POOR DOCUMENT

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Successor to SHARP & McMACKIN,
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BOYCOTT OF BRITISH GOODS SPREADING IN INDIA.

(Continued from Page One.)

The policy of the Indian government has been freely subjected to criticism in this matter of the partition of Bengal and a great deal of nonsense has of course been thrown out on both sides. But a serious mood has succeeded the discussion of those troubles which for a time proceeded along the lighter vein. For instance, there was Bengali editor, well known as Mr. Mitra, late of the "Deccan Post," who dismissed the arguments against partition as "a farrago of nonsense." According to Mr. Mitra the Bengali will not be "a farthing the worse for the change in person, reputation or pocket." But now it appears to be agreed that as a result of the savage boycott of British made goods by the natives, from princes to peasants, that the only thing which can save trouble of the most serious kind is the visit of the Prince of Wales. And this "trump card," will be played by the government of Great Britain and Ireland and the government of India with consummate skill.

Two lines of opposition to Lord Curzon's decision appear to permeate the serious part of the discussion regarding the partition of Bengal. One is that any chance in the administration of Bengal was unnecessary. The other is that even admitting its necessity that it was certainly unwise. The assertion is repeatedly made that the burden of the lieutenant governor of Bengal has been actually heavier in the past than it is at the present time because facilities of communication have transformed the province and there is no district now which the lieutenant governor cannot reach in a single day.

One thing which has caused alarm among the petty principalities is the fact that Great Britain for the first time in her history perhaps appears to be aiming at the integrity and the autonomy of a province. Heretofore there has been a hodge podge of governments in India. The home office at London has simply taken things as they found them, and governed them in accordance with the apparent wishes of the people. In some ways it is doubtful whether a wider measure of home rule has ever been extended to millions of people than was accorded the people of India. It is not too much to say that if Great Britain had found a republic in any of the provinces the republic would have been allowed to remain. The fear is everywhere expressed that the military government which appears to be planned for India in the future will mean the centralization of all government in the hands of what will practically amount to a military despotism. And this, too, despite the fact that Lord Curzon, Lord Kitchener's arch-enemy, is held to be responsible for the partition of Bengal. But it is events and tendencies of the times which the editors of the native newspapers appear to be studying rather than the character of the men themselves.

One suggestion has been put forward that the present administration of Bengal should be superseded by that of a governor-in-council on the plan of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay. This suggestion is defended on the ground that this would be a progressive measure of administrative reform and would satisfy the patriotic aspirations of the people so far as the maintenance of the integrity of Bengal is concerned.

One thing is certain—lord viceroyship has been clouded not only by the troubles with Lord Kitchener, but by this attempt to carry out a measure which is certainly the most unpopular undertaken in years. The reference of Sir Henry Cotton to "the close of his brilliant career" as referring to Lord Curzon, certainly appears to be pitched in a key truly funeral. It is felt here that it is no wonder that the health of Lord Curzon broke down under the strain, a key truly funereal. It is felt here that of affairs as viceroy ever known in India he finds himself forced into a quarrel with the native population of India over the partition of Bengal, and the home government, instead of standing by him as might have been expected in his quarrel with Lord Kitchener over the attempts to make the government of India more centralized and to inject more iron elects to sustain Kitchener as against Curzon. The friends of Lord Curzon say that for a long time past he has been between the devil and the deep sea, and without very much shore room either, and that he feels that in leaving India he is not leaving India for India's good—that he is not even leaving India for the empire's good, but that he is leaving India for Curzon's good, no matter what the future may have in store for him.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

W. S. Harkins is once more trying to persuade the theatre going people of St. John that he has the best show ever. The genial William has given St. John about the best they ever got and has been repeating the dose one or more times a year for the past twenty-eight years generally with good success. Mr. Harkins has such a hold on the public that he has only to hang out his shingle and the theatre is filled. His present announcement will be received with much pleasure. Mr. Harkins is the authority for the statement that his company is a strong one and St. John theatre goers know that the opening bill, Darkest Russia, is a gem and gives the best possible scope for the introduction of his company. Mr. Harkins will follow Darkest Russia some of the latest successes so that a most enjoyable season is assured.

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Margaret Anglin, in "Zira," has rejuvenated the Princess Theatre, which is steadily crowded for the first time in its career. "The Earl of Pawtucket" had a long run at the Princess, but not to such crowds as those which mark Miss Anglin's engagement.

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There appears to be no possible doubt that James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering will remain all winter long at the Savoy Theatre in "The Walls of Jericho." This play, about which no two critics could agree after the opening performance, has unmistakably taken the firmest possible hold upon the regard of the public. Some even declare it the strongest drama of the year, among them so shrewd a dramatic analyst as William A. Brady.

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RICK BEGGAR—An old beggar, who used to frequent the doors of one of the principal churches at Rome, died lately. He was found to be possessed of £87,000, which he had left by a properly drawn up will to his three children, who were completely ignorant of their father's wealth.

Thomas Jefferson's impersonation of the name part in "Rip Van Winkle," which is on for a fortnight's stop-gap at Wallack's Theatre, is an excellent imitation of the late Joseph Jefferson's rendition of the same role. Whether the play, deprived of the personality of its original star, with whom it was associated for so many years, will prove profitable in this time and generation with a new player as its chief exponent, or will be regarded as a back number, remains to be seen. New York is peculiar about these matters. There were times, when even the great popularity of the elder Jefferson failed to arouse interest here, as during that actor's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre after Augustin Daly had retired from the management of the house. Then Mr. Jefferson played to empty benches, as did Edwin Booth. But both subsequently came back with the same old material, to be greeted by vast crowds of newly awakened admirers. Perhaps the same condition will await the future visits of young Mr. Jefferson, who by the way has surrounded himself with a very good company for his present purposes. This embraces Frank C. Bangs and Russell Bassett, admirable actors of the old school, and Ethel Fuller and Loretta Francis, all of whom perform their varying duties effectively and with poise.

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Following Mr. Jefferson at Wallack's comes one of the promising productions of the fall and winter season in the dramatization by Channing Pollock of "In the Bishop's Carriage," under the Liebler direction. The favored few who have attended the rehearsals of this piece speak of it as an unusually faithful reflex of the very popular novel, with the improving fact that the incidents as shown in the play are more cohesive and closely woven than as related in the published story. In the role of the adventuresome young woman who forms the pivotal creature of interest in Miss Michelson's tale, Mabel Taliafero, an actress barely emerging from the short skirts period of advancing youth, will be seen for the first time in a part of real importance embodying serious moments as well as those of wild daring and flippant mien. Miss Taliafero has been carefully schooled by Marie Wainwright for the rather arduous work before her and is said to have profited greatly from her weeks of serious application.

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Arnold Daly's presentment of "John Bull's Other Island," by George Bernard Shaw, at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday evening, brought out the Shaw cult in large numbers, and very evidently satisfied them as to the sustained worth of this author. The play is rather long and would bear some cutting if it were not for Mr. Shaw's insistence that his manuscript by untouched by unhallowed shears. There is a great deal in it that is plain-spoken, caustic and flip, but there is also some material that is dull and forced—such as perhaps might be expected of a writer who feels that he is called upon to be perpetually cynical and scintillant. "John Bull's Other Island," the scene of which is laid partly in England and partly in Ireland, is very well done by Mr. Daly and his associates, in respect of acting as well as production. There is no telling what a Shaw play may do at this time, when Shaw is so much the vogue, and if this example of his literary ability were much less worthy than it is I have no doubt that it might be continued in public favor at the Garrick for a long time to come. A special and valued note in the advertisement tells patrons in advance that if they are not in the theatre at eight o'clock sharp they won't be shown in their seats until after the finish of the first act. It is unfortunate in a sense that the same rule does not prevail elsewhere. New Yorkers have fallen into the habit of coming later and later to the theatre, with the result that the earlier passages of all the entertainments are more or less marred by the slamming down of seats and the arising of those already in their places to let the late comers pass—a distinct and unmitigated nuisance to persons who go to the play to see it all.

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A KAISER STORY.

(London Chronicle.)

During the last manoeuvres of the German army the Kaiser rose one morning at daybreak in order to get a general impression of the disposition of his troops. So, followed by his entire staff, he made for a distant hill that commanded an extensive view. There was a village on the hill, and the clattering of the horses' hoofs on the cobbles brought most of the inhabitants to their windows. The one person who slept through the din was a deaf old chemist, whose flat-roofed residence was perched right on the summit. That roof was the very place for the emperor. So he called a halt, and one of his staff was sent to claim admission. The officer knocked and knocked, but in vain. At the third onslaught, however, steps were heard descending the stairs, and the voice of the old chemist demanded, "What silly fool is that?" The staff contained its laughter, for the emperor had heard. But without showing any sign of annoyance His Majesty uttered the one word, "Wilhelm!" "Wilhelm who?" demanded the chemist. "Wilhelm von Hohenzollern!" thundered the emperor. The shivering chemist, covered with confusion, flung open the door, doubtless expecting the German equivalent to Siberia, but the emperor strode past him without even giving him a look. When he was leaving, however, he called the man to his horse's head and placed in his hand the largest coin which bears the imperial likeness. "There!" he said, "accept this portarit of a silly fool!"

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SEE OUR WINDOWS.

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WHAT THE BIGGEST LINER IN THE WORLD CONSUMES ON A "ROUND TRIP."

When the writer called recently upon Mr. Durbridge, the port steward of the White Star Line, and requested to be informed what a ship like the Baltic would consume in the way of food during a trip from Liverpool to New York and back again, the busy man contracted his brows and protested that the information would take him a couple of hours to impart, and, as it was, he hadn't time time to breathe according to the rules of hygiene. But when the name of Tit-Bits was whispered the frown relaxed, and he declared that he would cheerfully forego his lunch hour that day, and forthwith he proceeded to unburden himself.

"You are right," said the port steward, in reply to an expression of sympathy uttered by his persecutor, "provisioning the Baltic, or any Atlantic liner, for that matter, for a 'round' trip is no light matter, for we generally reckon on having to provide for something like 6,000 persons, which means, roughly speaking, about 190-000 meals. For the saloon passengers, of course, we carry everything in and out of season, however costly—strawberries at Christmas, musk melons at Easter, and grape fruit early in the year. Although I can, if you wish it, give you every item I put on board the Baltic for the double trip, I take it that this is hardly necessary, for it would be wearisome to your readers. I shall, therefore, give you the principal items only.

"Well, the most important item for a successful trip, or one of the most important, is the meat, and the quantity I generally order runs to about 72,000 lb., or rather more than 31 tons. This includes beef, mutton, pork, and veal, beef taking the lead with 48,200 lb. In addition, there would be from 40 to 50 whole lambs. Then, of course, there are a hundred-and-one other kinds of meats, and among these I might mention 40 calves' heads, 30 sets of calves' feet, and the same number of calves' livers; the kidneys of 300 oxen, 150 tails from the same animals, 800 lb. of sausages, 700 lb. of tripe, 80 sweetbreads, and 120 corned tongues.

"Now we come to the poultry. A vast quantity of this is consumed on an Atlantic liner, for it finds great favor with those who are bad sailors and are temporarily 'under the weather.' For the Baltic I provide 7,500 lb. of chickens, 2,500 lbs. of capons, 3,000 lbs. of ducklings, 2,800 lb. of fowls, 800 lb. of goslings, and 1,200 lb. of turkey, making a grand total of 17,800 lb. of poultry. Of game, we carry 120 mallard ducks, 100 redhead ducks, and 150 teal, together with 150 partridges, 120 prairie fowls, 100 dozen plover and quail, 200 pheasants, and 100 dozen each of squabs and snipe. We also carry 160 lbs. of venison. Of oysters, it is necessary to order 40 barrels in shells, 144 tins without their shells, but fresh, and 150 jars of pickled. Of fresh and salt fish during a round trip 7,500 lb. is consumed.

"And now for groceries. As you may well believe, these all dumped together would weigh a good many tons. Of butter, salt and fresh, 4,900 lb. is necessary, together with 22,000 eggs, 700 lb. of tea, 1,600 lb. of coffee, 8,500 lb. of sugar, 2,000 lb of oatmeal, 1,800 lb. of rice, 1,800 tins of canned vegetables and the same quantity of canned fruits. Then there are such trifles as 1,500 lb. of marmalade, 250 jars of jams and jellies, 300 lb. of mustard, 100 lb. of pepper, and 1,700 lb. of salt. All the bread consumed on board is, of course, made fresh each day, and for this we have to provide 180 barrels of flour, 50 lb. of yeast, and 144 tins of baking powder. Among other minor items coming under the head of groceries I may mention 60 gallons of vinegar, 150 gallons of all sorts of pickles, 2,000 lb. of raisins, prunes and currants, 1,500 lb. of cheese, 5,500 lb. of bacon and hams, 300 tins of sardines, 144 bottles of sauces, and 250 lb. of nuts.

"Fresh vegetables play an important part in the provisioning of an Atlantic liner, and my little order for these includes 600 bundles of asparagus, 4 barrels of beetroots, 2,400 head of celery, 3,000 white cabbage, and only 48 red ones. Then there will also be found 600 cauliflowers, 240 cucumbers, 3,000 lettuces, 140 quarts of fresh mushrooms, 675 bags of potatoes, new and old, 250 baskets of brussels sprouts, 38 barrels of turnips, and 15 barrels of onions. Of fruits I might mention 50 barrels of apples, 460 lb. of English grapes, 120 boxes of oranges, 50 boxes of pears, and 50 quarts of strawberries. There are besides unlimited quantities of apricots, bananas, blackberries, raspberries, water-melons, greengages, damsons, cranberries, plums, etc., with 80 dozen musk melons and a couple of hundred pineapples.

"Many people on a liner believe that the ice cream is made on board, but this is far from being the case, the cream being purchased ready-made either in Liverpool or New York and then stored in the refrigerating rooms. I need scarcely say that every kind of ice cream may be obtained on board a ship like the Baltic—coffee, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, lemon, Neapolitan, pistache, and American, and in order that there may be no shortness in this popular sweet we carry from 800 to 1,000 gallons.

"And lastly we come to the wines and the cigars. Of the former we carry 1,700 bottles of assorted wines, consisting of champagnes, sherries, ports, clarets, etc. Not a great quantity, you will think, but as a rule passengers on board an Atlantic liner are not great wine drinkers. But of the other and less expensive 'drinks' we carry sufficient to float a ship. Of lager beer there are 3,000 bottles; ale, 15,000 bottles; stout, 12,000 bottles. The brandy rus to 150 bottles, whisky 800 bottles, gin 60 bottles, and rum 50 bottles.

"For those who do not take intoxicants we carry 17,000 bottles of aerated 'mixeds' and 1,800 quarts of Poland water. And, I'd almost omitted to mention it, we also carry 650 gallons of condensed milk, 700 gallons of fresh milk, and 150 gallons of cream. For the furnishing of the smoking room we purchase 10,000 cigars, 500 lb. of tobacco, and 800 boxes of cigarettes."

AMERICAN HUNTERS IN N.B. WILDS.

How Dr. Heber Bishop and Party Decoyed a Big Moose.

Boston Globes' Outing Expert Tells of the Exploits of New Englanders on the Moose Trails of our Province.

(Boston Globe.)

Some few of the early-in-the-season moose hunters got away to the New Brunswick wilderness and were well-established in camp when the open season came in. Among them were Dr. Heber Bishop and Mr. Richard E. Follett. New Brunswick has long had an unchallenged reputation among sportsmen as a veritable happy hunting ground for the moose hunter. One-third of the province is heavily timbered and no part of America where game and fish abound is more easily reached.

Non-resident sportsmen from this country and England visit New Brunswick by the hundreds each year, and failure on their part to secure moose or caribou is the exception rather than the rule. The first finely antlered head to reach Boston this year was that of a 1200-pound moose killed in the Canaan river region by Mr. Richard E. Follett. The antlers have a spread of 56 inches, and altogether the head is one of the most symmetrical ever carried by a moose.

Mr. Follett and Dr. Bishop were in the New Brunswick wilds some time before the law was off, getting motion pictures of game and camp life for exhibition at a sportsmen's show to be held about Christmas time. They were successful. Game signs were met with everywhere in the country visited by them.

The week before the law was off, which was the second week in September, Mr. Follett built a crow's nest in a convenient tree near what appeared to be good moose ground on a branch of the Canaan river, and one night when the moon was up and had full play he succeeded in calling a big bull moose to within 50 feet of his place of concealment. On another occasion he saw three full-grown bulls from the same place. They stopped when they came to his trail, nosed it suspiciously and then looked carefully about for the danger they scented. They did not, however, leave the vicinity and in a few minutes seemed to forget all about the alien tracks in the soft earth.

Two days after the law was off Mr. Follett and Mr. Everett Johnson, the artist, who lives in Beacon st., this city, went to the crow's nest prepared to do damage to any big antlered animal that might be wheedled into coming their way. Mr. Follett had practiced calling during the two years he had charge of the Grand Island forest preserve in Michigan.

The night was overcast and the wait before the clouds rifted and gave the moon a chance to light up the surroundings was a long one. There was no air, and a reply to a call could be heard for a mile or more. Mr. Follett called once about 4 in the morning and got a far-away response. There was no answer to another attempt, but a third try about 5 or 6 fetched a deep-throated come-on from the animal that carried the big antlers. The old fellow probably had been coming steadily along for an hour or so, and may have been the moose that replied to the first sound of the birchen horn.

Another call, a low, entreating one, was greeted with a grunt and a rush. The big animal made a startling commotion in the underbrush, and soon Mr. Follett and the artist saw the splendidly antlered head appear among the trees, not more than 100 yards away. The movement made by Mr. Follett in laying aside the horn and picking up his rifle was seen by the moose. He threw high his head, sniffed the air, wheeled and was making off, when a shot in the shoulder sent him into the air. Another shot, a well-aimed one, went through the big fellow's heart, and Mr. Follett was in possession of one of the best heads ever captured in the province.

While the hunting in New Brunswick, especially in the great stretch of country washed by the waters of the Miramichi, Tobique, Canaan, Nepisiguit and Restigouche rivers, is unexcelled, the expense attached is rather heavy. As a starter in the way of cost, $50 is the amount charged for a license. The amount required for a hunting license in Maine is $15, and under the new law a nonresident must have a license before he can legally hunt anything.

Harry Dutton is another big game hunter who seeks for trophies and venison in the Rangeley region and in Canada. Dr. William H. Granger is another stalker of big game. He is in Prince Edward Island now, enjoying himself. Dr. Morris of Charlestown is a moose hunter, and so also is Clerk of Courts Francis A. Campbell.

George H. Lowe of the White sewing machine company, D. J. Flanders, general passenger agent of the Boston & Maine; Bryan R. Houghton of Oliver st. and James R. Reed, the lawyer, are others who enjoy seeing such things as deer, moose or caribou through the sights of a rifle. Mr. Houghton has a fine lot of moose heads, each of which has its story to tell.

G. M. Whitin of Whitinsville and C. W. Lassell of the same town are well-known moose hunters. They go to New Brunswick for their sport. W. H. Chase of Leominster usually goes to Labrador and Newfoundland. This year he will seek game in Wyoming. Another well-known hunter is Charles H. Fox of Haverhill. He visits Maine and New Brunswick.

Many women go to the woods now to enjoy the sport of big game hunting. One of the best shots among the ladies who are not attacked with buck fever when they sight a big game animal is Mrs. Arthur W. Robinson, who each year goes with her husband to their camp in the Megantic preserve. Mrs. Robinson, beside killing many deer, has the record of having laid low a 400-pound bear. She has killed two black bears, and showed not the slightest signs of nervousness when they confronted her.

Boston and this state will be well represented in the several provinces of Canada when big game is to be found. The Canadian Pacific railway has opened to the sportsmen some veritable paradises in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Twenty-five dollars is the fee charged for a non-resident license to hunt in Quebec, $25 in Ontario, $50 in New Brunswick and $30 in Nova Scotia.

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We have received another large stock of BANKRUPT STOCK. Stock consists of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry, Novelties, Underwear, Top Shirts, Waterproof Coats, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention. This sale will continue this week.

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