

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1908.

AUCTION SALE

By F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer,

IN STORE OF

J. M. ROCHE, - 23 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Commencing Monday, January 27th, at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.

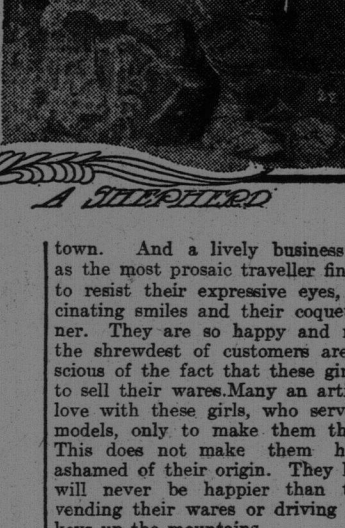
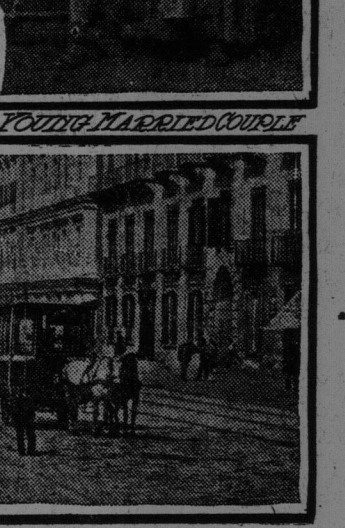
And Continuing Daily at Same Hours Until Goods Are Disposed Of

We will sell to highest bidder all Fancy Goods, Toilet Sets, Albums, Violins, Mandolins, Guitars, Accordeons, Jewelry, Paintings, framed and unframed

Owing to Lack of Room, we have decided to devote entire store to Photo Supplies, and will sacrifice all other stock before commencing alterations.

BEAUTY AND CORROW OF NAPLES

BY DELIA AUSTRIAN



If Dante had wanted a real city as the setting for his Divine Comedy, he could not have found a more fitting place than Naples, for in no other city can be seen more beauty and sorrow.

The country about Naples is very fertile. There are splendid farms in the valleys, rich in wheat, Italian corn, lettuce, artichokes and beans. On these same farms are growing quantities of oranges and lemons, with great vines of mulberries are trained artistically about these trees. Though many of these farms are well cared for, they are chiefly cultivated by the women and children. They are seen, even to the tiny tots, digging potatoes, cutting and binding the grain. It is not unusual to see mothers carrying heavy loads and holding infants in their arms.

The Neapolitan peasant, though she is bourgeois in figure, is remarkably pretty, he has rich olive complexion, large dark eyes and jet black hair. She is healthy and happy. Life in the open air gives strength to her body and color to her complexion. She takes her hard work as naturally as the meals she eats.

The monotony of her life does not worry her. She finds plenty of recreation when her husband takes her and the children into the village on Sunday, where they pass the day gossiping with friends. Hard as the life is on these farms, for many of these places are heavily mortgaged, most of the people are light-hearted.

The women make nearly all the clothes for the family. Their fare is limited to bread, macaroni, cheese and coarse wine. They consider a piece of meat a luxury to be enjoyed only on Sundays and holidays. There is such a heavy tax on salt in Italy that these poor peasants find a pinch of salt a luxury. They find their life easy compared with the trials and hardships known to the people of Naples. For there is hardly a city in Europe where taxes are higher and wages are less. The average laborer in Naples does not earn more than from 40 to 70 cents a day. In spite of this small wage rents are comparatively high. The Neapolitan suffers a tax on everything he eats, be it bread, fruit, wine; nearly all his personal possessions, even to the number of windows by means of which he gets light and air. The Italian way of the past are largely responsible for these hardships; the large standing army has been another great drain on the Italian people.

The women besides raising large families contribute their part to the family income

by washing, making baskets and carding wool. When work is scarce they rest a stand near one of the old walls and sell fish, fruit and baskets. A mother often holds an infant in her arms and has three or four small children playing about her. In summer time it gets so warm that most of the work has to be done outside, even to washing the children and combing the hair.

On Sundays men, women and children gather in the great squares to gossip and to show their colorful dresses and gay scarfs. The taverns are thronged with men and women smoking and drinking. The women are busy at the stands buying dress goods, ribbons and scarfs; the men are looking for socks and ties.

There are other amusements, such as a man in a buggy showing his ability to extract teeth without pain; his rival is a juggler busy with sleight-of-hand tricks. The crowds are only brushed aside by a herd of sheep driven through the streets and a few cows that are being brought home from pasture.

Most of these streets are as small and narrow as the lives of these strangely happy people. The long rows of tenements are tall and narrow, their passages are broken by an occasional alley. Most of them are so crowded that the clothes have to be hung out of the windows and on ropes drawn from window to window. But this poverty and struggle for a simple livelihood does not mar the sunny disposition of the Neapolitan. "Tired-looking men are heard singing some popular song as they trudge home from work. When a pretty Italian girl finishes selling flowers and fruit she starts out at night full carrying a guitar, singing and serenading strangers at the different hotels. To make a base of life is the motto of the Neapolitan. When it gets unbearably warm in the city, the Neapolitan takes his family on Sunday into the country for a holiday or takes an excursion on the Mediterranean to enjoy the beauty of the waters as blue as the azure sky and as clear as crystal. The poorest and lowliest gaze with pride on the bow-shaped coast protected with gently sloping, grass-covered mountains. The poorest Neapolitan smiles and speaks with pride of the beauties which surround him. The peasants of Sorrento and Castellare tell the tourists that their country is more beautiful than is the scenery that surrounds Naples.

The traveler only learns this to be true in driving from Sorrento to Castellare. The coast bends in and out; the shimmer-

ing sea is gay with splendid yachts waving Italian, English and American flags. For miles one sees beautiful gardens gay with orange and lemon trees, and rose bushes heavily laden with roses. Partly hidden by trees and shrubs are the spacious white villas, with their green slanting roofs. The panorama changes in places to high peaks scattered here and there, topped by old worn castles now in ruins, once the homes of Italian counts and marauders.

Nowhere are the Neapolitans more attractive, gay and lighthearted. The men and women laugh and sing as they work out in the fields and strip the vines. The gardeners take equal pride as they toil in their small vegetable gardens and tie up the great quantities of red and white roses seen everywhere.

The fishermen as they sail along the coast are as proud of the sea and coast as of their hank. They say, with pride, that there is no finer coast anywhere. The artists believe this too; they come here from all parts of Europe and America to paint Neapolitan girls and to make sketches of this romantic scenery.

Above in the village of Anti-Capri are low and Anti-Capri crowning the summit. A wonderful spiral carriage road goes to the top. The tourist has the choice of an open victoria or a donkey, driven by one of the many pretty girls found at Capri.

Above in the village of Anti-Capri are seen plenty of pretty dark Italian women and coquettish girls, with bright scarfs and happy smiles, tempting tourists with Roman scarfs, purses and views of the town. And a lively business they do, as the most prosaic traveller finds it hard to resist their expressive eyes, their fascinating smiles and their coquettish manner. They are so happy and naive that the shrewdest of customers are not conscious of the fact that these girls are out to sell their wares. Many an artist falls in love with these girls, who serve as their models, only to make them their wives. This does not make them haughty or ashamed of their origin. They know they will never be happier than they are vinding their wares or driving their donkeys up the mountain.

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THEY TORTURE NATIVES TO DEATH FOR JOY IN CRUELTY

Portuguese and Boers Kill Many of Their Slaves for Pleasure of Watching Their Sufferings.

(New York World.)

Francois Joubert, Pieter who fought under Paul Kruger in the Boer war, has arrived in this country from England with the object of exposing the system of slavery which, he alleges, exists in the Portuguese colony of Angola, on the west coast of Africa. His assertions corroborate statements by H. W. Nevins in his book, "Modern Slavery."

Gen. Pienaar settled in Angola on land which he purchased from the Lisbon government. His discovery of conditions of slavery and barbarous cruelty led him into conflict with the authorities and resulted in his being compelled to abandon his property and escape. Here are some instances of cruelty of which the General was an eyewitness, presented in his own words as he gave them to a World reporter:

"I stayed immediately after my arrival in the country in 1904 in a hotel which was the property of a Portuguese woman, the wife of an official in the customs service. She owned many slaves, one of whom was a boy of eleven, used to clean my room each morning. I have seen that woman, who is powerfully built, strip the boy to the waist, tie him to a pillar of the veranda, take a chicotte in one hand, and supporting herself by holding another pillar with the other, lash his naked back with all the force she was capable of till she was compelled to change hands for fatigue, while the boy screamed with agony and his blood streamed upon the stoop.

BOER HANGED BOY TO DEATH.

"No notice is taken by the authorities of such acts of cruelty. The Boers, a few of whom have been in the country since 1872, have adopted the methods of the Portuguese. One old Boer whom I knew well invented a fiendish form of torture, to which he subjected a slave boy. After thrashing him until he could not stand, with a sjambok, he forced him to drink a cup of 'olossoo' juice which he had simmering on the fire for this purpose and then tied a rope around the boy's legs

and hanged him head downward from the ceiling. The boy died in ten minutes. And the old man used to tell the story, boasting and gloating over the boy's sufferings.

The chicotte, the instrument which their slave-drivers employ, is a cowhide thong which, when it is soft, they twist in double strips. When hardened in the sun it becomes a horribly effective scourge. Another of their engines of torture is a flat board in which are cut, with a bit, a number of round holes. Each of these edges inflict a sharp wound. When prisoners are beaten on the hand with this weapon the hand swells into a shapeless mass, and in that condition the victims are compelled to work either on the streets or in the estates of the governor or are hired out to planters.

"At Principe the Director of the English Cable Company told me that in 1903 the fever had carried off the entire native population of the island and that 800 men and women had been imported from the west coast as laborers. They are locked at night in barracks and work all day in gangs, each under a driver armed with the chicotte. The hoeing must be done in time and with military precision. If any one cannot keep up with the line the chicotte reminds him or her of the necessity. Women and men work together and are herded indiscriminately in the barracks lodging.

"The plantations in the interior of the country are all worked by slaves. These are acquired for the planters by dealers, who arrange with some chief in the interior. He raids a weaker tribe, captures for himself the women, children and cattle, and sells the men to the dealer. Then they are shackled in rows of four and driven for ten, twelve or fourteen days to the coast. If any fall out by the way they are left to die by the truck or knocked on the head with an axe or strung up as an encouragement to the others. When they reach the coast they are brought before an officer appointed by the Portuguese government and shipped to the islands of Principe and St. Thome—and their graves. Not one has ever returned.

DOING HIS DUTY

"Prisoner," said the judge, as a middle-aged man was arraigned on a charge of disturbing the peace, "you seem to be a working man, and I am sorry to see you here."

"But I was only doing my duty sir," was the reply.

"You also claimed that all the workmen discharged on account of hard times were to be taken back at once, and there were to be no more strikes."

"I did, Judge."

"It happened that way, Judge."

"Then you announced that the savings banks had abolished the 60-day notice, and the excitement blocked the street cars for half an hour."

"It was a beautiful block, Your Honor, a beautiful block."

"And you claimed that a brother of yours out West had written to you that a drift could now be drawn on New York with a certainty that it would be paid. The police had to stop the cheering and whooping."

"Yes, it was lively, Judge."

"And you wound up by saying that the country was never so prosperous and that the President going bear hunting had nothing whatever to do with the financial stringency. What sort of a game were you playing?"

"Your Honor, I was simply reading extracts from the newspapers and doing my duty as a patriot. There is no stringency. There are no hard times. It's all imagination. Just as soon as we have confidence every man will have \$10 in his pockets, and silver mines and oil wells will be as

TO SUFFER FROM HEADACHES MAKES LIFE MISERABLE.

It takes a person that has had and is subject to headaches to describe the suffering which attends them.

The majority of cases are caused by constipation and dyspepsia. The dull throbbings, the intense pain, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in the severity by the cause which brings it on, purely indicates that there is something the matter with the stomach or bowels. To the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters reaches every part of the system is due its success in relieving and permanently curing headaches. It has proven a specific for the malady in all its forms.

Mr. Wm. R. Gilchrist, New Mills, N.B., writes: "I was troubled for years with constipation and headaches, but after using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Mr. John T. Kidner, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I was troubled for several years with headache. I tried a number of remedies but they did me no good. I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and it cured me completely."

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

"The pebbles in the path weary us, and make us footsore, more than the rocks."

He fixed thee 'mid this dance Of plastic circumstance. This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest: Machinery just meant To give thy soul its bent, Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

—Browning.

Tells How to Prevent Throat Weakness, Bronchitis

How many thousands are there who would gladly pay any sum to be cured of bronchitis or consumption. Many could be cured—cured today—cured if they would just use common sense in selecting their remedy.

Bronchitis of course is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes. These tubes were made for the passage of air alone, and neither the moisture of an atomizer nor the liquid of a cough syrup can get where the trouble really is.

The diseased parts can only be reached by a remedy that can force its way through all the breathing organs. Doctors who have used "Catarrhose" say it is the only rational cure for bronchitis.

It cures by inhalation. You breathe in its healing balsams,

and relief is immediate. Simple to use, delightful and pleasant—nothing compares with Catarrhose, which is the cure of the day for all bronchial and throat troubles.

Mr. H. B. McLaughlin, the well known representative of Parke & Blackwell, Toronto, says:

"I have used Catarrhose for years, and can honestly say it is the only remedy that relieves me from a painful attack of bronchial catarrh. The inhaler for Catarrhose is always in my pocket, and I simply couldn't get along without it. I firmly believe Catarrhose is a wonderful remedy."

And so does everyone that uses it. Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, \$1; small (trial) size, 50c, at dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

