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THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. THURSDAY, MAY 21 1908

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 21, 1908.

COLLECTING TAXES.

The Board of Works yesterday wisely decided against employing tax collectors on salary, but it can scarcely be said that the plan which has been adopted promises to work out well for the city. The only creditable feature is that each marshal in order to secure re-appointment must collect during the year four hundred accounts. This is all right in theory, but the aldermen know and the marshals know that in practice this clause will be forgotten and the collectors who happen to have a little pull will get the appointment. Aside from this, however, it cannot be shown that the city will profit very much by the new arrangement. Of the seven collectors who were at work last year only two collected more than four hundred accounts. William Smith brought in 598 and for these he received commission of \$408.77, and costs of \$303.20, giving him a total of \$711.97. Mr. Smith was very well paid for his work. Under the new arrangement he would receive on the same collections \$1,079.33, an increase of \$467.36 for which he has certainly not made any claim. Constable John Bond, who received 941 papers collected 133. John Weatherhead collected 220 out of 848. These two constables apparently did not qualify for re-appointment. There are three others in the same class—Constables Morrow, Coughlan and French, but these have made a much better showing than Messrs. Weatherhead and Bond. If the new plan will result in largely increased collections the city may have taken a wise step, but these collections will have to be very much larger than in previous years, for on the basis of the past twelve months, seven constables stand to earn \$5,569.36 more during the present year. Under the old plan the collector as a body received \$3,715.55. If they had worked under the arrangement now proposed they would have earned \$12,284.91.

JUDGE LONGLEY'S SPEECH.

Judge Longley's speech in New York in which he foretold the independence of Canada, has created adverse criticism in the British press. The Financial News, referring to Judge Longley's speech, says it is not the first time that would-be politicians made vain-glorious boasts of the independence of a colony, which was regarded as quite a proper thing in some snug little towns in the Dominion, forgetting that the country owes to British capital the enterprise and what they may in the future have to owe to British warships.

The standard says: "It is probable Judge Longley knows a good deal more about law than political ideas of Canadians. At any rate, he ought to, in order to adequately fill his position, on the Bench."

While the press gives the speech some prominence, there is little comment. Official Canadian circles here appreciate any tendency to exaggerate its importance.

The Times, referring to the Mansion House meeting for the Wolfe and Montcalm memorial, says Canadians "when they learn that we in England are all of one mind in this matter, cannot but feel that the heart of the Motherland beats in unison with their own, and that their fellowship in the British Empire is, as Mr. Bryce said at New York, established and consecrated forever."

HOME MISSIONS NEEDED.

Perhaps instead of raising thousands of dollars to Christianize the Buddhists who do not desire to be Christianized, or the Mahometans who are more religious than the majority of ourselves, it might be as well to scatter a score or so of missionaries through our own province. Carleton county seems to offer opportunity for almost any amount of work. The three serious criminal trials which have taken place there during the past three years have revealed such depravity as is deplorable in a so-called Christian province. It has been shown that these are human beings, not isolated families alone, but groups, whose mode of life is lower than that of the beasts, who seemingly have absolutely no moral sense of right and wrong, and who utterly disregard all the teachings of the faith they profess to believe. When such conditions are known to exist and are permitted to continue under our very eyes, how can we hope for results in the foreign field? Disgracing as the last trial has been it revealed a mode of life and depravity no worse than has been presented in previous trials during the past few years. If a Chinese comes here, a man honest in his dealings, with a rigid adherence to his religion, and with an understanding of his moral duties, we try immediately to

make a Christian out of him in order that he may become as unworthy as ourselves. But it is safe to say that no one has ever gone to the Gas colony in Carleton County to teach Christianity to those worse than heathen whose lives were exposed during the murder trial of an unfortunate and neglected young man. We will read the report of the Gray trial and most of us will continue sending men and money to China or some equally out-of-the-way place.

Mr. D. E. Thomson, K. C., addressing the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Convention in a Toronto church, made the emphatic declaration that "in Canada we are the most hide bound partisans anywhere to be found. The majority of good people are Liberals or Conservatives first and Christians afterwards." With all due respect to Mr. Thomson this legal gentleman is a liar.

THE SMOKER'S SAD LOT.

The man who smokes 30-cent cigars or two-fers, stogies, or a pipe. Who puffs inside the smoking car—The smoker's human prototype (Perhaps that smile's not right, But "pipe" has none too many rhymes). Is apt to hear this day or night: "Till through his memory it chimes: 'You smoke too much.'"

If he complains about his health And says that his digestion's bad, They drop the hint on him by stealth And for the opening are glad. If he observes that times are hard And that he cannot earn enough, With this remark they'll interlard: "You smoke too much."

It gets so when he misses trains, Or buys a suit that doesn't fit, Or when his taste for drama wanes, Or when he shows a caustic wit, Or when his hair is falling out, Or when his teeth begin to ache, Some critic there is sure to shout: "And this remark is what he'll make: 'You smoke too much.'"

No matter what the poor man does, No matter what he doesn't do, No matter what the poor man was, Nor what hard luck he struggles through, If he should have ingrowing nails, Or if his eyes are getting weak, Or if his voice in singing fails, Somebody else is sure to speak: "You smoke too much."

"Sorry, sir," telephoned the butcher, "but we are out of sirloin. Why don't you order a round of beef?" "What's that?" exploded Barker at the other end of the line. "I say, why don't you order a round of beef?" "Man! that is all she does from morning until night! If you were a butcher, I'd be sure to order a round of beef!"

"Your daughter and I are thinking of eloping." "Are, eh?" responded the old man, genially. "Automobile, I suppose?" "That's the approved style. We don't want to violate the conventions." "All right," resumed the old man, "but take my machine, though. I'm faster than yours, and, of course I'll be bound to pursue."

Amateur Farmer—Why, yes, I reckon on raising enough to supply my table, and if there's any over I'll send it to market. Isn't that what you do? Professional Farmer—No, sir, not exactly. I reckon on raisin' enough to send to market, and if there's any over I supply my table.

THREE WERE BURNED IN AN ONTARIO HOTEL.

TILSONBURG, May 20.—Fire swept through the Queen Hotel, the headquarters of the town, at five o'clock this morning, resulting in the deaths of three persons and five or six persons were badly injured. The hotel, which is situated in the heart of the town, had about forty-five rooms and was crowded with guests. There were about sixty persons in the building. All have been accounted for. The dead are: Clarence Bernard, commercial traveler, Toronto; Miss Gray, milliner, Tilsonburg, daughter of John Gray, St. John; Thos. A. Wheatley, bartender, Tilsonburg, son of Clinton's chief of police.

Injured—Mrs. John Mero, wife of the proprietor, Miss Mero, Tilsonburg, daughter of Mrs. Mero; Miss Dunbar of Buffalo; Miss Mary Campbell, clerk of Kinkaid's; Miss Maud Campbell, milliner, sister of above.

PROF. ROBERTSON SPEAKS ON EDUCATION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 20.—Prof. J. W. Robertson, dean of McDonald College, addressed a large audience in the legislative building this evening. Those in attendance included the premier, members of the government and legislature, Dr. Inch, Principal Bridges, Principal Foster, and many of the teachers of the public schools. The chief superintendent presided and introduced the lecturer.

Mr. Robertson took as his subject Education. He spoke of the great need of practical education and the encouragement and carrying out the promotion of household science, agriculture, and the school for teachers. He told of the successful work accomplished by the McDonald College and extended an invitation to the teachers, say a dozen in number, of this province, to take a year's course. The college would give this course free of charge, and the teachers would come back benefited and able to impart knowledge to the provincial. The province was paying but four dollars per head for education, and this he styled as unworthy.

On concluding, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer, moved by the premier, seconded by Mr. LaBelle. Dr. Robertson will again address the legislature tomorrow at 11.30, on Agriculture.

APRIL, 1908, A BLACK MONTH IN ANNALS OF BRITISH NAVY

April, 1908, will be a black month in the annals of the British Navy. On April 2 the destroyer Tiger was sunk in collision with H. M. S. Warwick, resulting in a loss of thirty-five men, and on Saturday, April 25, H. M. S. Gladiator was rammed by the liner St. Paul in the Solent, the accident costing the Navy twenty-seven lives. Now to these disasters have to be added the loss of the torpedo-destroyer Gala, which was cut in two and sunk in the North Sea by the scout Attentive, which later collided with the destroyer Ribble, inflicting serious damage, and also a serious explosion on board the battleship Britannia, in which five men were injured.

But once more disaster is predicted that the Gladiator wreck was sure to be followed by others. Naval disasters, they were saying, usually come in clusters of three. It has not been long before the superstition has been justified. In the pitch-black darkness of the night the destroyer manoeuvres of the Harwich flotilla the destroyer Gala was cut in halves by the scout Attentive and sank. But once more disaster is mitigated by the proof it brings of the cool, resolute, disciplined courage and the splendid energy and resource with which the men of the British Navy face a great emergency. There was no panic on the sinking cockleshell craft. The crew lined up on deck cool and steady, and there was no bumbling or loss of time on the part of the other ships of the flotilla.

Instantly the searchlights of every ship of the flotilla sprang into life and were turned upon the stricken vessel. Boats were lowered without a second's delay and hastened to the rescue down the paths of the beams of light from every ship. Men struggling in the water were picked up. The greater part of the Gala's crew, clinging to the separated forepart of the vessel, were taken off and carried on board the ship that had struck the blow. There on the Attentive the roll was called, and it was found that the Gala's crew all were saved but one. Engineer-Lieutenant F. A. Fletcher, a young officer of high promise, was the only member of the crew missing. Had just joined the Gala. At the time of the collision he was below in his room aft, near where the destroyer's knife-edged bows cut through the destroyer's thin side, and it is believed that he must have been killed instantly in the collision. The admirable promptitude and skill with which the rescue operations were carried out may be judged from the fact that most of the rescued members of the crew watched from the safety of the Attentive's deck the sinking of the separated forepart of their own ship little more than twenty minutes after the collision. The afterpart drifted away and sank within about four minutes.

ATTACK ON THE SCOUTS.

The idea of the manoeuvres during which the collision occurred was a night attack by the six Harwich destroyers of the Harwich flotilla upon the two scout ships Attentive and Adventure. All lights were out, and the night was black dark. There was little wind and the sea was calm. The flotilla had left Harwich at nine o'clock at night, and had steamed about thirty-five miles to a point between the Outer Gabbard light and the Kentish Knock. Here the destroyers had located one of the scout ships, the Adventure, and were manoeuvring to cross her path for a better position of attack when unexpectedly the destroyer ship and scout, the Attentive, came crashing down upon their line. She was steaming at about eight knots, and drove head-on into the Gala, in the after-part of her engine room, cutting a way almost clean through the lighter vessel.

The Gala was steaming eighteen or twenty knots at the time. She was not cut instantly clean in two, but nearly so, and the momentum of her heavy after-part added a wrench which broke it away as the Attentive disengaged herself.

Some of the Gala's crew had time to clamber up on the scout's bows in the darkness. Other crew who were aft of the point of collision had time to make their way to the water, and the two ships, the stokers and others below rushed up on deck, and were lined up on the fore-part before the vessel broke in two.

WORK OF RESCUE.

The Attentive had not even yet done her worst. The way she had on her bow the Gala had broken in two, and she was now heading her bow into the water, at such an angle that some of the men were unable to keep their foothold, and fell into the sea, whence they were promptly rescued by the first arriving boats from the Attentive.

The commander, Lieutenant F. Powell, was the last to leave the wreck. Only one living creature remained on the fore-part when she finally sank. It was the ship's dog, "Jim," which was below, and could not be found while the work of rescue was proceeding; but at the last he was heard barking, and a boat stood by with some of his shipmates calling to him. But poor "Jim," imprisoned somewhere below, was unable to gain the deck.

It is a strange coincidence that the Gala was run down and sunk by a former commander of her own. Commander Wilmet S. Nicholson, of the Attentive, was only recently appointed to that ship from the Gala. If it was his misfortune to run down his old ship he had at the same time the satisfaction of being chiefly responsible for the rescue of his old ship's company.

The rescued men who had lost all their kits and belongings were taken to Harwich and placed on board the cruiser Blenheim. They took their adventures very cheerfully, glad to have escaped with their lives. They were even philosophic on the subject of night attack manoeuvres. "If you want destroyers in the navy," said one of them, "you have got to have night manoeuvres, and if you have night manoeuvres something has got to be chipped about a bit now and then. It's all in the game."

"I have never heard such a smash as there was when the Attentive struck us," said one of the men. "She seemed to have come right on top of us and her bows saved their way clean through into our after engine room. The men from below came scrambling up when the collision occurred, but though everyone was excited there was perfect calm. The skipper was great. You might have thought the danger was the last thing he had in mind."

"Poor Lieutenant Fletcher," said a young-room man, "he was always a favorite, a thundering good sort." The lieutenant was a native of Devonport and was thirty-two years of age.

"WE AIN'T A CHOIR." A graphic description of how the collision happened was given by one of the Attentive's roomies. "We was no steam with light out. The Gala was about one hundred yards away when they sighted her, leading the Ribble and the Teviot. They were trying to cross our bows. Directly the Gala was so close, she switched on her bow lights, and we followed suit, and went full steam astern in an attempt to avert the collision. One maker was could not manage it, and struck."

The commander of the Gala was, of course, on the bridge at the time of the collision, and the men were behaving excellently, acting quickly in the orders of their commander and trying to launch their collapsible boats, though the water was already washing around the ship. One maker was walking about with nothing on but a flannel shirt and a lifebelt. "We ain't a choir or no 'dang,' 'Sons of the Sea,'" I heard him say.

"Another man who actually jumped through the gap in the Gala's side as it widened, and swam, supporting a stoker, sang out, 'Are we downhearted—No.' The lieutenant said, 'I never would not go until he was sure everyone else had left. Then one of the men wanted to go back for the dog and had to be held down by force. It was then the crew mustered in the Attentive that we found the engine-room men, and was missing. We went back for him, but all we came across was a blood-stained pillow. Finally, when daylight came, one maker was spotted where the Gala had gone down with flag buoys."

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