

ELECTION BILL TOTALS LARGE

English Fight Cost £2,000,000

SUFFRAGETTE ITEM

Radicals Said to Have Spent £100,000 on Posters

Alone

What is the cost of the general elections? Having counted their triumphs and their bruises, the party and political organizations are now adding up their bill.

Several months hence the House of Commons will receive from the home office a return of every candidate's outlay and the charges of all the returning officers.

Roughly the amount has been £1,200,000. But this is far from the whole expenditure. Great sums have been spent by outside organizations.

The country has seen a general election in which the legitimate expenses were the heaviest in its history.

Experienced politicians regard £1,000,000 as a moderate estimate to the grand total.

Central office funds are secret. The party executives are responsible to no one but their subscribers. Sometimes it is said that each of the great parties must be prepared to find from £100,000 to half as much again for every general election.

A few generous grants are made to candidates who are needed by their side in the house. But the amounts thus given are never talked about, and together, the curious inquirer into the financial disbursements of the parties would find the Egyptian Sphinx talkative compared with our party chiefs.

Mathematicians might work it all out from some figures given to this paper by the Suffragettes. The impression they made in the contest was relatively insignificant.

For the Women's Social and Political Union had asked for a campaign fund of £5,000. Over £4,000 has been raised, and possibly the expenditure will be over £3,000.

The Women's Freedom League spent over £200 in concentrating their opposition upon a handful of constituencies where their cabinet enemies were standing.

The other feminine suffrage organizations have not received all their accounts, but they will probably carry the total for the women's vote agitation to £28,000. Add to this an estimate of all the local funds for the same object.

The Suffragettes can hardly make their voices heard in the raging battle at the price of some thousands of pounds. How much would the mathematics say the really effective accounts that fought in every village and town had paid for their share?

It is known that the Radicals have ploughed down their money in amazing quantities. Some of the election experts are qualified to judge that £100,000 was spent by the chief Radical sectional associations in posters alone. This does not include candidates' expenditure on pictorial display.

"FAT" JOE DIES

A WEALTHY MAN

Sold Papers Here in Early Eighties

WENT TO STATES

Died the Other Day Owner

of Cigar Factory and

Stores

Citizens whose memory carries them back as far as the year 1884 will remember a public character of those times who was known as "Fat Joe." He was as broad as he was long, and bore himself about the streets upon a pair of legs which a Colossus might have envied. His obesity was not due to age and easy living, however, for he was only a boy in years, and followed for a living the hustling trade of the newsdealer of the streets.

"Fat Joe's" more stilted name was Joseph Donovan. As Joseph Donovan he rose somewhat in the world, for he was, when he died in Boston a week ago, the owner of a cigar factory and a string of cigar stores. His funeral, as described by the Boston Post, was one of impressive proportions. The floral tributes to his memory filled a room to overflowing.

As a boy, Joe Donovan was the most popular "newy" on the streets of the city. He far outdid all his rivals, winning hosts of friends by his wide smile and his wit.

One of his customers was Adam H. Bell. Mr. Bell was struck by the boy's manners, and urged him to learn a trade, finally taking him off the street to make him an apprentice cigar-maker in his factory. He made a good one of him, for within the first ten years of his twenty years' residence in Boston the deceased acquired a cigar factory and two stores. His rise from the status of an uneducated newy boy was a remarkable one.

The deceased left two brothers in St. John, John Donovan and Terence Donovan, both of Pond street.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

RIVAL UNIONS ARE NOW FIGHTING IN PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—In spite of yesterday's severe rioting the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company started this morning school-bus-like without apparent interruption by the strikers or their sympathizers. The first cars left the barns in different sections of the city at 5 a.m., twelve hours after the service had been discontinued. Refreshed by their rest, the motormen and conductors who had slept in the barns on cots provided by the company, manned the cars protected by policemen on both the front and rear platforms. Not a missile was thrown, however, on the early morning trips and the cars were not as well filled with passengers. Persons willing to ride were deterred from doing so from fear of injuries. The strike leaders, wearied by yesterday's strenuous work, rested until late this morning, and no further strikers were given out at Union headquarters. Beyond the statement that "all lines are in operation with the full quota of cars," the officials of the rapid transit company also declined to comment on the situation.

Conspicuous on the lapsels of the working motormen and conductors was the strike of the Keystone Union, the rival of the Amalgamated Association of which the strikers are members. The former union was formed by the company who remained loyal to the company during the last year's struggle and is not affiliated with any other body. The present trouble began when the officials of the company treated with the members of the Keystone Union against the wishes of the members of the Amalgamated Assn. The latter body made the request of the rapid transit officials that no other union be recognized. The recognition of this union was one of the main points at issue between the strikers and the company.

One thousand men on the eligible list for policemen and firemen were sworn in at the city hall this morning and there was great activity among the police officials who were preparing to swear in 5,000 additional men at the first sign of further lawlessness. The officials of the company started their operations today with a grim determination to run its cars on all lines where it was possible to get men.

National Organizer Pratt, of the Car Men's Union said, "Our men are better organized and better disciplined than they were in the last strike, and they stand up like soldiers. If the company could not defeat our raw recruits last summer it will not break the ranks of our veterans."

The company admitted today that about 4,000 men refused to take out cars yesterday. This statement is disputed by the strike leaders who declared that more than 6,000 are on strike. However, many of the trolley-men who want to continue work did not report for fear of being injured. It was estimated today that 100 persons were injured yesterday chiefly by stones or other missiles. Few, however, were seriously hurt. A little girl was shot while watching boys attack a car who will probably recover.

A statement issued by the company says that in all 287 cars were damaged during yesterday's disorders, two cars were burned and one badly burned and 2608 car windows were broken. The company expects to keep in operation today 1200 cars, six hundred less than the regular schedule.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Feb. 21.—The committee of the Board of Education consisting of the Premier, Solicitor General and the Chief Superintendent of Education, held a session this morning with Mr. R. A. Borden. It was decided that the province would adopt the Stratford plan, that physical culture would be adopted and also military training, the latter being made optional with the school districts. The teachers are given four years in which to qualify.

Hon. Mr. Maxwell reached Fredericton this morning and received a hearty welcome from the members of the Legislature. Mr. and Mrs. S. Scott spent Sunday in the city, the guests of Chief Superintendent and Mrs. Carter.

FARMERS IN SESSION NOW

FREDERICTON, N. B., Feb. 21.—The thirty-fourth meeting of the Farmers' and Dairymen's Association of New Brunswick opened in the Church Hall this evening with a very large attendance of delegates representing nearly every agricultural society in the province. Addresses were delivered by the president, O. W. Westmore of Chatham, Mayor Chestnut, Hon. Dr. Landry, Chief Supt. Carter, vice-President Donovan, and Inspector Steeves.

President Westmore in his annual address urged the greater attention be given to dairying and to selection of seed grain, especially in the up-river section of the province. He also thought more care should be given to proper rotation of crops.

President Westmore in a brief speech cordially welcomed the delegates to the city. He spoke of the great importance of agriculture and the urgent need of better transportation facilities in order that it might be carried on with profit. In this connection he made reference to the Valley Railway project and confidentially predicted that it would soon be an accomplished fact.

Hon. Mr. Landry in a vigorous address spoke of the work his department was doing in aid of agriculture. He stated that twenty-seven new agricultural societies were organized during the year, and he hoped the work would continue until every farmer in the province was included in their membership. He hoped it would soon be possible to have an experimental farm in New Brunswick, and he knew of no place better adapted for one than the educational institutions and plenty of land available which could be secured without cost to the province. He approved of the work of the association, and had hoped of being able to obtain for it this year a small grant from provincial treasury.

Chief Supt. Carter, in an able and most interesting address dealt with the subject of agriculture in our public schools. He stated that the school gardens in connection with the project in that school. He thought there should also be an experimental farm and he agreed with Mr. Landry that Fredericton was a proper place for it. Referring to consolidated schools he thought progress was altogether too slow and he attributed it to the fact that the initial cost was greater than that of ordinary schools.

A few remarks by Vice-President Donovan, Inspector Steeves were called upon and spoke interestingly for half an hour.

Tomorrow the association will meet in the Arctic Rink, where Prof. Cumming of Truro will give demonstrations in judging of dairy and beef cattle.

FINISH FOR THE MELBOURNE CUP 1909.



Battered by the rates of half the world; smashed and tortured by racing seas; fouled and made sordid by the swift-growing vegetation of tropical ports; weary, unslightly, wheezy at heart, uncertain of helm, with strange lituases to the usually steadfast beat of her great propellers, the steamer has reached her home port at last, and is ready to go into her hospital—for in like the modern steamer have their own appointed casual wards, where, for a little while, they can lie up in comparative comfort, until the clamorings of an overgrown nation for food must be obeyed; and then, revived, clean and wholesome, the vessel must once more take up her burden where she laid it down, and speed forth to the uttermost parts of the earth in quest of that without which the overgrown nation dies.

There is nothing poetical, nothing artistic, and but little of the romantic about a modern dry dock—that great engineering work that has grown up for the needs of ships. Two centuries ago worthy mariners, their ships clogged with weed from the southern seas, drove their ships ashore on a shelving beach, waited until the tide ebbed, and then burnt off the accumulated growths with torches. But such methods, useful as they were, would move under the puffing escort of fussy tugs to her allotted place. She has no steam in her own boilers; for the rule is that no lights or fires may burn on a ship in dry dock. And, too, advantage is being taken of this time to clear out boilers, to rid them of the corroding salts that have settled, from the condensed water. So, was many a graceful vessel, the hull, passes for a while opposite the basin, passes for a while opposite the huge water-tight doors of the dock, passes many stout ropes ashore to convenient bollards on the dock sides; her winches fuss and hiss; the tugs attern bring that stern into line, and little by little that great fabric moves forward until she is surrounded on three sides by walls of stone. A whistle from the dock-master, who is carefully watching the line snap, and the only thing left to do is for her stern to be hoisted, the signal that shall call some hungry salvagers to her aid, to trail her (unconsciously) back to port. So the hull-shaft is examined and re-examined.

The rudder is unshipped, perhaps; for it has waxed loose in its gudgeons, and the action of putting the wheel over causes it to jar and shudder sickeningly. They smooth down the worn gudgeons, insert strips of toughened metal to take the play of the wheel, restore the mass of steel to its place with difficulty, run white metal wherever there is a niche.

While this engineering has been in progress, the scalers have had no rest. It has fallen dark, but great arc lights sizzle out everywhere; monstrous electric mushroom are carried down to the floor of the dock; the scapers are as light as day. The bottom plates must be inspected carefully now the growths are removed; perhaps they have worn thin; perhaps that doctored wreckage which has injured the propellers has blinded them badly. Out they must come. After a lapse of time new plates appear, are riveted in place—the ship is sound and whole again.

And the scalers and painters still work on. Fast as a section of the hull is cleared of barnacles come men armed with paint-brushes and great pots of non-fouling paint. This is plastered lavishly on the steel, to protect it against rust and also to save it from accumulating vegetation.

And at length, after some thirty-six hours of downright strenuous labor, the ship is herself again; convalescent, ready to face all that may come her way. The dock gates open, the ship glides forth, resplendent below the water, ready to steam at full speed through the biggest gales the world can snow, discharged from hospital as cured.

WORKING LIKE MADMEN.

There is still much work to be done by those on board, for as the water lowers, the breast ropes slacken, and there is always a chance of the ship swinging to one side or the other. Also, it is absolutely necessary that she should stand perfectly upright; and perhaps at the last minute—er engineers may be compelled to pump out one or more ballast tanks to effect this purpose. As the water subsides and the keel touches bottom, part of her hull that has previously been submerged for months comes into view; and as fast as can be men move about her in rough punts, armed with brooms and scrapers. These punts are hauled along the sides; and the brushes and scrapers work swiftly, cleansing the painted steel of barnacles and weeds that might lightening. The water drops so fast that men must work like madmen now—for what was a moment before almost under-water, becomes now an inaccessible spot, far above their heads.

A SIGHT THAT AWES.

Once the ship is settled on the blocks, it is necessary to shore her up securely; for without the water to keep her upright she might list to one side; and if that happened—well, considering the thickness of her plates, she would likely bludge herself severely on the dock sides. So a large gang of men move about the wharves, handling tremendous baulks of timber, which have ropes attached to one end. A heaving line is

A LINER IN HOSPITAL

Battered by the rates of half the world; smashed and tortured by racing seas; fouled and made sordid by the swift-growing vegetation of tropical ports; weary, unslightly, wheezy at heart, uncertain of helm, with strange lituases to the usually steadfast beat of her great propellers, the steamer has reached her home port at last, and is ready to go into her hospital—for in like the modern steamer have their own appointed casual wards, where, for a little while, they can lie up in comparative comfort, until the clamorings of an overgrown nation for food must be obeyed; and then, revived, clean and wholesome, the vessel must once more take up her burden where she laid it down, and speed forth to the uttermost parts of the earth in quest of that without which the overgrown nation dies.

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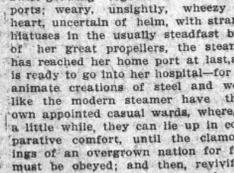
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EARLY SPRING STREET GOWNS



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GERALD FAIRWEATHER.

HAMPTON, N. B., Feb. 21.—Gerald Fairweather, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fairweather, died at his home in Lower Norton this morning of pneumonia. He was 25½ years of age. His illness lasted less than two weeks. He leaves besides his parents, one brother, Herbert, at school, and two sisters, Miss Kathie, at home, and Miss Maitie, who is teaching school up the line.

His death and that of Ronald Esley, both of whom promised much for the social and public life of the community has cast a gloom of sorrow over the people in this vicinity. The families so sorely bereaved are receiving deep

SUSSEX, N. B., Feb. 19.—Mr. C. W. McDougall, dairy superintendent, returned from Truro last week. Mr. McDougall is the dairy instructor and lecturer at the regular and short course sessions of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College. He will go to Fredericton on Monday to attend the Farmers' and Dairymen's Association.

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KENDALI'S SPAIN CURE

TOOK OFF BOG SPAVIN

From the Illustrated Sporting News

Walk over her keel and marvel at the roughness. Huge clusters of barnacles hang over her bows; streaks of yellow things, soft as anamones in one place, hard as mussel shells in others; tangles of weed that have grown to the hull like limpets whilst it has lain idle in those tropical harbors; great gouts of rust which trickle redly as if the vessel's life-blood were slowly oozing out; and everywhere a dank, chill scent of the underdecks.

They are erecting a complicated scaffolding art, in the way of the engineers. Expert engineers are gathered here anxiously awaiting the completion of the task; for the chief has reported that the propellers have not run true; there have been bumps and jolts; and as the water lowered we saw that one blade of the starboard propeller was snapped off clean, whilst another blade on the port screw was twisted into a laughable contortion.

"We mean he struck wreckage, I doot," says the chief engineer, and passes the word for the tackles to be lowered to the ring-bolts at the stern provided for just this purpose. A stout chain-fall is lowered, the blocks are hooked to the ring-bolts; a hook is lashed to the propeller, a steady strain put on the gear; up the scaffolding climb grimy men armed with sledge-hammers and wrenches; they throw themselves upon the propellers like maniacs.

Eventually the great screw swings free and is lowered to the bottom of the dock. Here it is seriously surveyed; the apparently sound blades are carefully examined for any defects, tapped all over that the ring of the metal may tell of its condition; fresh blades are conveyed down into the dock; after a careful cleaning of the screw the new members are mounted. Once let that piece of shining steel snap, and the only thing left to do is for the ship to hoist the signal that shall call some hungry salvagers to her aid, to trail her (unconsciously) back to port. So the hull-shaft is examined and re-examined.

The rudder is unshipped, perhaps; for it has waxed loose in its gudgeons, and the action of putting the wheel over causes it to jar and shudder sickeningly. They smooth down the worn gudgeons, insert strips of toughened metal to take the play of the wheel, restore the mass of steel to its place with difficulty, run white metal wherever there is a niche.

While this engineering has been in progress, the scalers have had no rest. It has fallen dark, but great arc lights sizzle out everywhere; monstrous electric mushroom are carried down to the floor of the dock; the scapers are as light as day. The bottom plates must be inspected carefully now the growths are removed; perhaps they have worn thin; perhaps that doctored wreckage which has injured the propellers has blinded them badly. Out they must come. After a lapse of time new plates appear, are riveted in place—the ship is sound and whole again.

And the scalers and painters still work on. Fast as a section of the hull is cleared of barnacles come men armed with paint-brushes and great pots of non-fouling paint. This is plastered lavishly on the steel, to protect it against rust and also to save it from accumulating vegetation.

And at length, after some thirty-six hours of downright strenuous labor, the ship is herself again; convalescent, ready to face all that may come her way. The dock gates open, the ship glides forth, resplendent below the water, ready to steam at full speed through the biggest gales the