

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

THEY ARE GREAT ON LAW

HOW THE SOLONS OF MIDAWASKA DO THE COUNTY BUSINESS.

Levite of Little Breedsmead and his friends to the Council—Some Interesting Colleagues—Why Everybody Left the Room in Disgust.

This year's meeting of the Madawaska county council was not eclipsed by any former session in matters of interest either to the tax-payer or the simple spectator. Among the brand new members at the board was Conn. Violet, who holds an office under Clark Wallace, and once accomplished the feat of buying his Chief's autograph for a quarter. Scarcely had he been elected, than the irascible Couillard notified the comptroller of customs of the danger to the crown and dignity of the Queen in having one of the subordinates forming part of the municipal council. A reply came promising consideration. Armed with this ministerial wax seal, Couillard went to Violet and talked war with him, and brandishing the official head-note in the latter's face, he told him his days O. H. M. S. were numbered. Fearing this really was handwriting on the wall, Violet made a bid for the precious paper. Not a cent less than one dollar to save his neck, was Couillard's figure, and bidding went on without any signs of weakness on either side till the auctioneer getting thirsty at shouting so much for so little, was compelled to bring down his hammer for the price of twenty five cents, as above stated, not enough to pay for the treat. In the common saying, autographs "are not worth nothing" in this country. But the redeemer of the county was personated in Levite, whose name is never mentioned without recalling his famous "leete breedges." How did it ever come that this man's fair name is stained by this only one spot in his lengthy career, is a question, but the following is cited as one of the causes which might have contributed to such a disaster. Once Levite wanted to get rid of a horse which had caught the fancy of the then Commissioner of Board of Works. A trade was made, and an intimate friend inquired of Levite:—

"How much did you get for your horse?"
"Not much," was the reply.
Friend: "Well how much did you get?"
Tell me without a lie.

Levite: "Two hundred and fifty dollars and two leete breedges."

Levite's re-entry into the Council had been heralded throughout the length and breadth of the land, as the moment of our deliverance from debt, extravagance and negligent officials. First of all, the secretary was to be guillotined forthwith. This caused no disturbance amongst the anarchists or anybody else. Encouraged by the popularity of this move, he thought he could risk a little personal venom against the treasurer, but public sentiment was against this, and he abandoned his nefarious intentions with all the dexterity and grace of a politician's command. He even then went as far as to offer the treasurer the secretary's office. Ah! but he had determined on a coup d'etat which would relinquish all the leete breedges into oblivion, and gain for him the solid phalanx of the teetotalers. He now championed the temperance cause. Illegal selling of the fire-water would be stopped, and the number of licenses would be reduced. Lastly, he would see that the finances be secure against pickpockets, a la Pat-safety-pin scheme, when they embarked for Chicago fair. With such an auspicious plan of labor the council sat down to work. Levite was elected warden as a matter of course. He walked into the gubernatorial chair with all the importance he could feel, exteriorly manifested by a slight coughing, raising of one shoulder higher than the other, and shaking his head from one side to the other to show off his elegant topknot curl to better advantage. No sooner seated than he warned those over whom he presided that a new era was to be inaugurated in the county. He spoke law, how much he knew of it, and of all the law books he had down at his house. Better than any bible preacher he quoted volume, page, paragraph, section, sub-section and verse, if there was any. His boast of legal knowledge was most noticeable all through the proceedings. The warden's first edict was that the liquor license act be read. As there were only two or three members who sufficiently understood English to comprehend the voluminous proportions of the statute, one councillor showed his sense by protesting at such a waste of time.

"That's the law," said Levite, as he ordered the perusal by the secretary, and the impression spread immediately that the death knell of the rum traffic had been sounded. C. A. D.'s unwillingness to comply with the order to read aloud the statute, was owing to the fact of his having forgotten his upper row of teeth. The result was that his guttural sounds resembled no more the Queen's dialect than the noise made by a Chinese ambassador when he is saying his prayers. The warden

had a copy of the act and followed C. A. D. like a real student-at-law that has not been admitted and never will be.

When the section requiring all objections to licenses to be filed three days previous to the meeting of the Council was reached, Levite suddenly ordered "McCarthy to turn the crank," and the law-book was closed. Then came the battle for temperance principles. One member rose to object to certain applications.

Levite:—"Didn't you hear the law? No objections can be received unless filed three days previously. That's the law."

The objecting man sank down on his chair under the weight of such a condemnation. For his benefit and consolation, the following section of the Liquor License Act is quoted.

"Notwithstanding anything in this act contained, the council may of its own motion, take notice of any matter or thing, which in its opinion would be an objection to the granting of the license, although no notice or objection has been given or made by this act provided."

"I propose," began Levite, "that the license will be raised one hundred dollars a year, and any persons that have made application according to law, for a license this year, will get one on paying the amount of one hundred dollars," which was no sooner said than done. It is explained that liquor licenses are referred to and the query is made how many can stand raising one hundred dollars every year. Two hundred dollars next year, three hundred after that and so on until they "bust."

With all due deference the chief inspector made the slight remark, that the number of tavern licenses applied for was greater than the law allowed to grant, and that under such a bye-law all the applicants could claim a license.

"Give them to whoever you please," shouted the warden surprised at the imbecility of the inspector.

The next solemn revelation of the law of the land by the head of the council, was that no collector could enforce the payment of taxes by execution or otherwise.

Conn. Martin: "I cannot get anybody to travel around our parish for nothing."

Warden: "That's the law; I've got it all down to my house, and I read it."

Conn. Martin: "If that's the law, it's not reasonable."

Warden: "That's the law, isn't it, Mr. Secretary."

Secy: "I don't know."

Warden: "Get the big book; I've got it down to my house."

The big book being produced in the shape of the consolidated statutes, a verdict was entered for Martin instanter, confusion for Levite, and satisfaction for all sensible people. So, Levite did not succeed in his spite against the tax collector for bothering him so often.

Next on the tapis, the warden began to scrutinize the details of the county affairs most severely.

"Mr. Secretary, what about the land rents due the county?"

"Mr. Treasurer, go and get your book."

The officials flew around, and duly reported their returns.

"I have paid all my rent, said Levite, as he opened the treasurer's book and pointed to an item which, in fact, did show that the day previous he had really paid up all arrears which then covered the ordinary penitentiary term of three years.

That is about all the benefit his wardenship has been and will be to the county. The book was then closed and something else was taken up, but nothing was said about the rent of the big vault doors which, one day three or four years ago, by a sudden as well as inexplicable transaction, found their way from the court house to Levite's private residence, and there affixed to a vault that never will see the millions.

Oh! you leete breedge. You are a dumping.

Who has not asked, "Why does Levite want to get back into the council?" And now the question is answered by his successful efforts in having a resolution passed authorizing the erection of a new record office of brick, if you please, with all the latest improvements, right near his residence, so that when he is ready to take the office, he shall have comfortable quarters. Now is the time to apply the safety pins to the treasury-bag, for the treacherous game of roulette will soon victimize the taxpayers like the Chicago fair gamblers "raped in" poor P.'s.

The end of the session was now drawing near. No wonder after so many arduous labors! But we could not be spared the announcement that our municipality is not yet incorporated.

"Some talk of taxing the commercial travellers," spoke Levite, "but as we are not incorporated we can't do that."

Everybody left in disgust.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

More Expeditions.

Pat (with bad tooth)—I'll take a bit of that tooth-powder, as ye please. Wan of them dentist fellows pulled a tooth for me wance, but I'm after tryin' blastin' on this wun

THEY SMELL TO HEAVEN.

CONCERNING THE ONION HABIT AND ITS VICTIMS.

A Discussion of the Subject by One Who Leads an Onion—Illustrative Incident—The Suggestion that All Onion Eaters should Read.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that the eating of onions; to the mental, moral and physical distress, annoyance and discomfort, of inoffensive and well-conducted citizens who don't partake of the vegetable themselves, should not be made a misdemeanor, and given a recognized place upon the statute books of the country. It may sound at first like an exaggerated view to take of so small a matter, but I am sure that a little calm reflection will satisfy even the most casual reader that I am not speaking too strongly on the subject but merely standing up for the rights of oppressed humanity, and trying to place the oppressors in their true position, of obstructors of the peace and public nuisances in the eyes of all the world.

To begin with, I suppose that roughly estimated, one third of the civilized population of the earth are addicted to the onion habit. They partake freely of the loudly perturbed vegetable and thrive upon it while the other two thirds of inoffensive humanity are condemned to stand passively by and suffer, without the least hope of redress, because the law is powerless to protect them, and conventional prohibitions the knocking down of a man whose only offence consists in stifling his neighbours with an odor which turns many of them as faint and sick as a blow on the head could possibly do, though it does not leave any mark.

I remember reading some years ago, a very interesting account of a case which was tried in the United States, in which the plaintiff was a young lady who sued a young man for assault. The defendant was a gay young society man who thought it great fun to flash a mirror in the eyes of unsuspecting pedestrians who passed his window, behind the curtains of which he looked in absolute security; but one day he played his little practical joke once too often, and caught a tartar. Two ladies were coming up the street one sunny day, and the humourist was so anxious to give them a genuine surprise that he leaned a little too far out of the window while he flashed the glass repeatedly into the eyes of the youngest and prettiest lady, and both of them saw him distinctly. The next day it was his turn to be surprised, when he was summoned for assault, and brought up before a magistrate to answer to the charge. Both ladies appeared against him, and their counsel contended that as a blow constituted an assault, and the prisoner had clearly struck the plaintiff in the eyes to her great inconvenience and discomfort, he was guilty of assault and amenable to the law. Curiously enough, the magistrate sustained the contention, and several excellent authorities did likewise; so when the sportive youth had paid the heavy fine imposed and been released from duress, he returned to the scene of his former triumphs a sadder, wiser and poorer man, resolved to put his mirror to no more dangerous use than parting his hair straight, and to find some less expensive form of amusement in future.

Now if a sudden and blinding flash of light projected into the eyes of an inoffensive pedestrian on a public street constituted a breach of the peace in the United States why cannot some law be enacted in Canada which will make the blowing of stifling blasts of onion laden breath into the lungs of helpless beings confined within the walls of theatres, churches and lecture rooms, and unable to escape, a like offence against the peace of her most gracious majesty the Queen?

I am willing to admit that I feel strongly on this point because I loathe the onion with a deadly hatred but I am not by any means alone in my dislike for it and I am certain I should obtain a good majority if the above measure was ever put to vote, because I have met scores of people to whom, like myself, the smell of onions was almost as deadly as sewer gas, and the least taste of the vegetable in their food almost poisoned them.

Not long ago, I sat during a long church service directly in front of a dear young couple who were well dressed, well behaved and far beyond the average in good looks, but, who, alas—had been partaking freely of onions in their crude, or raw state! The church was crowded, and very warm, and both my neighbors were good church people and answered the responses with a devout heartiness which gratified the ear and warmed the heart; but, oh! how it tortured the nose and nauseated the unfortunate stomach.

I will not harrow anyone's feelings by trying to describe my sufferings during the hour and a half I spent in that church; I tried hard to faint but somehow I couldn't, the very keenness of the misery I was enduring seemed to keep me in a conscious condition, and my indignation helped to do the same. I don't remember much

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about the service, but I know it did me very little good, prayers, music and sermon, were all one confused jumble of onion scented confusion, and "I knew nothing more" as the novelists say—"until I found myself in the open air."

Now, I don't want to be hard on the victims of the onion habit. I don't suppose they can help their weakness any more than the native of the Flowery Kingdom can help loving opium, or the ladies of the lower ten in the South can give up chewing snuff; but still I contend that onion-eating is an acquired taste, and therefore confirmed onion eaters should not be allowed to interfere with the natural antipathies of the non-onion-eating class, and to poison the air of public resorts with the noxious fumes of their favorite food. Finally, I suggest as a safeguard for the public health, that in all such buildings special accommodations should be provided for onion eaters, just as special arrangements are now made for smokers.

If this suggestion were carried out, I believe it would be productive of much good, and add greatly to the comfort of two large classes, the onion eaters could enjoy each others society in peace, undisturbed by the disapproving looks of the non-onion-eating-faction, while the latter could give their undivided attention to the pulpit or the stage without suffering from either faintness, indignation or nausea.

AN OLD TIME FRENCH WAGER.

Getting Arrested Without Having Committed a Crime of any Kind.

The reign of Napoleon III. in France was characterized by many arbitrary arrests, made on mere suspicion, by a police which had no respect for individual rights. A public man of the time, Grammont-Caderousse, by name, took advantage of his acquaintance with the prefect of police to protest against this state of affairs. He declared that matters had come to such a point that no citizen, however innocent, was sure of being able to reach his home at night without being arrested. The prefect denied that this was true.

"Will you wager a thousand francs," Grammont-Caderousse asked, "that I shall not be arrested tomorrow without having committed one unlawful act or having said one word?"

"Certainly, I will," answered the prefect.

"Very well," the wager is made."

It seemed to Grammont-Caderousse that, in the interest of public safety, he was justified in the course which he proposed to take. The next day he dressed in poor and shabby clothes, went to a boulevard cafe, and sat down at one of the open-air tables in front of the place. He ordered some food, while he waited, and when it came took out a handkerchief with a red ink stain upon it, and pouring some gold coins out of it, began to count them.

Five minutes afterward two police agents tapped him on the shoulder, and beckoned him to come with them. Without a word or the least resistance Grammont-Caderousse followed them. He was taken to the police station; his pockets were searched, and he was locked up.

That evening, in his office, the prefect of police was informed that a man of suspicious appearance had been taken, who had on his person an elegant card-case containing cards bearing the name of Grammont-Caderousse.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the prefect. "Grammont-Caderousse has been going into bad company in the hope of winning his wager, and has probably been murdered and robbed. Bring the rascal to me!"

The "rascal" was brought and stood up before the prefect, who recognized him instantly.

"Well," said Grammont-Caderousse, "have you not fairly lost your wager? You may ask your men here whether I did or said anything. I have been in prison five hours. I will cost you only two hundred francs an hour!"

As the result of this somewhat extraordinary proceeding, orders were issued to the police to be somewhat more cautious in making arrests.

PLACE A CAKE

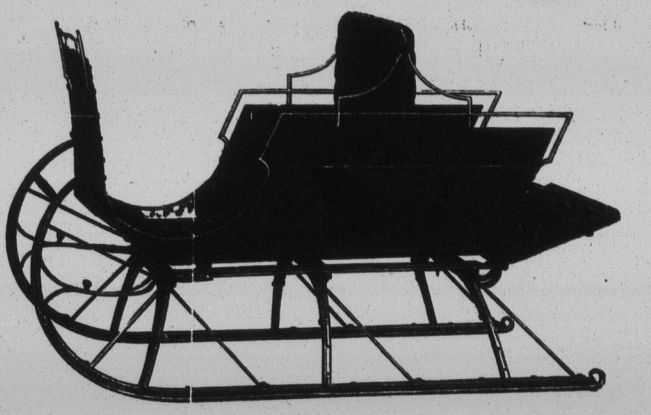
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