

Bicyclists

Remember, that we are Headquarters for all kinds of Bicycle Supplies. Before you buy anything in this line come in and see our stock. It will be to your advantage.

W. H. THORNE & CO., - Limited.

Agents for A.G. Spalding & Bros' Athletic and Sporting Goods.

ELM Extension Table.

Golden Finish.

Wardrobe

(Elm)

Golden finish.
3 feet wide.
7 feet high.
One large drawer.

\$10.35

Our stock of Furniture is now complete. Our prices the lowest.

F. A. JONES

(Limited)

16 and 18 King St

A BIG BLAZE STARTED INSTANTLY

Is the effect produced by striking a

Headlight Parlor Match!

Made by Canada's greatest match makers, THE E. B. EDDY CO., LTD

5 Cents a Box.

SCHOFIELD BROS., SELLING AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

P. O. Box 331.

Chandeliers, Hall, Table and Bracket Lamps,

CHIMNEYS, BURNERS, WICKS, &c., at Lowest Prices.

J. R. CAMERON, Lamp Chimneys, Burners, etc. 64 Prince Wm St.

NEGROES CLING TO LIFE.

Few Colored People are Numbered Among the Suicidal Class.

"Men are inclined to marvel at the scarcity of suicides among the members of the negro race," said an observant man, "but when you come to think of it there is nothing strange about the matter. The negro is a happy-go-lucky sort of a creature. He is not as quick to feel the pangs of pride as the white man and life's little reverses do not affect him in the same way. But lately the increase in suicides among the negroes has been a matter of serious comment. The observation has been made that a few years ago a negro suicide was unknown. The negro simply lived out his natural span in a natural sort of way. Suicide is a departure from the abnormal and superficial conditions which environ the individual.

"The negro lives awfully close to nature. Such departures as he may make are due to his imitiveness and they are often grotesque and extravagant. Living naturally, he dies naturally, as a rule. Mainly the scarcity of suicides among negroes is due to this love of nature and this natural way of doing things. It may not be inapt to remark in this conclusion the absence of anything approaching pessimism in the philosophy of the black man and an unflinching devotion to a religion of some sort. Did you ever hear of a negro suicide?"

"Did you ever hear of a negro suicide?" a negro atheist or a negro who was the least bit skeptical about the hereafter, the immortality of the soul and the other things which go with

Prepare Today!

As the stores now close at one o'clock on Saturday, you will have to buy today or early on Saturday. You may want an Outing Suit, Shirts, Ties, etc., or a Nice Black Suit, White Gloves and Bow for the 12th. If so, you can be fitted out here at Money Saving Prices.

OUTING SUITS, no vest, \$5.00 and \$ 5.50
MEN'S BLACK SUITS, \$5.00 to \$14.00.

More open tonight till 10 o'clock. Close Saturday at one.

J. N. HARVEY, Tailoring and Clothing, 109 Union Street, Opera House Block

POPE LEO.

A Second Operation Was Performed This Morning.

And He is Now Resting More Easily, Although Gradually Becoming Weaker.

ROME, July 10.—The following bulletin regarding the condition of the Pope was posted at 10.30 o'clock this morning:

"The august patient passed the first part of the night fairly peacefully, but afterwards the difficulty in his breathing became more marked, coupled with discomfort and an increase of the feeling of oppression. The pulse is small and weak, at the rate of 82. Appetite was complete and there was little distress. The flow of endopleuric matter being observed, a second operation was decided on and immediately performed by Dr. Mazzoni. About a thousand grammes of bloody serum was extracted. The pontiff bore the second operation well, and in consequence of it both the respiration and the power of heart at once improved.

ROSSONI, LAPPONI, MAZZONI.

ROME, July 10.—In the previous so firmly rooted has become the conviction that the Pope will not recover that the discussion concerning his successor is almost superseding in general interest the details of the Pontiff's illness. Betting goes on with great animation, the cardinal having his fervent admirers. Those most frequently mentioned as likely to be the next occupant of the Papal throne are Cardinals Oreglia, Gotti and Rampolla, but Cardinals Agliardi, Serafino, Vanutelli and Ferrari press them hard in public favor.

LATE LOCAL NEWS.

A junior moulder has arrived at the home of Edward Hirt, 263 Brussels street. The mother is doing nicely.

The members of Johnston L. O. L. No. 24, will meet at the Orange Hall, German street, on Sunday morning, July 12, at ten o'clock, to accompany the District Lodge to divine service in St. David's church at eleven o'clock.

In the police court yesterday Ernest Smith, an English sailor, arrested for drunkenness, paid his fine of \$4 and was released. He did not go to jail for four months as stated in yesterday's Star.

IF IT SHOULD GO OFF?

Down by the I. C. R. elevator today there is a quantity of stuff sufficient to blow up half of St. John. It is a mixed carload of giant powder and dynamite and there are ten thousand pounds of the latter. The shipment is owned by W. H. Thorne & Co., and is being stored back of Fort Howe. The firm's teamsters are unloading the stuff and hauling it to the magazine, the utmost care being used in the work.

BURIED TODAY.

The funeral of Mrs. M. Jones, widow of the late John Jones, took place this afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, from her late residence, 124 Bond street. The Rev. Mr. Robertson, supplying the pulpit of St. John's (stone) church officiated, and interment was made in Cedar Hill cemetery.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Chief Engineer Kerr on behalf of the firemen, returns thanks to Messrs. Murray & Gregory for their donation to the Firemen's Relief Fund, and also to the Misses Murray and Mrs. Gregory for the kind attention shown the firemen during the progress of the fire on Saturday.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Or the Cold Water Cure for Cigarette Smoking.

That pride goes before a fall was once more proven yesterday, perhaps not to the satisfaction of the victim, but, at least, to those who witnessed the occurrence.

The principals in the comedy were a small boy—a very small boy—with a cigarette and an anti-tobaccoist with a bucket of water. The scene was on Church street, within the shadows of a cigarette and two cigar factories. The time was four o'clock.

Act I.—Young Beau Brummel from the Tanyard enters with a cigarette butt firmly clenched in his mouth. He is followed by a man in a suit, who leans up against the side of a building and fires up. In the background a choice collection of newboys say things, some choice and some over the top, and as he watches the curls end ringlets of smoke float upwards, his chest swells with pride. He is IT. Slowly and quietly an upper window over the dude's head is opened. A man with a bucket of water appears, a sudden movement and down comes the deluge—Tobacco.

Act II.—Scene: Across the street. Time between first and second acts (three and a half seconds). A very much drenched little boy, minus his cigarette, is crouched close to the fence, surrounded by a jeering crowd, while a few sympathisers endeavor to get the boy to throw stones at the man with the self-satisfied grin who stands in the window.

At the next meeting of the Anti-Tobacco League a report will be made as to the value of the cold water cure for chronic cases of cigarette smoking.

A CHANCE.

Clown—I don't think I shall be able to perform tonight.

Manager—Why, what's the matter?

Clown—O, I don't know. I feel funny.

Then the hard-hearted manager said he'd better perform, as it was time he was funny.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Three Engines and Twenty Cars Jump the Track—Several Killed.

CANON CITY, Colo., July 10.—Three engines and twenty cars of a freight train have jumped the Denver and Rio Grande track in the Royal gorge and plunged into the Arkansas river, a sheer fall of 2,000 feet. The engines have not yet been found. Ten freight cars are also missing. The river is very deep and high and the current runs at a terrific speed.

The three engines, a fireman and a brakeman disappeared in the wreck. The accident took place near the hanging bridge in the Royal gorge about six miles east of Canon City. It is the most picturesque railroad spot in the west. The gorge is only fifty feet wide but the rocks rise perpendicularly from the Arkansas river to a height of more than a third of a mile. The freight train was bound for a few feet and then plunged into the abyss dragging the other engines and the cars after it. Two of the firemen jumped. The engines refused to leave their posts and fell to certain death in the torrent two thousand feet below. A brakeman was thrown into the gorge when the cars ran off the track. The breaking of the coupling saved the ten rear cars from falling into the river.

A PRACHER'S GOOD GUESS.

It Caused the Rev. Dr. Lauck's Congregation to Smile.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The Rev. Dr. Lauck of St. Louis, an emphatic preacher, is at times at a loss to give his utterance proper weight. For instance he'll say:

"This statement is as true as is the night which will follow day," or "as true as that the trees will bud in the spring."

Sometimes it happens that the doctor has more statements than he has illustrations to give them weight. On one such occasion he recently said, "This is as true as the—," here the doctor halted. He paused a few moments and then his face illumined. "As true as is the statement that some member is yet to become a way church."

A few minutes later a lady entered the edifice and swept grandly up the aisle. The doctor's face assumed an "I told you so" appearance; the congregation began to smile, then to laugh.

Sympathy for the embarrassed lady, however, soon subdued the apparently uncontrollable mirth.

WHITE MOOSE IN MAINE.

Strangely Enough, No One Has Seen It In St. John.

M. A. Cushing of Boston has seen a white moose, says a special from Bangor, Me., to the New York Times. White moose have been occasionally seen in the Maine woods at rare intervals during the past fifty years, but up to the present time a white moose has never been heard of.

Mr. Cushing ran across one in the tangled spruce thickets in the vicinity of the Chair Buck mountain, near Katahdin Iron Works a few days ago. The moose was a full grown bull, and in color it was a dusty white.

Mr. Cushing, an ardent lover of the woods, is in Bangor recently on his return home from his annual outing in the woods and during his stay in Bangor told the story.

HOW A CIRCUS FASCINATES.

A Little Story of Three Half-Shaven Men Who Gazed.

Some people may turn up their noses at circuses, says an exchange, and many there are who will say "Oh, I don't care for circuses, they are all alike." But you have seen one you've seen them all, yet for all that, humanity affects to despise the much-abused circus, few there are who can resist the temptation to "rubber" at a passing circus parade. A story is related of an incident that occurred in this city on the day that Barnum's circus showed here, showing how weak human nature cannot resist the glitter and tinsel.

Just about the time the parade, on its way up Pennsylvania Avenue towards the capitol, reached Twelfth street, and the band in the wagon drawn by forty some odd horses struck up "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," there were four well-known Washingtonians, whom one would least suspect of entertaining any hankering for a circus parade. Three of them were being shaved, and the fourth was having his hands manicured. The barbers had finished one side of each customer's face, and the manicurist had one hand finished and ready to begin on the other of the fourth customer, when the sound of the music reached their ears. All four customers, asking the barbers and manicurist to desist, bolted from their seats and rushed down on the streets to gaze at the clown, view the "10,000 beauty," and listen to the dulcet notes of the steam calliope.

But it was not the end of the farce. The four men became so absorbed in the parade that they forgot all about their shaving and manicuring, and when it was over went their several ways, until kind friends took them in tow and called their attention to the one-sided condition of their countenances. One of the trio of half-shaven men went until evening before some one called attention to the fact that he ought to see the other side of his face to the barber shop.

DISFIGURED AND OUT OF THE HUNT.

Bandy—But why have you thrown Charlie overboard?

Maude—I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose, you know.

Bandy—And I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow?

Maude—Oh, I struck him playing tennis.—Pick-Me-Up.

SPORTING.

Lipton Confident of Winning By a Good Margin.

Fitzsimmons Ready to Fight Any But Jeffries—Monument to Peter Jackson.

CORBETT'S CHANCES.

William James, the well known sporting authority, writes:

Jim Corbett is now doing light preliminary training for his fight with Jeffries. He has, in fact, been preparing himself for this bout for the last four or five months and as a result claims that he is bigger, stronger and faster than ever before.

Of course none of us particularly desirous to dispute this matter with Corbett—at least while in range—but at the same time he will have to do a lot of convincing before the ever easy public believes that he is anything like the Jim Corbett of old, say, five or six years ago.

If Corbett stays fifteen of the twenty rounds with Jeff a majority of the pugilistic sharps will be surprised. It is a thirty to one shot that he could not knock out Jeffries. The latter stood with his hands at his sides, for the ex-boxer maker has a muscular development and a bony framework of so staunch a nature that a man of phenomenal strength would be required to make any noticeable impression on him. Corbett was never extraordinarily strong. It is more certain still that he is not overburdened with muscle and stamina at the present time, and as for the future—well, he is clearly past the stage where he can improve to any extent.

FITZ WILL FIGHT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7.—"I will fight George Gardner when and where it is convenient for him, so long as he comes after the Jeffries-Corbett scrap."

In these pithy words Bob Fitzsimmons told of his early return to the roped arena in search of further championship honors.

"There is a man you can whip him," ventured the interviewer.

"Well, now, your Uncle Bob has got a pretty high estimate of himself and he thinks there is nobody in the world—bar Jeffries—whom he cannot whip, and George Gardner happens to be one of the world yet."

Bob is really in training himself while preparing Jeffries for his contest.

PETER JACKSON MONUMENT.

A monument costing \$300, erected on the site of the late Peter Jackson at Brisbane, Australia, was unveiled the other day. There were several thousand people present.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—James J. Corbett and James Delaney, the latter acting for Jeffries, have agreed upon Edward Grady as the referee for the heavy weight championship fight to take place here August 13.

YACHTING.

COUNTS ON THREE STRAIGHT.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The wonderful performance of Shamrock III. in the trial over the cup course, off Sandy Hook, where she covered thirty miles in two hours, fifty-eight minutes and thirty-seven seconds, breaking all records over this course, is the talk of all yachtsmen. Sir Thomas Lipton said: "expect now she will win the cup in three straight races, and beat Reliance five minutes in each of them."

BASE BALL.

A BIG LOSS TO YALE.

James O'Rourke, Jr., the star third baseman of the Yale nine, has abandoned the amateur ranks and is now a professional. This will be a blow to the chances of the Yale nine next season, for young O'Rourke played great base ball for the Eli nine. O'Rourke comes from Bridgeport, Conn., and made his professional debut Saturday afternoon at Springfield as a member of the Bridgeport team in a Connecticut league game with Springfield.

O'Rourke begins his senior year at Yale next fall, and while sorry to be counted out of the Yale nine next season finds a good chance to play ball this summer.

O'Rourke's father, James O'Rourke, Sr., is a member of the Bridgeport team of the Connecticut league, playing behind the bat, and it was no unusual sight to see father and son on the same team in a professional game. Springfield won by a score of three to two, and young O'Rourke fairly outplayed his father. He got two hits, had three assists to his credit and stole a base, and did not make an error.

James and James, Jr., both good ball players, offer a great contrast. "Jimmy," slender, active and swift of foot, grasps his bat in the middle and taps the ball with the quick forearm movement of the new scientific school, with good result, too, for he met the ball fairly each time and scored two of Bridgeport's six hits. His father, solid and square and grizzled, grips his bat with the very end of the handle, to get as much sweep as possible, looking, as he waits for the ball, like the pictures of the famous lumberjacks of old. When he hits at the ball it is a mighty "swipe," and the ball may or may not go a mile. "Jimmy" promises to be a great acquisition to the team. He fielded perfectly the other day, showing in a fine throw, and exhibited a burst of speed in getting down to first and stealing second.

McLean, of Nassau, has batted safely in 11 out of the 12 last games.

AIMED HIGH.

Callor—So the teacher told you to work hard with the physical culture course. What is your ambition?

The Boy—I want to get muscles big enough to lick de teacher.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

AN ACT OF TREACHERY.

Chinese Leader Followed French Consul's Advice and Lost His Head.

PEKIN, July 10.—The demoralization of the administration in the province of Kwangsi by the lately cashiered officials is indicated by the reported desertion to the rebels of 1,800 soldiers with their arms. Notwithstanding this the conditions are better, as the famine is disappearing. According to the reliable foreigners, the leader of the Yunnan rebellion, who, with his mother, was not headed by the governor, was not defeated, as was announced by the court gazette, but surrendered on the advice of the French consul, to whom he appealed and said that he had been forced to usurp the authority for self preservation from the opposing factions. He asked the consul to represent the situation to the governor. These representations were made and the consul advised the rebel leader to surrender. The court rewarded the officers concerned in the subsequent decapitation of the rebel leader. Foreigners regard the affair as an act of treachery, and fear difficulties to the French on account of the consul's connection.

IN RUSSELL SAGE'S OFFICE.

The rainy weather, that has made all things dull in the way of trade, has affected even Wall street, and financiers who have reputations for promptness have been late to their offices in the last few days. Russell Sage is no exception to the list of those who fail to get down on time. Yesterday morning Mr. Sage was a late riser, and when he arrived the day's work had been pretty well mapped out.

Col. Slocum, his brother-in-law, who for years has managed a branch of the financier's office, remarked that it was rather dull, and added:

"I thought we could take advantage of the dullness and hold a meeting of the board of directors of the Minnesota Land Company."

"The what?" asked Mr. Sage.

"The Minnesota Land Company," replied Col. Slocum.

"I thought Gov. Morton and I owned all those lands?" said Mr. Sage, looking puzzled.

"There is a board of directors," ventured Mr. Slocum.

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Sage sitting down and looking around.

"Well, you're chairman. I'm one; Osborne, the cashier, is another; young Osborne is one; Menges, the stenographer is one, and the other is the office boy," and, having run over the list, Colonel Slocum awaited the pleasure of the chairman of the board.

"Well, call in the board," said Mr. Sage, "and we will hold a meeting."

When the land company's board of directors had assembled in Mr. Sage's private office, Mr. Osborne, Jr., read the minutes of the last meeting. Then the chairman asked if there was anything further before the board. Mr. Osborne, Jr., arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, there is a surplus of \$8,000 in the treasury, and I propose that a dividend of 2-1/2 per cent. be declared, to be distributed among the stockholders."

Before Mr. Osborne had got back into his armchair, a director, who at other times is an office boy, arose and, looking the chairman square in the eye, said:

"I second the motion."

"It is moved and seconded," said Mr. Sage, "that a dividend of 2-1/2 per cent. be declared. Carried. Any further business?"

Col. Slocum spoke of the fact that when a board of directors met it was customary for the treasurer to receive \$10 each, and moved that this be declared.

The smile on Mr. Sage's face was not one that would not come off. It disappeared slowly, the lines about the mouth that is a foreboding of an expression of determination grew deeper and the eyes that are set deep closed a little tighter, and there was a slight knitting of the brow as he snapped:

"What's that?"

Having recovered himself, Colonel Slocum moved for the \$10 that should go to each director, and emphasized it by saying "ten dollars in gold." The office boy's face was a study. For a moment he saw visions of wealth with the dividend and the \$10, but his dream came to an end.

"Huh," said Mr. Sage, "two dollars. Meeting adjourned." And the board of directors faded away to again become employees of the financier.

THE THOROUGHbred HORSE.

(Philadelphia Post.)

Before the Cambridge Philosophical Society in England, recently, Professor Ridgeway produced evidence, historical and scientific, to prove that the Barbary horse, from which all the fine horses of the world have sprung, was derived either from the zebra of northeast Africa, or, more likely, from some very closely allied species now extinct. North Africa, therefore, and not Arabia, is the original home of the thoroughbred. More than 900 years before Christ, King Solomon imported horses from Egypt, and Egypt got them from Lybia. "It is now clear," says Professor Ridgeway, "that the Arabs never owned a good horse until they had become masters of North Africa and the Barbary horses, from whom are sprung our own racing stock."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—Federal Commissioner Heckcock has granted the petition of the Danish consul for the extradition of Julius Joergensen and Miss Johanne Moeller, on charge of absconding with forty thousand francs, the property of the Bank of Copenhagen.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived. July 10, 1903.

Str Penobscot, 1214, Mitchell, from Eastport.

Str St Croix, Thompson, from Eastport.

Coastwise—Sch Alma, 8, Day, from Alma; Mildred K. 26, Thompson, from Westport; Sch Harbinger, 14, Power, from Westport; Sch W B Clendene, 19, Wilson, from Grand Harbor; Sch Lone Star, 29, Richardson, from North Head; Sch Lacoula, 15, Dixon, from North Head.

Cleared.

Sch Jas Barker, 80, Ellis, for Salem, for Salem.

Bark Lydia, 352, Pedersen, for Kilmuck, Ireland.

Coastwise—Sch Glide, for Lepreau; Sch Souvenir, for Meteghna River; Sch Alfred, for Tiverton; Str Yarmouth, for Digby.

The Suffolk

We have just received a shipment of this well-known American make of Hats. It is one of the best, fits the head perfectly. Made up into neat, dressy styles. Colors, black and browns:

Price \$3.00.

Anderson's,

Manufacturers, - 17 Charlotte St.

Boot and Shoe REPAIRING.

Remember, we are practical shoemakers, and any work entrusted to our care will be done in first-class manner.

We don't cobbler—we repair.

Velvet or O'Sullivan Rubber Heels put on while you wait.

W. A. SINCLAIR,

65 BRUSSELS ST.

Come to 44 Germain St., or Call Up 'Phone 1074

FOR ANYTHING IN

Hardware,

Paints, Oils or Glass.

Screen Doors, from 75c up.
Window Screens, 25c to 50c.
Green Wire Cloth, 10c to 50c yard.

J. W. ADDISON,

MARKET BUILDING.

Open Friday Evenings

New Duise.

STRAWBERRIES, - - 10c. Box

—AT—

CHARLES A. CLARK'S,

48 CHARLOTTE STREET, MARKET BUILDING

Telephone 833.

KEEP A-GOING.

If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a-go!

If it hails or if it snows, Keep a-go!

Taint no use to sit and whine When the fish ain't on your line; Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'— Keep a-go!

When the weather kills your crop, Keep a-go!

When you tumble from the top, Keep a-go!

S'pose you're out o' every dime? Gettin' broke ain't no crime; Tell the world you're feelin' primel— Keep a-go!

When it looks like all is up, Keep a-go!

Drain the sweetmeats from the cup, Keep a-go!

See the wild birds on the wing! Hear the bells that sweetly ring! When you feel like singin'—sing! Keep a-go!

AUCTIONS.

86 Germain St

POTTS Bargains.

1 very nice Ash Bedroom Set, Walnut, Ash and Birch Bedsteads, Wire Springs, Mattresses, Oak Leather Covered Easy Chair, Mahogany Rocker, Easy Chair, Sofa, Lounges, Wardrobe, Marble Top Tables, 2 Pianos, Cabinet Organs, Feather Beds, Carpets, Pictures, Silver Plated Ware, Dinner and Tea Sets, Tapestry Portiers, Lamps, etc., etc.

By auction at my salesroom on SATURDAY MORNING, the 11th inst., at 10 o'clock.

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

Furniture,

Solid Silver and Splendid Range.

By Auction at Residence, 41 Paddock street on THURSDAY, the 9th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m.

A fine assortment of Household Furniture and Effects, comprising in part—H. C. Folding Bed, Walnut and Ash Bedroom Sets, Dining, Centre and other Tables, 1 Folding Bed, Hat Rack, Dining, Easy, Rocking and other Chairs, Room, Hall and Stair Carpets, Mattresses, Springs, Curtains, Polka, Pictures, Rugs, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Crocheryware, 1 Baby Carriage, 1 almost new Princess Royal Range and Fittings, Kitchen Utensils, etc., etc.

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

Valuable Freehold Property at Mount Pleasant.

I am instructed by J. Murray Kay, Esq., to offer for sale at Chubb's Corner, on SATURDAY, the 11th INST., at 2 o'clock, noon:

THE PROPERTY ON MOUNT PLEASANT, known as "CHURCHMAN," consisting of large stone house, brick barn, and coach house; fruit and apple trees along with four acres of land. This will be one of the best chances in many years to purchase a property like this city and country life combined. Apply to

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer, 80 Prince William street.