbor the bacillus with impunity."

Therefore, while no care should be omitted to bring about the best sanitary conditions, we need not give way to hysterical horror over germs. By keeping the body in a condition of good general health, we are doing all in our power to thwart the criminal class of bacilli and to give the policeman germ a chance.

The Scarlet Lancers.

Lord Robert's successful application to the war office for the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers to be allowed to leave India for the seat of war in South Africa recalls 'o a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette a story of this famous cavalry regiment. The Sixteenth Lancers is the only regiment of British cavalry that has ever penetrated and broken a square of infantry, and it made this unique record by a fine feat performed at the Battle of Aliwal, in the Punjab, in January, 1846.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares, and in this formation they for a long time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth Lancers strive to break through the sullen masses of the Sikhs; again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter. As the lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts, their weapons would splinter like matchwood upon the stout shields of their swarthy foes. Suddenly an inspiration came to the troopers.

Without receiving any orders to that effect, but as if controlled by an unanimous impulse, they suddenly shifted their lances to the bridle hand and charged in once more. The Sikhs, entirely unprepared for this sudden and masterly manoeuvre, received in their bodies instead of on their targets the deadly spear points of the horsemen.

Into and through the 'squares swept the Sixteenth, with lances as crimson as their tunics. Even so, it is recorded that the resistance was so desperate and sustained that the Sikh square had to be ridden through again and yet again ere they were finally destroyed and dispersed.

Long Names For Automobiles.

"What is the longest word in the language?" is an inquiry that frequently turns up in an editor's mail. If some other languages were in question, he would dread to see it; the answer would take too much space.

Thus in Berlin one Herr Thien, who has long been prominent in local transportation interests, has recently established a motor cab service. The pleasing German name for his vehicles is "automobiletex-ameterdroschken." It is said that, despite the preposterous title, the new cabs are remarkably handsome and graceful. But if the is anything in a name, the motor carriages introduced into some parts of Belgium should instantly become swayed-back and top-heavy. The Flemish word for automobile is "snelpaardelooszoonders-poorweggetroolrijug."

ATTRACTIVE POST CARDS.

How the Idea Originated and What It Has Brought About.

It is a truism that the biggest results often start from little things. The German photographer who some years ago sensitized an ordinary postal card and printed a view of his native town upon it, did not dream of the results to follow that astute little venture. Today the making of the pictorial post card has in Germany become a distinct art. A trade paper estimates the number of men engaged exclusively in it at twelve thousand.

During a single season one hundred and forty eight thousand postal cards, bearing the picture of the national Niederwald Monument of Germania, were sent through the post. This beautifully situated memorial, erected to commemorate the success of the Fatherland in the Franco German war, is annually visited by a large number of patriots and foreign tourists. It is little wonder that they send a picture of it to their friends.

It is probably for the same reason that an equal number of Kyffhauser Monument cards go through the post. The old tower of the castle at Heidelberg figured on no less than thirty six thousand cards in one season.

Not only does Germany print these attractive little souvenirs for her own use, but she exports large quantities of them. More than half the total number made go to other countries. South America, Australia, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Sweden, are the principal customers.

It is no wonder the post cards are in demand, for they are really attractive. The first order of things, when the picture on the card was of very crude workmanship, has passed away. Chambers Journal is responsible for the statement that many of the German cards are now, for finish and clearness of detail, superior to the illustrations of the best monthly magazines.

Topical post cards are in great request. The 'Peace Conference' card, with photographs of half a dozen of the peace delegates has lately been a favorite.

So-called "art" post-cards are in vogue at present; abstract subjects handled in line or monochrome by clever artists. A fragile and costly novelty is a thin strip of wood, of regular post-card size, with a scene hand-painted in oils on the back.

Some pictorial post-cards have their views in relief, yet leave the side reserved for the address perfectly flat. Others have facings in silk; that is to say the views are woven in silk. These emanate from Crefeld, the home and centre of the German silk-weaving manufactories, and are comparatively cheap.

One of the very latest cards—and a hundred fresh designs are published every day—is the metachrome card. In this the pictures, colored or otherwise, are coated with a thin layer of white oil paint, making the view underneath look misty, but at the same time rendering it possible to use the whole surface for writing. When the post-card is received, the message is read and the card immersed in water. Instantly the mistiness disappears with the writing and the scene beneath stands forth clearly.

Albums for the insertion of the pictorial post-cards are in request, and the post-card collector bids fair before long to rival the stamp collector.

Not shady.

Among the true and graceful sayings credited to the late Bishop Brooks, is one which is especially well worth remembering. A friend was speaking to the bishop of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit. "Oh, well it's the way of the world!" said this person, in reply to an indignant remonstrance on the part of the bishop. "You see, he's on the shady side of sixty-five."

"The shady side?" echoed the bishop quickly. "You mean the sunny side! It's the side nearest glory!"

A Casual Glance.

Mrs. Hymen—"Did you notice the gentleman who got off the car?"

Mrs. Ankshus—"The brunette man in a brown suit and derby, wearing a polka-dot scarf and opal pin, chrysanthemum, patent leathers, tan gloves, and smoking a cigarette? I didn't observe him closely. Did he speak to us?"

On!

"Fish as cormen? What nonsense!" "Really! Why, even the shad roes!"