

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN. N. B., TUESDAY, AUGUST 24 1909

DOCTORS WILL LOOK INTO WORTMAN'S MENTAL STATE

Is Firebug Sane or Insane? Owner of Burned Property on the Stand Yesterday

HAMPTON, N. B., Aug. 23.—In the criminal court of the Kings County court today before His Honor Judge Wedderburn the cause of the Kings on the complaint of Robt. W. Graves against Amos Wortman, charged with setting fire to barns in the parish of Waterford on the night of July 27th last, was resumed. Mr. G. W. Fowler appearing for the complainant, who has returned from the United States, whether he went after the preliminary trial before Magistrate Hornbrook, not anticipating that he would be required to give evidence until the sitting of the circuit court in September, which explanation was by counsel to account for his absence on Wednesday last.

SHIPS OF DEATH; A WEIRD PICTURE OF BRITISH FLEET

James Douglas contributes to "London Opinion," this striking article on his visit to the great fleet in the Thames:— Nine years ago I spent some six months with the fleet during the manoeuvres. It seems ninety years for the fleet then in being is now almost obsolete. When I went down to the Nore and sailed up and down the long avenues of iron, and the long streets of steel, I sought in vain for some of my old ships and some of my old shipmates. They were not there. Not one of the ships that were brand new in 1890 were in the great fleet that crowded the sea between Southend and the Nore light.

About Half of the Stores are Advertised About Half Enough!

Of the other half, a few are adequately advertised—a few are a little more than half-advertised—and a good many are scarcely advertised at all. To the stores that are half-advertised, every issue of this newspaper means OPPORTUNITY—the visible and tangible and proved lever by which a half-grown store may be lifted to the normal store-stature.

PROUD OF HIS CALLING

The engine-room artificer is a wonderful fellow, and his knowledge is equalled only by his modesty. He has the simplicity and candor of a sea-run craftsman. He refuses to use a gentle dignity which preserves pride and yet does not hurt the feelings of the astonished layman who is accustomed to tip his hat through his "rummy" and goes about the man of the sea as a cut above those who try to patronize him. He is as fine in his way as the ship he runs. Not in a year has he been in the water, and he is a man of manhood and of skill. It is easy to build an invincible, but it is not so easy to command the man of the sea. They are men with traditions behind them, and it is this picked and chosen crew that are the backbone of the navy in every way unrivaled. The layman feels humbled and abashed in the presence of these aristocrats of the engine-room, the stokehold, and the lower deck. They are made of stuff that is stronger and more enduring than we are. They make you feel that you are a creature of a softer and coarser grain. They are absolutely fit to command any and every ship. Instinctively you take your hat off to men who are so manifestly men.

TERRIBLE MIGHT MASKED

At close quarters the new ships leave you cold. They seem like great things might under a curious grey simplicity. You are even tempted to say that they are ungainly and unbecomingly hideous. You are struck by their lack of color, their lack of grace, their lack of grace. They are made of stuff that is stronger and more enduring than we are. They make you feel that you are a creature of a softer and coarser grain. They are absolutely fit to command any and every ship. Instinctively you take your hat off to men who are so manifestly men.

IN ROUGH WEATHER

There is nothing lovelier than the sight of a fleet at sea in rough weather. The ships are like a forest of steel, and they are as beautiful as a sea-gull. She is no longer an inert and immobile iron building. She is a living thing, a sea-giant that trembles and quivers. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle to behold a fleet plunging aloft behind mammoth, and defying wind and wave to break the rhythm of their march. The symmetry of their stately march. For sheer dominance of iron power there is no sight to match the fleet of the imperturbable monsters are at home in the rage and wrath of the tempest. They are the lords of the sea, and they are the lords of the sea. They are the lords of the sea, and they are the lords of the sea.

THROUGH THE NIGHT

I like best of all to think of the grey ships of death as they go through the quarter of the ship ahead. As our leader slowed down we edged delicately to the right as a taxi edged to the hand-rail of a motor-bus when there is a sudden jam in the traffic in Piccadilly. Behind us another phantom, and behind her another, faded into the night along through the rain-slashed gloom, their pace changing subtly in obedience to the faint signal-lights, the whole dreadful sea-machine blindly obeying the laws hidden law from wheel to engine-room. Steaming without lights is a nerve-racking game, for it is played without any concession and without any quarter. There is not a visible light on the ship, and even the lights by which the helmsman steers is hooded and veiled. So absolute is the darkness that you dare not strike a match to light a pipe. Darkness everywhere. Darkness warring with darkness. Darkness on the destroyers that are dogging the battleships and the cruisers, ready to sting death at them out of the night. Darkness on the submarines that are stealing like ghosts towards the victim they mean to stab to the heart. It is not easy for us to imagine the hell which will be turned on when the grey ships of death go to work in the sea-night. And the wilder the weather the wilder will be the delight of our sea-keeping sailors.

Contestant in The Sun and The Star's \$5,000 Contest

First Grand Prize--\$1,500 TOURING AUTOMOBILE
Second Grand Prize--\$750 PLAYER PIANO
Third Grand Prize--\$400 UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO
Fourth Grand Prize--\$350 MOTOR BOAT

DISTRICT PRIZES

- PRIZES FOR LADIES AND GIRLS
3 European Trips
3 Trips to Boston and New York
3 Diamond Rings
3 Scholarships
3 Ladies' Desks
PRIZES FOR MEN AND BOYS
3 Trips to Boston and New York
3 Scholarships
3 Bicycles
3 Gold Watches
3 Morris Chairs

Table listing names and amounts for District No. 1 prizes, including John Thompson, Avard W. Lewis, Ronald Carlin, etc.

Table listing names and amounts for District No. 2 prizes, including Mrs. Arthur Estabrook, Miss Clara Kelley, Miss Gladys Langstroth, etc.

Table listing names and amounts for District No. 3 prizes, including Alice Puff, Alice M. Kane, Mrs. C. Nichols, etc.

Table listing names and amounts for District No. 4 prizes, including Robert Bartlett, Arthur Callan, Wm. T. Coggar, etc.

Table listing names and amounts for District No. 5 prizes, including Wm. Keithlin, George W. London, Archie McCarthy, etc.

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads, featuring an illustration of a fly and text: 'WILSON'S FLY PADS Will kill many times more flies than any other known article. REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS.'

HAPPY BECAUSE HE KILLED FICKLE "WIFE"

Slayer of Former Companion Only Sorry He Did Not Shoot Her Husband.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Aug. 24.—There would have been a double murder here last night, instead of a single one, had George L. Marlon, of New York city, been able to find James C. Brooks, as well as Marlon's former companion, who ran away and married Brooks a month ago. Marlon found the woman with the aid of the police, saw her in the office of Chief of Police Long and coolly shot her dead.

LIVED HAPPILY SEVEN YEARS

Marion says that he was an advance agent for popular-priced theatrical attractions during the winter, and in summer is a Pullman car conductor.

When Marlon met her in the office of the police chief they greeted each other affectionately, embraced, and he called her his wife and then quietly asked if she would not leave them alone for a few minutes to talk the situation over.

MURDERER TELLS HIS CRIME

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PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a grand remedy for piles, hemorrhoids, and all other ailments of the rectum. It is a sure cure and is sold everywhere.