

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 Prejudiced 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 there was no public prosecutor or because Wheeler had no friends nor money, that they had escaped severe punishment.

On Friday his lordship gave judgement 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 partisan articles in several papers printed in and about Digby, which were produced in court for his inspection.

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 who has been as active as Warden J. E. Shatford of Halifax county, King's county would have been spared the expense of this murder trial. When Warden Shatford 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.

AN HISTORIC PASTURE GROUND.

An Alderman who Pastured his Cows on the Citadel Slope.

HALIFAX, May 28.—For years a grievance to the public has 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 cogrue of vintage, 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 tree lunch, every known variety of lunch, has come in to 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 restaurateur 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 hot-lives where you won't hear the same story. The Western man hasn't the same patience; the Eastern man has. Generally he's here on business, and he isn't wasting time on finger bowls. 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?"

"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 swift 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, isn'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."

"Doesn't he care much what he has to eat?"

"Indeed he does! That's the funny part of it. There isn't anybody 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 eats. He does things. But if you couldn't tell him that way, you wouldn't have to wait long before he told it 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. 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 know?"

"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 I 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 get served 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, and it is so. But the blunter isn't really the best served man, although it may look as if he was. The waiter is 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. They tip now even when they give the smallest tip, and the larger the 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 fruit 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 art of dining. I suppose they like good things to eat well enough, but they'll save on a dinner to buy a hat at 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 as 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 buy for them to wear and they end by ordering 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 freckles and wrinkles 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 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.

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