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BEREY GIVEN that at this date
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John, N. B., this first day of April,
HAROLD PERLEY,
GEO. F. CALKIN.

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Evening

Papers.

H. McKay

61 Charlotte Street.

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Provinces.

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People.

the celebrated Manufacturer, and
the great Spiral Truss and many others
the Rupture, has been known as one of
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joint, and he will make you an instru-
make you walk from the minute it is
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the means amputation. Bow legs made
weeks. Knocked knees straightened.
derms in abdominal supporters.
wishing to consult him should be on
your physician.

Will Visit:

N. B., WINDSOR HOTEL, MONDAY

B. ROTAL HOTEL, Tuesday, May 2nd;

leave 9 p.m. on Wednesday, May 3rd.

B. BUNSWICK HOTEL, Thursday

leave 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

LEAMINGTON HOUSE, Friday, May 4th;

Saturday.

S. HALLAM HOTEL, arrive 1.30 p.m.

May 6th; leave Tuesday morning

N. B., NORFOLK HOUSE, Tuesday,

arrive noon; leave Wednesday noon.

WINDSOR HOTEL, Thursday, May 11th;

leave 9 a.m.

Address,
AL. CLUTHA, Surgical Machineist,
124 King St. W., Toronto.

Pages 9 to 16.

PROGRESS.

Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

IN SWEET SWITZERLAND.

THE LAND OF MOUNTAIN, LAKE,
GLACIER AND CHALET.

How a Journey into the Loveliest Country
in Europe Impressed a Young Lady from
St. John—A Theme Upon which are Played
Wonderful Variations.

Paris was looking its brightest as we
drove through it for the last time, and a
most delightful drive it was. The Seine
was looking lovely and for a wonder quite
clean. Our way to the station lay through
some of the older streets of Paris, dear
twisted old thoroughfares with narrow
"high shouldered" houses. I was charmed
with them and when we came to one part
near the Seine, where a row of the most
agreeable looking staid near the water's
edge, apparently gazing at their own re-
flection and musing over the events which
have taken place beneath their moss grown
roofs, I went into raptures. It seemed to
me that I saw more of Paris during that
one drive than I had in the whole week and
violent longing seized me to go back and
do it all over again.

I forgot all that by the time I reached the
station, being consumed with anxiety lest
those dreadful old ladies should accidentally
stumble over us again, and having sufficient
amusement in watching the people who were
waiting on the platform for the train to start.
They were mostly English and seemed par-
ticularly fastidious about the carriage, for
every one of them opened all the doors,
looked in, stepped in and tried them all be-
fore they made a choice. Their anxiety
was pathetic to behold.

We were off at last. Our carriage was
occupied by an English gentleman and his
two daughters, a Frenchman and his bride.
The latter two were fat and spoony, smelt
strongly of garlic and snored loudly when
they slept; but otherwise our companions
were unobjectionable. And even the French
became bearable, when they got out at
one of the smaller stations. That was a
long and rather trying drive for me. To
save my life I cannot manage to sleep while
I am travelling, and so I lay back in my
corner watching the rest of the people,
marvelling that they were so ugly when
they slept, and that anything human could
enore as that Englishman did and trying to
make out something of the stations at which
we stopped. It was not possible to do so,
the last station I made out with any degree
of distinctness was Fountainsbleau, and a
very unimpressive place it seemed, but per-
haps that was hardly the time to see it with
advantage. Then I began to compare the
time with that of home and to wonder what
you were all doing. That answered better
than anything else. It was the longest
night of the year, and I could imagine you
all till it was half past ten with you and
half past three with us. Then I roused
myself to realize that the longest day of
the year had dawned, and that we were in
Switzerland.

I may live to be very old, but I shall
never forget that sunrise. They were all
asleep in the carriage and so I had it all to
myself. Alison looked so pale and tired
that I hadn't the heart to awake her. That
flood of crimson light which I first saw over
a plain covered with poppies, long grasses
and corn flowers. Then we were suddenly
among the mountains, or rather hills—for
compared with what followed they were
only hills—and here and there one got
glimpses of picturesque villages which even
at that early hour had a few people wander-
ing about in blouses made of that everlasting
blue cotton.

The train stopped and everybody woke
up. It was an old, little out-of-the-way
station, but the Englishman announced that
we were to have our baggage examined
there, so we made ready. As the pause
was a long one we thought we might as
well get out and get a breath of fresh air,
and once out, the demands of "imperial
nature" urged us to take a cup of coffee
from an old woman who was selling it on
the station platform. Here came my
double experience, of hearing German
spoken for the first time—for Alison inter-
viewed the old dame in that language—and
of tasting the worst coffee that ever was
concocted. I drank long and deeply of it,
before I gave myself time to taste it, and
spent the next hour in regretting it. So
did the English family, who took refuge in
chocolate, which they swallowed eagerly in
order to get the taste of the coffee out of
their mouths, while Alison and I found our
surcease for suffering in Marsala, a bottle
of which that young lady carried about with
her always and refused to be separated
from. The train moved on. It was not
until it had gone some distance that we
realized that our luggage had not been ex-
amined after all. They are trusting people
in Switzerland, evidently, for we were not
troubled by the customs all the time we
were there. It was a great relief. I hate
customs.

The train rattled and the others fell
asleep, while I got absorbed in the scenery,
which every moment got lovelier and lovelier.
Higher and higher grew the hills, deeper
and more profound the valleys. Perched in
picturesque isolation upon the mountains,

and grouped in quaint clusters in the valleys
the Swiss chalets came in view. I was
charmed, and well I might be, for anything
more lovely I never remember to have seen.
Finally I had to wake Alison. She was look-
ing so pale and tired in her sleep that I
hadn't the heart to disturb her before. But
it was impossible to permit her to miss any
of all this loveliness into which we had sud-
denly rushed. A wide sheet of water, shin-
ing like silver in the distance beautifully
blue near at hand. The railway was skir-
ting what was apparently the base of an ex-
ceedingly high mountain. From the car-
riage window I could not possibly see to
the top. As far as I did see it was all
vineyards and chalets, continuing appar-
ently clear up into the clouds. From the other
window the vineyards sloped precipitately
down to the water's edge and far in the dis-
tance, I saw for the first time snow capped
mountains. I held my breath as I looked at
them, they looked so dazlingly in the midst
of all the other dark pine clad hills. Little
golden clouds were wandering over all this
whiteness, the mountains looking like a
young girl peeping every now and then
through the meshes of a golden veil.

I shook Alison energetically, "wake up,"
I said, "This is the loveliest place on earth!"
"Lake Neuchatel," she said, looking up
with a yawn. "I've seen it twice before,"
and then the weary little woman fell asleep
again.

Switzerland must certainly be the loveliest
country in Europe. I never in all my
dreams of it imagined anything one-half so
lovely. All the time we were there I was
in a constant rapture over it all—it seemed
as if I never could get used to those moun-
tains and their excessive beauty. I thought
of Hans Anderson's beautiful story of the
"Ice Maiden." It was very reminiscent of
it, especially at that early hour in the morn-
ing—the hour when the hardy young moun-
taineers in the story used to climb the hills
in pursuit of the chamois. It was deligh-
tful being there amid the same scenes.

A German got in at one of the stations
and seated himself next to me. Suddenly
he burst into an enthusiastic string of words
with which he evidently expected me to be
impressed. As I naturally understood not
one word of what he said, it would have
seemed reasonable to suppose that he would
be disappointed in that expectation, but I
happened to catch the words "Young Frau,"
and went into the requisite raptures as he
pointed in the direction of a stupendous
snow-capped mountain which rose in the
distance beyond a plain covered with wheat
and poppies and looked for all the world
like the ghost of winter haunting summer.
For hours afterwards that "Young Frau"
seemed to overlook us. We changed car-
riages at Berne, which we reached at half-
past nine, and then we had a couple of
hours travelling through the beautiful coun-
try, the valleys of which were ablaze with
poppies and radiant with wheat, among
which the harvesters were busy; and over
it all watched the mountains, unspeakably
grand and magnificent amidst all this hu-
man endeavor.

Presently a few lakes began to mix
themselves up with the landscape. We
stopped beside one of them and exchanged
the train for a small steamboat. We were
on Lake Thun. I am overwhelmed with
despair at the thought of trying to describe
our next hour and a half. It was too lovely.
I was sleepy and tired after my wakeful
night, and perhaps that is why I had such a
strong idea that I was dreaming. The
only thing that made me believe in it at all
was the positive knowledge that I had not
imagined enough to dream of anything
one half so lovely. Such a marvellous lake
as it was, bordered by the towering dark
wooded hills—mountains rather—at the
base of which every now and then appeared
a tiny village, the red roofs of chalets
contrasting picturesquely with the varied
green shades of its trees. To describe it
all so that it will appear before your mind's
eye, I fear, a task too great for me. I
fear lest my continual raving about the
mountains will become a trifle monotonous.
Yet what can one do when describing
Switzerland! They were everywhere, some
rising abruptly from the water's edge in
precipitous cliffs of austere brown stone
clothed but sparsely with a few bushes and
shrubs, all in that light tender shade of
green that plants wear in June, above
they bore their dark stern looking
crowns of spruce, pine and fir—for the
vegetation of Switzerland resembles that
of Canada very closely—others stood far
back from the lake as if to give the tiny
villages a chance to come close to the
shore and peer at their own reflections in
the water, and these hills joined with a vast
crown of others, all of which could be seen
far off in the distance until they were lost
in that wonderful blue haze that always
moves dreamily over the hills. The lake
too was wonderful, so irregular in shape,
sometimes lying channel-like between two
mountains, other times branching off into
two opposite directions until in the centre
the shores were barely perceptible in the
distance, sometimes sending a long narrow
channel far into the land. Again rounding
some tiny promontory which jutted out into
it. Every variety of color was on the
water, the reflection of the deep blue of the
sky with its yellow clouds flecking it here
and there; the red roofs of the chalets;
the deep green of the trees, and the pearly
white of the snow crowned summit of the
"young fern." It is like a noble human
soul "darkened by shadows of earth but
reflecting an image of heaven," and just
the very highest and noblest of earth, it
ever reflects. Yes, mountains, lakes,
forest glaciers and chalets, that is Switzer-
land over and over again, but upon that
theme nature contrives to play wonderful
variations.

HARD ON THE LAWYERS.

MIKE MEDITATES ON THE WAYS OF
THE LEGAL QUIBBLERS.

Pettifoggers and Their Tricks Carved with a
Keen Knife—How Clients are Victims of
Sharp Practice—Instances that Illustrate
the Theory Advanced.

Wherever he may be in full operation,
that respected citizen, the legal quibbler,
who is unknown in the bailiwick of St.
John, is, to the mundane affairs of men,
what the pious fraud is to the immortal
souls, and the medical quack to their tor-
tured bodies.

His arm of offence and defence is com-
monly called law, which is a two-edged
weapon that penetrates a vital spot in your
adversary's purse, whilst inflicting a mortal
wound in your own pocket. Law is sup-
posed to be based upon common sense,
and, therefore, many think it is justice, but
it always isn't. In reality, it is a number
of words grouped into phrases, sentences,
sections, sub-sections, clauses and acts, the
reading of which bears several conflicting
interpretations; that is to say, the aforesaid
words, phrases, sentences, sections, sub-
sections, clauses and acts, are usually con-
strued according to the particular reader's
inclination, or interests, or both; whereby
tangled complications arise which scholars,
especially trained for the purpose, "to
wit," trained in the science of jurisprudence,
settle,—perhaps.

Sometimes farmers, bakers, and sci-
entists of that kind assist in framing the
law, but the legal quibbler expounds it,
judicates upon it, and generally thrives
by its practice; and the demands made on
the dollars of that unfortunate class of
minnies, yeelped clients, for what are termed
"costs," not to mention retainers and
fees, are nearly as modest and fully as ef-
fective in their way for filling an empty ex-
chequer, as was the "stand and deliver"
of the old time highwayman, who "raked
in" a revenue on the road in the ante-
electric days of Richard Turpin, Esquire.

An ancient bookworm, whose title is not
to be found in the handbook of Brother
Joe Knowles, has taken the trouble to put
in print that "procrastination is the thief
of time," and the same is abundantly quoted
by some of the gifted writers who now
manage to get into the newspapers, and who
have so little original to say that they are
forced to build reputations for themselves
on the utterances of others, but if said
bookworm had the chance of looking into
some of our modern law courts, he would
find his thief badly discounted, for said
courts are bristling with postponements,
which, in law, are the very essence of pro-
crastination.

The adage, "delays are dangerous," has
no application in the case of the legal
quibbler. His motto seems to be "haste
is unprofitable," and he acts up to the spirit
and the letter of that device. He calls his
opponent "my learned friend," a piece of
questionable etiquette that age and indis-
criminate usage have robbed of any mean-
ing it once might have had, and the sincerity
of the expression now appears to be an un-
known quantity of professional clap-trap.
To the eyes of a layman, noting an average
"cause" dragging along the weary tortu-
osities of some of the modern law courts of
Maine, the operation seems to be mainly
dependant on the counsel's ability to extract
ungettable or unwilling evidence; to sup-
press damaging testimony; to magnify im-
portant and minimize important events
and circumstances; to cajole, badger, or
browbeat witnesses; to hoodwink the jury;
to flatter and conciliate the judge; or
these failing, to rely on slimy technicalities
and hair-splitting quibbles to gain his
cause. If there is any calling on earth
which that monstrous sophistry, "the end
justifies the means," applies to with force,
it is to that of the legal quibbler, because
he acts as if he believed that everything is
fair in law, as it is alleged to be "in love
or in war."

I do not desire to be classed as an un-
reasonable or hackneyed carper; nor do I
believe that the disciples of Mr. Blackstone
are worse or better than the bulk of their
fellow sufferers who subsist by sharp prac-
tice in branches of scientific pettifoggery
beyond the pale of the law. Neither am I
unaware that there are numerous illustrious
examples of veracity, integrity and honor,
of litigation, many of whom are, in a small
way, like unto Mrs. Caesar, "pure and be-
yond reproach;" but I want to be under-
stood as saying as forcibly as I can, that
all of the subject matter of this paper,
which does not refer to Russia, is most
applicable to Halifax; for it is an estab-
lished fact that one of the inherent traits of
the dyed-in-the-wool Haligonian, lay or
legal, is to be a quibbler; so, friends and
fellow-townsmen, if any of you are ever
tempted "to go to law," even for an unpaid
base ball guarantee, in that overrated vil-
lage of third rate sports, permit me to
tender you this piece of advice gratis,—
don't.

But if you want a practical test of the
possibilities of the forensic attainments of
the quibbler, get into a quarrel with a

Fancy Colored Shirts

are the correct thing for gentlemen this year. We are now
showing over 25 different styles and

ALL NEW.

ALL NEW.

Regatta Shirts, elegant patterns, collars attached. Regatta Shirts, collars and cuffs detached. Shirts with colored fronts and cuffs and white bodies. White collars are worn with these.
Oxford Shirts, collars attached. Fancy Cotton Shirts, soft bodies, starched collars with Ties to match.
Zephyrine Shirts with the latest style of Short Fronts. Zephyrine Shirts, soft bodies and starched collars. Soft Finish Undressed Colored Shirt Matelasse Cloth.
Fancy Flannelette Shirts, collars attached or detached. Extra qualities of Fancy Striped Cashmere Shirts. White Cashmere Shirts, laced fronts, very choice. White Flannel Shirts. White Shirts in every style. Boys' Shirts, white and colored.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

If your clothes are right, what more do you want? If they
aren't, you'd better get the right ones.

The right sort. The kind of suit you always wear because
it does its duty well. Will wear out, will get soiled, but gives you
that satisfaction that makes it the friendly sort.

Plenty of ours like that from \$6 to \$16. But remember we
have English Collars and New York Ties. The Bows for stand-
ing collars have come.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

pugnacious neighbor about a line fence,
and apply to the law of your country to
settle the dispute. Whatever the possi-
bilities are, the probability is, that both your
neighbor and yourself will eventually lose
the line fence; the pieces or parcels of real
estate which said fence was intended to
divide; the general assets which both of
you are possessed of; and whatever accu-
mulations of dry cash is contained in your
respective stockings. Your antagonist's
quibbler advises, he will surely get a verdict
in his favor; your's will as strenuously con-
tend that your claim is just, and he is equally
sanguine of success. You go before the
courts, mayhap prosperous but deluded
subjects, and leave them, if you live until
the case is ended, poorer, perhaps wiser,
but I fear no better Christians.

Legal quibblers of high standing in dif-
ferent countries display an amazing diver-
gence in the conduct of affairs in the courts
over which they preside, and deal out jus-
tice. In Canada one method, which is a
model worthy of imitation, operates pleas-
antly. In the United States is found an-
other, nearly as perfect, but differing in
many ways; and

In Russia, where freedom does prevail,
The judges are pure and wise,
But are prone to sending those to jail
Who are worst to criticize
Their public acts, in the public press
Where rash writers do their
That judges are merely men, or less,
And as such are apt to err;
But the loyal subjects of the Czar—
Except some unscrupulous close-
know, or suppose the justices are
Talismanic deities,
Who over Slav mortals hold full sway,
And confine, and also fine
The delinquent who dares to say
That their Honors overrule;
And sentences passed in that cold clime
Are severe, prompt, and preempt;
And there's no appeal for that dire crime
Which the Russians call "contempt";
And such appeals to the courts above
Are referred to those below.
Where the judges can manifest his love
For his critics no foe;
So in the land of the Muscovite
The law is so just and strong
No carping newspaper scribe may write
That a court can do aught wrong.

In England, different standards from
those in the courts of the Romanoff's
obtain. A learned judge, passing sen-
tence on a prisoner, a dock laborer, at
one of the Liverpool circuits, took oc-
casion to deliver himself somewhat after the
following fashion, which need not be con-
sidered a verbatim report.
"Prisoner, stand up." "Through the
bungling of your counsel, and the stupid-
ity of the jury, you have been found
guilty of misdemeanor; under the law, I
sentence you to imprisonment in the county
gaol, with hard labor, for a term of twelve
calendar months. This is the lightest
penalty I can award you, and, although I
fully believe in your innocence, yet I have
no option but to make that penalty as light
as I can.

"I know you are not guilty of the of-
fence charged against you; I deeply
sympathize with your family, whose con-
dition I've inquired into; and whose lot,
in the absence of their natural protector
and bread-winner, I fear, be deplora-
ble, but your only redress now is, to
appeal to a superior court. If you so
decide, it will cost you £20, and you may
learn what the result will be three months
hence. If the judgement should be unfav-
orable, you can take the case to a higher

tribunal, which will cost £50. If there is
not a press of business before court, judg-
ment may be had, say, in nine months.
Then if you are dissatisfied you can have
the case carried still higher, and so on,
until it will cost you about £300, and you
may have to wait from three to five years
or more for its final settlement.

"I tell you this because I want you to
understand that there is no lack of law in
Great Britain; that the law is intended for
the peer and the peasant alike; but then
you must remember that the peasant is ex-
pected to pay as much for his law as the
peer does, for before the law of the land
all persons are equal, in theory. Yes,
prisoner, the law is a wondrous thing. It
has numerous provisions, wise and other-
wise. It provides for a great many con-
tingencies, but it doesn't provide for your
poverty. There are two courses open to
you; first, you must go to gaol and serve
out the term of your sentence; or second,
you must go to gaol, appeal from the find-
ing of this court, and spend from £20 to
£300, and wait from three months to five
years for a chance of having justice done
you. If you can afford to adopt the latter
mode of procedure you are at liberty to do
so; if not, you must take the alternative;
in either case the sentence of the court will
probably be carried out. Remove the
prisoner."

Moral: If pleasure, business, curiosity,
or a desire for foreign travel ever induces
you to invade the Slavonian territories, be-
ware of the consequences, and do not com-
mit that atrocious offence, contempt of
court. There, or elsewhere, never address
a Blackstonian on a matter of importance
without first having written what you in-
tend to say; carefully revise the manuscript;
burn it, and if possible leave the speech it
contained unspoken. Yours, legally,
MIKE.

SPRING NOVELTIES IN MONCTON.

One is the Board of Aldermen and the Other
the Sidewalk.

The city of Moncton is rejoicing in two
novelties this spring, one of which seems to
be responsible for the other. The first is
the new board of aldermen, and the second
is the very extraordinary and inexpensive
sidewalk system which is only a little less
new than the ward itself, and which would
be a disgrace to any country village. I am
fully aware that the present city council
cannot be justly blamed for the construction
of these man-traps, which were built during
the reign of the old council, but they are at
least responsible for their continued exist-
ence, which is a reproach to the city and a
menace to the limbs and safety; if not ex-
actly the lives, of the citizens. A brief de-
scription of the manner in which these great
public works were constructed may be of
interest to the outside public, especially the
corporations of other cities who are con-
templating the building of new sidewalks on
the cheapest possible plan. The method
adopted in Moncton was simple in the ex-
treme. Shortly before the civic election of
last month, and during one of those fits of
feverish activity in the matter of municipal
improvements which seem to be prevalent
at such times, it was decided to lay new
sidewalks along nearly all of the side
streets, and not by any means deterred
by the fact that most of the side-
walks were covered more or less thickly
with well packed and frozen snow, the

good work was begun at once, and the pro-
cess simply consisted of hauling a quantity
of cinders to the streets, to be operated
upon, and then emptying them in a narrow
and devious stripe along the centre of the
sidewalks, directly on the top of the snow.
These cinders were then "raked down,"
as it were, and left to the winds of fate,
which in time fulfilled their destiny; and
blew warmly over the land, melting the ice
and snow in all available places, but find-
ing it impossible to reach the centre piece
of the new sidewalks, which protected as
it is by its superstructure of cinders, bids
fair to retain the frost until some time in
June. A recently ploughed field is a bill-
iard table for smoothness beside these
sloughs of despond, which are soft and
slushy during the warmest part of the day,
and like unto Windsor Junction for rocki-
ness during the frosty evenings.

It is to be borne in mind that in some
places these sidewalks are nearly two feet
above the level of the surrounding terri-
tory, that they have a narrow footpath on
the summit, and on each side at the base
where the old sidewalk still remains, so it
can readily be imagined that a sudden
descent from the new to the old regime,
would be attended with a serious shock to
the nervous, if not the bony system of the
human frame. Indeed it requires only a
stiff freeze, and a vivid imagination to
make the wayfarer fancy himself rambling
along the dizzy apex of one of the dykes
which restrain the noble Petitcodiac river
from encroaching upon the arable
lands which girdle its shores; only that a
solidly built of marsh mud, and
perforated, along the top and sides by pit-
falls in the shape of holes made by the feet
of the unwary, as they struggled for a foot-
hold, and failed to obtain it. After night-
fall it is no easy matter to get out of one
of these holes without falling, and every-
one who has ever tried to fall easily into a
bed of frozen cinders knows just how diffi-
cult a feat it is.

Of course it is easy to find fault, nothing
easier, but still this is a matter in which
the fault is too apparent to need much
searching for, and when some citizen or
citizens fall, and break his or her leg,
or otherwise sustains injury, the City Coun-
cil will not care to have a writ for damages
brought against the city just at this time,
when that body has so many more weighty
matters to engage its attention; and the
citizens are waiting, in a sort of hushed
expectancy, to hear of a duel to the death
between two of the aldermen.

GEOFFREY CUTTHERT STRANGE.

They Give Away the Business.

A curious way is taken by the Berlin po-
lice to stop the sale of poisonous prepa-
rations, without resorting to legal proceed-
ings. In every newspaper in which such
an article is advertised they insert, under
the advertisement, an announcement to the
effect that they have caused an analysis to
be made, and that the article is composed
of so-and-so, and its intrinsic value is so
much. The use of this may be seen when
it is said that in one case a cosmetic for the
complexion, mainly a solution of corrosive
sublimates, a violent poison, was being sold
by the makers at an enormous profit.
There is no interference in the case of harm-
less preparations.