

POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 7, 1907

THE STRIKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. McInnis, of Oakland, Cal., who was in the city yesterday expressed the opinion that the street railway employees of San Francisco would win in the great strike which they are now carrying on. Mr. McInnis is a union man, however, and it may be that he is inclined to favor his fellow unionists. The strike which is now in progress is without doubt the greatest in the history of the Pacific Coast, and has been productive of more disorders than any previous disagreement. The question at issue is an increase in pay. The car men demand \$3.00 per day which has been refused by the company. San Francisco has not been saying a great deal about the conditions prevailing there, the belief being that their publication would injure the city. Since the strike was commenced the unions have established systems of busses and express cars which are run on lines parallel with the trolley cars. All union men of whatever opinion they may be, are commanded to ride on these cars, and violators of these orders are compelled to pay heavy fines. At the ferry buildings both street cars and union bus lines have their terminals. All passengers who arrive on the Oakland boats and who take the cars are subjected to insults by the sympathizers of the strike who gather in the vicinity. Pickets from the unions are stationed at all street corners to secure the names and addresses of all persons who are seen getting off the cars, while if this information is refused they take snapshots of the passengers, and these people frequently find that their windows are broken at night or fifth distributed about their doors. Women have been frightened and compelled to stay home by the announcement that their pictures would be taken and posted in the scab's gallery. The unions have placed delegates at all big department stores to watch the entrances. All customers are followed into the shops and the proprietors are warned that if they sell to any who do not sympathize with the strikers their places will be boycotted by all the unions in the city. Strikers also follow customers to the counters and warn the union clerks not to show goods or sell to those who are put down as scabs. Some of the stores finding that their business had been seriously injured by these methods have established picket systems of their own and sell only to union sympathizers. It would seem that the labor element is in complete control in San Francisco for the leaders of the Seamen, Building Trades, the Anti-Japanese, and the Carmen's unions are the men who defy the civil government and rule the city as best suits themselves.

This serious state of affairs has created among the employers and manufacturers a strong determination to make a stand. Consultations have been held and while the plans of the association have not been given out it is understood that the National Manufacturers have promised a very large sum to San Francisco business men, this being contingent on the raising of the second sum among themselves, the whole designed to support the leading business interests of the city in the general lockout of the unions. Employers who have been dictated to by the union forces within the past ten years are determined that in the event of another great strike stores and factories will be closed by common consent, and thousands upon thousands of persons wearing the union badge will be disgraced to face idleness and hunger. This is regarded as practically the only salvation for business men. Recent dispatches have stated that Patrick Cathoun, of New York, now under indictment on the charge of bribery had great success in his efforts to break the car men's strike. He has brought to San Francisco some thousands of strike-breakers from the east, and up to the present has been successful in putting in operation about one-half of the cars of the entire city.

Canada does not want to hold on to any settlers like the one in Moncton, who, being in this country only a few weeks, felt bound to get drunk and assault an officer.

There is room for another moving picture show. The Globe hall is still vacant. Will somebody please come forward.

The depression in the English lumber market is seriously affecting some New Brunswick shippers.

Morocco has been saving up for a long time for what she is getting now.

THE SONG OF THE DRIFTWOOD.

Here's to the home that was never, never ours!
Toast it full and fairly when the winter-lovers.
Speak ye low, my merry men, sitting at your ease;
Harkens to the drift in the roaring of the sea.

Here's to the life we shall never live on earth!
Cut for us awry, awry, ages ere the birth.
Set the teeth and meet it well, wind upon the shore;
Like a lion, in the face look the Nevermore!

Here's to the love we were never meant to win!
What of that? A many shells have a pearl within;
Some are mated with the gold in the light of day;
Some are buried fathoms deep in the seas away.

Here's to the selves we shall never, never be!
We're the drift of the world and the tangle of the sea.
It's far beyond the Pleiad, it's out beyond the sun
Where the rootless shall be rooted when the wander-year is done.
—Jensie McKay in Everybody's.

DOG DAY INVENTIONS.

We have purchased a wonderful dog-phone.
That barks in the dead of night;
And sends thieves away in fright.
We have also a curious cat-graph.
For scaring the mice and rats.
A patented thing that would make you laugh.
But a jewel for catless flats.

We've a new breeze-o-la for dusting rooms.
A warranted thing, of course,
That does away with our rags and brooms.
In a way one might call perforce.
We've an auto-shaker for mixing drinks.
And a cracker machine for ice;
A scrub-o-motor for cleaning sinks.
But these by no means suffice.

We're in need of a psycho-electric chef
And a plant for consuming noise.
For the daily racket would make one deaf.
And a cook does not share our joys.
We could use a galvano-faradic maid
In the kitchen, and once a week
A chance at an anti-trust laundry brigade
Is a thing that our souls bespeak.

A wireless mail would make less to do;
And an aeroplane bed
Would let us out our hot bedrooms each
And sleep in the air instead.
In fact we'd consider a copyright scheme.
For a heatless July today,
Or indulge in a non-chemico ice cream.
Should it happen to come our way.

A REASONABLE INFERENCE.

(From the Ladies' Home Journal.)
A little girl's papa had been very ill with appendicitis, and had lain for many days in the darkened room after the doctors had come and removed his appendix. The little girl had been told to be very quiet and very good, with the promise that she should go in to see her papa at the earliest possible moment. At last she was permitted a brief interview. She stood perfectly still, gazing at her father with loving eyes, but when the nurse came to take her away she held back a moment and said: "Haven't I been very quiet, papa?" "Yes," whispered the fond parent. "And haven't I been very good?" Her father admitted it. "Then won't you do me a favor, papa?" "Certainly. What is it, my child?" "Let me see the baby."

ROLLS INTO RIVER,

GETS \$26 PURSE

Passengers on the Steamer C. W. Morse

Saw Realistic Rescue of a

"Man Overboard"

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 6. — "Ed" Hayes, a New York newsboy, seventeen years old, who was on his way to Saratoga, rolled or jumped overboard from the steamer C. W. Morse when off Peabody.

Some one yelled "man overboard!" and there was considerable excitement when the Morse stopped and a small boat was lowered with two of the crew, George Wells and John Turner, to save the unfortunate.

After half an hour of hunting the searchlight finally disclosed Hayes perched on a strip of ice of the dock on the east side of the river. It also showed the lad the boat with his rescuers, and he at once slipped into the water again and swam until he reached the rowboat and was hauled aboard.

He was hoisted with the boat aboard the Morse and resumed his trip. The newsboy said he had no money for a stateroom and explained how he came to roll off while asleep so convincingly that the passengers took up a collection which netted him \$26. Another purse of \$50 was contributed for his gallant rescuers.

The captain of the Morse was sceptical about young Hayes having been on the steamer, but the lad produced from his pocket a ticket for his passage.

When the newsboy received the purse he winked to an acquaintance and the two chuckled. The lad may have accidentally rolled off the boat, but he was in no danger at any stage of the incident.

VOLTAIRE'S CHURCH.

Voltaire built a church at Ferney, Switzerland, putting over its doorway this inscription: "Deo Erexit Voltaire" (erected to God by Voltaire). Voltaire was a deist, not an atheist. He always claimed to have believed in God, and was believed in by many.

THE OCEAN'S TEEMING LIFE.

Immense Numbers of the Herrings—What They Live on

GASPE BASIN, Canada, Aug. 6.—A

trip with the fishermen who go to meet the great armies of herring on their biennial migration to the spawning grounds is a revelation in the way of affording a conception of the immense number of these fish.

It is even exciting to catch a sight of the herring school for the first time. The sea glitters far as the eye can reach with the reflected sheen from the silver-sided multitude. The air vibrates with the wings of innumerable gannets and other gulls, swooping as often as appetites call to snatch another meal from the prodigious provision beneath.

There is a splashing, romping fringes on three sides of seals, white, piglike porpoises, little blue herring sharks, with now and then the flukelike tail of a grampus, standing bolt upright a dozen feet out of the water.

The great curtain nets, as well as the seines, have to be of the stoutest materials, or they would be, as indeed they often are, smashed by the dead weight of the multitude. The side ropes and meshes are at certain seasons encased in several inches thick with herring spawn, which gives the water a milky appearance for miles.

But all this does not give one such an idea of the amazing size of these silvery armies of the sea as does a walk on the beach in some of the New Brunswick coastal towns after the spawning time. The eggs of the herring fall at that season through the water, and in vast quantities settle themselves to rocks and stones at the bottom.

Each one is about a quarter of an inch in size, protected by a fairly stout gelatinous slightly horny shell. These are often thrown up by heavy gales and lie upon the shore for miles. Farmers busy themselves for days carting these eggs to their fields, where they form a valuable manure.

An observer in Pleasant Bay, on the Magdalen Islands, reported that the sand was "covered two or three feet deep with them for several miles. No untrained person could believe that these incredible masses of marine life were of animal origin. There are thousands of tons of them each ton aggregating millions of potential herrings.

The shoals of herrings are never appreciably smaller, in spite of the vast quantities of spawn thus destroyed by gales or high tides. In the last year, for example, the fishermen reported that they had lately been demonstrated, produces about 30,000 eggs each season. The old naturalists used to calculate the number as ten to the power of six.

The fishermen take thousands of barrels of mature herring each year. The lobster fishery alone consumes for sale, in the cod fishery many times that number. The manufacture of herring oil disposes of immense numbers also. Each barrel of fish, containing nearly three gallons of oil and a fifth of a ton of expensive fish guano. Only a few barrels of oil are exported.

On the Pacific Coast the fish are even more numerous than on this side of the continent. In one year one of the American companies, the Alaska Oil and Guano Company, shipped 172,000 gallons of herring oil, 1,200 tons of guano and 122 barrels of perfect herring. Hundreds of thousands of barrels are taken altogether in American waters each year.

How these prodigious armies of fish get their living in the sea has only been exactly determined within the last few years. In fact experiments to perfect the proof are still going on along this coast.

Following to a logical conclusion the argument that all animal life depends directly or indirectly upon the vegetable kingdom, a dragnet composed of the finest sort of bolting cloth used by millers was drawn slowly behind a steamer across a bay. The result was surprising. A acre of salt water, perfect development without any counteracting destruction for one month the product would be a mass of protoplasm many times larger than the sun.

One little plant multiplies itself by breaking in two about five times a day and becomes mature in ten hours. An immense number of tiny animals browse upon this rapidly increasing herbage, and together with it constitute plankton, which is the scientific name for this proper ration of meat and greens dealt out in amazing quantities at nature's free lunch counter.

The herring family is provided with an automatic straining apparatus of the utmost fineness whereby as they breathe the water through their gills they unconsciously sift out their daily food. Thus they have the happiness of feeding without effort and of finding their supplies without exertion, and thus they stand at the very apex of idealistic tramping.

To one who knows the secret of the green coloring of the ocean the wonder is not how do its countless animals get their living, but how the amazing

A NICKEL MINE

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PORTLAND, Aug. 6.—A very large nickel ore body has been discovered at North Rumford in Oxford county, on what is known as Nickel mountain. The ore is in the form of very fine particles of sulphides of nickel and evenly disseminated throughout the entire ore body. This ore is not of a hard nature and, therefore, can be mined and concentrated more easily and economically than a hard ore. The body shows across the mountain for more than 2,000 feet and ore pits, which have been made extending entirely over it have revealed the nickel bearing ore in every instance.

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