

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, APRIL 27 1904

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EGYPT MAKES WAR ON HASHEESH TRADE

Direct Supply via Malta Being Suppressed, But Route via Khartoum is Still Open.

ADEN, April 26.—The smuggling of opium hashish into Egypt has long been a matter of considerable trouble to the British government, and the recent decision regarding the opening of an enquiry into the system adopted by dealers in this contraband is a move in the right direction. But apparently these proceedings practically cover only consignments which are conveyed from Austria via Malta into Egypt, and no reference is made to other routes and methods.

A similar trade is being carried on in the Sudan, with Khartoum as the distributing centre. In this instance the contraband is imported over a much more circuitous route. It is reported that the hashish is primarily purchased in Greece and conveyed to Marseilles, thence shipped to Djibuti, in French Somaliland, and

transported over land via Dird Douda, Addis Ababa and the Blue Nile to Khartoum.

It is stated that the average monthly quantity smuggled into the Sudan in this manner is between 400 and 600 kilos.

If the present commission is eventually to be the means of dealing an effective blow at this class of smuggling some steps should be taken to prevent further shipments in the above manner. The probability is that this route would be utilized to a much greater extent should it be rendered impossible to deal from Austria via Malta, as it would be an easy matter to import the hashish through the Sudan provinces into Egypt proper.

THE DUTIFUL MOTHER.

John's mother does a mother's part. (They're others like her in the land.) She has a warmly-beating heart. That guides a warmly-beating hand.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Kitty: Mrs. Carleigh thinks her son, Harry, is the salt of the earth.
Janet: "Well, I can't see why I think he is about the freshest thing I ever met."

FINDS PROFIT IN RUNNING DEER FARM

John Griggs, Pioneer Iowan Trapper, Has Made Success of Unique Occupation.

Began With Pair of Deer and is Now the Owner of a Herd of Nearly One Hundred.

MASON CITY, Iowa, April 26.—Deer farming in Iowa is limited to one farm and to one man—John W. Griggs, who lives twenty miles southwest of Mason City, near the border line between Hancock and Cerro Gordo counties, where may be seen a herd of nearly one hundred deer, with all the instincts of the wild life from which they are but a few generations removed, and where the visitor may spend half a day in as delightful an outing as can be imagined.

John Griggs is a typical pioneer, who came to Iowa as a trapper and hunter forty years ago, but who, unlike others of his profession, settled down upon his virgin soil and applied himself to farming, while at the same time he surrounded himself with all the wild life he could induce through domestication or captivity to remain with him.

Mr. Griggs' farm for more than three decades has been a zoological garden of animal curiosities fresh from their wild haunts, not because Mr. Griggs wanted to be different from other Iowa farmers, but because he loved animals and wanted them for their company and for the inspiration they give him.

He has made a success of tilling the soil and now, after attaining years when the activities of farm life would be ceased, he finds ample and constant employment with a side line as unique as any in the world—deer farming. Fifteen years he has been in the deer business. Wolves, wild geese, antelope, elk and other animals have in succession occupied his spare moments in cultivating their acquaintance for thirty years, but in no line has he succeeded so well as with deer.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Griggs began with a pair of Virginia deer, but by careful study and added new blood he has built up a herd which are crosses or true bloods of black tails, Minnesota black tails, Virginians and Columbian deer, though none of these breeds seem to do so well in Iowa as the northern deer, which vary little in size from other breeds, but seem better adapted to Iowa climatic conditions.

INBREEDING DISASTROUS.

The white tail is a much finer bodied, finer haired animal than the Minnesota deer, but is not hardy; so it may be said that this herd has veered around in its breeding in fifteen years to practically full blooded northern deer, of many types, but nearly all the same, and has grown from two to a hundred head.

This has been done by careful selection of the does and securing at intervals a buck, caught young in the woods of Northern Wisconsin or Minnesota, the best and safest way to keep up the standard of his herd. Strange as it may seem, deer in captivity are generally prolific breeders. The mating season is in November and the fawns are born alone in June or May, from the young does come a birth and from the older ones usually twins. As Mr. Griggs has it figured, from thirty does on his farm a crop of fifty fawns is expected. The fawns are spotted until fall, when their new coat comes. They require no attention, only to be let severely alone with the does.

Years in domestication of the parents does not rob the young of all the instincts of their wild life. It is impossible to get near them for some weeks, and even when practically nature is frightened away. For this reason Mr. Griggs finds that woven wire fencing is best, eight feet high and with posts set close to each other to hold it. The natural food of the deer is tender, green, shoots, leaves, sprouts, fruit and berries, which generally are found in the woods; so a wood is essential in breeding deer. They eat weeds but do not care much for ordinary grass, though clover and alfalfa are delicious for which they pass by fodder, oats, straw and the like. Corn is the best grain, and the does must be fed a little grain during the summer to keep them in milk. If the fawns are to be pushed for market, in winter the deer lose their appetite and will eat little food, thus coming out in the spring thin though not poor.

LAWS RESTRICT HUNTING.

Plenty of running water is needed, though in winter they need no water if snow is on the ground, as they eat that.

No shelter is needed save that of a grove of trees to break off the wind. The coat of hair of a deer is a shed, and there is good profit in raising deer for the market, as Mr. Griggs is well able to testify. Deer are not as large as one would think. A full grown buck would weigh from 120 to 200 pounds and does from 120 to 175. Deer are fully developed at four years of age. The fawns, if they come early and the does are well fed, weigh at the age of six months from 70 to 90 pounds, and at eighteen months from 120 to 170 pounds.

The demand for venison is constantly on the increase. The laws which restrict hunting and limit the number of deer to each hunter have prevented a high price at this time for the dressed carcasses in Chicago. With a buck carcass with a well shaped head and a nice pair of antlers

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We have been very fortunate in securing a large lot of Ladies' Night Gowns at a great bargain.

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They are Gowns that were made to sell at from \$1.25 to 2 00 each.

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Just the newest things shown in the way of Ladies' Rainproof Apparel.

Moire Raincoats, very rich looking and decidedly new.

Striped Silk Raincoats in the most popular colorings.

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G. K. CHESTERTON'S CREW OF THE WAR SCARE

(The Graphic)

Everyone is talking just now about machines of death made out of steel or iron. People whisper in a panic-stricken way that Germany is building ironclads of the size of small islands, and one can almost fancy that the sun is darkened at noon with flying ships, like a flight of iron birds. I have my doubts about both the moral and the military value of this sort of imagination. Machinery is only armor, and armor is only clothes; and a very superficial study of some suburban dandies will suffice to show that it is no good to have clothes if you do not know how to put them on. We do not offer exquisite trousers to a man who has no legs. Neither do we offer difficult machinery to men who have no heads, nor dangerous machinery to men who have no hearts.

An obvious historical parallel suggests itself. Armor-plating is no new thing; ironclads are very old and romantic objects. Only in the old time the individual was an ironclad. They plated the man instead of the ship; but they calculated it carefully, so as to repel the shafts and bullets of the enemy, and this making of helmets and breast plates was a very subtle and exacting trade: the armorers were both an artist and a man of science. A great deal depended on him; men were often killed, like Dundee at Balaclava, only because one hole was found in their harness. No doubt there was a certain amount of international competition, and the advisers of a nation said: "Remember that you have to meet the steel coats of Milan," or "Remember that your enemies have admirable blades from Damascus."

Still, these fears were kept within the four corners of dignity. I absolutely refuse to believe that any English gentleman at the time of Crecy ever shrieked at the top of his voice: "Nine more new visors for the Knights of Aquitaine" or "Seven more Sarbary horses seen in Gascony!" or "French Government still buying Florentine gauntlets!" And, if we attempt to analyze the difference, I think we shall simply find it to be in the sense of honor. Such an Englishman would have thought it cowardly to attach so much importance as all that to the degradation of his armor. He would, as a reasonable person, inform himself about the weapons of his enemy; and if he heard that his enemy had a curial axe which was rather a neat thing, he would probably go and buy one for himself. But he would not talk as if he could be conquered by the axe, and not by the sword. He would not talk as if there were a shower and hail of curial axes darkening the sun. He would not say that the German axes were growing larger and larger by a huge, incurable law of the cosmos. In the last resort, his own manhood would dispute an open fear of defeat as much as defeat itself. For, after all, the only possible shame of defeat is that it may have betokened us through fear. But we seem eager to confess the fear before we need confess the defeat.

That is the obvious difference between the medieval Englishman and the modern. He talked of contending against a German knight, not against a German lance. Nor would he have been scared if you had told him that German lances were growing longer and longer, and that whereas ten years ago a German lance was forty feet long, it was now two hundred and forty feet long, and would soon be a mile long. He would deny that this was any reason for his really being afraid of the German knight—a desire of degradation which he would, indeed, have refused altogether to discuss. He would have denied it for two very forcible reasons, both of which are in their turn well worth consideration at the present time.

He would have denied it, first, because his common-sense would have told him that the mere elongation of lances, at enormous expense and with out any reference to the swift accidents of battle, was a piece of clumsiness and stupidity in the mere art of war. To teach a few scrobbles to manage partially a long lance that could not really be managed. And while a lance to teach a few scrobbles to manage an enemy first, it would be much worse than useless if it did not strike him at all; as he would simply sit smiling with a spiked mace in his hand until the monotonous length of timber had gone by him.

Now, the average citizen is not an expert either upon lances or battleships. He cannot know much about the subject; but he can (I think) know a good deal about the expert. The good citizen possesses a sense of smell, given to him by God, like that of the dog; he has, in a mystical way, a nose for nonsense. And he smells something wrong when people go on talking blindly about bigger and bigger ships, though he may know nothing about naval war; just as he would smell something wrong if people went on talking about longer and longer lances, though he might know nothing about the technique of tilting. Common-sense tells a man that indefinite development in one direction must in practice over-reach itself: that wearing ninety overcoats cannot be the way to cure a cold; that drinking ninety pots of beer is by no means a protection against thirst. If you perceive your enemy plunging on blindly in a particular direction, the real thing to do, if you have any spirit and invention, is to calculate the weakness in his course and advance yourself in some other direction. You ought to take advantage of his infatuation, not to imitate it; you ought to surprise his plan of campaign, not copy it laboriously. If he is building very big ships, the best thing you could do would probably be to build small ones; ships lighter, quicker, and more capable of navigating rivers. If he has gone quite doty on long lances, the chances are that you will win the battle with daggers.

But there is another reason besides

this more flexible experimentalism in war which would, I think, have prevented the fine old English gentleman from going in for a mere blind race in the length of spear-shafts. He would have known that if lances really grew longer and longer past all reason, there would certainly come a point when Europe would stop in and stop it. Europe was a great deal too keen on the common sport of chivalry to let it be wiped out by cut-throat competition. They would have had summary laws to cut short a gentleman's lance, as they had them to cut short his plumes or his expenditure. But these could only have been enforced by a general agreement of Christendom. And in those old barbaric, superstitious, dim, dark, and damned ages, there would have been a general agreement of Christendom. It might have been an agreement full of artificial feudalism, it might have been ratified by ecclesiastical mysteries, but it could have been obtained. It is all nonsense to say that we Europeans could not have an agreement about disarmament. We could have it well enough if we loved our civilization as much as we hate each other. People cannot love Europe, because Europe is either a map or else a mythical lady who was carried off by a bull. But men could love Christendom, because it was an idea.

Therefore with all the heartiness proper to one who is wholly ignorant of the subject, I throw down my two private doubts, which are almost strong enough to be called suggestions. First, I gravely doubt whether our hurried emulation in arms is not a great deal too much a mere breathless and crazy copying. If the other schoolboy throws big snowballs, it is the mere instinct of burly to throw bigger ones; but it might be much better strategy to keep one's head, to throw a smaller snowball and to throw it straight. In short, I disbelieve in this under-war exactly because it is always taken as of a war of guns and ships, and never as a war of men. And secondly, I doubt whether this competition of longer spears or larger ships need go on at all, if once the nations could find some thing positive upon which to combine. Of course they cannot combine on mere peace; peace is a negation, like darkness.

Is there any affection or institution or creed on which we can combine? That is increasingly the question. It is our dreadful condition that we agree too much on all the things in which we ought to disagree—motives, reasons, and beliefs. In the things of life and love we are separated; in the things of death and blood we imitate each other. In a healthy existence the utmost thing should be secure, but the outer gestures energetic and varied. But with modern Europe it is the limbs that are heavy and the heart that has unrest.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF SCHOONER'S CREW

Vessel From West Indies Arrives at Halifax After Voyage Crowded With Perils.

The schooner Advance, Captain Burgess, arrived at Halifax yesterday from Fernandina, Florida, with a cargo of hard pine and cypress wood, after a hard voyage. Heavy seas smashed the timbers and broke the wind ripped the sails. Part of the deckload was washed away and one of the crew, Fred Hannan, was washed overboard and was rescued with difficulty. The vessel ran into a wreck and was damaged, the tarball was broken, fore boom smashed, forecastle torn open and the men were obliged to work continually at the pumps until they reached Bermuda on Jan. 4th, and experienced hurricanes and gales of wind for about twenty days. A man who was lashed to the wheel was torn away and washed over the forecastle and bruised against the mast.

The vessel became unmanageable. By Feb. 15 the schooner was driven back to Barbados, having sustained heavy damage and lost 16,000 feet of valuable lumber.

Repairs were made at this port at a cost of \$3,500. On March 30 she left for Halifax and arrived after an awful four months' voyage.

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