

POOR DOCUMENT

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SIX

THE STAR ST. JOHN N. B., TUESDAY, JANUARY 5 1909

FOOD FOR REFLECTION

By GEORGE WETHERILL EARL, JR.

Of course you know Mrs. Jack Kent—Mazie Masters that was? Well Mazie and I had a little affair of the heart. No, I am not signing the wound is healed. As for Mazie—well, Mazie is Mrs. Kent. Heart wounds frequently heal without the long-ribbed, ever-pulsating scar. Ask Mazie.

Before I left the transport City of Peking with my company—"K"—of the 6th Volunteer—tramp through the wilds of Luzon in chase of the wily Filipino. I carefully tied up Mazie's letters—dear, sweet letters they were, too—together with sundry party-worn gloves, delicately violet-scented handkerchiefs, half-pine, and other trifles too numerous to mention, wrapped them in oilskin, sealed surreptitiously in the ship's commissary office with government sealing-wax, and placed them in a fat emergency ration tin, the contents of which I had hastily reviewed; after which I secreted the tin in the depths of my haversack. If you have never had the experience of carrying a heavy ration-laden haversack suspended by your shoulder in tropical climate, you cannot know the agony caused by the aforementioned straps as it burnt and ate into sensitive flesh. Tempted to throw it away, you ask? Often—the men in my company to a man, relieved themselves of these heart-breaking burdens when the five days' rations they contained became exhausted. But poor me! there was the treasure trove in down in the depths of my haversack. . . . Yes, I suppose I should have worn those letters next to my heart, but the package was too bulky.

At night, when our tired and often hungry outfit bivouacked, awaited the dawn coming of dawn, I would take the tin from its hiding-place and fondle it.

"Why don't you open up that emergency ration and have a whack at it?" I frequently was asked.

"Too precious!" was my invariable rejoinder.

We followed the blivine native army along the killing sandy shore-line of Laguna de Bay, through the moles of Cavite, until six months of fruitless hiking brought our outfit north again to Bacoor, within easy reach of Manila and home mail.

My heart almost stopped beating while the mail was distributed, and the waiting bunch of officers and company mail orders in the adjutant's office. The first letter—handed to me was Mazie's inimitable, initiative English handwriting—postmarked three months back. Then came numerous letters and magazines, and letters from my immediate family, and last of all another letter from Mazie, with a postmark of six months old. "Can she be ill?" was my thought as I quickly hid myself in the native shack which had been assigned to me as quarters.

I opened the later dated letter. It contained but a few lines. Our engagement had been a mistake. Mazie had met Jack Kent. . . . They were made for each other. . . . What should she do with my ring? My letter—she always would keep. She had asked Jack's advice. "Tossure them up," he had told her. "They are precious!"

Hot under the collar? Pshaw! don't mention it! I'd have those letters back and return her with a dignified and cool reply. My fountain-pen felt sailed over the white paper with sputter and scratch. In this the moment of inspiration I was interrupted—a knock at my closed little-like door.

"Come in!" An orderly entered. And he handed me an order directing company commissary to the commissary, and one day's emergency rations, as the regiment was to change station.

When the proper ration returns were prepared and signed, and the substitutes drawn from the commissary, I went back to my shack and the unfinished letter, and scribbled away for dear life—time was now a precious commodity. I was adding my signature when a knock again interrupted me. My quarter-master sergeant entered burdened with my food for the next two or perhaps three days.

"Thank you, sergeant," I said to him, when he suggested that he pack my haversack.

Do you know, I read and reread that letter in the lighted interior of my shack until my eyes ached; then folded, sealed, and addressed it. "Lord!" I exclaimed, "I've forgot her letters!" and went to the peg where the sergeant had hung my stuffed haversack, reached into its depths and drew out the tin. Do you know,

I foolishly kissed that yellow painted thing several times before I realized what I was doing, and, with tear-filled eyes, carefully wrapped it together with my letter, placed the proper address on the package, then walked over to the adjutant's office, dropped it, with a huge sigh, into the waiting mail-pouch, and immediately proceeded to prepare my company for its two or three days' hike.

That change of station will ever be a nightmare to me. In more senses than one. It should have been accomplished in two days easy going, but unreliable guides, broken bridges, and many untoward obstacles placed on the trail by the cunning insurgents, delayed our advance. At the end of the second day out we had hardly covered two-thirds of the distance.

The men across grumbling on the morning of the third day, and suddenly went forward in a disciplined manner. When the sun had dropped below the western horizon, we were still some miles from our destination. The men threw their tired and hungry bodies along the trail-side and murmured in their discontent.

I built a small fire, put my half-filled tin cup among its embers in anticipation of a cup of emergency tea, and reached into my haversack for this much coveted article when an orderly interrupted me.

"Adjutant's compliments, sir. Commanding officer directs the march be delayed—our new station—at last. The men soon ceased their grumbling; rations in plenty were supplied. That night I occupied the well-equipped native house of an irreconcilable insurgent.

Time fairly flew. Our new station was in a long since pacified locality, and we lived in much comfort as we kept in keeping with the obtaining conditions. Some two months later I received the announcement of Mazie's marriage, and in the same mail a letter addressed in her characteristic cursive.

She had received my letter, and would consider them as a wedding gift—particularly as my letter was so touching. She had read it to Jack. "Do you know, poor Jack had tears in his eyes before I had finished. He said: 'Mazie, that fellow's heart is in the right place.'"

Wasn't that a pretty kettle of fish—adding insult to injury. But I slightly appeared. There was a postscript:

The tin of letters I will hold secretly sacred. I promise Jack shall not see them until I am an old, old woman, and then only to prove to him, if necessary, that he wasn't the only pebble.

I formally congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Kent in the very next mail, and then—forgot it.

A year had taken wings to itself when I received another letter from Mazie. She had a son. This is what she wrote: "He shall be a soldier in emulation of your splendid achievements in the Philippines."

Hot stuff, wasn't it? I guess it meant a silver cup or pap spoon. But they had grabbed the wrong porcine individual by the ear. It did. That soldier-intended son took his pap from a pebbled glass, china, or pewter, so far as I was concerned.

By the time another year had almost winged towards eternity I had returned from the Philippines and been mustered out of the volunteer service.

I was busily engaged at my old desk in my father's counting-house, when I decided, through military channels, with many official endorsements, a communication from the Chief Commissary of Subsistence, United States Army.

The last endorsement read:

"Sir: I am directed by the Military Secretary to forward you the inclosed Emergency Ration Tin and contents found among the commissary supplies turned in to the Commissary of Subsistence, Department of the Philippines, to be credited to your Company. You are indebted to the United States Government in the sum of thirty-one

(31) cents for one Emergency Ration issue authorized.

When I removed the cover the tin fell from my hand. My ejaculations brought several of my fellow clerks to my side. We all stood gazing in surprise at an assortment of letters, gloves, filmy handkerchiefs, and hairpins spread upon the floor in painful confusion. A slight odor of long confined violet perfume scented the air.

PITTSBURG GRAFTERS

INDICTED YESTERDAY

PITTSBURG, Jan. 4.—The seven countines accused of accepting bribes and conspiring to secure bribes and the two former bankers accused of giving bribes, all of whom were arrested two weeks ago tonight upon complaint of the Voters' League, were indicted today by a grand jury.

MAJORITY REDUCED

TORONTO, Jan. 4.—The official count on the license reduction by-law made by the city clerk today reduces the majority in favor of reduction from 1,192 to 846.

Piles Quickly

Cured at Home

Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Trial Package Mailed Free To All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go at it right. An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of the great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

Insist on having what you call for. If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying. Just send your name and address to Pyramid Pile Cure, 22 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No doctor and his torture. All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

WILL NOT BE REFERRED

TO THE RECORDER

That the recorder will not be allowed to judge whether or not the local option plebiscite may be held simultaneously with the civic election or not is now generally conceded by those who have to do with the administration of affairs at City Hall.

For some time it has been known that the Common Council in an effort side track the issue existing between the liquor and temperance parties of the city will attempt to saddle the recorder with the responsibility of deciding the "legality" of the matter.

This is to be frustrated in the advertisement of a protest involving Mr. Skinner's power is now regarded as most likely. The recorder, it is claimed, is prejudiced to the extent of his having interested a number of suits in the interests of the liquor men and that in the event of his failing to his lot to decide the legality of conducting the plebiscite in connection with the civic elections his sympathies would be with his present clients.

His worship the mayor has now in course of preparation a resolution providing for the holding of the plebiscite. The dates are being left blank to be filled in at the next meeting of the Common Council.

In the event of the city fathers failing to agree and the protests being sustained in the matter of the recorder's incompetency to act it is understood that the question will be referred to the attorney general.

FIRE RAGES

ON STEAMER

LONDON CITY

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Jan. 4.—After fighting fire for five days and battling against the turbulent seas for five days, the crew of the Purmoss line steamer London City were exhausted when the ship docked at this port today. Two of the crew were injured during the voyage.

The London City sailed from Liverpool December 18 for St. John's and Halifax, N. S. For several days she was unable to make much headway because of a heavy gale.

During the roughest part of the trip a quantity of phosphorus stored in cases on the poop deck caught fire. The crew fought the flames for five days. After a stubborn battle the fire was subdued, but not before considerable damage had been done.

The steamer Horn, nineteen days out from Bilbao, Spain, for Sydney, put in here today short of coal. She expects terrible weather during the greater part of the trip.

CHATHAM MAY

ELECT MAYOR

FOR 2 YEARS

CHATHAM, Jan. 4.—At the regular meeting of the Council held here tonight Alderman Neale gave notice of a motion to make the term of alderman and mayor two years. The idea is to have four aldermen elected each year for two years, thus having an election each year but sending the candidate in for a double term. It is proposed to have the mayor elected every two years. There was some discussion upon the matter, but notice of the motion was only given and the question will be heard at the next meeting.

The Council also accepted the resignation of William Johnson as town treasurer. Mr. Johnson has held the office for a good many years and is going west to reside. His resignation will take effect on February 1 and application for the position will be received until January 22.

While going to Tracadie from one of the lumber camps, Thomas Nalest, fell dead today. Deceased has been 84 and was after professional services.

NO WINTER NAVIGATION

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

MONTREAL, Jan. 4.—There will be no attempt made this season to have winter navigation to Seven Islands, 220 miles below Quebec. The steamer Kristina, which was expected to come from a British port to Clarke City to load pulp wood, got as far as Sydney, N. S., and then the owners changed their minds and would not risk the voyage up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This vessel, after filling up her bunkers at Sydney, received orders to go to Baltimore, Md., to load coal. The great danger on the St. Lawrence at this season of the year is not the ice or the gales, but the impossibility of getting into communication with the land owing to all the signal stations being closed for the winter. If the vessel got into trouble she would have to remain there all the winter without the land authorities knowing the least thing about it.

Edward Girouard, Laristier, returned today from St. Marys, Kent County, where he was attending on Saturday the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Girouard, who was seventy-five years of age. Deceased lived all her life in St. Marys, having been born there. Three sons and two daughters survive.

At a meeting of aldermen and city council held last night, a majority nominated Mayor Purdy for mayor for the coming year. Ald. A. H. Jones and E. A. Kelly for aldermen-at-large, and Ald. W. D. Martin and J. H. Crandall for ward aldermen.

Nearly ten thousand pounds of the explosive went off at once, tearing a great hole in the ground. No one was hurt so far as can be learned. Wrecked in buildings five and ten miles away were shattered by the explosion, chimneys were shaken down and the immediate vicinity waste of debris were cracked by the terrific force.

PHILADELPHIA FELT

AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 4.—Residents of the city and surrounding territory were considerably aroused today by what appeared to be a series of well-defined earthquake tremors, followed by a heavy explosion of dynamite in Montgomery County.

The earth tremors, which seem to bear out the contention of scientists that shocks would be felt in this country after the Sicilian earthquake, were felt at 2:32 and 4:22 o'clock this afternoon. Both were recorded on the seismographs at Swarthmore College, near here, and according to Professor John A. Miller, were of brief duration.

Before those who felt the earth's tremblings were through talking about them, at 5:30 o'clock, there was an explosion of fifty cases of dynamite in the magazine of the Keystone Quarry Company, not far from Morrisville.

Nearly ten thousand pounds of the explosive went off at once, tearing a great hole in the ground. No one was hurt so far as can be learned. Wrecked in buildings five and ten miles away were shattered by the explosion, chimneys were shaken down and the immediate vicinity waste of debris were cracked by the terrific force.

PITCHED BATTLE ON FRONTIER

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 4.—Advises just received from Mesa Grand, forty miles from here, tell of a pitched battle thirty miles from the border, between a gang of cattle "rustlers" and members of a vigilance committee. Two Mexicans, an Indian and a white man, all members of the band, were shot and killed and one vigilante was seriously wounded.

SUBSTANTIAL APPETITE.

"Come, lead a butterfly life with me," He whispered beneath the covers. "No thanks," the practical girl replied. "I eat beefsteak, not flowers."

DETROIT TRIBUNE.

PETITION NOW TO

RELEASE PHILLIPS

TORONTO, Jan. 4.—A petition for the release of Joseph E. Phillips, former president of the York County Loan and Savings Company, is being circulated around the city. The grounds on which the prisoner's release is asked are that the York County Loan Company's affairs are tumbled down and better than was at first thought they would do. It is also urged that Phillips has been punished enough.

LAKE SUPERIOR COAL DISCOVERY

PORT ARTHUR, Jan. 4.—Considerable interest is being manifested in the discovery of coal near Rosport, on the north shore of Lake Superior, east of here. Men engaged in blasting for the C. P. R. water line to supply the tank uncovered a good looking seam. A number of mining men have gone to stake out the claims and McCormick of Sudbury has already commenced sinking a shaft.

A KNOCK.

Polly—How do you like my bathing suit? Dolly—It must have been perfectly sweet before you outgrew it.—Cleveland Leader.

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ASEPTO has been analyzed by eminent physicians and found to be all we claim for it.

The Assepto Mfg. Co., St. John, N.B.

MIKADO BUYS A MINE

Japan Gets Control of Antimony Deposit in Alaska

Largest Mine of Its Kind in America—Pioneer Sold It for \$100,000—Work Will Begin in Spring.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The Mikado of Japan has purchased for \$100,000 from Joe Silcock, Alaskan pioneer, the largest antimony mine in America, from which the Japanese government will take tons of minerals containing valuable ingredients for smokeless powder and metals which will make the steel hulls of Nippon battleships proof against barnacles.

A deal was closed here through agents of the Japanese government, who paid over to Silcock \$100,000 in cash and signed an agreement to pay the remaining \$80,000 within twenty days. Silcock arrived here four days ago and was met by the Japanese agents who have received reports of an assay of ore taken secretly from the mine in September. Japanese experts have made a complete investigation, not only of this mine, but of nearly every important property in Alaska, during the last six months.

Silcock was surprised when the offer was made to him, and he accepted immediately. He stated the claim, and the \$100,000 is practically cash profit.

As no mining operations are possible in Alaska in the winter time no work can be done in exploitation of the mine until next season. It is understood, however, that by next spring all the preparations will have been completed to throw a large force of Japanese laborers into the property to open the mines under the direction of Japanese engineers. Ore will be transferred to well-defined vessels on the coast and carried across the Pacific to furnish Japanese factories with the materials for strengthening the naval efficiency of that nation.

ACCUSES HUSBAND

OF POISONING HER

Six Children Died Strangely and Another Is Dying Similarly Is Wife's Charge.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 4.—Accusing her husband of having attempted to poison her with strychnine, Mrs. Lillie Fitchner, fifty years old, of No. 503 Winton street, appeared before Magistrate Hughes this morning and told of the sorrow she had endured for the last ten years.

"Six of the children have died during this time," she said, "and the last one, Charles, my eldest son, is dying at home. I am afraid. The disease with which he is suffering 'has the same symptoms that killed my other children."

Pallid and shaking from her own struggle with death, she said her husband gave her poison in a glass of water yesterday noon, and within a few hours she was in an almost dying condition. Mrs. Quinn, a neighbor, hastily summoned a physician, and later Mrs. Fitchner, at his advice, swore out a warrant against her husband.

"My husband is a night watchman laborer on Front street and on Washington Avenue," she said, "but he does not always work. Every time one of the children has died he has taken all the insurance money and then refused to work until the money was gone."

Mr. Fitchner, who is sixty years old and speaks but little English, declared his innocence, and said all his children have died from consumption.

A year ago, while living at Oakland, Camden county, Mrs. Fitchner swore out a warrant against her husband, charging him with poisoning their daughter Barbara, seventeen years old, but she later withdrew the charge.

Fitchner was held without bail for a further hearing Thursday morning, after an investigation has been made by special officers Tienan and McCullough.

The sons and daughters of the Fitchners, all of whom died after short illnesses, were George, twenty years old, who died ten years ago, and Fred, his twin, who died three years later. Then Annie, seventeen, died, followed by Minnie, twenty-one, a year later; Maggie, eighteen, and Barbara, seventeen, died a year ago. Charles is now at the point of death, and his malady will be investigated by physicians today.

Both Charles and Mrs. Fitchner carry heavy insurance.

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