

FOUR

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEB. 18, 1903.

NEW BRUNSWICK FISHERIES.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found a condensed statement of Canada's fisheries, special attention being given to those sections of the departmental report which relate to New Brunswick. Although it cannot be said that this industry has in the past been neglected by our people, still, in view of the possibilities it must be admitted that New Brunswick is only gradually realizing the value of its marine wealth. Nova Scotia it is true, has a longer coastline, and this to a certain extent, accounts for the higher standing that Province takes in the output of fish, it is also true, that while Nova Scotia is now in advance of New Brunswick in the value of its catch, that Province has not expanded the industry in the same proportion as has New Brunswick. Our fishermen were slower in starting, but they are apparently increasing in numbers every year and following more systematic methods. This is indicated by the moderate, but regular increase in values shown during the last twenty-five years.

This Province is credited with 1307 fishermen employed in vessels and 13,015 employed in boats. We are reported to have 543 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 4931 tons and a total value of \$1,817,070. The boats engaged in the industry number 7804 and are valued at \$985,073. Nets, seines, traps, weirs, lobster plants, freezers and other factors, being the total invested capital to \$2,385,455, whereas Nova Scotia has invested no less than \$4,650,041.

It would seem that either our waters have been depleted, or lobster or also this profitable branch of the industry is to a large extent neglected in favor of others which do not involve such heavy investments. For instance Nova Scotia possesses 217 canneries, New Brunswick has only 134, yet in the larger number of Nova Scotia only 2354 persons are employed while in this Province it is found necessary to engage 3890 men. This might lead to the suggestion that our factories are larger, but this is not the case, as will be clearly seen by the following figures:

	N. B.	N. S.
Persons employed	3,890	2,354
Canneries	134	217
Value of plant	\$1,111,600	\$209,880
No. of traps	398,951	638,400
Value of traps	\$385,554	\$493,040
Total value of plant	\$385,554	\$700,920
No. of canneries	2,721,012	2,270,346
Value	\$819,303	\$1,281,104
Fresh or alive (wt.)	12,401	\$4,270
Value	\$10,713	\$1,150
Ttl. value of catch	\$25,513	\$5,653,354

It is shown by the above that Nova Scotia fishermen work a great many more traps per factory than do the New Brunswickers, and also that they pay special attention to their markets for fresh or live lobster, and are able to dispose of practically seven times as much as we do, with consequently largely increased profits.

In Nova Scotia last year 787 claims for fishing bounties were paid as against 288 from New Brunswick. It would seem that Charlotte and Gloucester Counties practically control the fisheries here, as there were 443 claims from Charlotte, 372 from Gloucester, 41 from Kent, one from Restigouche, and 23 from St. John. These included both vessels and boats. The amount of money thus handed over was as follows:

	Vessels.	Boats.
County		
Charlotte	\$1,124.25	\$10,800.00
Gloucester	\$774.80	\$10,800.00
Kent		\$37.00
Northumberland	\$2.50	\$119.20
Restigouche	\$18.20	\$43.20
St. John	\$125.60	\$32.60

Although the number of claims paid in New Brunswick last year is almost as high as at any time since 1892, it is very much lower than the number in any year previous to that, since the system was established. It may be noted at the same time, that the tonnage of vessels, and the number of men engaged in the industry, has increased practically in the same proportion as the value of the catch.

From the masses of valuable information contained in official reports it is reasonably inferred that in spite of the uncertainty of the fishing industry, and even in view of the gradual growth of this important branch, what is particularly needed here is the investment of more capital.

PROHIBITION REFUSED.

In view of Mr. Hazen's policy during the short time he has been in office, it is not surprising to learn that he has refused the request of the temperance party for a prohibitory law. Failure to grant reforms demanded by a majority of the people is just what is to be expected from a leader who in a very few months has violated every pledge given by him, and who has declined to fulfil his many and oft-repeated promises of reform. It has been apparent ever since the election of New Brunswick was delayed by the Hazen-Flem-

ing preaching, that nothing in the way of progress might be expected from this group of politicians whose sole object is to wring vengeance on those who chance to be their opponents. The whole policy of the Hazen party since election has been one of scandal and revenge. The men who, by barefaced deception and trickery obtained power, have devoted their undivided attention to muck-raking, and while they have absolutely failed to discover anything discreditable to their predecessors in office, they have vented their spite by dismissing without cause, numbers of office holders in order to make room for their partisan supporters.

The temperance people of New Brunswick need hope for nothing from such a government. Mr. Hazen and his colleagues are too busy fixing things to suit themselves to pay any attention to the wishes of the electors.

WAS THE SCENE OF "MUCH ADO"

Poor Messina Was Very Gay and at the Same Time Active and Clean.

Memories of the Much-Shaken Place Recalled by an American Visitor.

"Drought in summer, rain in the fall, snow in January and February, strocco in April and May, earthquake in June and July, and a general weather, and while it applies to all parts of Sicily, Messina has had a speciality in earthquakes. There has never been a year since the Sicili, a tribe expelled from Italy, settled on the Faro, that it has not been necessary to rebuild part of the city.

"Have you," you had your morning 'quake' yet?" the Messina from different parts of the city asked each other as a matter of course, like "how do you do?" Because of the prevailing earthquake the houses of Messina were built low, seldom rising above two stories. Therefore, the appearance of the city built on the narrow strip between the sea and the mountains, was not very impressive.

Messina suffered also by comparison with Palermo, capital and metropolis of Sicily, which is truly majestic, and all travellers hasten for views. Still, if you entered the port of Messina, you would have to admit that this city of the sickle was very lovely. Then you would see the whole jagged mountain range, which defended Messina like a wall, glowing red in the sun, and you would see across the violet strait the flat-topped mountains of Calabria, whose slopes are generally bare and harsh, while at the base sunbaked white villages are scattered along the shore from Nicotera on the one hand to distant Reggio on the other. And when you saw the town itself like a jewel on green velvet, rising out of its gardens had encircled by a crown of shaggy palms, with all its steep, weathered, towers and steeples glittering in the light, you might well be surprised by its beauty. When you reflected how Messina had been destroyed and rebuilt, and destroyed again and rebuilt since 1874, you wouldn't wonder so much if you found the city gray and withered, and covered with shingles and poisonous growths. The love of the people of Messina for their city was immortal. It had given them as much happiness as beauty; it had been the scene of misfortune—of rightful catastrophes; let the earthquake come, as it would, still the people would rebuild it.

INDUSTRIOUS AND GAY.

A very active and industrious population had Messina. Gay and more civilized than the people of any other part of the classic Isle, because as the principle port of the island, they were in constant touch with the world. It was rare to find the old picturesque custom or costume in this city, but all the same, in your dealings with the natives you would find at some time that they were dealing with Sicilians, and not with Italians. There is a great difference between the races. The Sicilians look like an Oriental people, when they show marked traits, often Saracenic. They seem to be as mixed in their traits as the architecture, which shows influences of Byzantine, Arabian, Norman and other schools. You would meet men in Messina described as descendants of the oldest families, who needed only a change of dress to appear as gentlemen Arabs.

In matters of clothes, hats and especially neckties the men of Messina were up to date. There were apparently many gilded youths in the town, and in the afternoon promenade on the Marina they wore the best that their wardrobe afforded, which was very good indeed. Not even in Paris could you find more attention paid to style and clothes, and in a few places a brighter aspect of life. The city itself was very clean, not the Marina and principal thoroughfares only, but the narrow and by-ways as well. All the streets were excellently paved with stone and capable of being easily cleaned.

Messina was very lively, patriotic and liberal. Garibaldi was the idol of the populace and continually references were made in the newspapers to the famous night in 1861, when Garibaldi sailed through the Faro and took Italy. All Sicily loved him, so that he might easily have founded there a republic or a kingdom with himself as the head, but he preferred, and he was wise, to be a present to Victor Emmanuel of the mercenary Sicilians.

TIPPED STATUES.

Too modern and too clean to be of absorbing interest to the searcher after the picturesque, Messina had some mediaeval and Saracenic remains, and was capable of rewarding a visit of

three or four days. The town, perched on a rock, with the exception of a few fine and massive buildings—the ancient homes of the nobility, with coats-of-arms over handsome portals—and it had at least as much old statuary as our Central Park. On the Marina was an imposing fountain, a statue of Neptune, and in the Piazza Annunziata was a good statue of Don John of Austria. Scattered through the gardens and squares were other works of art, all showing the disastrous effect of earthquakes. Men on horseback, inclined to queer angles just as the "quake" tipped them. The most imposing building was the cathedral, of which most travellers spoke with some contempt. It was an edifice of mixed construction, with a fine facade and many charming details. The interior showed rich chapels full of Moorish and Saracenic feeling, expressed by exquisite mosaics, which decorated panel and pillar.

Sicily is a treeless island, fertile in the valleys and on the upland, but hedges for the most part, except where you seek shade beneath a rock. All the trees seemed to have clustered around Messina and in the gardens for which the city was remarkable, you found specimens of almost every kind and each one fourishing. The palms and aloes grew most luxuriously, while the cactus—that upright of all vegetables, neither tree nor shrub—was there most abundant and rampant. Nothing could be lovelier than the botanical gardens of Messina, which occupied a large space in the midst of the city, rich with verdure, full of color from blossoming plants shaded by oaks and chestnuts, and round-domed pines. Except for a few pears and apples, the fruit was yours for the true citizen of Messina, when he went abroad, did so in full sun on the fashionable promenade, the olive, the orange, the fig, and the grape grew in prodigal abundance in Sicily, and in Sicily, their best in the valley of Messina.

At least half of the shipping that crowded the harbor came to be up with these products. The other ships came for grain, this valley also being extolled as the richest grain producing of the island. However, that may be, I do not know, but I speak from experience when I say that the fig is a great delicacy, and the olive indigestible, and the orange sour. The reason for this, however, was that all the good oranges were shipped to America. The reason given in America why all the Sicilian oranges are sour is that the good ones were sent to Sicily, and a great share of the crop of Sicily oranges was made into marmalade. You could see men making marmalade in the streets, and when the sliced up oranges with their bare feet.

HOTEL OF 100 QUAKES.

On the Marina, to which I keep returning, as all good Sicilians did, were situated most of the hotels, and other only in the imagination of travellers. Whichever one I chose, the hotel was a great deal better than the worst of the lot. The one I patronized recommended itself as having "without doubt" the best of the city, a curious way of reassuring the timid stranger. It was certainly at least a hundred years old, and the windows of the harbor and the distant heights of Calabria were very charming. Its rooms, too, were adorned with quaint religious pictures, which gave it an old-time air. There had been an attempt to modernize it by the introduction of electric bells. There was a cord in every room, leading somewhere, and a knob which one could press, but nobody ever came in response to the bell, no matter how long or hard I pressed. When I asked a waiter the reason for this, he said, "The gracious excellency would wish for anything, he should go to the door and clap his hands."

Of the food served, the least said is the soonest mended. There was bread, very good, but hard-baked, like the bread of Spain; there was butter of a kind—the kind that one dislikes to know intimately, and which one never asks for; there was fish, and pork chops when you wanted meat. Vegetables were cooked in fatty messes, and the water for the table, to summarize rapidly the management of the hotel, it may be said that the attendance was as good as the food.

One of the sights on the Marina during the hours when it was given over to traffic and before the wealth of the town had been spent, was the afternoon, when the carts which passed constantly, hauling bricks, stones, lime, mercury for the kind of these, were two-wheeled, and most highly painted. Every part and piece of wood in the cart was covered with painted figures or designs, while the side panels and end-boards were adorned with elaborate pictures. The designs were not in the best school of drawing, and the colors employed were sometimes garish, but the effects were pleasing. The horses and drivers that drew these carts were to be seen at Palermo and in other cities of Sicily, but it was said, the drivers and carts of Messina spent most time and money in their decoration.

GLORIOUS VIEWS.

One hadn't walk far from the sea in Messina before he began to climb the mountains, which is really only a hill, not difficult of ascent, one of the broken and rugged range that served as a rampart to the city. Many of its heights were crowned with castles, and from one of these heights the view of the city, with its clean, white streets, flat-roofed, Oriental houses, church towers, and flanking ruins of mediaeval buildings, was enchanting. The Faro, the Tyrrhenian Sea, the Lipari Islands were always in the picture, and if one kept on climbing it seemed as if the coast line must open as far as Syracuse. The sea shore curved among lemon groves and juniques of cactus, geraniums, and wild flowers. Everywhere were rugged ravines and deep, verdant valleys, through which poured narrow, but rapid, rivers. The combination of bulky cliff, abrupt mountain-side, and verdant valley, with rich verdure and variegated flowers, is Sicily in little. In general, the island looks wild and inhospitable, but for wide and noble views it is unrivalled.

From the heights above the city you looked down on a ruined castle of the

thirteenth century, perched on a low rock headland. Year after year Normans, Aragonese and Saracens fought over this castle. Out in the three-mile-wide channel and almost crossing the Faro rose the Paragonelli, which every boy who has read his Virgil knows about. These are the very rocks which Polyphemus hurled after Ulysses and his little ships, when the crafty Greek escaped from his host after putting his eye out. Down the very slope which he climbed ran the enraged Cyclops, roaring with the pain of his extinguished eye, and uprooting a pine tree as he ran to guide him to the shore. There was no longer danger for the ships passing between Scylla and Charybdis but as one entered the strait the blue sea dashed and foamed in what looked an exciting manner.

POET MAY HAVE HEARD.

Wheat, wine, oranges and sulphur, all the yellow gold of Sicily, found their way to Messina as a debiting port, and thence to the world. When there was no blight on the harvest, when the heavy, weakening strocco blew only in its chestnuts and not in the autumn, when in a word, there was prosperity in Sicily, then all was song and dance in Messina. But in times of famine, or blight, when the bladders were hungry and getting poorer and poorer, Messina became the centre of revolt. At every crisis Messina dreamed of an insurrection. As a non-resident she had apparently no other source than to revolt. The city was like Aetna in this, that she had to have an eruption once in a while, at which time her people predicted that the end of everything was coming, and that everything would be destroyed at once. The much-abused adjective "mercurial" exactly described Messina.

Although he did not take the trouble to add even a touch of local color to his brilliant comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," a humor of this peculiarly iray have led Shakespeare to place his scenes there. As a city it always welcomed change and excitement from any source. It extolled its "spedality" in earthquakes, and as a fact it literally rose and fell according to the favor to fairer life and fresher beauty. In one respect the inhabitants of Messina displayed an admirable constancy—that is in love of their city, which they believed second to none in the world in loveliness. At one time they rose as one man to refuse the rumor that it was unbecomingly. This was when the Italian Government had at length been aroused by the necessity of drying out the malarial marsh lands further down the coast. The Messina asked the king and his ministers to look at her streets and say if there existed any more a finer city in Italy. At the same time the municipality offered a prize to the Italian who should collect the most refuse off the streets. Messina was clean, and apparently could show a good bill of health. Her chief drawback was the earthquake, but of this she seemed rather proud.

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BOARDING MISTRESS SET HER HOUSE ON FIRE

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Feb. 17.—Charged with having set the fire which damaged the Tavern block in this town in the early morning of February 7, when between 25 and 30 persons were asleep in the building, Mrs. Helen M. Wilcox, aged 48 years of age, was arrested here today. Mrs. Wilcox is proprietress of the boarding house occupying two floors of the block and the warrant charges her with willfully burning household goods with intent to defraud an insurance company. She was held in \$100 bonds for a hearing on February 27.

TWO FOUND GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

AUBURN, Me., Feb. 17.—George W. and John P. Perkins were found guilty of manslaughter in causing the death of Charles Strout at Poland, August 3. Extreme prejudice was recommended in the case of John E. Perkins.

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Jewelry, Etc.
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Men's 1st quality RUBBER BOOTS, felt lined, all sizes, \$3.50. Men's 1st quality RUBBER BOOTS, Storm King, felt lined, all sizes, \$4.50. Store closes at 7 p. m.

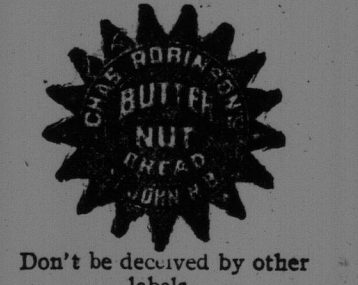
Francis & Vaughan
19 KING STREET

SON OF CHIEF OF POLICE SHOT BY A NEGRO

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 17.—James Holman Taylor, aged 14 years, a nephew of Chief of Police Davis, was shot and killed in South Memphis late tonight by Eddie Prode, a negro. After the killing, which was the outcome of a minor quarrel, a crowd of several hundred persons formed and began a search for Prode, intent on inflicting quick punishment. A reporter was fired on by the negro, who escaped.

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MARRIAGES
DIBBLE-BOUTILLIER.—In this city, on the 17th February, by Rev. Dr. Raymond, rector of St. Mary's Church, Myles Dibble, of St. John, and Gertrude, youngest daughter of Geo. Boutillier, of Halifax.

DEATHS
PETERSON.—At the Mater Misericordia Home, in the 36th year of his age, Albert James Peterson.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

FRANCIS.—Suddenly, at St. Eugene Hospital, Cranbrook, B. C., Thursday, February 11th, David T. Francis, son of James H. Francis of Armstrong Corner, Queens Co., N. B., in his 23rd year, leaving father, mother, seven brothers and seven sisters to mourn their sad loss.
Remains expected to arrive Friday. Notice of funeral hereafter.
(Maine papers please copy.)

OLDFATHER.—At Lorneville, N. B., on February 16th, Lillian, wife of Wallace Galbreath, leaving one child.

Store Open at 7 p. m. Thursday, February 18, 1903

FOR SALE NOW!

I pair only Men's Glub Snowshoe, \$2.50
Ladies' Moccasins, 1.00
Men's Moccasins, 1.25

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SPECIAL—Captain Dreyfus got a new trial so does Carter, asking you to come in and see the bargains for five days only, in the line of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, that will satisfy you, style and price. Remember the place, opposite Estabrook's Tea Factory, 43 Mill St. Everything is guaranteed or money refunded.
J. CARTER'S, 43 Mill St. Phone 1604

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A COMPLETE LINE OF Travellers' Samples of Fancy Goods, Clocks, Toilet Cases, Gold and Silver Mounted Albums, Photo Frames, at less than wholesale price. Come today and get choice. Also, a number of pieces slightly damaged, at your own price.

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GALA EVENTS IN SOCIETY TONIGHT

Two big assemblies will take place in the city this evening. The Westfield Outing Club will hold a whist tournament and short dance, while the St. Peter's Y. M. A. will conduct their annual reunion. From present indications the whist tournament of the Outing Club should be a grand success. The affair will be held in the assembly rooms of Keith's Theatre. About seventy tables have been arranged, in order to have four play at each. Already sufficient tickets have been sold to guarantee the filling of all the tables. There are also a large number of others who have purchased tickets intending to be in attendance.
Supper will be served during the evening and a short programme of dances will be carried out. Jones' orchestra will furnish the music.

WHAT HE NEEDED.
An societies would tempt many men, and when Plimkin, making a few purchases at the store, saw one lying on the floor just by the counter he gazed with excitement.
Glancing around to reassure himself that none was looking, he quite accidentally dropped one of his kid gloves neatly on the floor and then, "Now I got the glove all right, but still the sovereign remained."
A shopwalker approached him.
"Good morning, sir," said the man, rubbing his hands together in the approved style, "may I show you a bottle of our celebrated liquid glue, which sticks?"—London Mail.

ESPERANTO.
"When I first started out hunting apartments I went through a long polite dissertation," said the woman with a haunted look and weary feet. "Now I go in and say to the elevator man or janitor, 'Apartments?' 'Rooms?' 'Prices?' 'Kitchens?' I get along just as well and it saves a lot of time. Try it."—New York Times.