

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1907.

## TERROR STRICKEN PEOPLE FLEEING BEFORE FLAMES

Forest Fires in Ontario Doing Great Damage and Lives of Inhabitants Are in Danger--Fire Raging Along C. P. R. and C. N. R. Tracks Causing Heavy Losses--Bad in Vicinity of Ottawa.

TORONTO, June 20.—Turned back in haste by terror-stricken prospectors fleeing before the forest fires north of Latchford, R. R. Ganey, M. P. F., for Manitowish, reached Toronto this morning and had a conference with Hon. Frank Cochrane, minister of lands and mines. Ganey was on his way north to visit his claim in the James township when he met his men hurrying southward to escape being burned to death. Nothing would tempt them back. They had buried their tents and camping material and dynamite and raced out before the fire.

PORT WILLIAM, June 20.—East of here the fire is running along the line of the C. P. R. track on both sides. It extends for miles and the trains running on the Lake Superior division travel through dense clouds of smoke. Trainsmen state they had never before experienced anything like it. Engineers are able to see but a few feet ahead of them. North of Peel River practically the whole country is red hot. The flames and smoke are shooting hundreds of feet into the air. People living all along the line are in the greatest terror, and they are ready to flee to the towns at a minute's notice.

## THE BIG CHIEF'S RESOLUTION

By Alexander Bunn.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKee.)  
The big chief cut the porterhouse steak with an air of pleasant anticipation. It was broiled just right, and the onions were not the least bit greasy. There fitted through his mind a hazy realization of the fact that even a man with a terrible cold in his head might be able to get some joy out of life while plucking a steak and fried onions existed.  
"Put that steak between me and the door, Jack," he said to the waiter who was showing off all his curves to earn the tip that so well-groomed a man generally proved good for. "I have an abominable cold and feel chilly every time the air strikes me."  
The negro's mind was stimulated by the friendliness of the tone, and he quickly multiplied his first vision of a tip by two. He surrounded the big chief by so large a Japanese screen that the latter had a private dining room to himself and the other people in the room soon forgot he was there.  
A few minutes later a man and a girl, stood in the door of the cafe and scanned the room eagerly for a vacant table.  
There was only one—a small table wedged up close to a Japanese screen. They sat down—the girl talking rapidly while she removed her gloves and veil.  
"He also to be up here in a corner, Karl," she said joyfully. "It's so cozy—and we have it all to ourselves."  
She sighed with pleasure when the bill of fare was really laid aside and the waiter departed with his order.  
"It's shockingly extravagant for us to come here to dine, Karl, to-morrow is New Year's day you will, of course, have to make good resolutions about economizing, so we will enjoy a little fling tonight."  
"The man raised his glass of water and touched hers."  
"Here's to the hope that we will be dipping in our own home next New Year's eve," he said.  
"Here's to all the good things possible," she said, her young eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "and here's to the big chief. He spoke to me in the hall today, and was really quite nice and almost like a human being. One forgets sometimes that he can possibly have a bit of humanity about him—he is as hard as nails—and his opinions are absolute. He doesn't know it, but he passes sentence always before he hears our side of the case."  
The man on the other side of the screen, almost choking with indignation and the piece of steak he had just put into his mouth, sat suddenly alert.  
"Some one else in the office been getting into trouble?" Karl inquired.  
"Nothing decided—it's the same girl telling tales that causes it all. She will come across the simplest kind of error some other clerk has made, and she never rests until she has managed to call the big chief's attention to it in some way."  
"Wants to shine by comparison, does she? Well, the life of a government clerk has got to be something strenuous lately."  
The girl threw up her head audaciously.  
"I wish I could be the big chief one day," she said, bringing her teeth together with a determined little click. "I don't know how your chief is, but the trouble with ours, and with all the rest of them, I suppose, is that they have never been a clerk—and they can't see from the clerk's standpoint."  
Karl helped her to the piece of broiled chicken he knew she liked best, and laughed indulgently.  
"What would be your first step if you were given full power of management for one day?"  
She put two lumps of sugar in his coffee and pondered seriously a moment as to whether she should have one or two lumps in her own.

"You know there is a \$1,400 vacancy just now?"  
"Poor old Mr. Timberlake died last week. I know his desk perfectly. I did his work all the time he was here. I was a clerk, Clayton, \$1,200 a year, a jump to the egoist and give yours truly, Margaret Clayton, \$1,200 a year, a jump to \$1,400. Of course, it's an impossibility for I have not been in office very long," she sighed, "but it's lovely to dream about it. I could marry you by next year's day then, Karl." She finished with a delightful little blush.  
He leant towards her persuasively. "Can't you make up your mind to let me pay that debt for you after we are married, Major?" he urged.  
"No—I can't," she shook her head decidedly. "You don't make any too much yourself, and I never could feel right if I hampered you with paying my college bills. I would have had them paid before now if the little mother had not been sick so long—and my salary wouldn't cover everything."  
She stopped suddenly and shook off the seriousness of the conversation. "Do you know what I would do next by way of managing the big chief's office for him?" she quizzed gaily. "I would have a big locked box put in an inconspicuous place in the hall marked 'Suggestions and Complaints.' I would give every clerk the privilege of dropping an unsigned suggestion, typewritten if they chose, into that box to bring to my attention things that they would like me to know."  
The big chief on the other side of the screen allowed his mouth to drop wide open for an instant.  
"Karl, on his side, chuckled.  
"Little lady, I can see that the chief would need more private secretaries and first, second, and third class waiters than any man in the service of Uncle Sam ever had before."  
She stuck to her idea stoutly.  
"The government clerks are getting so they are afraid to express an opinion," she argued; "they are intelligent, educated men and women—some of them must have ideas that are worth taking into consideration. My 'suggestion box' should certainly be installed the first day I hold the position."  
When they went out the big chief sat for a long time with his elbows resting on the table—thinking.  
"I wonder how he ever came to think of such a thing," commented one of the older clerks. "It is so unlike him to listen to a suggestion. But he will certainly get an insight into notions that he never could have gotten in any other way."  
"Did you know that pretty little Miss Clayton was promoted to \$1,400?" asked the other. "I never in my life saw any one so excited as she has been today. When the circular was passed around telling us there was to be a suggestion box—she giggled until she was almost hysterical. When she found she had been promoted, she couldn't sit still another minute, but asked to be excused for the afternoon."  
Two radiant young people walked down F street, looking as if life were more than satisfactory.  
"Karl—dearest," she said, clutching his arm with the nearest approach to a hug the publicity would allow. "I wonder how such a miracle happened!"  
She pressed the little gloved hand to his side.  
"Come into Huyler's, little girl; let's drink to the year 1907—it seems a year of promise."

## TO WEAR GOOD CLOTHES

does not necessarily mean to buy expensive clothes, if you make this store your shopping place.  
We are headquarters in this city for the better class of Men's Wearables.  
We handle only reliable merchandise, and every article, no matter how low the price, is sold with absolute confidence to give entire satisfaction.  
Depend on this store for quality with everything you purchase and you will never be disappointed.  
You can buy the better class of goods here at lower prices than at any other store in St. John.  
**Suits \$6.75 to \$15.75**  
**Overcoats \$7.50 to \$13.75**  
**Bargains in Boots and Shoes.**  
**C. B. PIDGEON,**  
Cor. Main and Bridge Sts., North End.  
TAILORING, CLOTHING and SHOES.

## MORE APPARATUS GREATLY NEEDED

The inquiry into the Macaulay fire was resumed before Judge Ritchie yesterday afternoon.  
Arthur W. Adams, who formerly was for a long time connected with the St. John fire department, was the first one called to give evidence. The witness seemed to think the fire department was imperfectly equipped, and said an up to date apparatus chosen by parties competent to judge of the best, should be secured. Mr. Adams said he had a very poor opinion of engine No. 3 and did not think engine No. 3 was altogether satisfactory. The witness further spoke of the advisability of securing a good life net, bridge protectors, and roof rollers, for the department.  
O. H. Warwick then took the stand and testified that there was some delay in getting water from the hydrant which is immediately in front of his store.  
Further inquiry was then postponed until 2 p. m., on Friday, as several witnesses failed to put in an appearance.

## MCGRAW MUST STAY IN JAIL TILL MARCH NEXT

MONTREAL, June 20.—The court of king's bench, sitting in appeal today, decided that Wallace McGraw, who was tried and found guilty, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Percy Schalter, and who subsequently was granted a new trial on legal technicalities, must remain in jail until next March, when his cause will be heard.  
The warrant, which was issued, that there had been a lack of diligence on the part of the crown in bringing his case to trial and asked that he be released on bail.

## ACCIDENT DELAYED STEAMER WESTPORT

The crew and passengers of the steamer Westport III., Captain Powell, had a rather anxious experience yesterday. About ten o'clock, after having been out from Tiverton an hour, one of the cross bolts of the cylinder broke, and the steamer was obliged as a result of the accident to remain stationary for an hour and twenty minutes while repairs were being made. Had the engine not been right at his post, to turn off the steam, the consequences might have been very serious indeed, as the engine would undoubtedly have blown up. As it was the low pressure had to be shut off, and the steamer was worked into port under the high pressure alone. She could only make about three hours behind her usual time, docking shortly after six o'clock.  
"We hadn't time to be frightened," said one of the crew, "but we did not know when the engine might go out through the side of the vessel. However, all's well that ends well," was his philosophical remark in conclusion.

## FRENCH COUNT WAS DISMISSED FROM SERVICE

CALGARY, Alberta, June 20.—Monday night last a mounted policeman going under the name of Morris, but really the French Count Delancey, ran amuck at the barracks here and emptied a six shooter three times at his comrades attempting his capture. His aim was bad and no one was hit. He was crazy with drink when caught. Yesterday he was court-martialed, given three months and dismissed from the force.

## ST. JOHN BOYS TOSSED BY THE WINDSOR STUDENTS

No B. A. Degrees Conferred at This Year's Convocation—Large Number of Visitors

WINDSOR, N. S., June 20.—Today was convocation day and the town is thronged with visitors who have come to witness the proceedings. In the morning the boys of the collegiate school, the undergraduates and graduates marched to the parish church, where the convocation sermon was preached by Bishop Richardson.  
His lordship took for his text part of the 2nd verse of 1 chap. of Jude: "Content earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."  
The sermon was an eloquent and masterful effort.  
Convocation met in Convocation Hall at 2 o'clock when the following degrees were conferred by the chancellor, the Hon. Mr. Justice Hudson of Prince Edward Island.  
The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon His Lordship Bishop Richardson and Rev. D. W. Pickett of Greenwich, N. S. Governor D. C. Fraser and J. H. Morgan of Ottawa received the degree of D. C. L.  
J. M. Trueman, W. D. Turner, W. G. Fugley, A. B. G. McKenna and J. A. Barry of St. John received the degree of B. C. L.  
Prof. Addow and C. R. Harris received the degree of M. A.  
After receiving their degrees the St. John law students were "tossed" by the students of the college in Windsor. No B. A. degrees were conferred this year, a thing very unusual in the history of the college.  
Speeches were made by his honor Governor Fraser, Bishop Worrell, Hon. Mr. Justice Hanington, President Boulden, H. J. Morgan, M. A., and others.  
The alumni oration was delivered by Silas Alward, dean of the St. John Law School. Mr. Alward referred to the federation of the Empire and the part that students of the college would take in it. He referred to the possibility of forming a body of representatives from the chief religious bodies and from the universities to use their influence in reforming our politics.  
This afternoon Mrs. Boulden entertained all the visitors at an afternoon tea.  
Last evening the play "All tangled up" was presented by the King's College Dramatic Club, to a crowded house. The following students took part in it: G. W. Bullock, Halifax; R. Milner, Halifax; R. Pout, St. John; C. Morris, Shaburner; G. E. Tobin, St. John; Miss Thelma Sexton; Miss I. Dimock; Miss H. G. Parker; C. B. D. D. D.  
The play, which was very laughable, was well acted, and received by the audience with much applause.  
The ball this evening was the most successful in the history of the college.  
Nearly 1,000 invitations were issued and there was a large attendance.  
Last evening at a meeting of the Board of Governors the following vacant professorships were filled: English, Prof. A. B. Demille, M. A. now of Harvard; Alexandria Professorship of Divinity, T. H. Hunt, M. A. D. C. L.; Sciences, J. H. Hunt, M. A. D. C. L.; C. B. D. D. D.  
All three are graduates of Kings.

## VERY CONTRADICTIONARY EVIDENCE IN GILLEN INQUEST—JONES DENIED ORDERING THE PLANK REMOVED

The inquest into the death of Michael Gillen, who was killed some time ago while at work in the Royal Bank building, was continued before Coroner Berryman last evening. Three witnesses were examined, two of whom, Charles Ross and John Jones, differed greatly in their testimony.  
Daniel Mullin, K. C., and F. R. Taylor, who were present as counsel for Mrs. Gillen and the White Engineering Co. respectively, examined these two witnesses at considerable length.  
The inquest will be resumed this evening at 7 o'clock. There are four more witnesses to be examined.

## Charles Ross on Stand Again

Charles Ross, laborer, was the first witness. He was working at the safe on the day the accident occurred. He told how the door of the vault was placed before the accident. Three witnesses were examined, two of whom, Charles Ross and John Jones, differed greatly in their testimony.  
The inquest will be resumed this evening at 7 o'clock. There are four more witnesses to be examined.

hear Michael Gillen say. "You should have taken away the plank."  
The coroner asked if witness considered Mr. Berthiaume an honest man. Witness first maintained the question was not a proper one, but on consideration said that as far as he knew Berthiaume personally he was an honest man. He was asked if Mr. Berthiaume was trustworthy. Mr. Taylor objected to the question. The coroner noted the objection, saying he could not allow his right to put the question to be called into question. He said he had certain privileges and was justified in asking any questions he had asked.

## Coroner—If Mr. Berthiaume makes a statement here would you consider he was making a truthful statement?

"Yes."  
The coroner here said that Mr. Berthiaume stated the accident was due to the removal of some of the supports of the door, and the witness had stated the accident was due to the plank slipping over the end of a plank. Witness said Mr. Berthiaume's statement would to a certain extent agree with his.  
They differed in three distinct ways:  
1. The plank not being placed up against the bricks.  
2. By being removed by some person either accidentally or intentionally.  
3. As the door and casing was being pried in it would work out of its own accord.  
The accident was caused by the support the deal might have given being removed from the flange.

## Never Said "O, Hush"

Mr. Taylor then examined the witness. He denied that he had said "O, Hush," adding that he had no occasion to say this. When asked if Mr. Ross' evidence was correct, witness replied, "I am not going to judge him, sir."  
After the door had fallen one plank was pushed up against the brickwork, the other eight or nine inches away. The vault door would have moved the plank when it fell.  
Mr. Mullin then examined the witness, who said his wages were 22½ cents an hour and he was employed as a machinist.  
Witness was asked if he had a quarrel with Charles Ross, to which he said he had not, and did not know of an reason why Ross should manufacture statements against him. Witness said he was still employed by the Canada White Co. Witness said he had never mentioned that he was going to pull a plank, nor did he do so.

## Wm. Beattie

William Beattie, carpenter, was the next witness. He was foreman of the construction work in the Royal Bank building. He said the only way the door could come out after it was in the opening would be if the plank was slid over the end of the deal. The top would fall out and then the bottom would slide out on the brickwork.  
The inquest was then adjourned.

## BOY THREW MATCHES INTO HAY TO SEE IT BURN: IT BURNED

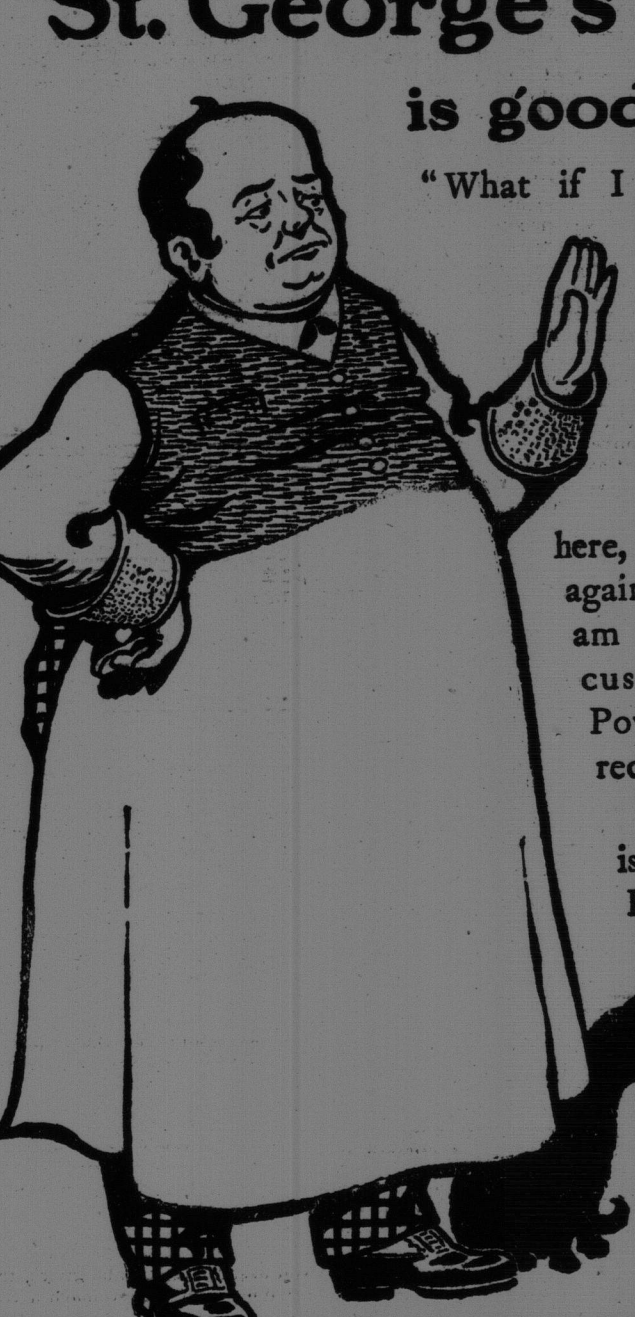
BELLEVEILLE, June 20.—As the result of a fire started by an eleven-year-old boy, No. 1 fire station was last night burned to the ground at a loss of about \$4,000. Dorland Foote lives next door to the fire station. He got some matches and proceeded to amuse himself by throwing them through a window into some hay just to see them burn. They burned fiercely. When arrested, young Foote confessed. He also admitted having set fire to stables at the Queen's Hotel Thursday last. He informed the police that a girl named Amy Stewart, alias Brown, aged 16 had been his accomplice in the arson case. She is now in the care of the police. The boy confesses to three fires and several attempts. The pair were brought up in court this morning and the cases were enlarged. The girl is said to be weak-minded.

## MEN BROKE CONTRACT AND WANT MORE PAY

MONTREAL, Que., June 20.—Three hundred and twenty-five teamsters employed by the Dominion Transport Company went out on strike today. The men demand that they be paid \$1.15 per day. Sheddin Company's men went out last month and secured their wage after a strike lasting a few days. The Dominion Company's men were bound by a contract and did not strike. Once the Sheddin men secured the increase of fifteen cents a day they became uneasy and finally decided to strike. Contract with the company did not expire until next May.

## ANOTHER MAN KILLED AT NORTH SYDNEY

NORTH SYDNEY, June 20.—Malcolm McLeod of River Dennis Centre was instantly killed and three Poles seriously injured on Tuesday by the explosion of a charge of dynamite which had been inserted in a limestone boulder at Marble Mountain quarry of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., and which had at first failed to explode. McLeod was in the act of redrilling a hole when he was hurled into eternity. Beyond the mauling of his arm his body was not lacerated. McLeod was only nineteen years of age.



**"St. George's Baking Powder**  
is good enough for me."

"What if I can make more profit on a powder that you say is just as good?"

"I have no use for those 'just as good' things. And I will not have 'cheap,' impure baking powder in my store at any price."

"No, sir! People, who deal here, expect me to protect them against doubtful goods. And I am not going to risk losing good customers by selling a Baking Powder that I can't intelligently recommend."

"I know that ST. GEORGE'S is a pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, it gives satisfaction and I'll stick to it."

"You are just wasting your time (and mine) trying to sell me anything else."

"Good morning!"

Are you ever at loss as to "what to have" for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea? Our Cook Book tells how to prepare 100 dishes, for every meal. Sent free if you write the National Drug & Chemical Co. Limited, Montreal.