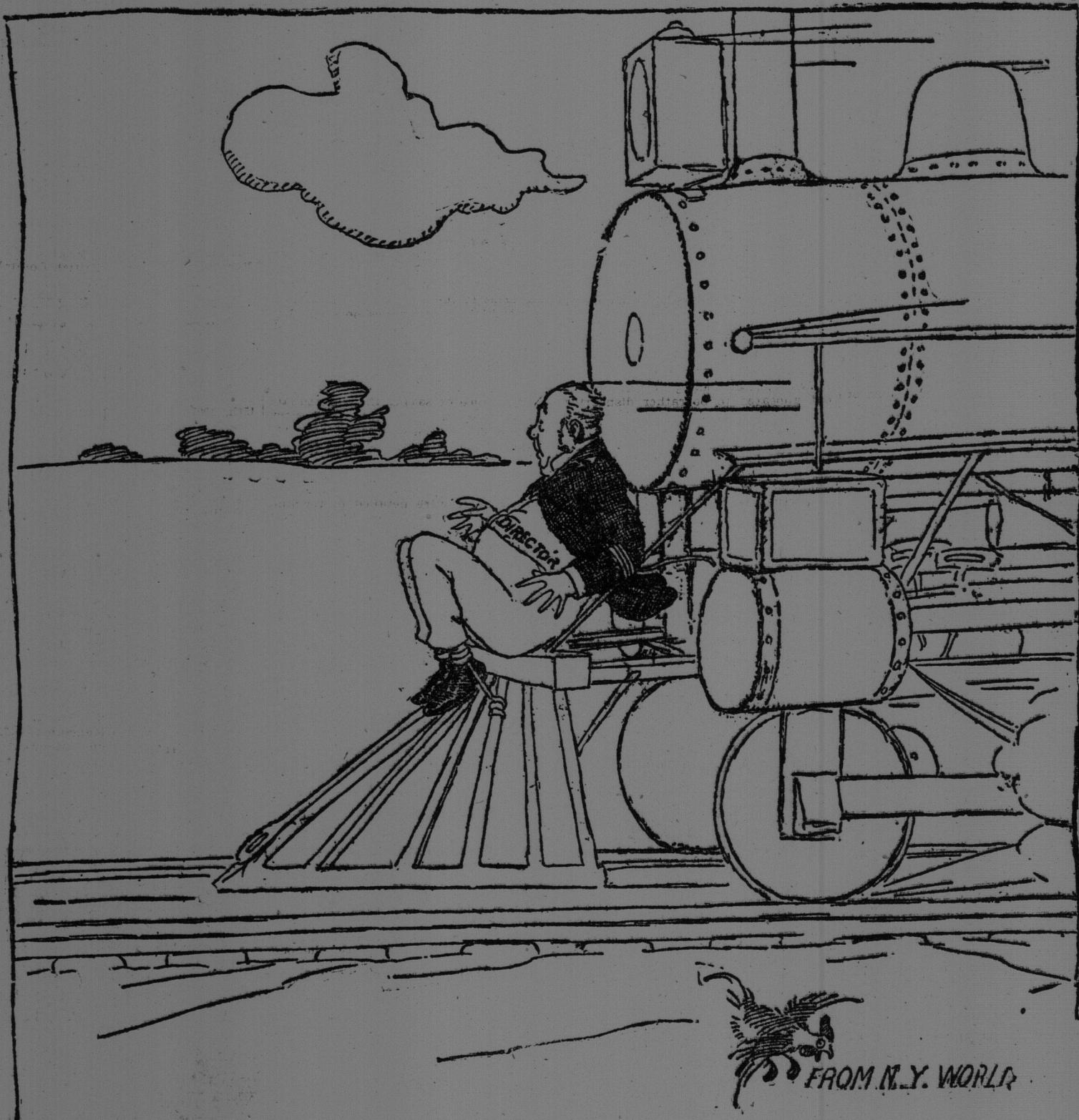


THE STAR'S CARTOON.

To Avoid Wrecks

By J. Campbell Cory.

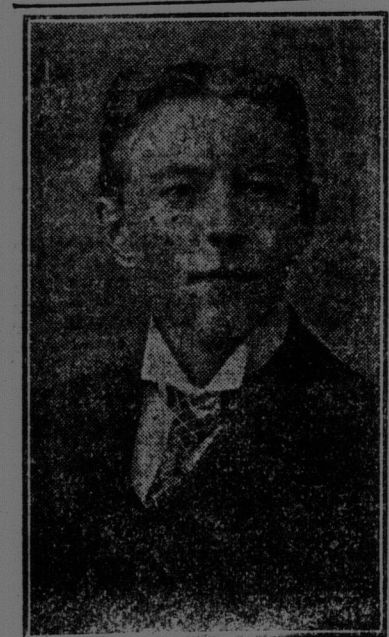


FRED LOGAN WINS MORE VICTORIES AT MONTREAL

Was First in the 220, 880 and Three Mile Races With Good Time.

Only Missed the Mile by an Accident—Belyea Skated Well, But Was Not Onto the Tricks of the Game—Summary of the Events—St. John Boys Received Hearty Support.

MONTREAL, Que., Feb. 3.—On the M. A. A. track Saturday afternoon Fred Logan of St. John won enough points in the skating championship



HILTON BELYEA.

competitions to entitle him to the amateur promiership of Canada and United States. He won three out of four events, his fall in the one mile event preventing him making a clean sweep of the series. Hilton Belyea, the other St. John competitor, won second place in the three mile contest, and might have succeeded very well in the whole event had he done more clever calculating. He showed plenty of speed with a deadly stroke on straightaway work, but was hardly shifty enough in the mixups. With Logan and Belyea outstripping a large field in the final stages of the three mile race, the

few St. John spectators went wild with delight, though disconcerted American and Montrealeers jokingly remarked such a licking was like "robbing it in." Logan was in fine form, but his keenest adversary, Morris Wood of Brooklyn, was not in any of the races. At ten o'clock Friday night Wood received word of his father's death, and had to hasten home. There was general regret when this was announced, and no one was more disappointed than Logan himself. However, the Americans were well represented, the Saranac lad, Edmund Lamy, proving himself a very hard proposition. Lamy won the mile event after Logan had fallen in the back stretch, and skated a dead heat with the St. John boy in the half mile.

Over three thousand people witnessed the races, which were pulled off sharply. The ice was a trifle soft and air heavy; however, fairly good time was made in most of the events. D. H. Slayback of Verona Lake, the new skating king, refereed. New Brunswick and St. John spectators, including McGill students, gave Logan repeated ovations, while an American camp following were loudly supporting Lamy and others.

In the 220 dash Logan of Montreal won first heat in 22 seconds, with Anderson of Chicago second. Logan of Montreal secured the third heat in the same time, and when it came down to the final Logan fairly flew around the big turn into the home stretch, breaking the tape at 20 1-5 seconds, with Suthphen second and Thomson of Minneapolis third.

Norval Bapte of Dakota won the first half mile professional event quite handsily. John McCullough of Winnipeg and Peter Sinnirud, the erstwhile "Terrible Swede," following in the order named.

In the first heat in 1:33 3-5, with Anderson second and Belyea third. There were ten starters. The second heat went to Pinlayson of Montreal, with Lamy second in 1:28 1-5. The final test evoked a lot of uproarious dissent among spectators, for Logan and Lamy cross-



FRED LOGAN.

ed the line tie. A large number of people who sat at an angle with the finish line claimed that Logan was defeated, but the judges said a dead heat. Belyea showed up well in this event on the long stretches, but was outfooted on the curves. Knowing ones say he will develop into a crackerjack with careful handling and confidence. He has the stroke, the wind, the speed. After tiny Claudius Lamy, an eleven year old wonder, had disposed of all the kids in Montreal in a pretty contest, Logan and Ed Lamy started in to settle the question of supremacy. The crowd got excited, for it was pretty well split up on the dead heat controversy, and a few bets were made. Lamy took the lead and held it until half the 880 yards were covered. Then Logan broke loose and passing the American on the back stretch romped home a winner in 1:23 3-5. It was a clean cut decisive victory, and the St. John boy was congratulated on all sides.

Bapte won the one mile professional in 3:01 4-5, with McCullough second and Sinnirud third. Bapte was never hard pressed, in fact the "pro" events were quite tame throughout, the absence of Johnny Neilsen, Harley Davidson and others being felt. When it came to the mile amateur event Logan fell on a secluded corner of the big track and failed to regain his ground, Lamy winning in 3:08 1-5. Belyea failed to qualify also. Logan at once registered a protest, claiming foul tactics, but the referee could not allow it, there being no judges at the corner where he fell. Suthphen and Aird qualified in the second heat and Ed Lamy captured the final.

Bapte had no difficulty in landing the three mile professional race, though the time was slower than that made by Logan and Belyea in a similar event immediately afterwards. The amateur three miles demonstrated Belyea's long windedness and Logan's catlike agility. Logan won only during the last fifty yards of the struggle, Belyea having a safe margin over Brown of Montreal.

In an exhibit mile Norval Bapte failed to lower John Johnston's record for a half mile of 1:10 1-5. Bapte did it in 1:20 4-5.

After the races D. H. Slayback, Logan's new manager, said the St. John boy was a wonder, and if satisfactory arrangements could be made with his employers he would send him to Pittsburgh this season. Mr. Slayback, who is a good natured wealthy lumberman, is paying the bills of several other skaters to whom he has taken a fancy. These include the three Lamy children, eleven, fourteen and sixteen years.

Tonight the skaters were dined at the Windsor by the Canadian Association and others.

In conversation with The Sun representative John K. McCullough inquired of Fen Parker, the ex-skater. He said that had this lad not been invalidated he would have been a champion.

THE SUMMARY

First heat in 220 yards—F. Logan, Montreal, 1; Adolf Anderson, Chicago, 2; Charles Dulhaut, Montreal, 3. Time, 22 secs. Second heat—Woodward Suthphen, Verona Lake S. C., 1; F. Logan, Verona Lake S. C., 2; Thomson, Minneapolis, 3. Time, 21 1-5 secs. Final heat—F. Logan, Suthphen, 2; Thomson, 3; 20 1-5 secs. Half mile professional—Norval Bapte, Balgates, 1; J. K. McCulloch, Winnipeg, 2; Peter Sinnirud, Norway, 3. Time, 1:22 3-5. One mile boys under 16 years—Russell Wheeler, Montreal, 1; E. L. Crab, Saratoga, 2. Time 2:53 3-5. 880 yards, first heat—F. Logan, 1; Adolf Anderson, 2; Belyea, 3. Time 1:32 1-5. Second heat—Pinlayson, 1; A. Lamy, 2; Aird, 3. Time 1:28 1-5. Final heat—Dead heat between Logan and Lamy. Time 1:23 3-5. Boys under 12 years, half mile—Claudius Lamy, Saranac Lake, 1; R. T. Logan, Montreal, 2; H. H. Pierre, Montreal, 3. Time 1:37 3-5. One mile professional—Bapte 1; McCulloch 2; Peter Sinnirud 3. Time 3:01 4-5. One mile amateur—First heat: Adolph Anderson, Chicago, 1; Edmund Lamy, Saranac Lake, 2; A. O. Brown, 3. Time 2:56 1-5. Second heat—Suthphen, Verona, 1;

... Important News of a Big ... Trousers Sale Beginning Today

It's a stock — not a few odds and ends that may or may not please you — but enough patterns and cloths and styles to satisfy everybody. Plenty of your size— whoever you are—big men or little. The fabrics were made by the best mills in the country. Test the statement by comparing what we offer with the average "marked down" trousers sale around town. Men are waking up to the fact that trousers are not necessarily cheap just because tickets show price reductions.

\$ .98 for Regular	\$1.25 Trousers.	\$2.38 for Regular	\$3.00 Trousers.
1.19 for Regular	1.50 Trousers.	2.98 for Regular	3.50 Trousers.
1.59 for Regular	2.00 Trousers.	3.28 for Regular	4.00 Trousers.
1.98 for Regular	2.50 Trousers.	4.25 for Regular	5.00 Trousers.

TWO EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS

A special lot of Trousers in Heavy Blue Worsted and Medium Weight Striped Tweeds. The regular price was \$3.00. Now marked to clear at \$1.78. A special line of Heavy Weight Dark Tweed Trousers, suitable for rough work. The regular price was \$1.50. Now marked to clear at 99c.

GREATER OAK HALL,

1110 STREET COR. GERMAIN

SCOVIL BROS., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

ON THE SIDING.

By Cecily Allen

(Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Purcell.) Aunt Helen idolized Bertie. Henry Strong idolized Aunt Helen. And Bertie, as far as his youth would permit, idolized both Aunt Helen and Henry Strong. That was why he felt vaguely aggrieved that he saw so little of Mr. Henry those days, and had he known that in his small person he personified duty and stood between the two objects of his adoration, he would have felt doubly aggrieved.

What he did know was that Mr. Henry had taken to walking on the other side of the street and evading pressing invitations to "come over and sit on our piazza," and that Aunt Helen avoided all conversation bearing on Mr. Henry, also that she had developed a tendency to red eyes and absent-minded conduct which annoyed Bertie, particularly when she stopped in the midst of a fairy story and stared out the window without speaking.

The neighbors might have enlightened Bertie as to the true state of affairs. They all said, in friendly fashion, "Listen to poor dear," and that old fool for Helen Bertram to act so over a child. There was such a thing as carrying one's ideas of duty too far, and one owed some duty to the living as well as the dead.

It was the most joyous of early spring weather when every one should feel happy, to red eyes and absent-minded conduct which annoyed Bertie, particularly when she stopped in the midst of a fairy story and stared out the window without speaking.

He knew that very soon Mr. Henry would be coming home from his office, and if they had been held in place with a piece of elastic instead of a cloth strap and buttons, they would have been equal to an extra set of pockets. Marbles, twine, apples, almost any small article could be hidden in their spacious folds. Personally, Bertie considered them a great improvement over the diminutive, skin-tight knickerbockers he had worn heretofore, but they needed the cache of Mr. Henry's approval.

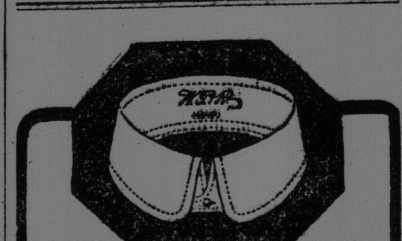
Ten minutes passed. Aunt Helen's

Thompson, Minneapolis, 2; Aird, 3. Time 3:05 4-5. Final heat—Lamy, 1; Aird, 2; Suthphen, 3. Time 3:06.

220 yards, Hurdles—W. E. McGee, Montreal, 1; A. Bulmer, Montreal, 2; E. Aird, Montreal, 3. Time 30 4-5.

Half mile final dead heat skate off—F. Logan 1; Edmund Lamy 2. Time 1:38 4-5.

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—F. Logan, the new amateur skating champion of Canada, arrived in town this evening with some friends on a brief visit. He has received a large number of telegrams of congratulations from friends in St. John, including one from the Mayor. Logan will return to Montreal and from there will leave for home on Wednesday.



PRINCE ARTHUR—New smart Autumn style; comfort-band for easy scarf tying. 1 1/2 inches at back, 2 inches at front, perfectly comfort-fitting because made in Quarter Sizes.

Made of Insulin Men; shape-sewed to launder perfectly; fortified where wear comes, so last longer and fray least.

20c. Each Demand the brand 3 for 50c.

pen went scratch, scratch in the sitting room and Bertie's boot heels went tap, tap against the stone curbing. Then he spied a familiar, broad-shouldered figure swinging down the street—on the other side. He waited until Mr. Henry was directly opposite, then—

"Hello, Mr. Henry. Can't you come over and see my new pants?"

Mr. Henry paused uncertainly and waved his hand in friendly fashion.

"I'll come over and show 'em to you, only Aunt Helen won't give me jam for supper when I leave the yard."

"Listen to the poor dear," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, Aunt Helen's next door neighbor, who happened to be setting out some new rose bushes at the time.

"The very idea of an old maid like Helen Bertram trying to train a boy!"

Mr. Henry crossed the street. He had seen Mrs. Johnson watching him from the corner of her eye and he knew that Bertie was terribly in earnest. He inspected the new trousers in deliberate, critical fashion and pronounced them good. Then he patted Bertie on the head and started away.

"Ain't you coming in for tea?" asked Bertie, with an odd break in his voice and a troubled look on his face.

"Awfully sorry, old man," replied Mr. Henry, with forced sprightliness, "but I have a dinner engagement and I must run along and dress. See you later."

But Bertie clung to his hand. "Maggie made some sponge cakes with icing. I know I licked the icing bowl."

"Good for you," said Mr. Henry, still drawing away from the clinging moist hand. "You eat one for me, won't you?"

And then he was gone. He plunged diagonally across the street and cut straight across the tidy lawn of his sister's home and dashed through the front door. His face was drawn and white, and he paused just a moment beside his sister who came to the door at the sound of his step.

"It's no use, Nell, I've got to get out of this. I believe I'll run on to New York for a week or so."

"And leave George to claim the victory of the Hardman case after you've worked hard on it for months. Oh, Henry, I think it is a shame that you will let a silly girl ruin your whole life. This very idea—"

"You don't understand her. She thinks she is right and what she thinks is right she must do, no matter at what cost to herself."

"Or others," interrupted his sister bitterly. "For a foolish conception of duty to the child of her dead sister, she will wreck your life."

"She thinks she cannot divide her love and her interest—it must all go to him."

"Fanaticism, pure and simple," ejaculated his sister.

"Whatever it is I love her," was the simply reply, "and I cannot live so near and yet so far from her. Perhaps when I come back—" he mounted the stairs and closed the door of his room.

With a sigh his sister went back to her embroidery.

It was Mr. Henry who carried Aunt Helen home to the dim sitting room and Bertie limped soberly, for like the boy in the song he had one shoe off and one shoe on. Later, when Aunt Helen was quite herself, Mrs. Johnson brought in what was left of the missing shoe when the expenses had passed over it, and then Aunt Helen learned how Mr. Henry had ripped open the shoe which had caught in a frog on the track and with Bertie in his arm had rolled down the bank to safety.

"That night, after Bertie had eaten two sponge cakes and had been tucked into bed, Mr. Henry, who had forgotten that dinner engagements ever existed, sat in his old corner in Aunt Helen's sitting room, and Aunt Helen sat beside him in her little wicker rocker.

"Henry," she said softly, "I was wrong and you were right. Bertie needs you—and I need you. I have missed you."

He did not answer and there was a troubled look in his eyes. She rose suddenly and crossed to her desk.

"See, dear, it was not because of what happened this afternoon. I was writing to you—when he ran away, poor lonely laddie. He knew something was wrong."

Henry Strong read the half-finished letter and kissed her.

"And now he knows it is all right again. Let's go up stairs and make sure he is not having bad dreams. Poor chap, he had a great scare."

And so Bertie, waking from restless slumber, saw the two faces, dearest in all the world, lending over him, and,

reaching out for two protecting hands, he fell into peaceful sleep.

In the meantime Bertie, with a quick glance over his shoulder, had deliberately turned his back on home and long instilled obedience. If Mr. Henry was not going to share the pleasures of tea, sponge cakes and new trousers, what was the use of having them at all? And over there, beyond the railroad track lived a little boy who had three big brothers and a jolly father who smoked a pipe and whose mother did not write letters and cry.

A minute later it came to Aunt Helen, one sharp, shrill cry of boyish terror. She sprang to her feet, terrified and trying to figure the direction from which it had come. When she reached the street Mrs. Johnson, white of face, was leaning against a tree.

"Bertie—he's caught on the railroad track—the express is backing down—my heart—I can't run—"

But Aunt Helen could run and down the street, toward the track, she sped. She could see the small, dark-blue figure huddled in the middle of the track. She could hear the wailing whistle of the express backing from the transfer depot to the local station and then something dreadful happened.

"Bertie — Bertie I'm coming," she cried, and then fell, her dainty slipper tangled in a mass of lace trimmings. In vain she struggled to her feet, she fresh entanglement of lace threw her back to the ground. She could hear people screaming in every direction. She heard the clash of hurrying feet—and then a strong voice called "Coming." Just as she got to her feet she saw Henry Strong while down the pillar of his sister's porch. He had sprang through his window to the roof of the porch and was not wanting time on stairways. Straight ahead of her he flew like a streak, bounded over the first track, bent over the boy and then something came bounding down the two dark figures, something that rumbled and thundered away into a horrible silence. Aunt Helen did not open her eyes. She did not dare to look. When Mrs. Johnson came she found her lying unconscious and white on the edge of the curb.

Your advertising takes no vacation. It needs none.—Profitable Advertising.

1 Cent!

THAT'S ALL IT COSTS YOU PER WORD

to advertise in the Classified Columns of THE SUN or STAR. Furthermore, if you allow your advertisement to run a week we charge you for 4 insertions ONLY.

HOUSES TO RENT  
FLATS WANTED  
LOSTS AND FOUNDS  
FOR SALES, ETC.  
HELP WANTED  
WORK WANTED

Let THE SUN and STAR do your hustling; they are read by nearly 14,000 people every day. They are the people's papers.

1 Cent!