

A HALF HOUR WITH THE RUSSIAN CENSOR.

Dr. Rabinowitz Shows How All Writers and Publishers in the Czar's Empire Are at the Mercy of One Official, But a Little Money Often Helps Them Out.

(By Dr. Samuel Rabinowitz.)

Scene: The head office of the government censor at St. Petersburg. A bald-headed, elderly person is bending over a large square table, which is almost completely covered with piles of papers and surrounded on all sides with stacks of books of a variety of sizes and bindings. Leaning against the opposite wall in front of him with his hands in his pockets, as if on parade, and necks craning forward in an effort to catch the eye of the figure at the table, are about two dozen men of different ages, but all of them evidently belonging to the "literati" of the metropolis. At last the old man raised his eyes from the manuscript which he was reading and perceived the presence of the company in waiting.

"Ah! You are here, gentlemen," he called out in a tone of cold indifference. "What brings you here so early today?"

"There is a telegram to the Berlin Tagblatt," said the spokesman of the company. "To the effect that Kuropatkin's left wing has been turned and that a strong column of Japanese is now pushing northward. Shall we give it to the public or not?"

"Do you think there is any truth in that telegram?" asked the old man, looking at him sharply.

"Well, as far as we know by past experience," said the spokesman, "there is every evidence of truth coming from that source."

"If this is so," said the old man briskly, "returning the reading of his manuscript, you cannot publish it."

"Why?" called the whole company in chorus.

"Why?" repeated the old man mockingly. "I guess you are long enough in the business, gentlemen, to know that with the present state of public feeling in Russia, no news of this kind can be published. It is undeniable, and consequently dangerous."

"Your honor," began another of the company. "It is rumored that his grace's majesty is about to call together a Zemski Sobor (assembly of landed proprietors). Shall we mention the fact in today's paper?"

"The fact," repeated the censor with emphasis. "You will see that it shall become a fact, which, as I presume, will be quite a long wait, and we have plenty of time to make up our minds about it."

"Your honor," said a small man with a squeaking voice. "I am the sub-editor of the Russky Vedomosti. We have just received this advertisement from a stranger, which looks somewhat suspicious and we therefore decided to show it to you before publication."

The old man takes the slip of paper from his hand and reads the following:

"Personal—Ivan Ivanovitch. As soon as you read this go to St. Petersburg and talk to father to give you the manuscript. As the roads are now unsafe you will do well to take some firm arms with you."

"This is quite an innocent notice," said the censor angrily. "I cannot see the use of bothering my head about it."

"Let the reader bear in mind that 'Ivan Ivanovitch' is the pseudonym of the Russian people as 'John Bull' is the pseudonym of the English people, that the czar is spoken of in Russia as the 'little father' and that the demanded constitution is alluded to by liberals by the guarded title of 'The Manuscript,' and then let him read the above personal notice over again and he will find that it is not quite as innocent as the censor considered it."

"Your honor," said another of the company with a red face and a nose as sharp as a needle point. "Here is the editorial that I have prepared for today's issue of the Grazhdanin. Please glance it over and tell me whether it is satisfactory, as we intend going to press immediately." (The old man takes the manuscript and reads.)

"I learn from most reliable sources that Russia would not be averse to peace overtures, providing they come direct from the Japanese government, and are offered with the understanding that the following terms would most likely be acceptable to Russia: First, the recognition by Japan of Russia's right to the sea coast to occupy Manchuria and retain a dominating influence over the foreign and domestic affairs of Korea; secondly, the solemn assurance by Japan that Russia all the war vessels which have been sent by Admiral Togo & Co. since the opening of hostilities; thirdly, the payment by Japan to Russia of a certain sum of money (what shall be fixed by the latter government) for the free advertising which Japan received during this war through Kuropatkin's despatches to the war office, which have always been given to the world, while those of the Japanese commanders have in most cases been kept private; fourthly, the permission of the Japanese government to plant the Russian flag on the Mikado's palace for a few minutes at least, so as to realize Kuropatkin's promise to the czar at the outbreak of the war that before the year is over the Russian flag shall flutter over the imperial palace of Tokio."

"If these demands are accepted to it is understood that Russia will be willing to waive all further claims."

"Well done, Stanislaw!" exclaimed the old man, tapping the sub-editor on the shoulder. "This is the kind of editorials we want, and mark my word, you shall one day be chief editor to the Pravoslavie Vestnik (the Russian official organ)."

"Your honor," said a stumpy looking middle-aged man, in a croaking voice, "I suppose you know my business, as I have been here at the censor's office many times before. We wish to change the type of the letter to the Vestnik Evropa from the usual Greek to old

German. Will we ever be permitted to do so?"

"I am afraid not, Nashtoff," said the censor, coldly. "This is not the time for changing anything. The word has been given out from headquarters 'no changes at present.' This is my decision, but I suppose you are aware that you have the privilege of making an appeal from my decision to the minister of the interior."

"An appeal!" exclaimed the editor with a bitter smile. "We have already made such an appeal five years ago and the answer was that we shall receive his decision through your office. Did you hear anything from him?"

"Not yet, sir, not yet, but we may hear from him any time."

"You are growing sarcastic, Gospodin Stepanov," broke in the censor, sharply. "It would be well for you to keep in mind that your journal has already received the second notice, and even at this moment is in under close surveillance."

"(Any journal in Russia which happens to publish something displeasing to the government is given notice of such displeasure. The third notice, which such nature means an absolute suspension of the journal.)"

"Your honor," said a boyish-looking young man, "I am a new hand on the staff of the Petersburgskiy Listok, and am altogether ignorant of the laws of the censorship. I just got hold of a copy of a small leaflet appearing in the city which bears the seal of this office and contains much valuable news that has not yet been published in any newspaper. I know that my editor would pounce upon it as on a great find, but I am afraid you might find some objections to the news, although the leaflet does bear the seal of your office. Now what I wish to find out is, whether I am permitted to copy a censored article from another paper without further examination?"

"Come a little nearer, young man," said the censor with a smile. "Have you got that paper with you?"

"Yes, your honor, here it is."

"With these words the young man handed him a copy of a small-sized newspaper. The censor unfolded it and was almost struck dead to find that it was a copy of Zvezda, a Yolla (Land and Freedom), the well known revolutionary paper which somehow finds its way into Russia in spite of the censor's vigilance of all its slurs. The very first article was headed 'The Hour of the Autocracy has Struck.' Under this heading the editor calls Russia to arms and tries to join the ranks of the Liberals and throw off the yoke of the old and rotten despotism. Next comes an article headed 'The Japanese our Allies.' In which the writer argues that the real hope and prayer of a crushing defeat of Kuropatkin's forces by the Japanese, which, as he claims, would have the effect of opening the eyes of the autocratic people to the inefficiency of the autocratic rule. After this there is a list of Russian prisoners with the number of political offenders which they respectively contain at the time of writing, totalling up to the enormous figure of 200,000. The place of honor in the center of the front page is given to a cartoon representing Grand Duke Vladimir in heroic pose, holding a tiny form of Tsar Nicholas in the palm of his hand. Another picture represents a Russian censor drawing his ink-bottle through the word 'war' in a dictionary. The rest of the paper is given to miscellaneous matters such as several formulas how to make dynamite bombs; portraits of some of the leaders who were killed or imprisoned during the laborers' procession to the palace square on that fatal Sunday. Warnings by the revolutionary committee to Grand Dukes Vladimir, Sergius and others that they have been sentenced to death; resolutions condemning the French Republic, which is making an alliance with a despotic bureaucracy, etc., etc.

"Is this the kind of news you wish to copy?" asked the censor sternly. "And do you mean to say that you do not know this infernal stuff to be treasonable? I cannot believe it, but I shall give you a chance to prove your innocence to the procurator of the secret service. (To the orderly at the door.) Soldier, arrest this man and take him at once to the bureau of secret service."

At this turn of affairs the company of journalists donned their caps and made ready to depart, but the censor stopped them.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" he said in a domineering tone. "I have noticed that up to this time none of your journals has yet made mention of the ukase of his grace's majesty granting freedom of the press to his empire, and this, notwithstanding it is already over six months since that ukase was issued."

"Hem!" began the leader of the company, who was evidently a privileged person. "Part of the matter is, your honor, that we didn't notice any marked relaxation on the censorship of news since the promulgation of said ukase."

"You do not notice it?" exclaimed the censor with much vehemence. "I wonder what you gentlemen would call freedom of the press? Do you wish to be given a license to criticize the government or to pass an opinion as to what the annual salary of the grand dukes ought to be? Or to agitate for the establishment of a parliament? Or to publish cartoons of the czar and his ministers as they do in Germany? Why, there is no satisfying you. I am personally of the opinion that you are even now abusing the freedom of the press which his majesty graciously bestowed on you of your own free will six months ago. Now, boys, take the advice of an old man and when you go home sit down at your desks and write up long editorials announcing with rapture his majesty's ukase regarding the freedom of the press, and comparing it to the granting of the Magna Charta by King John, the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II, etc. This will have an excellent effect abroad, and will surely do no

harm at home. Will you do it, boys?"

"Well," said the first speaker, hiding a frowning countenance. "If you suggest it we shall have to do it."

"No, there is no 'have to,' boys," said the censor, "remember that we are having freedom of the press in Russia already six months. I am only giving advice. Will you act upon it?"

"If it is only advice," said the spokesman, "we have plenty of time to make up our minds about it."

"Well-er-," stammered the censor. "It is, of course, pure advice, but have you heard what happened to the 'Evreyskiy Vasehad' for acting contrary to my advice?"

"No, we have not. What happened to it?"

"Nothing serious, only suspended for six months," said the censor smilingly.

This settled the affair.

"Guess we will take your advice," said the company in chorus, leaving the room.

(Enter a clammy old fellow, with a mass of scraggy locks dangling from under a musty cap.)

"I am Pichinka, the poet," he said in a cracked falsetto voice. "I wish to find out whether you are through with reviewing my volume of poems entitled 'The Crowing of the Cock,' which I left with you about a year ago."

"Not yet, my dear poet," replied the censor. "I am afraid the crowing of the cock will be somewhat belated this time, as the office has lately been completely clogged up with manuscripts, and it will take some time before they are all passed upon. By the way, have you already obtained a publisher for the work?"

"Yes, your honor," said the poet. "The firm of Nemiloff & Kuzanoff are anxious to publish my poems, they are only waiting for your permission."

"Well," said the censor in a somewhat mollified tone, "send them to me, I want to see them."

"You old rascal," muttered the old man, as he left the room. "Kuzanoff and Nemiloff are the publishers of the 'Crowing of the Cock.' They are waiting for your permission. You want a tip, eh? But you won't get it, even if my poems shall have to rot in your office another year."

"With these words the young man handed him a copy of a small-sized newspaper. The censor unfolded it and was almost struck dead to find that it was a copy of Zvezda, a Yolla (Land and Freedom), the well known revolutionary paper which somehow finds its way into Russia in spite of the censor's vigilance of all its slurs. The very first article was headed 'The Hour of the Autocracy has Struck.' Under this heading the editor calls Russia to arms and tries to join the ranks of the Liberals and throw off the yoke of the old and rotten despotism. Next comes an article headed 'The Japanese our Allies.' In which the writer argues that the real hope and prayer of a crushing defeat of Kuropatkin's forces by the Japanese, which, as he claims, would have the effect of opening the eyes of the autocratic people to the inefficiency of the autocratic rule. After this there is a list of Russian prisoners with the number of political offenders which they respectively contain at the time of writing, totalling up to the enormous figure of 200,000. The place of honor in the center of the front page is given to a cartoon representing Grand Duke Vladimir in heroic pose, holding a tiny form of Tsar Nicholas in the palm of his hand. Another picture represents a Russian censor drawing his ink-bottle through the word 'war' in a dictionary. The rest of the paper is given to miscellaneous matters such as several formulas how to make dynamite bombs; portraits of some of the leaders who were killed or imprisoned during the laborers' procession to the palace square on that fatal Sunday. Warnings by the revolutionary committee to Grand Dukes Vladimir, Sergius and others that they have been sentenced to death; resolutions condemning the French Republic, which is making an alliance with a despotic bureaucracy, etc., etc.

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only another name for 'authority.' 'Revolution' I looked up in the dictionary and found it means 'an overturning,' and 'constitution.' Well 'constitution' be d-d, the less we speak of it the better it is."

"Very well," said the author representing a smile, "your suggestions seem to be very logical and I may perhaps act upon them. Now let us take a sentence from my book at random and make in it your proposed changes, so as to see how it would sound." (He opens the manuscript and reads.) "In the meantime the Sansculottes threw up hasty barricades and made a desperate attempt to crush despotism and inaugurate the new era of socialism. We have had enough of Bureaucracy; they took up the cry. We must now bring on a revolution and obtain a constitution."

"Now," said the author, looking up from the manuscript, "I shall change the terms of this paragraph into the terms suggested by you and we shall see how it will sound." (He takes up the manuscript and reads in the same place.) "In the meantime the beggars threw up a hasty pile and made a desperate attempt to crush despotism and inaugurate a common pot. We have had enough of authority they took up the cry. We must now turn over (a somersault) and be d-d."

"What do you say to such a piece of history?" asked the author sarcastically when he was through. Don't you think the reader would be somewhat perplexed as to whether it treats of builders of the Tower of Babel or of the inmates of a mad house?"

"Hem! . . . Well," said the censor in the tone of a man driven to the wall. "I dare say it will have to stand as is. Come tomorrow and I will have it all ready for you with the seal attached."

The historian spun out of the room with a light heart, humming a ditty beginning with: "When the silvery moon kisses the crystal waters, etc." (Enter an intelligent-looking Pole, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulder. He throws the bundle on the floor and moves very rapidly to the door. "Your honor, this is a Polish encyclopedia which I imported from Cracow. I see that it has passed through your office and is now in the hands of the printer. (Every printed book that is imported into Russia must pass through the censor's office. It is a thoroughly read through and every objectionable passage or page smudged over with an ugly blotch of printer's ink.) The set of books cost me a hundred rubles, but in the state in which it is now it is not worth a kopeck to me. You can keep the books and I will make an appeal to the censor, and if he will, I will have them printed in the state in which they are now. (The censor takes one of the volumes from the floor and runs through its pages with his thumb.) "I cannot see what you are fussing about. A few about there is quite a large number of white pages left, and who can say positively that an encyclopedia should cost less than 20,000 rubles. In fact I consider it quite a presumption in the Poles that their rebel encyclopedia should be made up of 20,000 pages, while the Russian encyclopedia has in it only about half that number of pages."

"But," pleaded the man, "I looked through the articles that were left and I found them so mutilated as to be altogether useless as a person who does not know what is under the black patches which nearly all of them contain."

"This is all," said the censor, ironically. "I can inform you what is under the black patches—treason, treason, treason! Sedition, sedition, sedition! Rebellion, rebellion, rebellion. Here, does that satisfy you? Now go!"

ST. JOHN LADIES WON.

Defeated Mt. Allison Girls in Well Contested Game.

SACKVILLE, March 17.—This afternoon, in the presence of some two hundred enthusiastic spectators, the St. John ladies' hockey team proved their superiority over Mt. Allison Ladies' College team to the tune of 5 to 1. The match was most interesting, and much cheering was indulged in, the applause for both sides being about equal. The visitors won on their goal, which was scored by a fine shot by Frankie Neil recently in England. So did "Pedar" Palmer when he fought Billy Palmer the first time and repeated the dose later on. Terry McGovern surprised the fight shakers when he conquered Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., as did Kid Lavigne when he went abroad and dethroned England's pride among the lightweights, Dick Burke. This list will be increased as time goes on, and dark horses are certain to figure in the history. In nine cases out of ten the man who bets against the favorite in a fight will come out a winner in the end.

WOMAN'S GREATEST ENEMY.

Constipation the Cause of most Women's Troubles—An Easy Way to Permanently Cure this Painful Condition.

There are few women indeed who do not suffer from chronic constipation. Nearly all are slaves to some kind of medicine to correct this trouble, and yet they get nothing but temporary relief. One day the constipation is followed by another, and it is a physical, physical, year in and year out, till life becomes a burden.

"I am no longer troubled with constipation. I cannot praise Anti-Pain too highly."

A month's treatment for \$50. All druggists, or The Whelan-Pyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Sole agents for Canada.

Mrs. Mary Gillis, wife of Daniel Gillis and eldest daughter of the late Michael Flood, died at her home last evening after only a week's illness. She was sixty-three years of age.

THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

QUEBEC, March 17.—Premier Parryson and his colleagues are busy at work finishing up the arrears of public business and setting their house in order. Last night they sat in executive session and while it is not yet known cannot be denied that Parent's friends believe he has still a strong grip upon the house and the political situation, his opponents claim to have now satisfactory assurances that the crisis will be brought to an end Monday or Tuesday next.

THE SMOKERS' IDEAL.

In a pipe tobacco purity is the first essential. Every package of Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco is guaranteed.

CROUP

is one of the dangers of childhood. It must be cured quickly and permanently. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is pleasant to take and cures thoroughly. Your money back, if it doesn't.

25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00

SPORTING.

THE RING.

"Dark Horses" in Boxing.

Backing "dark horses" in the ring in championship fights is not like looking at a safe betting proposition, but it is. When one goes to look back over the records of important ring battles it certainly sounds logical enough to expect a pugilist cannot be "dogged" like a race horse. If this were possible, Joe Walcott would come as near being the heavyweight champion as Jim Jeffries, the recognized leader in this class. Walcott whipped Joe Chynowski, who fought the boilermaker a draw, and so on.

Naturally most of the "dark horses" in championship encounters were the under dogs as far as the odds were concerned. When the champion of a certain class is matched against an aspirant he is sure to be made a strong favorite, no matter what the reports of his condition may be. The public knows what he can do and expects him to live up to his reputation. Invariably the odds on his chances are 2 to 1 and better.

When Jack Dempsey was matched against Bob Fitzsimmons everybody who thought that he knew anything about the game concluded that Dempsey had an ironclad clinch on the result and figured that the Cornishman was in for a severe thrashing. Dempsey money was everywhere, and his friends mortgaged everything they had to get their greenbacks when Jim Corbett refused to look upon the young bank clerk as a man who was thought had not the slightest chance of a victory.

So great a hold had John L. Sullivan upon the affections of the public that when he was matched against Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title in 1892 the large majority of the sports refused to back upon the young bank clerk from California in any other light than as a loser. In fact, the bout was all along regarded as the easiest thing in the world for Sullivan, and when he entered the ring the big fellow was an overwhelming favorite. They were laying as much as five to one that he would win. And when Corbett knocked the ex-champion out more than one follower of the ring went clean broke.

The same thing was illustrated in the case of Jim Corbett against Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897. It was admitted that Fitz was a great fighter and all that, but to beat a man of Corbett's known cleverness and reputation was thought to be impossible, especially by a man like Fitz, who had the worst of the bargain in point of weight. But again the "dark horse" triumphed.

After that the Cornishman was regarded as a man who was thought to be a real pugilist. But his turn came when he tackled Jim Jeffries at Coney Island in 1893. The odds were 10 to 1 against him, but he did not let anything deter him from his fight. He was big and strong, it is true, but he did not display anything remarkable in the fight. Fitz, so his friends said, treated Jeffries as a joke.

"Why," he told them, "he is so big I can't hit him. And what is all I want and he will go down." The betting was all on Fitz's side and the money went down on him in bunches. Again the favorite played worse than the dog, the branny fighter from the west took all the blows that Fitz could send over and finally knocked Lanky Bob out.

"Dark horses" have upset calculations among the little men, too. After Terry McGovern's winning streak, and especially so after he had conquered the mighty George Dixon in a manner to convince the critics of his greatness, it was whispered all along the time that he could not lose. So when Terry was matched to meet Young Corbett at Hartford, McGovern's friends were laughing in their sleeves and were figuring upon just how they would spend their money. Ring followers remember the outcome of that mill pretty well. Terry was put to sleep in just two rounds and by a man of whom little was really known in the east. McGovern's friends thought that their man had been whipped by a chance blow, so another match was arranged. This time the affair took place at San Francisco and the result was the same. Young Corbett's recent defeat by Jimmy Britt and "Battling" Nelson were instances of the talent going wrong again. Joe Bowker proved to be a good deal more than a defeated Frank Neil recently in England. So did "Pedar" Palmer when he fought Billy Palmer the first time and repeated the dose later on. Terry McGovern surprised the fight shakers when he conquered Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., as did Kid Lavigne when he went abroad and dethroned England's pride among the lightweights, Dick Burke. This list will be increased as time goes on, and dark horses are certain to figure in the history. In nine cases out of ten the man who bets against the favorite in a fight will come out a winner in the end.

YORK THEATRE.

Extraordinary Engagement

ONE NIGHT ONLY,
Thursday, March 23,
EDWARD TERRY,
The Eminent London Comedian, and his Company from Terry's Theatre, London, England.
Tour under the direction of LIEBER & CO.
MR. TERRY as DICK PHENYL in

"SWEET LAVENDER,"
BY A. W. PINERO.
The character played by him over 4,000 times in England, the provinces and the colonies.
Admission 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50. Seats on sale Friday, 17th, 10 a.m.

PIECES OF FLESH FALLING
Made Known to People on New York Street That a Man Had Been Killed.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Either pushed from the platform by an angry crowd who surged to board a passing train that did not stop at the station, or struck by the train itself, as it passed at a high rate of speed, a man, supposed to be W. B. Goldberg, a Jew, 35 years of age, was run over and killed by an elevated train at the Canal street station on the Bowery this evening. The accident was discovered by a soldier who was crossing the street under the elevated structure when he was struck by a falling hat. Looking up to further investigate, he was struck by some of the mutilated parts of the man's body. The crowd grew so excited that the police reserves had to be called out.

A PRINCELY GIFT.
HALIFAX, March 17.—A Boston friend of Rev. W. Charles Wilson, Springfield, sends him \$1,000 to endow the Springhill Cottage Hospital in memory of the Right Reverend Frederick Dan Huntington, first bishop of Central New York, who died July 11, 1894.

L. O. A. Funeral Notice.
The officers and members of Verner L. O. A. No. 1, are requested to meet in Orange Hall, Germain street, on Sunday afternoon at 1:30 p. m. to attend the funeral of our late brother.

JOSEPH MARTIN.
Members of Sister Lodges are invited to attend and also Apprentice Boys. Full regular.
By order W. M. WILLIAM GRANT, Rec. Sec.

To Whom It May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that I will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION at 7:30 p. m. on SATURDAY, March 18, at 417 Main street, in the City of St. John, all the Stock-in-trade, Furniture and Fittings lately used by John Branscombe in his business as a grocer. The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Chattel Mortgage to me, the undersigned Mortgagee, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated this 15th day of March, A. D., 1905.
WM. LIPSEY, Mortgagee.
T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

TENDERS WANTED FOR SUPPLIES FOR CAOL.
TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED at the Sheriff's Office, Court House, in the City of Saint John, up to twelve o'clock noon on SATURDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March instant, for supplying the Gaol with the following articles for one year from April first, 1905, up to and including March thirty-first, 1906.

Good Molasses, per gallon.
" Barley, per pound.
" Rice, per pound.
" Tea, per pound.
" Yellow Soap, per pound.
" Brooms, per dozen.
Good Beef for soup, free from bone, per pound.
Good Beef for roasting, and Corned Beef alternate days, free from bone, per pound.
Good Bakers' Flour for making the best of bread, per barrel.
Bakers to state the number of two-pound loaves of bread they will deliver at the gaol for each barrel of flour supplied.

All supplies delivered to be subject to the approval of the Sheriff. The lowest tender not necessarily accepted.
St. John, N. B., March 15, A. D., 1905.
ROBERT R. RITCHIE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.

Our Machine-Made Doughnuts
CANNOT BE EQUALLED.
YORK BAKERY,
290 Brussels Street.
Telephone 1457.

CHAIRS RE-SEATED.
L. S. CANE ONLY.
Cane, Splint and Perforated.
Duval's Umbrella Shop,
17 Waterloo Street.
HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS AND PUTTY.

BUTTER!
As every one knows Tub Butter is of uncertain quality. Much Print Butter comes first in the tub. Where it is made, how many hands it has passed through since leaving the dairy, is something the buyers don't know. With our butter all doubt is ended. Made in the cleanest creameries in Canada, then packed.

SUSSEX MILK & CREAM CO.
155 POND STREET.
Telephone 622.

OPERA HOUSE.
FAREWELL WEEK OF THE **FISKE STOCK CO.**
BAND AND ORCHESTRA. Presenting MISS GRACE HAMILTON and a Company of 30 People, in a list of New Plays.

WEEK OF MARCH 18TH.
Monday and Tuesday, Red River. Wednesday Matinee, Hazel Kirk. Thursday Night, Breeding the Hens. Friday Night, The Great Russian Drama, Thibide. Saturday Night, Saturday Matinee, Kathleen Mavourneen. Sunday Night, At the French Ball. Usual matinees. Prices, 25, 50, 75 and 100 cents.

OPERA HOUSE.
COMMENCING MONDAY, FOR A LIMITED SEASON, THE **W. S. HARKINS CO.**
A New Play Every Night, **MONDAY NIGHT, "A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND"**
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.
"The Light of the World," BY HOLMAN HUNT, is now on view at the YORK THEATRE ASSEMBLY ROOMS. Admission, 25c. to a.m. to 6 p.m. 15c.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Atlantic Steamship Service.
From Liverpool, St. John, N. B. Mar. 7. Lake Manitoba. . . Mar. 25. Mar. 21. Lake Manitoba. . . Apr. 8. Apr. 4. Lake Erie. . . Apr. 22. Apr. 11. Lake Manitoba. . . Apr. 29. FIFTH CLASS—To Liverpool, \$14.50 and \$20 upward, according to steamer.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Second Cabin—To Liverpool, \$7.50; London, \$10.00.
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