

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. MONDAY, AUGUST 10 1908

59c.

62c.

68c.

Genuine Bargains. The balance of our Children's and Girl's White Canvas Oxford Shoes, Pretty Styles, Newest Shapes,

4 to 7 1-2 - 59c.
8 to 10 1-2 - 62c.
11 to 2 - 68c.

WATERBURY & RISING
KING STREET. UNION STREET.

White English Longcloths, 36 in. wide, 9c yd up.
Victoria Lawns, 40 inch wide, 10c yd up.
Madapolain, the soft finish Lawn, 12c yd.
White Muslin, Navy Blue Ducks, etc.

A. B. Wetmore (Don't Miss the Cotton Romantia) 59 Garden St

Custom Tailoring, Fall 1908.

The new Fall woollens have arrived and are ready for your inspection. Even at this early date the bookings have been good. The advantage of ordering early is that you—not someone else—will get first choice of the limited patterns, that being in no great hurry for the clothes you can let us have plenty of time to give your order the very best attention. Yes, for any customer in a hurry, we can make as quickly as needed.

With the opening of the Fall season we wish to thank you for your generous patronage in the past, and will be glad to welcome all our old customers and many new ones.

Gilmour's, 68 King St.
CLOTHING AND TAILORING.

END OF FAMOUS WRITERS

Literary Geniuses Who Died Miserably
Poor and Destitute

That Ouida should have died as she did in poverty and loneliness, an exile though a voluntary one, from the land of her birth was an undoubtedly pitiful ending to an exceptionally brilliant career, says Tit-Bits. Equally sad has been the fate reserved for some literary geniuses in the past.

For instance, Richard Savage, the gifted poet died in the debtor's prison at Bristol, after enduring the pangs of starvation for years. Chatterton, driven desperate through hunger, poisoned himself at the age of 18. Swift died mad, as he had all along predicted he would.

Doctor Dodd, whose "Beauties of Shakespeare" is well known, was hanged for forgery. George Gissing, after suffering hardships that ended his whole existence, died just as fame was beginning to be assured to him.

Stow, the famous antiquarian, author of the "Survey of London," became in his old age a homeless beggar, asking alms from door to door through 86 counties. Wycherley, from being the spoiled idol of society, fell to the lowest depths of destitution and was eventually consigned to the Fleet Prison for debt, where he remained seven years. Cotton also spent many years in a debtor's prison and eventually died there by his own hand.

Robert Burns, writing only 14 days before his death, implored his friend Cunningham to use his influence with the Commissioners of Excise in order to get his salary raised from £25 a year to £30. "Otherwise, if I die not of disease I must perish with hunger."

Llorente, the learned and celebrated historiographer of the Inquisition, was glad during the close of his brilliant and unfortunate career to hire himself out for a few sous a night to keep watch over the dead bodies at the Paris Morgue, and died eventually of starvation. Camoens begged his bread from door to door until compelled to take refuge in an almshouse, where he died.

It is told of Ben Johnson that when in his last illness King Charles sent him a small sum of money he returned it. "He sends me so miserable a donation," cried the dying poet, "because I am poor and live in an alley. Go and tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Very sad was the fate of Ulrich von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has ever produced. Unable to earn a living, he was reduced to tramping through the country, begging food and shelter from the peasants. One bitter winter's night he was refused both, and next morning was found frozen outside the village. "The only thing he possessed besides the rags he wore," says his biographer, Zuinglius, "was a pen."

Saint-Simon, the celebrated French author, who wrote "The Reorganization of European Society" was driven by want to attempt his own life, and although he died a natural death in the end it was among the most miserable surroundings. "For 15 days," he says, writing to a friend just before the end came, "I have lived upon bread and water, without a fire. I have even sold my clothes."

D. G. SMITH DEAD.

Was Prominent in New Brunswick as a
Newspaper Man and Politician

The death of D. G. Smith took place in New York on the seventh of this month from diabetes. The remains were taken to St. Stephen and interred there yesterday. The deceased was about seventy-four years old.

He is survived by his wife and one sister, Mrs. Earle, of New York. Mr. Smith was well known in St. John, having been here for about ten years while in charge of the city department of the Daily Telegraph.

While in St. John he, with J. S. Knowles, established a humorous fortnightly illustrated paper called Quips, which, however, did not survive long.

From St. John he moved to Chatham where he founded the "Chatham Advertiser," which he conducted until a couple of years ago, when he removed to New York.

For many years Mr. Smith held the position of Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick. He is survived by his wife and one sister, Mrs. Earle, of New York. Mr. Smith was well known in St. John, having been here for about ten years while in charge of the city department of the Daily Telegraph.

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WAS "POISONED" BY WATERMELON SEEDS

Leads Crowd Chase Through Harlem After Feasting to Win Bet

Home Remedies Help Some, Stomach Pump Does More, Then Henry Explains the Trouble.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—Waving his arms about his head and wildly shrieking "I'm poisoned!" a very black negro, about twenty-five years old, rushed from a house at No. 23 East 125th street about half-past five o'clock yesterday afternoon and ran as if for his life. At his heels were a dozen or more men and women of his own complexion in hot pursuit.

To Second avenue the chase led and then down to 125th street, by which time the crowd behind had grown to several hundred.

There, still screaming that he was poisoned, the negro in front ran into a drug store, ran out again, turned in his tracks and fled to Third Avenue, thence north to 125th street, and went toward Lexington avenue.

Lieut. Farr was at his desk in the East 125th street station when the yelling crowd swept by. Thinking that murder was being done he pounded the bell and sent five policemen scrambling out to the street. They caught up with the fugitive at Lexington avenue and dragged him still shouting, back to the station house, with the crowd after him. Once past the door, the prisoner broke from his captors, ran behind the Lieutenant's desk, threw himself to the floor and rolled around like a ball, shouting: "Oh, oh, I'm dying! It's all over! I'm poisoned!"

The doorman and three policemen ran out to find drug stores and the Lieutenant grabbed his telephone and called for help. The crowd followed him to the station house, with the crowd after him. Once past the door, the prisoner broke from his captors, ran behind the Lieutenant's desk, threw himself to the floor and rolled around like a ball, shouting: "Oh, oh, I'm dying! It's all over! I'm poisoned!"

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"WHITE ROCK"

Received Present of \$25,000 From
Mrs. Thaw in Addition to
His Fee.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 5.—From his cell in the county jail here, Harry K. Thaw tonight gave out the following statement concerning the claims filed against him by various lawyers, which, he asserts, forced him into bankruptcy:

"In this morning's papers I read that Mr. O'Reilly made a claim for more money. That is a matter for former Governor Stone, my counsel in Poughkeepsie, to take charge of. There seems no reason for me to discuss the different claims and therefore I have nothing more to say except regarding one fact."

"The sums already expended and the names of the lawyers and others to whom I paid the money were clearly stated in the newspapers. There is only this much to add: I received from Mr. O'Reilly a bill for \$10,000 for his services in connection with the Thaw case, making \$105,000 received by my firm, prior to April 16, 1907."

"My mother also made a present of \$25,000 to Mr. Delmas. This, with his actual fee paid by me, \$50,000 in all that he received for his able services, Mr. Delmas' bill for expenses was less than \$1,000 and is included in the \$25,000 item for detectives and sundries."

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case."

"Great work! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated him."—Cleveland Leader.

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Fur Repairing.

Now is the Time to Get Your FURS
Repaired or Made Over.

We can do that work quicker now and cheaper than later in the season. Let us send for your FURS and submit an estimate.

D. Magee's Sons,
63 KING STREET.

AMUSEMENTS.

QUEBEC TRICENTENARY PICTURES AT THE UNIQUE.

The Unique Theatre, which has earned the reputation of showing the clear and best pictures in the city, have received over 1,000 feet of the famous Tricentenary pictures. Those who did not have an opportunity to visit Quebec during the celebration will be able to see in this picture all the principal events, including the famous Pageant showing old Quebec as it was when British troops first landed on our shores. This picture is entirely different from others of the same name that are being shown in other theatres in this city. The other two pictures are the latest products of the Vitaphone company. The first one is entitled "Stricken Blind." Two beautiful girls are in love with the same young man, Angela, the younger of the two, pours a liquid in the water which her rival uses to wash her face in, and the poison coming in contact with her eyes, she is stricken blind. The blind girl now pleads with her lover to release her from the engagement, but he refuses, and on the day appointed for the wedding, she confesses the crime, and as the girl whom she had wronged so deeply forgives her, her sight is restored. The other picture is an excellent comedy entitled "The Wish Bone." Two news songs, "Won't You Come Along, Philly, Willie!" by Miss A. Outous, and "She Is a Grand Old Lady," by Will Harrison.

THE BIJOU'S OPENER FOR THE WEEK.

The past is past, that's sure! Don't regret the things that are no more. People glibly give these praise—Best days of the year. Glad old winter, they declare, Brings us strength and health, Braces trade up everywhere. Adds to people's wealth: Bronchitis, grip, pneumonia, Is it not sublime? Tononitis, diptheria—Glorious, wintertime! —Chicago Record Herald.

JOYFUL DAYS.

Oh, splendid joyful winter days! Evergreen we hear. People glibly give these praise—Best days of the year. Glad old winter, they declare, Brings us strength and health, Braces trade up everywhere. Adds to people's wealth: Bronchitis, grip, pneumonia, Is it not sublime? Tononitis, diptheria—Glorious, wintertime! —Chicago Record Herald.

Mingle a little gaiety with your grave pursuits.—Horace.

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them, giving the other son, the "Black Sheep," a small portion only. The Transformation Artist is a comedy vaudeville picture. The above pictures, made an immense hit at the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago. Harry LaRue sings When The Bluebirds Nest Again, and Prof. Titus sings Voices Of The Past, completing an hour's show and the greatest five cents' worth of amusement ever given in America.

QUEBEC PICTURES AT NICKEL.

The Nickel's record-value programme is that of tonight and all-day tomorrow, when the first motion photograph of the great Quebec tricentenary celebration and Humanov Co. will be put on. The Quebec pictures are of the first Canadian shipment and reached here at noon from New York via Montreal. Similar views were shown in Montreal yesterday at the same time.

Telegraphic information says they were excellent and drew tremendous crowds, so it will be on the part of St. John people to see these historic scenes as early as possible. They will be shown this afternoon, tonight, Tuesday morning, afternoon and evening. By all means send the children during the daytime performances. The telegraphic pictures show the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, Vice-President Fairbanks, the military review, the historical pageant and numerous other incidental scenes in connection with the greatest event Canada has had in its history. The Humanov Co.'s bill will be The Gentleman Burglar, a strongly dramatic piece. Tomorrow's show for children and elderly folk will start at 10 o'clock.

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