

If you read this advertisement, others will read yours in the St. John STAR. Ask for the advertising man.

## FAIRALL'S BIG SALE

Another Bargain Reduction in Prices This Week.

We are getting rid of our stock very rapidly and are continually reducing prices to do so. Another big cut was made this week:

**DRESS GOODS**—These have been put down to a very low figure. An excellent opportunity is afforded those who are thinking of new dresses.

**GLOVES**—Long Silk Evening Gloves, best quality, are selling for 25 cents a pair. Cashmere Gloves, two pairs for 17 cents. All other lines in proportion.

**HOSIERY**—Hosiery of all descriptions we are selling at less than cost. Men's and Children's Cotton Hose we will sell this week for five cents a pair.

**VELVETEENS**—A few colors left behind which we will sell at 20 cents a yard to clear at once.

We have decided to close the store in the evenings, so all seeking bargains must come before 7 p. m.

## W. H. FAIRALL,

17 Charlotte Street.

N. B.—All Shop Fixtures, including Stoves, etc., a fine Hall's Combination Safe, Show Cases and Counters, will be sold cheap. Boiler and Engine for sale at a bargain.

### SOUTH AFRICA.

#### FROM MAJOR ROSS.

OTTAWA, March 5.—Frank Newby, of the inland revenue department, has received the following letter from Major Charles Ross, commanding the Canadian Scouts in South Africa, and dated Jan. 24th, Pretoria, 1902:

I have been operating for the last month with General Remington in the Orange River Colony, and a very hot place it is, too, for the Boers there are scrappers from the word go. On the 9th and 10th of the month I had a fight and had two white men killed and one native scout, also five white men and one native wounded. The Boers had 46 casualties. Not so bad. Leonard Evans, an old Lethbridge, N. W. T., man of mine, was shot through the heart. I also had another man shot through the forehead, and he lost about three teaspoonfuls of brain, and yet is going to get over it all right—the doctors say.

I have about 50 officers and 520 men, 2 pom-poms, 6 coil machine guns and a pack train of 30 mules, and they are all as good as there is in South Africa. Forty-five Canadians came out here last week and joined our scouts. Some of them were of Col. Otter's men, of the first contingent, and others of the C. M. R., and some were of my old scouts who had gone home, but returned again. I expect to start tomorrow for Harmerth and move on from there.

My many friends in Pretoria had it that I was killed, and so were rather surprised to see me turn up again. I did have a very close call when crossing a flat to get the cover of some Kafir huts. My horse stepped into a hole and fell on me, and he could not get up, nor could I get my leg from under him, and the Boers were not 800 yards away shooting at me as hard as they could. Lieut. Lee, one of my officers, came to my rescue and got me from under my horse. A bullet grazed his shoulder while helping. My horse was hit also. It was very plucky of him to come to me under such a heavy fire. I mentioned him to the general for the D. S. O.

I got your (Canadian) flag all o. k., and the large one is always flying in my camp on the trek—never for the Boers, for the Boers will never be able to take it. I think that it is the first one that they have ever seen. We are having lots of rain here, and quite cold rain, too.

**MANITOBA IN HOT FIGHT.**  
OTTAWA, March 5.—W. A. Colson, writing from Klerksdorp, Transvaal, under date of January 18:

The Manitoba contingent of the S.

A. C. came in contact with the enemy, about two weeks ago, at a place called Witpoortje, a farm situated about midway between Fredericksdorp and Ventersdorp. They suffered quite heavily, the returns being three Canadians killed and five wounded, including Capt. McCloud, slightly. The Boer losses, 19 killed, number of wounded unknown. I cannot get our loss, as I have simply seen heliograph reports, no names being included.

This is the troop formerly commanded by Capt. "Billy" Lawless. He left Krugersdorp to take over his command in the Scottish Horse about a month ago. I had a short conversation with him at that time. Apparently his relations with headquarters here were anything but pleasant. However, he was greatly liked by his men for his fighting qualities.

#### NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Word comes from London by way of the newspapers of a new cure for consumption—the use of high-tension electric currents, 80,000 volts or so. The matter is exploited in the usual fashion. To encourage the reader's imagination, he is treated to graphic comparisons of the "awe-inspiring force" of 80,000 volts. It takes but 500 to run an electric locomotive or a trolley-car. Only 1,500 volts are used in the electrocutions. The inference is that the force of 80,000 must be dreadful. It is not. One of Tesla's really solid contributions to scientific progress in this field was to produce currents of enormous tension and great frequency of alternation, and to show that these are harmless as they pass through the body. A man may allow Tesla currents, as they are called all the world over, amounting to hundreds of thousands and even millions of volts, to flow through him and hardly be aware of the fact. Indeed, where a shock from a thousand volts may be fatal if the quantity be sufficient, of a million one may be unconscious. Above a moderate "tension" the current becomes less and less painful and dangerous, the higher the voltage, until with the electric-magnetic currents of incredible frequency, which we call light, they may act upon even so sensitive a surface as the eye without harm.

## SPORTING NEWS.

### CURLING.

New Comers' Match at the Thistle Rink.

The new comers of the Thistle curling rink will play this afternoon and evening.

Rink No. 1. Rink No. 2.

James Gregory, Dr. A. A. Lewis, Harry Shaw, W. I. Fenton, J. Roy Thomson, Frank Watson, skip, F. D. Miles, skip.

C. Atkinson, J. E. Wilson, G. C. Jordan, R. E. Smith, G. S. Burpee, T. H. Byles, G. S. Bishop, skip, G. W. Palmer, skip.

H. I. Smith, F. A. Jones, F. R. McDonald, A. G. Harding, J. A. Dawson, H. N. Sharp, H. G. Barnes, skip, A. L. Stevens, skip.

P. McMichael, J. T. Knight, R. Frith, A. M. Rowan, A. E. Wilson, Chas. Damsy, H. M. McInnis, skip, R. T. Orchard, skip.

Rinks Nos. 1 and 2 play in the afternoon and Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 at night.

### ATHLETIC.

The Y. M. C. A. Sports.

At a meeting of the physical culture committee held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms last evening it was decided to hold a physical and athletic meet some time in April. There will be at least seven open events, and valuable medals will be given as first and second prizes. An entrance fee of 25c. will be charged for the use of the gym during the meet.

The indoor pentathlon will be held this evening at the gym at 8 o'clock. It will consist of high jump, fence vault, dip, pull up and broad jump.

### JUNIOR HOCKEY.

Ice permitting, the Trinity and High School teams will cross sticks in the church and school league series on Friday night.

### THE RING.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 7.—Tommy Ryan last night posted a forfeit of \$500 to meet Jack O'Brien, the middleweight champion of England before the Southern Athletic club for the middleweight championship of the world. Ryan stated that he would accommodate O'Brien with any kind of a side bet from \$2,000 to \$5,000.

### NOTES.

There is talk of bringing Frank Chiles and Joe Walcott together this month, provided a suitable club can be found to offer a reasonable purse.

Robert Tracey, the latter's manager runs the club, and acted as referee.

"Young Corbett" is reported to have invested \$2,000 in an oil company out in Colorado. When next he hears of him he will be the proprietor of a big hotel.

Hanlon has lost another "comer." George Mullin, with Port Wayne last year, and who was expected to develop into a fine Brooklyn box artist the coming season, has sent Frank Burton his measurements for a Detroit uniform.

"One of the greatest faults of the young catcher of today working their pitchers too fast," says Catcher Robinson. "They catch the ball he has thrown and fire it back to him even before he recovers from the throw."

There is quite a bunch of baseball players "bolting out" at Hot Springs. Among the number already there or about to go are: Clarke Griffith, Jimmy Callahan, T. O'Connell, Herman Long, Jimmy McAllister, Jack Powell, Dick Padden, Wallace Hendrick, Tracey, "Kid" Gleason, "Ducky" Holmes, Eddie McGee, "Big Ed," Delahanty, Harry Davis, George Davis, Sam Strang, and a dozen other well known players.

## COMMERCIAL.

### DAILY QUOTATIONS.

Furnished by W. J. Barker, Banker and Broker, Palmer's Building.

March 7, 1902.

Names of Stock. Close. Yesterday. Today.

Amalgam Copper. 69 1/2. 69 1/2. 68 1/2. 69.

Amer. Cotton Oil. 39 1/2. 39 1/2. 40 1/2. 41 1/2.

Am. Sugar. 12 1/2. 12 1/2. 12 1/2. 12 1/2.

At. T. and S. G. pld. 97 1/2. 97 1/2. 97 1/2. 97 1/2.

Balt. and Ohio pld. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2.

Can. Pac. pld. 113 1/2. 113 1/2. 113 1/2. 113 1/2.

Ches. and Del. pld. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2.

C. M. and St. P. pld. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2.

C. R. and P. pld. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2.

Consolid. Gas. 219 1/2. 219 1/2. 219 1/2. 219 1/2.

Den. and Rio Gr. pld. 41 1/2. 41 1/2. 41 1/2. 41 1/2.

Gen. Electric. 37 1/2. 37 1/2. 37 1/2. 37 1/2.

Gen. Sugar Ref. 140 1/2. 140 1/2. 140 1/2. 140 1/2.

Illinois Central. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2.

Louis. and Nash. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2. 104 1/2.

Manhattan Ry. 131 1/2. 131 1/2. 131 1/2. 131 1/2.

Metropolitan St. Ry. 167 1/2. 167 1/2. 167 1/2. 167 1/2.

N. Y. Central. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2. 164 1/2.

N. Y. and West. 33 1/2. 33 1/2. 33 1/2. 33 1/2.

Nor. and West. 57 1/2. 57 1/2. 57 1/2. 57 1/2.

Penn. R. R. 151 1/2. 151 1/2. 151 1/2. 151 1/2.

Pack Mail S. S. 46 1/2. 46 1/2. 46 1/2. 46 1/2.

Reading. 64 1/2. 64 1/2. 64 1/2. 64 1/2.

Read. and Ohio. 41 1/2. 41 1/2. 41 1/2. 41 1/2.

South Pac. Co. 64 1/2. 64 1/2. 64 1/2. 64 1/2.

South Railroad. 32 1/2. 32 1/2. 32 1/2. 32 1/2.

Tenn. Coal and Iron. 20 1/2. 20 1/2. 20 1/2. 20 1/2.

Texas and Pacific. 29 1/2. 29 1/2. 29 1/2. 29 1/2.

Union Pacific pld. 99 1/2. 99 1/2. 99 1/2. 99 1/2.

U. S. Leather pld. 11 1/2. 11 1/2. 11 1/2. 11 1/2.

U. S. Steel Common. 43 1/2. 43 1/2. 43 1/2. 43 1/2.

U. S. Steel pld. 94 1/2. 94 1/2. 94 1/2. 94 1/2.

Wabash. 23 1/2. 23 1/2. 23 1/2. 23 1/2.

Webb Union Tel. 45 1/2. 45 1/2. 45 1/2. 45 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

Y. M. C. A. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2. 100 1/2.

### IT'S MORGAN'S.

The following song, which is now all the rage in shipping circles, may be commended to the notice of some of our local pantomime artists:

I came to a mill by the river side,  
A half mile long and nearly as wide,  
With a forest of masts and an army of men,  
Telling at furnace and above and below,  
"What a magnificent plant!" I cried;  
And a man with a smudge on his face replied—  
"It's Morgan's."

I boarded a train and rode all day,  
On a royal coach and a right of way,  
Which reached out its arms all over the land,  
In a system too large to understand.  
"A splendid property this!" I cried;  
And a man with a plate on his hat replied—  
"It's Morgan's."

I sailed in a great ship, staunch and true,  
From pension to keel and cabin to crew,  
And the ship was one of a monster fleet;  
A first-class navy could scarce compete.  
"What a beautiful craft she is!" I cried;  
And a man with a smudge on his face replied—  
"It's Morgan's."

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride;  
Her people were many, her lands were wide;  
Her record in war, in science, in art,  
Proved greatness in muscle, in mind and in heart.  
"What a good country it is!" I cried;  
And a man with his chest in the air replied—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to heaven. The Jasper walls  
Towered high and wide, and the golden halls  
Shone bright beyond; but a strange new  
Was over the gate—viz.: "Private park."  
"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I cried;  
And a man with a livery on his back replied—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left—I'll take  
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,  
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit  
On the gridded floor of the bottomless pit;  
But a lowling lout with horns on his face  
Cried out as he forked me off the place—  
"It's Morgan's."

I