

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

THE TOWN CLERK SWORE, AND PARRBORO HAD A BRIEF OVER IT.

What Mr. Taylor Called Mr. McCullough and the Suspense While the Latter Repeated It - A Lively Day in the Council Chamber, but all got Fair Play.

The greatest men have moments of weakness, even as the common herd. It is a good old custom, that which gives earls, vicounts and town clerks who have strayed from the narrow path, the privilege of being tried by their peers.

This was the reason that the generous-souled Alexander McCullough, of Diligent River, had David J. Taylor, the highly-respected town clerk of Parrsboro, tried before the mayor and council of that town instead of before an ordinary judge and jury.

This act of delicacy towards Mr. Taylor is one of the many that prevent all fears of the world ever weeping for more Alexander to remember. Half a dozen extra recording angels, who write shorthand, have been employed in the courts above since Alexander the Great-hearted has been a resident of Diligent River.

Mr. McCullough is a justice of the peace and his study of Blackstone and Coke has made him very fond of law. In order that the machinery of the law may not get rusty, the justice allows his name to appear as plaintiff or defendant in many law suits every year.

Mr. McCullough had a merry Christmas. For, a day or two before, he had taken an active part in the Cumberland election trial at Amherst. The report reached Parrsboro that Mr. McCullough had stated at the trial that he had given a certain sum of money to a man who was "bothering" him "for charity."

The justice's charitable nature is so well known that his admirers could not restrain their appreciation of this act of kindness, and St. Paul's famous chapter on charity was frequently quoted to Mr. McCullough. This gentleman's excessive modesty and humility caused him to resent this testimony to his virtues. Nothing pained him, or, as he expressed it, "bothered" him, more than the eulogies he received on account of his charitable action.

Even the Arab would grieve him by the complimentary name of "charity," and would then "silently steal away."

Mr. McCullough, like charity, had suffered long, and although, like charity, he was kind, he had a good deal of the sour milk of humankindness in his disposition. The justice wanted some more law. To summon all the people who had remarked on his charitableness would be a big contract. Some bright and shining light which had scorched his sensitive nature must be extinguished. Town Clerk Taylor was a bright and shining light of 400 candle-power.

And Town Clerk Taylor must have an extinguisher put on him. Mr. Taylor has always borne the reputation of being one of Parrsboro's most useful and peaceable citizens, and when it was rumored that he had insulted and assaulted one of her majesty's justices within the sacred precincts of the town hall, Parrsboro was amazed.

Mr. McCullough's first proceeding was to complain to the mayor of Parrsboro that Mr. Taylor had insulted him.

"Well," the mayor is reported to have said, "don't see how he done it. I didn't know that he knew Latin and Greek and Hebrew; and I'm pretty sure there's no words in the English language that can assault you."

Mr. McCullough, after getting this proof of the mayor's esteem, wrote a letter to the town clerk, charging that the town clerk had grossly insulted and assaulted him in the town hall, and demanding an investigation before the mayor and councilors. He represented that he was a citizen and ratepayer of Parrsboro, and as such demanded satisfaction.

proverb that did not daunt Joseph Howe, did some cross-questioning with the air of a Lord Chief Justice.

"You wrote this—epistle, did you Mr. McCullough?" said the clerk, taking up the plaintiff's letter.

Mr. McCullough acknowledged that he had done so.

"You state that you are a citizen of this town. Where do you reside, Mr. McCullough?"

"At Diligent River," was the reply.

"Then are you a citizen of Parrsboro? Do you know what citizen means, Mr. McCullough? Do you know what it is to be a citizen? Can you give me a definition of 'citizen,' Mr. McCullough?"

"Yes," said the justice, "I can."

"Then how do you make out that you are a citizen? You charged me with insulting you, Mr. McCullough; now I propose to show you that you were insulting me. How are you a citizen, Mr. McCullough?" continued the merciless cross-examiner.

"That was an—error," said Mr. McCullough.

"Oh, that was an error, was it?" said Mr. Taylor, trilling the with infinite ease. Perhaps I can find another error in this—epistle. You say you are a ratepayer of this town. Do you pay taxes in Parrsboro, Mr. McCullough?"

"No," said the justice, "but my property does."

Mr. Taylor then began a very sarcastic speech, but was checked by several of the audience, who were anxious to see fair play, and did not consider that the justice was being treated fairly. Then Mr. McCullough volunteered an explanation.

"You see," said the justice, "my landlord lives here."

The learned squire, by this assertion, meant to convey the impression that he owned a house in the town, which was rented. It would, no doubt, surprise Mr. McCullough, who is said to be an assiduous rent collector, if the person designated as his landlord should call upon the squire for rent.

Mr. Taylor was then sworn. He had refused Mr. McCullough the loan of three cents because he was convinced that he should never see that three cents or its equivalent again. He had said that McCullough would probably swear that he had never borrowed the three cents. He had told Mr. McCullough that there wasn't a man in Parrsboro who believed a word the squire said. Mr. Taylor then asked anyone in the audience who believed a word McCullough said to hold up his right hand.

A MAN WITH A SALARY HAS TO HUNTLE IF HE WANTS TO LIVE IN MONCTON.

The Property Owners of the Railway Town Have a Happy Inspiration—The New Assessment Act and How it Will Work—Young Men Object.

Moncton property owners have had a very happy inspiration. They have profounded a theory, and it is this: The taxes must be paid by the people who do not own property.

A committee appointed by the council to draw up an assessment act have had some great consultations of late, and the result has been the formulating of a scheme that may or may not be found to work. It will not work if the wage-earners of the city know themselves, and they are strongly of the impression that they do.

The decision of the committee is that income shall be rated at ten times as much as real estate or personal property, income up to \$400 being exempt. Thus a man with a salary of \$700 would be assessed on \$3,000, and in receipt of \$900 he would be treated as if it were \$6,000, the result being gained by deducting \$100 and multiplying the remainder by ten.

In the city of St. John, prior to the act of 1882, real estate was assessed at one-fifth of its value, while personal estate and income were fully rated. This was considered so unjust that the existing act was passed, by which real estate and income come in on equal footing. In St. John, under the old law, at a rate of \$1.50, the proportion would be:

Real estate.....\$10,000 Tax.....\$20. Personal estate..... 500 "..... 12. Income..... 500 "..... 12. Total..... \$14.50 for a young man earning \$800 salary.

Under the present St. John law, the capitalist with \$20,000 of real and personal estate would, at the same rate, pay \$300 on it, instead of the \$60 with which he escaped under the old law.

At the present time in St. John the poll tax is only \$2, but in Moncton it is \$4.80. In that city, last year, the rate was \$1.35, but a correspondent points out that it will be at least \$1.50 and probably more, this year. Accepting this figure, a young man with a salary of \$800 will be assessed on \$4,000, or the enormous extent of \$60, to which must be added \$4.80 poll tax. This is one-eighth of his income.

The gentlemen who come to the front with this proposition are either large property holders or the near relatives of such, some of whom have bought land on speculation and hold it at fancy prices. They argue that property has paid its rate long enough, and that the young men should now foot the bills and give the gentlemen who hold land a rest. The members of the council who voted for this new idea were Capt. J. E. Masters, W. J. Robinson, and Mr. A. A. Cole, and Mr. H. A. Ver; against: E. C. Cole, J. T. Forbes, Thos. Williams, Edward McCarthy and G. R. Sangster, the mayor voting yea.

Both the sugar refinery and the Y. M. C. A. are applying for exemption from taxation. If the sugar company will not oppose the Y. M. C. A., the Y. M. C. A. will not oppose the sugar company. This means about \$3000 added to the rest of Moncton, and they have taken this way to show property holders that it will not fall on them. A good many of them do not see that these same men having money in the refinery are bound to benefit however it goes.

A young man who is in receipt of \$800 and whose taxes on income alone will be \$64.80, gives a further view of the matter. He says:

Now I am (unfortunate enough to be married and a rest to my personality will be assessed say \$100—\$6 more tax, and if I was (unfortunate enough to be assessed in property, say \$500, my total tax would be \$93.20 or nearly 12 per cent. of my income. Now none of the men voting for this will have any income tax to pay. Capt. Masters is assessed in the average of his property, (His father-in-law has lots of property). J. Robinson is one of the largest land owners in the city and his property is assessed in the same way. He pays taxes on the property he cannot be assessed on income, and the other two are merchants who will pay on stock and premises.

"The young men of Moncton do not propose to have this burden placed on them if they can help it, and the chances seem to be that such an outrageously unjust proposition will be crushed long before there is a prospect of its becoming law."

The Empress Carlotta's Feast Sunk. The Pall Mall Gazette gives currency to this queer story: Sixty feet below the surface of the sea, at the foot of the rocks where Schloss Miramar is built, ropes of valuable pearls are sunk in an iron cage. They are the property of the demented ex-empress Carlotta of Mexico. The unfortunate archduchess whose pearls her husband's first gift to her—day and night until her return from the disastrous Mexican expedition which cost her husband's life and her own reason. The gems, it is said, sickened and lost their sheen when the ex-empress lay sick unto death at Vienna after having received the news of Maximilian's tragic end. They suddenly turned a dull, waxy yellow, and the jewellers who were consulted as to the best means of restoring them to their former tint declared that the only way of doing so was to lower them to the bottom of the sea for an indefinite period. The castle of Miramar was the creation and pride of the ill-fated archduchess who left this paradise to undertake a hopeless enterprise, which she regretted from the moment she set foot on the soil of Mexico. Perched on the edge of a rocky promontory, and built entirely of white marble, the fairy-like palace with its foreground of sapphire blue sea and its background of green hills and feathery plains is beyond description. From the windows and terraces one looks down upon the deep water eighty feet below, water so transparent and pure that the eye can penetrate twenty fathoms and see upon delicately tinted submarine vegetation. It is to this unique place the least pearls have been taken, and it is reported that they are gradually recovering their beauty after a bath of twenty-five years.

Advertisement for Warren's Hose Supporters, showing various styles of hose supports and their benefits.

Warren's Hose Supporters. THE BEST IN USE. Ask for them at the Stores, and be sure you get "Warren." See Adv. on Page Six.

HE ASCRIBES IT TO THE DIET. The Experience of a Correspondent Who Has a Theory. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I was considerably amused and impressed by "Roslynde's" narrative of apparitions in your issue of 30th ult., and after reading it twice on Saturday evening I determined to put in effect a theory I had regarding similar phenomena, and I herewith pen the result, faithfully and honestly. Having read "In two places at once," with great interest, I prepared to retire, and before I had finished, I ate two large apples, a pippin and a gravenstein, which being in opposition to my usual custom, owing to a not overly robust constitution, a very strong digestive apparatus to a degree only noticeable among dyspeptics, with the result that healthy sleep did not ensue, a fact due entirely to the sacrifice I made in behalf of my theory, a theory advanced as far back as I can remember, but which originated I cannot say, but my impression is that a French doctor was responsible for it. I say my theory, because I know of no one who has tried it but myself, but to the point I had lain in bed awaiting Orpheus but a short time, when—and I am confident I cannot say, but my impression is that a French doctor was responsible for it. I say my theory, because I know of no one who has tried it but myself, but to the point I had lain in bed awaiting Orpheus but a short time, when—and I am confident I cannot say, but my impression is that a French doctor was responsible for it. I say my theory, because I know of no one who has tried it but myself, but to the point I had lain in bed awaiting Orpheus but a short time, when—and I am confident I cannot say, but my impression is that a French doctor was responsible for it.

arriving with the promised relief to find the christians in possession of the city. These winged couriers were also similarly employed at the siege of Leyden in 1675, but in this case the original letter reached the ones for whom it was intended and they were enabled to hold on until succor arrived. The pigeons who had contributed to this successful rescue were maintained at the public expense and at their death were embalmed and placed in the town house as a monument of gratitude for the signal service rendered by them.

For hundreds of years carrier pigeons have been used as postmen in many other parts of the world, serving alike in conveying warlike or peaceful messages from place to place.—Detroit Free Press.

A LESSON FROM THE PAST. St. John People who Waited Until the National Anthem was Sung. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The following, which I clipped from an old St. John paper, may prove of interest to many. I have not the exact date, and would be pleased if anyone could enlighten me. This concert was given in aid of the widows and orphans of the brave soldiers who fell in the war with Russia in 1854. The words of the song were composed by the father of the writer, who was at that time practicing his profession in St. John, but has long since gone to his rest. In reading this account of the concert, I thought that besides bringing back memories of earlier days to our older citizens, the more active of us might safely take a lesson from it, if not in patriotism perhaps in etiquette, and remain in future until the "National anthem" has been sung at the close of an entertainment.

Madame Krollman's Concert. On Friday evening this delightful singer, whose reputation in this city has been very enthusiastically given a concert at the hall of the institute in behalf of the patriotic fund. The hall was filled, and throughout the performance the audience manifested their appreciation of its excellence. Never did we witness such enthusiasm. Towards the close, when "Rule Britannia" was sung, from the words penned by a gentleman of this city, the applause was almost deafening, and at the conclusion of "God Save the Queen" three hearty cheers were given by the audience. We never saw Madame Krollman appear to better advantage than on this occasion, and the grace with which she received a splendid bouquet which was thrown on the stage, was loudly applauded.

The following are the words which Madame K sang to the air of "Rule Britannia": Our gallant tars and soldiers brave, Who've gone to check the boastful Czar, From cruel fate of ruthless war, Rule British freedom! Rule o'er land sea, And France, and England long allied be. Both British flags and French have waved 'O'er Alma's bloody field on high; Appal'd our danger, bravely saved By daring acts of chivalry. Rule, etc., etc.

Three have those heroes, bravely led, On Crimea's soil our battles gain'd— For us their life-blood freely shed, And England's glory well maintain'd. Rule, etc., etc.

The orphan's claim, the widow's right, Have sternly made their just appeal, For others' sorrows, you can feel. Rule, etc., etc.

We learn that the proceeds of this concert amounted to the sum of £76 (fifty-six pounds) which will be transmitted to his excellency the lieutenant governor to be forwarded to England. It is said that a request, numerously signed will be presented to Madame Krollman to give a farewell concert before leaving the city, and we feel assured that it will be numerously attended. After which we understand that his beautiful songstress will pay a visit to Fredericton, where, we doubt not, she will meet with a warm reception.

England's Money's Guarded. The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bulion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bulion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of 1,000 sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

VENGEANCE EXTRAORDINARY. The Penalty that Mahmud Khan Paid for Beating One of His Wives. A vast amount has been written about the submissiveness of Oriental wives, and few exceptions to the rule of passive endurance among them are noted. A short time ago, however, an Oriental wife bearer was punished by his victim in appalling manner.

Mahmud Khan, with his favorite wives, Ayama and Khairnasha, was on his way to Mecca. One night, between Bolan and Sindh, his tent was pitched opposite that of a German tourist, who observed what proceeded within and was thus able to reveal the motive in a subsequent tragedy. At bedtime Mahmud Khan threw himself on his couch and called in Ayama to give him the usual rubbing. Ayama, however, failed to treat her lord to his satisfaction, and snatching a piece of wood from the ground he struck her a savage blow on the back.

The young girl, hardly 16 years old, started under the blow, and, to the surprise of the watching tourist, made a slight, almost imperceptible movement, as if to return it, as she set her teeth and glowered to the ground. Mahmud Khan evidently remarked neither the look nor the movement, for he rolled over and went to sleep, while the injured Ayama stole away.

The little caravan moved on the next day, and in due time arrived at Jacobabad, where Mahmud Khan and his two wives, when they were on their journey before embarking. Their way to the next city lay through a dense forest. Two days later Ayama and Khairnasha returned to Jacobabad alone. They behaved strangely, and gave contradictory and confused answers to all inquiries after Mahmud Khan.

They were detained and a search was made for their master. He was found naked and tied fast to a tree. At the foot of the tree was a large ant hill, and during the two days of confinement the ants had eaten much of the flesh of Mahmud Khan's bones. He was dying when found, but was able to explain that his wives had dragged him, tied him while unconscious to the tree, smeared his body with wet sugar to attract the ants, and, after stirring up the ant hill, had left him to die.

Mahmud Khan lived but three days after the rescue. Ayama and Khairnasha were condemned to hard labor for life, but hanged themselves immediately.

American Familiarity. Imagine a man of strong character and sterling worth being constantly subjected to the cheapening process of being called by every man and boy in town "Lilly." It is all very well within a circle of relatives, but the promiscuous carrying on of the practice outside of the family is intolerable. After a week at the mountains or seashore a party of young people who have never heard of each other by their first names, with a reckless disregard for the proprieties, which to a well educated and cultivated person is little short of absolute rudeness.

Particularly does this apply when an ordinary acquaintance insists upon calling a young married woman "Mary" or "Bertha." For a young man to do this at once stamps him as ignorant of good form and guilty of an unpardonable liberty. Every one who has reached his or her majority is entitled to a courteous form of address. The individual who forgets this is presuming upon the intimacies of childhood, and still continuing to address them as boy and girl is practically an avowed foe to good manners.—Philadelphia Times.

Wanted to Be Shot. It was a matter of every day conversation, writes the widow of the late General Custer, that if we were surrounded by the Indians the general would shoot me rather than leave me at their mercy. I woman like, used to ask him if he wouldn't wait to see if we would not be rescued; but he said he would not wait an instant for fear he might be killed himself and no one else would have the courage to shoot me. All the officers' wives heard the same talk every day, and we were prepared for the worst. Indeed, one day when the regiment had ridden outside of the family is intolerable. After a week at the mountains or seashore a party of young people who have never heard of each other by their first names, with a reckless disregard for the proprieties, which to a well educated and cultivated person is little short of absolute rudeness.

As a cure for cold in the head and catarrh Nasal Balm is endorsed by prominent men everywhere. D. Derbyshire, president of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: "Nasal Balm beats the world for catarrh and cold in the head. In my own case it affected relief from the first application." Sold by dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price—50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, Fullard & Co., Brockville, Ont.