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THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (Ltd.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at $3.00 a year.

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

THE NEGLIGENCE OF RAILROADS.

Now that milder weather prevails in Western Canada, and the worst of the winter is over, it is announced that the reports received of suffering by cold and hunger, have been exaggerated. Whether this is the case or not, there must have been a great deal of truth in what has been told, and much endured which was not recorded. The exceptional winter found the people unprepared, but they are not to blame. The railways, those institutions on which the people depend and must depend, have been guilty of the grossest neglect in not securing sufficient rolling stock to meet the requirements. The different companies are extending their lines in all directions, opening up to settlement vast stretches of country from which profitable business is being secured. But the construction of rolling stock is by no means keeping pace with other improvements. The number of cars per mile available on Canadian railroads is smaller today than ten years ago; the amount of traffic immensely greater.

It is true that certain amounts of money have been invested in car building works, but the output of all such plants now in operation falls far below the demand, and no active steps are being taken to relieve the situation.

This is an era of railroad development, and in Canada it will last for many years. Cars will be required in greater numbers than they can now be produced, and it would seem that the government might reasonably insist on the construction of rolling stock sufficient to maintain the efficiency of the transportation service.

THE ALLANS AND ST. JOHN.

The jackpot has been opened; the slippery Allans' bluff has been called, and on the show-down their cards are found to be no good. In any game of chance the one who cheats is sure to be caught sooner or later, but while the play goes on there are two ways of meeting dishonesty. The opposing player may either stack the deck and work the cards to his own advantage—which is not always a good play—or he may watch for an opening and pile up his chips when he knows that he is safe. The latter scheme is generally successful. St. John will find it so in the present case.

The Allan line for some years has been playing against the interests of St. John, and in this latest instance has stooped to cheating. The officials of the company have asserted that there is not proper accommodation in St. John harbor for the turbine steamers, and without waiting for a glance at the cards held by this city, have endeavored to gather in, rather prematurely, the stake consisting of a one port route. This exposure being made, it is a simple matter for St. John to put the kibosh on the whole scheme. If this were the first time the Allans had been caught in rather underhanded methods their policy might be given due consideration, but when year after year they have attempted to work the same old bluff, no more nonsense should be allowed. It is St. John's turn to act. This city has the game in its own hands and will be wholly responsible for the outcome. The Allans say there is not a berth available with a sufficient depth of water. On the other hand we have the statement of all those people who ought to know, that there is ample accommodation. At Sand Point there is room. If necessary a re-arrangement of the steamers could be made at any time to permit the docking of the turbiners without putting the other lines to any inconvenience. And at the I. C. R. berth it is officially declared that the depth of water is sufficient for any steamer that may enter the harbor.

There is not the slightest reason in the world for the Allans' assertion that their boats are crowded out, and it will of course be the duty of the delegates to Ottawa to impress this fact on the ministers interested.

THE M. P. A. A. A.

The leter from Mr. K. J. Macrae which appears elsewhere in this paper will be of interest to all lovers of amateur sport. Mr. Macrae who for some years has been a representative of the M. P. A. A. A. is qualified to write on the subject of regulations of sport. He clearly presents the injustice of the latest decision handed down from Halifax and points out the disadvantage at which St. John is placed. The only natural outcome of the present state of affairs will be a revolt against the rule of the M. P. A. A. A. and the formation of another association which may result in endless complications. While all are desirous of having amateur sport properly conducted, no one cares to suffer unnecessarily because of jealousies existing between outside bodies. The M. P. A. A. has lost more in prestige by this latest rule than it will gain in a year of properly conducted government.

Unless the suspensions on local men are at once removed the Star will support any responsible organization in opposing the M. P. A. A. A.

SISTERHOOD.

He never knew a mother. It was I
Whose arms he reached for, waking, shadow-scared
By vague child terrors that I all but shared.
Mine were the nights of travail, when his cry
Moaned low with pain, or fever-wild and high.
Mine were the love songs that he learned to know,
Mine all his mother-watching to bestow,
With little pleasures that my purse could buy.
He never knew a mother. All his life
To me he brought his honors and his woes;
He has but crowned his manhood—and he goes
Unto this other woman—to his wife!
Ah, God, forgive me! these are loving tears;
And I have wept so little through the years.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

An Irish contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited.

After several days of sightseeing, his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"And phwat's the Presidio?" asked the old man.

"The Presidio, father, is the government reservation for the soldiers, a fine bit of a park, and you'll enjoy yourself."

At the end of a strenuous day the old man stood gazing at the big buildings, comparing them with the small huts of his old home. Seeing a soldier near, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phwat's that string of houses forninst us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smokestack?"

"That's the cook shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well, 'tis a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the new gymnasium. On the way, the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phwat's that, now?"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Think of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible bump in this country!"

ENGLISH HUMOR.

In a paper on Humor in the February Lippincott's, Marvin Dana defends our British Cousins as follows:—

As to the Eiglish, they are not dull, as we sometimes contend; they are merely different. For the rest, the English, or rather the British, wit and humor are the most comprehensive and the best in the world, next to the American. Indeed, in the Colonies we are apt to find the spirit which we claim as essentially American in the fun of every-day. A Canadian story is told of a raw Irish girl who went to a clergyman and asked to know what fee he charged for marrying. She was told, a dollar and a half. After an interval of a few weeks, she appeared again, presented the specified sum, and bade the minister go ahead.

"Where is the bridegroom?" the clergyman inquired.

"What!" cried Bridget, in amazed indignation. "Don't you furnish the man for a dollar and a half?"

As a rule, humor rather than wit, is the British characteristic. The fun is found in absurd situations that have no suggestion of malice towards any one. Dickens tells of two men who were about to be hanged, and who were together on a scaffold in a public place. All about them, below, an immense concourse waited. At this time a bull which was being taken to market ran amuck in the crowd, and began goring persons right and left. Bill, on the scaffold, turned to his companion and said:

"I say, Jim, it's a good thing we're not in that crowd."

Another English joke is of a vegetarian who proposed to a woman, whereupon she delivered herself of the following scathing words: "Go along with you! What? Be flesh of your flesh, and you a-living on cabbage? Go and marry a grass widow!"

ABOUT AS USUAL.

A short time ago a wealthy Chicago lady took a new and vivid interest in foreign missions. The tribes in Central Africa suited her fancy best, and soon she was actively engaged in "supporting" a missionary of long experience and great success in that field.

When a bundle of photographs from the mission, some of them representing the missionary and his wife in European costume, arrived, she felt that a little advice would be of value. So she wrote a kindly letter, praising him for his good work, but suggesting that he might be able to get far nearer to the natives through his wife, if she would wear the native costume, rather than the European dress.

In the course of a few months she received through the mail a small package containing a strip of grass cloth about two inches wide and two and a half feet long, accompanied by the following letter:—

Dear Mrs. M——:

In reply to your much valued suggestion, I am sending you herewith a full-dress costume worn by the native women here. My wife is willing to leave the question of changing to this dress entirely to your judgment.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

"Why is a poodle on a frozen pond like a kiss?" asked one bachelor girl of another.

"Because it is dog-on-ice," said her slangy friend.

Ungar's make all necessary repairs free.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

POLICEMEN.

I know of no class of officials more maligned, misrepresented and abused than policemen. Because they are not ubiquitous and cannot be in two or three places at once, unreasonable people complain when they have use for a policeman that he cannot be found, "he is asleep, or afraid, or drunk," is the charitable and Christian (?) construction put upon his not being able to respond instantly (if not more quickly) to their call.

Policemen are not cowardly, they are, as a rule, big, brave men, well-trained athletes, and having the power of the law at their back, have no reason to be afraid when they are outnumbered.

Policemen don't sleep on their post, they get no more sleep than a popular doctor, or Homer did. He nodded, policemen don't nod on their beats. If they slept or even nodded, we would not sleep so quietly and securely in our beds.

Policemen have more temptations than St. Anthony did. They come in contact with sirens who to escape arrest tempt them with their charms. They are tempted on the financial side more strongly than the Standard Oil combine is tempted to give away millions and put up oil to billions. There is not a night in the year when the night policeman could not make twenty times his salary by not locking the door he found unlocked, or accepting a bribe not to arrest, or to release an arrest.

In storm and intense cold our policemen walk their beats guarding us and our homes and places of business while we sleep, and I think the hardest thing they have to bear in their hard lines, is not their inadequate pay, nor their exposure to storms, but the injustice they receive at the hands of men and women who ought to be just, and not sneer at the man who to them is not a man but only a "cop."

How many of our best people (?) greet the policemen on their beat with a nod or a cheery smile? How many commend him for his work? How many blame him if he fails in the slightest respect?

Quite as small a percentage of policemen as men in any other walk of life (no pun intended by walk in life), fail to do their duty. If now and then there are cowardly policemen who club a weak old man, or a drunken one, into insensibility, think how patient they are and resist the temptation to use their club when it would save them much hard work if they used the billy.

No, I am not a policeman not a policeman's wife or sister. I am not a nurse girl whose "steady" is a policeman, whose beat goes by our door. I have not even a cousin on the force, but I do believe in justice and British fair play, especially to our public servants whe can't talk back when they are charged with being inefficient, asleep or drunk on duty. I may be arrested or told to "move on" for my sermon, but I had to preach it.

Thaddeus

Frequent Coughing

is the worst thing for your cough. Every time you are forced to cough the irritation in the bronchial tubes grows worse. Every dose of

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL BALSAM

tends to soothe and heal the sore spots. We have been making it for years, the recipe being the result of careful study and experiments. There isn't a day in the winter that we don't hear good words about it. **25c.** a bottle.

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Grits

Is the best cereal food in Canada. 5 lb. bags

Only 25 cts.

See directions on each bag.

DEATHS.

CAMPBELL.—At Titusville, K. Co., Feb. 15th, Pamelia Dunlop, wife of Robert Campbell, aged 46 years.

HOEY.—At St. John, February 15th, Mrs. Mary Hoey, widow of the late John Hoey of St. Martins.

Funeral on Sunday to Cedar Hill cemetery, Carleton.

RANKINE.—Suddenly, on Friday, Feb. 15th, Thomas A. Rankine, aged 82 years.

Funeral Monday at 3 p. m.

MITCHELL.—In St. John, on February 15th, Mrs. Annie Mitchell, wife of Matthew Mitchell.

—(Boston papers please copy).

Funeral at 3.30 on Sunday from her late home, 41 Simonds street, to Fernhill cemetery.

DAVIS.—At the residence of his son-in-law, R. F. Purdy, City Island, New York, on Feb. 10th, Richard Davis, in the 78th year of his age, leaving a wife and daughter to mourn his loss.

Mr. Davis was formerly a resident of St. John West.

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In new goods, and an endless variety from which to choose

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Home Made White Bread
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AND ALL DEALERS.
SINCLAIR McKIEL

TURKISH SHYLOCK FLEECES AN ACTRESS

Charges 320 Per Cent. Per Annum on a Loan of Two Thousand Dollars.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—Mahle Moutran Pasha, a distinguished Turk, who lived in a handsome flat in the Avenue des Champs-Elysees, and was well known in Parisian society, was arrested yesterday on a charge of robbing an actress of two rings worth $2,500.

Mlle. Madeleine Carlier, the actress, was short of ready money, and the Turk lent her $2,000 for a fortnight, charging $140 for the loan, and taking as security a pearl necklace worth $5,000 and two emerald rings. The loan was repaid in a month, and the Turk retained the rings as penalty for the delay in repayment.

The actress protested, and the Turk eventually offered to return the rings if she would pay him an additional $400. Mlle. Carlier thought that $540 per month—or 320 per cent. per annum—was a good deal to pay for a month's loan of $2,000, and she put the affair in the hands of the police.

Mlle. Carlier is the actress who won a curious case recently brought against her by a firm of furriers. They had given her some furs in which she was to be photographed as an advertisement. She claimed that she had a right to keep the furs as her commission and the court agreed with her.

TWO BOGUS COUNTS ARE BURGLARS BOLD

Beautifully Finished Set of House-Breaking Tools Found In Their Possession.

GENEVA, Feb. 16.—Two men, posing as counts, who have been arrested at Berne, are stated by the police to be wanted for murder.

An Englishman and his wife who were staying in the hotel were aroused by hearing the key of their bedroom door turn. A man was seen to look in the room, and then hastily to close the door.

They reported the incident to the proprietor, who had the baggage of the two "counts" searched, and it was found to comprise three strong boxes filled with jewels, watches and banknotes of various countries. A complete set of beautiful finished burglar tools was found in a Gladstone bag.

There were also discovered numerous disguises and makeup boxes and anaesthetics.

The police state that the men are waned in several European capitals. They will be tried next wek at Zurich.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN KILLED BY DYNAMITE

LEBANON, Pa., Feb. 15.—Mrs. Seller, the wife of John Seller, of Annville, near here, was instantly killed by an explosion of dynamite at her home today and their two children, Lydia, aged 13 years, and Mary aged 5 years, were so badly burned and lacerated that there is little hope of their recovery.

The house was wrecked. Seller placed three sticks of dynamite in the stove to thaw and went to work neglecting to tell his wife that the dynamite was in the oven.

What occurred after Seller's departure will probably never be known, as neither child has regained consciousness.

Telephone, 1902a.

Mid-Winter Shoe Pic-Nic!

Once again we stand in front of the Retail Trade of St. John, and offer the greatest bargains in Men's, Women's and Children's SHOES ever offered in this town.

Room-making Clearance Sale.

Fresh new goods of the latest up-to-date designs. All feet can be fitted. All shoes guaranteed. It isn't a question of what these cost, or what they are worth. We want the room, and every pair must go. Don't wait until the Shoes are gone. Come at once!

D. MONAHAN,
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INTEREST INCREASES IN OUR
Big Bargain Going Out of Business Sale

TOMORROW we will make a special offering of **Misses and Child's Footwear** at prices that ought to clear the stock in a day or two. If you have children don't miss this opportunity to save money on their footwear for the next season.

Some splendid snaps in **Men's and Women's Boots, Shoes and Slippers** still here. Come while your sizes are in stock

☞ No Goods on Approval, and Strictly for Cash. ☜

SANBORN'S SHOE STORE, 339 Main St.

Why be a Dyspeptic?

No matter how serious your case, how long you have suffered or what medicine you have tried, do not give up hope until you have tried : : : : : : : : :

McMillin's Dyspepsia Cure.
Prepared and Sold Only by
W. J. McMILLIN, 625 Main Street.
'Phone 980.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN

BERLIN, Feb. 16—This is a new portrait of the German Empress with two of her children—her only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise and young Prince Joachim.

TELLS OF A PLOT TO KILL NEGRO TROOPS

Brownsville Soldier Says White Residents of the Town Had Planned a Massacre

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—Startling testimony concerning alleged plans to massacre colored soldiers at Brownsville, Texas, by men from the town firing over the barracks to stampede the soldiers, and challenges to them to come out of the barracks, was given by negro ex-soldiers today at the investigation before the Senate committee on military affairs. The most sensational story told was that of William Mapp, who was a member of Company C, 25th infantry. He was on the stand when the hearing adjourned for the day.

Mapp was asked if he had ever heard any discussion of the shooting, which caused him to suspect any persons of complicity. He replied that at breakfast on the morning following the shooting he heard Wilbur T. Voschelle, the reservation boss and a white man who had been in charge of the corrall prior to the arrival of a battalion of the 25th infantry, discussing the case. According to Mapp's story, Voschelle said:—

"Well, it's a good thing it happened as it did. I was out in town last night and the crowd came in front of me, the plan was to catch a lot of you fellows in Allison's saloon and massacre you."

He said that the remark was not addressed to him and that he did not question Voschelle. He said that Allison is the former soldier who had started the saloon for the purpose of geting the negro soldier trade, the other saloons having barred the members of the negro battalion. Voschelle is now in Washington, having been subpoenaed as a witness.

Before giving this testimony Mapp said that on the night of the shooting he had been awakened by the firing and had gone to the window of his quarters, and from there he saw several gun flashes and the shots seemed to be directed over the barracks. A man with a deep voice, he said, shouted: "Come back, you black ——" (using an oppribrious epithet and making it applicable to the troops.) Mapp said this challenge was repeated several times during the firing, but the call to arms was then sounded and he hurried to get dressed and fall in with his company. Mapp told of the confusion in quarters and said that he got his gun from the rack that was broken open and was one of the first to fall in.

SNAPPED OFF THE MAST OF THE LARCHMONT

NEW LONDON, Conn., Feb. 15—The lighthouse tender Cactus, this afternoon brought in the mainmast of the steamer Larchmont. It was broken off sixty feet below its top, evidently by some passing steamer or large craft which had snapped about a dozen thick wire guy ropes and an inch bolt. A portion of the gaff and some castings of the mast were attached to it. The Cactus will return to hunt for the sunken steamer Saturday morning.