

POOR DOCUMENT NOV 23 4

ST. JOHN STAR, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1905

**Blauds' Improved
IRON PILLS.**
The Best Tonic to resist the cold
and change of season.
25c per 100

AT THE
Royal Pharmacy
KING ST.

WATCHES \$4.25
NICE HANDY MODEL.
GUARANTEED AMERICAN
MOVEMENT. FINE CASE.

I have bought a special
bargain lot of these reliable
little American timekeepers,
and will dispose of them
at once at one \$4.25
sweeping figure.

MEN'S SIZE—OPEN FACE
The best Watch in St. John
for the money.

**A. POYAS, JEWELLER,
WATCHMAKER.**
545 MAIN ST., NEAR FORT HOWE.

A Health-Promoter.

For general and table use,
Sussex

Mineral

Water

will be found unequalled.

A delicious, sparkling beverage.

Special prices in case lots.

W. J. McMillin

Druggist, 625 Main St.

Phone 980.

Sole Agent for St. John.

FREE BABY DAY!

To show our success in Children's

Portraits WEDNESDAY, 15th Nov.

Every Baby Photographed and given

ONE CABINET PORTRAIT ENTIRELY

FREE OF CHARGE.

ALL BABIES WELCOME.

LUCRIN PHOTO STUDIO,

38 Charlotte St.

GOOD BREAD

Bakers are seeking for "ROB-

INSON'S SPECIAL."

See stamp R.S. on every loaf

ROBINSON'S,

Phone 1161, 173 Union St.

CIVIL SERVICE RULES

In Our Restaurant.

Our waiters are trained to be civil,

quick and attentive to our guests.

Everything is scrupulously clean,

everything as comfortable as we can

make it.

THE ORIENTAL CAFE,

19 Charlotte St.

LAUNDRIES.

Chinese Laundry!

KWONG LING, 8 Portland Street.

Goods called for and delivered. But-

tons sewed on free.

1 shirt laundered \$c. 2 collars lau-

dered \$c.

HAM LEE,

61 WATERLOO ST., CORNER PADDOCK ST.

First-class Head Laundry Work

ironed stiff or soft as ordered.

Goods collected and delivered.

I don't wear out your

clothes.

W. SAM WAH,

159 MILL STREET

CHEST PROTECTORS

Better buy one now. It may pay for

itself many times over in preventing a

bad cold.

GEO. E. PRICE, Druggist.

127 Queen street. Phone 671.

302 Union street. Phone 1459.

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOV. 17, 1905.

HEARST'S PROTEST BLOCKED.

According to the election law under

which the New York contest was held,

as interpreted by a decision of the

Court of Appeals, recently resurrected

and indisputable, there is no power in

the land to authorize a re-opening of

the ballot boxes and a re-count of the

votes no matter what frauds are sus-

pected. In the face of Hearst's deter-

mination to prove that thousands of il-

legal votes were cast and that in addi-

tion gross frauds in the form of ballot

box stuffing were perpetrated stands

the decision of the highest court that

Article section 111 (of the Election

Law) authorizes the court to open the

ballot boxes and permit their contents

to be examined, it does not confer the

power to direct a recount; therefore, a

mandamus will not lie to compel it.

As the Brooklyn Eagle expresses it:

"The count has been made. It has been

made according to law. Law requires

that it be made by the representatives

of the two great parties recognized by

law and in the presence of watchers

and witnesses of all parties. That was

done. The count is done. What the

Board of Aldermen as a Board of Can-

vassers cannot do, and by law are not

permitted to do, under any circum-

stances. If George B. McClellan and

William B. Hearst should mutually

agree that the ballot boxes should be

opened and a re-count of the votes

should be made, under the supervision

of eminent citizens, representing each

of the candidates, and agree to both,

that would not be of any legal avail

whatever. It could not be done. The

court would sanction no such arrange-

ment, for it is beyond the law and

against the law."

Apparently this destroys Mr. Hearst's

chances to reach the office which he

claims and which there is reason to be-

lieve is justly his. If it does and if

there is no return it will be bad for

the law, bad for all law. For this de-

cision, while it may be legal, is obviously

unjust and Hearst is not the man to

hesitate to proclaim that injustice, re-

gardless of the effect upon the ignorant

masses who form the bulk of his party,

the increase of whose disrespect for law

will make for anarchy.

FIGURES VS. FACTS.

The Star publishes elsewhere a state-

ment prepared by the St. John Railway

Company, intended to prove that the

official estimate of the cost to the city

of the North End lights is incorrect.

Instead of about \$75 per lamp per year

this statement purports to show that

the cost per lamp has averaged about

\$100 for the past ten years and amount-

ed to \$88.66 last year.

These results are obtained by adding

to the operating expenses interest at

the rate of five per cent. per annum on

of \$24,653. And it is especially encour-

aging that this surplus was made pos-

sible not so much by increased income

for the month as by decreased expenses.

The earnings of the road during Sep-

tember were only \$12,523 more than Aug-

ust, while the reduction in working ex-

penses as compared with the previous

month amounted to \$84,849. If at the

very beginning of the long delayed re-

forms such a remarkable saving can be

accomplished there is ground for hope

that Mr. Emmerson continues his

career of retrenchment and refuses to

allow the road to be used as a section

of the party machine he may succeed,

as he believes he can, in putting it on

a paying basis. There is enough in the

history of the I. C. R. to prove that all

it needs is business management, un-

hindered by the spoils system, to

make it good investment.

THE MAPLE.

(Charles G. D. Roberts.)

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland

glooms,

And murmur away the beeches:

Breathe delicately the willow blooms.

And the pines rehearse new speeches;

The elms rise high, till they brush the

sky,

Pale catkins the yellow birch

laurels—

But the tree I love, all the greenwood

above,

Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in

spring,

Or the late-leaved linden in summer;

There's a word may be for the locust-
tree.

That delicate, strange new-come;

And the maple it glows, with the tint

of the rose.

When pale are the spring-time

regions,

And its towers of flame from afar

proclaim—

The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was

made

Than its summer canopy sifted;

And many a day, as beneath it I lay,

Has my memory backward drifted

To a pleasant lane I may walk not

again.

Leading over a fresh green hill,

Where a maple stood, just clear of the

wood—

And, oh, to be near it still!

MISSED HIS WIFE

BUT KILLED HIMSELF.

Woman Fainted in Time to Save Her

Life, and Husband Thinking He Had

Killed Her, Suicided.

ST. APOLINE, Que., Nov. 16.—Believ-

ing that he had murdered his wife,

Alexander Labrie, one of the best

known farmers in this district, com-

mitted suicide by shooting himself in

a shed at his home here this morning.

A difference of opinion on some do-

monestic matters between Labrie and

his wife resulted in a serious quarrel

between the two. In a fit of blind

rage Labrie snatched up a loaded shot

gun which was standing in a corner

of the kitchen and aiming it at his

LABOR TALKS.

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY MAN AND

THE PROGRESSOR.

Martin—No we don't want the im-

possible. There are several States in

the union with an eight hour day and

why can't we have it? Look at my job

in the gas works here in St. John. I

work twelve hours a day. When you

folks are having your bright lights up

to 12 o'clock I am here shovelling and

I keep at it all night. All I get is \$1.70

a day.

Prof.—Well that is nearly fifteen

cents an hour. Some people work in

this city for 24 cents per hour. But

Martin you don't work twelve hours

steadily. After you feed the retorts

don't you lie down an hour?

Martin—Lie down? Where? On the

coal on the floor, in the dust, smoke

and gas smell? Come in and watch us

some night. No wonder some of us get

drunk. If you had your mouth and

throat full of coal dust and smoke for

twelve hours every day, you would

want a drink pretty often.

Prof.—Then there are only two gangs

and they divide the 24 hours. The com-

pany afford to give you three gangs,

working eight hours each. I wonder

how many gas stockholders know that

you work twelve hours a day. Martin,

we pay dearly for our civilization.

There are a few masters with loaded

whips and there are thousands of liv-

ing machines. Still the hours of labor

are less than they were fifty years ago.

Martin—So they should be, for look

at the work. The shoe maker used to

take pleasure in his work. "That is a

neat job of boots" he would say, as he

put the boots on the shelf. "All done

by myself." Now there is no pride in

the work. Four or five persons work

at different machines to make the one

boot. With all his mind watching the

machine he works all day, nine hours.

At last he becomes a machine.

Prof.—Yes, Martin, inventions are

destroying the thinking man. They are

turning him into an automaton. When

I see all the nervous energy of a 17

year old girl centred on a rapid ma-

chine under an eight hour day complete

of a hundred years ago. That is a good

section in the Fabian League platform.

under an eight hour day complete with

foundries and other great industries

shall decrease as the advance in inven-

tion increases production capacity.

Martin—Yes, we want an eight hour

day act.

Prof.—Not for New Brunswick. It

would not be wise to adopt eight hours

here and let Quebec and Ontario keep

on with nine and ten. In all fairness

to capital here you should force Que-

bec to have the same law. How could

cotton or brush factories in St. John

under an eight hour day compete with

Quebec's ten hour day? Do you belong

to any union?

Martin—No.

Prof.—Your talk is not worth much

then. Look at the doctors. They have

unions and fix their rates. Why the hard

ware men in these provinces have their

JEWELRY

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.