

COCKNEY'S DIALECT

Crusade Against it by Pure Speech League

Prof. Skeat Says Cockneys of Today Are Different From Those Recorded by Dickens.

LONDON, June 15.—Much interest has been aroused by the work of the Pure Speech League of Hornsey, which has begun a campaign to reform the Cockney dialect...

A number of members of the Pure Speech League have made a hobby of collecting "Cockneys." The gem of the collection so far was picked up at Hornsey by Canon Horner...

Some distinguished persons are so fond of the Cockney dialect that they never use any other. An alderman in a City dinner said to the Lord Chancellor...

Dr. Skeat, professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge University, whose life work has been the study of words, their sound, spelling, meaning and history...

"That is a matter of importance, for the spoken word, and that alone, is the word itself. The written form is only its picture or representation to the eye, and frequently represents it imperfectly..."

ONE WOMAN DELEGATE TO CHICAGO CONVENTION

CHICAGO, June 15.—The only woman to have a seat on the floor of the Republican Convention as a regular delegate came to Chicago yesterday...

GIRL ROUTS BURGLARS WITH FIRECRACKERS

PITTSBURG, June 15.—Ignoring the little thought of pistols or galling guns, Miss Hazel Pontefract, a school leader in Sewickley, routed a couple of burglars early this morning with a bunch of fire crackers...

FATHER, MOTHER AND SON IN SAME PRISON

SELINGROVE, Pa., June 15.—With the admission to the Northumberland county jail of Mrs. John Marvace, Jr., the woman's son, charged with stealing brass from the Reading Railroad, arrived first at the jail...

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION

Former Colonial Secretary Expresses His Views

Mr. Lytton Doubts Whether the Western Nations Will be Able to Maintain One-sided Exclusion.

MONTREAL, June 15.—The Right Hon. Alfred Lytton, Secretary of State for the Colonies in the late government, has contributed to the issue of The Standard of England, an article on the immigration of British Asiatics to Canada and the other dominions...

Mr. Lytton writes: "It cannot be doubted that the Dominions Government is at one with her sister States of Australasia and South Africa in the resolution to prevent free and effective competition by British subjects of the Asiatic races, and the facts prove that the Imperial Government have, though reluctantly, been driven to acquiescence in a policy which it would be useless and dangerous even if it were expedient at the present time to resist..."

Mr. Lytton, however, concludes by declaring that it appears almost impossible, at any rate for the present, to effectually to preserve the purity of the race and the industrial standard of the British Empire...

HE DIDN'T WORRY

The Working Out of Hezekiah Doolittle's Theory of Hopefulness.

(From the Youth's Companion.) His name was Hezekiah Doolittle and he was a young man of moderate temperment. When he proposed to Annie Warner she inquired what he had to do for a living...

AN HONOR FOR KING MANUEL

LONDON, June 15.—The King and Queen will probably join the Royal yacht Alexandra at Portsmouth on Saturday, June 14th and will proceed round the Lewis and Clark to the Bristol Channel to Avonmouth. In this case the opening of the Royal Edward dock at Avonmouth (probably on Tuesday, July 7) and the King and Queen will proceed after the ceremony to Bristol, where they are to be entertained to luncheon at the Art Gallery by the Mayor and Corporation. The King intends to confer the Order of the Garter upon the King of Portugal...

HAZARD TO HIS SHIP

PORTSMOUTH, Eng., June 15.—The naval court martial, which has been in session here for several days before Vice-Admiral Lowry to investigate the loss of the British mine sweeper St. Paul, after a lengthy consideration today found that Captain Lumley, commander of the cruiser, hazarded his ship by default, though not by neglect...

FATHER, MOTHER AND SON IN SAME PRISON

SELINGROVE, Pa., June 15.—With the admission to the Northumberland county jail of Mrs. John Marvace, Jr., the woman's son, charged with stealing brass from the Reading Railroad, arrived first at the jail...

HIS LUCK LEFT HIM

How a Paris Gambler Won and Lost

Broke the Bank at Engle—Was Followed by Two Thugs, Robbed, Stripped, and Flung into the Lake.

PARIS, June 15.—Lambert, a gentleman of independent means living in the Rue Quincampoix, in Paris, has had an unpleasant adventure in the little town of Engle, in the suburbs, where gambling is carried on.

Yesterday evening Mr. Lambert went down to the Casino and after dinner spent a pleasant half hour at the "little horses" table, where he won about \$20. Pleased with his winnings, he went to the door of the club, which is in a room situated on the first floor of the Casino building, and asked for admission. The man at the door told him that, although he was not a member, he might probably be admitted in a very short time.

M. Lambert said that he was willing to pay any necessary entrance fee, and the man at the door, who had been waiting for him, immediately became a member of the club. There, instead of "little horses," he was playing roulette. M. Lambert was lucky. He at first lost half the money that he had won downstairs at the "little horses" table, but then he began to win, and won throughout the evening, finishing by taking the bank, and being a winner of a little over \$7,000.

He went off with this money in his pocket, left the club and casino building, and walked down the road towards the railway station. Two men followed him. M. Lambert remembered to have seen them in the room, but paid no particular attention to them. Suddenly the men rushed forward—on either side of him—stripped him up, and methodically went through his pockets. They took his money, his watch, and his rings on his fingers. Then they undressed him, and, with the deliberation which had characterized his movements, threw him into the lake nearby.

It is not a particularly well-smelling lake, but, perhaps, because of its depth and M. Lambert, who can swim a little, made his way to shore.

J. W. GATES BUNDED; SWEARS OFF TIPPING

Letters Delivered at Hotel Cost Him 25 Cents Each

NEW YORK, June 15.—John W. Gates has sworn off tipping hotel employees. He says, however, that he may give a tip to a porter or a messenger on an extra room dinner. It happened this way: A matter of a hundred or more letters, all of which were addressed to the Plaza for Mr. Gates. He has been in the habit of giving 25 cents per letter, but when he saw the letters in a room or in any part of the hotel by a bellboy...

"The bellboy gave me much thought to what this habit cost me," said Mr. Gates yesterday. "But I guess I have been 'bungled' by the bellboys at the Waldorf and Plaza, where Mr. Gates has made his headquarters, discovered this 25-cent habit. Perhaps several letters were stamped at intervals of one or two minutes, and a long line of boys would keep busy making their way to the room of Mr. Gates. Each arrival would be met by a boy with a letter. Yesterday Mr. Gates had an unusual number of telegrams. It so happened that one arriving at five minutes to 12. Gates that it was going to Mr. Gates," going fast enough anyway to keep me from giving any more tips in the hotel. I will never give a tip in a hotel, no matter where I am."

PILGRIMS SOCIETY DINED

ANGLICAN DELEGATES

Leading Bishops Present—Lord Curzon Presided—Premier Asquith Made Notable Speech.

LONDON, June 15.—The Pilgrim's Society of London gave a dinner to-night at the Savoy Hotel to welcome the leading delegates attending the Pan-Anglican conference, among whom are the bishops of Missouri, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Some 20 American bishops, all of the missionary societies, and a number of the Anglican bishops received invitations. Lord Curzon, presided at the gathering, and in proposing a toast to the King and the President, he spoke of them as the two rulers who had had more influence on the history of the world in the past seven years than any others.

WANTED!

A capable Solicitor to handle a high grade Stock proposition. Liberal salary and commission paid to the person who can get the business. Apply 82 PRINCE WILLIAM ST., St. John, N. B.

BWARE OF THE CHINAMAN

Not a Safe Man for Occidentals to Wed

French Lady Married Dignified Gentleman in Paris—In Pekin She Found Him a Brutal Oriental

PARIS, June 15.—A disillusioned Parisienne who married a Chinaman is now suing before the Paris courts for a divorce.

The respondent is a certain Hainling, whose father some years ago was Chinese Minister in Paris. The son, who was an ardent student of the Legation, was received in good society. He made the acquaintance of the lady who is now petitioning for a divorce and sought her hand in marriage. Her family objected, but ultimately their scruples were overcome, and the pair were married in the autumn of 1902.

While in Europe Hainling was a model husband, but a year or so after the marriage he was called to Pekin under an escort provided by the Legation, and this guard saw her safely on board a steamer at Shanghai. There is a baby in the case, and the wife is seeking the custody of the child.

COMMERCIAL

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS. Chicago Market Report and New York Cotton Market. (Furnished by D. C. Clinch, Banker, St. John, N. B., June 16, 1908.)

Table with columns for stock types (Amalgam, Am Copper, Am Sugar, etc.) and their corresponding prices.

HAUNTED SCHOOL

Now Railway Ties

Famous Building in Grey County Was Finally Torn Down Because of Strange Noises

WALKERTON, June 15.—A number of whitewashed ties are doing service for the C.P.R. on the South line, and behind these ties will probably notice nothing remarkable in other than that they were taken from an old building, but the present age is not much given to speculating in witchcraft, yet those who were the chief pillars in a building which was believed to be haunted, they came from the old Egremont School between Pricville and Durham and the strange noises that issued apparently from the ceiling and rafters of the building alarmed the people in that section, until the school-house was shunned by the natives and published broadcast over the country as a curiosity. The school-house was finally torn down and erected on the site a substantial brick structure.

The story afterwards leaked out that the teacher of the school wanted a new building, but her reasoning with the board was of no avail. Being somewhat of a ventriloquist, she caused certain weird sounds to come from the rafters and so worked on the feelings of the trustees that they became alarmed at the prospect and disgusted with the building. It never dawned on the board until after the new school had been built that these sounds were never issued from the building except when the teacher was present. She gained her point, the building was converted into lumber, which was afterwards sold to the C.P.R. from the joists and pillars of the building school-house and the whitewashed ties on the South line.

DYING, HE SIGNS WILL WITH HIS OWN BLOOD.

PITTSBURG, June 15.—Covered with blood, which flowed freely from a wound in his body, John Smith, a miller of Boverston, indicated, when his attempt at suicide was discovered, that he desired to leave all his property to his mother.

A will was hastily drawn up, and as the man was too weak to grasp the pen placed in his hand, he simply signed the document with his thumb, dipped in the blood from his wound.

WANTED!

A capable Solicitor to handle a high grade Stock proposition. Liberal salary and commission paid to the person who can get the business. Apply 82 PRINCE WILLIAM ST., St. John, N. B.

FIRE ON MAINE FARM

CAUSES MUCH DAMAGE

Finest Farm Buildings in the State Destroyed—Built by Late James S. Sanborn.

LEWISTON, Me., June 15.—Fire late today at Lewiston Junction caused a loss of between \$30,000 and \$35,000 to Elmwood farm, one of the finest sets of farm buildings in Maine. The buildings burned consisted of a stable which was built 15 years ago at a cost of fully \$20,000, two barns valued at \$4,000, a house, a small church, and small schoolhouse. A third barn was saved by the use of buckets, the only means there was of fighting the fire. The fire started in the boiler room and the fire pumps with which the place was equipped was out of commission from the start.

Elmwood was established by the late James S. Sanborn who made it well known by importing French coach stations in 1850, of the Goodrich, of Boston, is the present owner.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Frank L. McCafferty will receive her friends at her home, 103 King street east, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evenings this week.

Mrs. E. T. Cheyne will receive her friends Wednesday afternoon and evening at her home, 172 Carmarthen and 18th at her home 172 Carmarthen.

COMMERCIAL

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS. Chicago Market Report and New York Cotton Market. (Furnished by D. C. Clinch, Banker, St. John, N. B., June 16, 1908.)

Table with columns for stock types (Amalgam, Am Copper, Am Sugar, etc.) and their corresponding prices.

NOW RAILWAY TIES

Famous Building in Grey County Was Finally Torn Down Because of Strange Noises

WALKERTON, June 15.—A number of whitewashed ties are doing service for the C.P.R. on the South line, and behind these ties will probably notice nothing remarkable in other than that they were taken from an old building, but the present age is not much given to speculating in witchcraft, yet those who were the chief pillars in a building which was believed to be haunted, they came from the old Egremont School between Pricville and Durham and the strange noises that issued apparently from the ceiling and rafters of the building alarmed the people in that section, until the school-house was shunned by the natives and published broadcast over the country as a curiosity. The school-house was finally torn down and erected on the site a substantial brick structure.

DYING, HE SIGNS WILL WITH HIS OWN BLOOD.

PITTSBURG, June 15.—Covered with blood, which flowed freely from a wound in his body, John Smith, a miller of Boverston, indicated, when his attempt at suicide was discovered, that he desired to leave all his property to his mother.

A will was hastily drawn up, and as the man was too weak to grasp the pen placed in his hand, he simply signed the document with his thumb, dipped in the blood from his wound.

WANTED!

A capable Solicitor to handle a high grade Stock proposition. Liberal salary and commission paid to the person who can get the business. Apply 82 PRINCE WILLIAM ST., St. John, N. B.

Wedding Gifts!

"Imperial Crown" China. An Ornamental China, handsome and artistic in shapes and decorations. "Elite" Limoges China in all articles for table use. In the most dainty, pleasing decorations. "Mintons" China. Potters to H. M. the King.

O. H. WARWICK CO., Ltd. 78 TO 82 KING ST.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

WANTED—A maid for general house work in small family to go to the country for summer months. Apply to Mrs. H. F. Hayward, 25 Queen's Square (south side). 16-6-ft.

LOST—Lady's Gold Watch, initials E. I. H. Finder please leave at this office. 16-5-4.

LOST—On the 13th Inst. light bay horse, weighing about 1100. Low set, heavy mane and tail. Two white hind feet, white running up about eight inches. When standing, hind knees black. Any information please notify John Steel, phone Main 322.

LOST—On Saturday last, a gold watch fob with a locket backed with an English guinea, of George III. Finder will be rewarded by leaving it with the Star.

WANTED—To Rent—Small Safe. Apply Box 431 Star Office. 16-4-2.

LOST—Thursday evening going to Seaside Park by way of Carlton, lady's silver watch and fob. Finder return to Star office and receive reward. 16-6-4.

DAME RUMOR

Has it that we make the best cake in town, and Dame Rumor for once is right. Our Cakes and Pastry are always good, better in fact than you can bake at home, and besides saves all trouble and worry. Our Milk Bread is healthful. Try it once and you will take no other.

HYGIENIC BAKERY, 134 to 138 Mill Street, Phone 1157. ERNEST J. HEATT, Proprietor

BASEBALL DOCTOR TURNS SPHERE TO ALL COLORS

Batsmen Wondered Why Pellet Looked So Unusual, But They Soon Found Out

"Baseball is a queer game in one respect," said the veteran manager to recent assembled cranks. "It has an oddness that the public in general knows nothing about."

"You know the spittal principle? How the mottosed spot catches the toes in the air and deflects the ball so that when you squeezed it minute projections sprouted all over it."

"They weren't big enough to be very noticeable, but when they hit the air they had the ball ricocheting through the atmosphere like a bumblebee. A push button concealed in the stitching made the hum disappear, but somebody body got absent minded, and it was all off."

"One of the most skillfully koped balls Hank ever got up was one he fixed for a team called the Blunktown Biffers. The Biffers were easy marks, but as soon as the game started out batting department got sky-high. When the sphere hurtled over the rubber my sluggers ducked away from it."

"When the catcher let one past him I madd for the ball and grabbed it. It wasn't a bigger than a golf pellet. It must have been shot across the plate like a bullet and I didn't much blame the beauty for side-swinging."

"I told him, 'I live met him more than once. His business is to make phony baseballs. For a considerable while he did doctor up a sphere for almost any purpose you want. I was a baseball doctor."

"Not acquainted, eh? I've met him many times. He was loaded to the muzzle with inanity, and several times I bumped against his products."

"One day my Slagtown Beauts were playing a team that didn't have much ability, but as batters my men were making a sideshow of themselves. The Beauts struck out until I had acute melancholia. The opposing pitcher didn't have much, and when my stalker slicker registered three misses I called him down."

"You give me a pain," I told him. "If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate."

"I thought I was going to swipe it, cap," he replied, but the ball looked pink and quered my eye. "I told him, 'If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate.'" "You may look for another job if you're going to see many pink baseballs."

"The time I had finished with him another man had struck out and was sneaking to the beach. "I told him, 'If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate.'" "You may look for another job if you're going to see many pink baseballs."

"The game started and we saw right away that the Pets had a rubber covered affair, and they took care of it. That ball was one of Hank's masterpieces. A bun sent it to the centre field fence."

"When we went to bat we got our ball in the game and wondered how it was going to work. Then we saw that the Pets' pitcher couldn't control it. He said his hands perspired and used up a laundryful of towels."

"I never saw such a collection of wild heaves as he was responsible for. Every inning he forced in eight or ten runs on bases on balls, and that made up for the Pets' pounding."

"The Pets' rubber ball began to operate backward. One of them knocked it outside of the lot, but it hit a telegraph pole and bounced back into the left fielder's hands."

"Another swipe hit the centre field fence and shot back to the short-stop felled out the runner at third. A wallop hit the second baseman on the head, but instead of killing him it bounded into the air and the centre fielder caught it."

"And the Pets' pitching department was driving them wild. They had six different men on the slab, but all threw like a schoolgirl playing baseball."

"The Pets were trying their third baseman on the rubber mound, and all at once he smelted of the ball. He whipped a match out of his pocket and applied the flame to the cover. It flared up like gasoline."

"Hank had manufactured a porous sphere that gently oozed out oil and the slippery leather had the pitchers helpless."

"Then we held a general peace conference and finished the game with regular balls."

"Let me tell you that if you ever think you know all there is to know about baseball, you still have something coming to you, and it may have a surprise wrapped around it."



Has it that we make the best cake in town, and Dame Rumor for once is right. Our Cakes and Pastry are always good, better in fact than you can bake at home, and besides saves all trouble and worry. Our Milk Bread is healthful. Try it once and you will take no other.

HYGIENIC BAKERY, 134 to 138 Mill Street, Phone 1157. ERNEST J. HEATT, Proprietor

BASEBALL DOCTOR TURNS SPHERE TO ALL COLORS

Batsmen Wondered Why Pellet Looked So Unusual, But They Soon Found Out

"Baseball is a queer game in one respect," said the veteran manager to recent assembled cranks. "It has an oddness that the public in general knows nothing about."

"You know the spittal principle? How the mottosed spot catches the toes in the air and deflects the ball so that when you squeezed it minute projections sprouted all over it."

"They weren't big enough to be very noticeable, but when they hit the air they had the ball ricocheting through the atmosphere like a bumblebee. A push button concealed in the stitching made the hum disappear, but somebody body got absent minded, and it was all off."

"One of the most skillfully koped balls Hank ever got up was one he fixed for a team called the Blunktown Biffers. The Biffers were easy marks, but as soon as the game started out batting department got sky-high. When the sphere hurtled over the rubber my sluggers ducked away from it."

"When the catcher let one past him I madd for the ball and grabbed it. It wasn't a bigger than a golf pellet. It must have been shot across the plate like a bullet and I didn't much blame the beauty for side-swinging."

"I told him, 'I live met him more than once. His business is to make phony baseballs. For a considerable while he did doctor up a sphere for almost any purpose you want. I was a baseball doctor."

"Not acquainted, eh? I've met him many times. He was loaded to the muzzle with inanity, and several times I bumped against his products."

"One day my Slagtown Beauts were playing a team that didn't have much ability, but as batters my men were making a sideshow of themselves. The Beauts struck out until I had acute melancholia. The opposing pitcher didn't have much, and when my stalker slicker registered three misses I called him down."

"You give me a pain," I told him. "If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate."

"I thought I was going to swipe it, cap," he replied, but the ball looked pink and quered my eye. "I told him, 'If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate.'" "You may look for another job if you're going to see many pink baseballs."

"The time I had finished with him another man had struck out and was sneaking to the beach. "I told him, 'If you want to wigwag with your bat, it's a mighty poor time to take when somebody is bowling strikes across the plate.'" "You may look for another job if you're going to see many pink baseballs."

"The game started and we saw right away that the Pets had a rubber covered affair, and they took care of it. That ball was one of Hank's masterpieces. A bun sent it to the centre field fence."

"When we went to bat we got our ball in the game and wondered how it was going to work. Then we saw that the Pets' pitcher couldn't control it. He said his hands perspired and used up a laundryful of towels."

"I never saw such a collection of wild heaves as he was responsible for. Every inning he forced in eight or ten runs on bases on balls, and that made up for the Pets' pounding."

"The Pets' rubber ball began to operate backward. One of them knocked it outside of the lot, but it hit a telegraph pole and bounced back into the left fielder's hands."

"Another swipe hit the centre field fence and shot back to the short-stop felled out the runner at third. A wallop hit the second baseman on the head, but instead of killing him it bounded into the air and the centre fielder caught it."

"And the Pets' pitching department was driving them wild. They had six different men on the slab, but all threw like a schoolgirl playing baseball."

"The Pets were trying their third baseman on the rubber mound, and all at once he smelted of the ball. He whipped a match out of his pocket and applied the flame to the cover. It flared up like gasoline."

"Hank had manufactured a porous sphere that gently oozed out oil and the slippery leather had the pitchers helpless."

"Then we held a general peace conference and finished the game with regular balls."

"Let me tell you that if you ever think you know all there is to know about baseball, you still have something coming to you, and it may have a surprise wrapped around it."