

FOUR

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1907

THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (LTD.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$5.00 a year.

TELEPHONE:—

BUSINESS OFFICE, 11.

EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT. 112.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 23, 1907.

MOVING PICTURES.

The moving picture show has come to stay. At the present time, like most other novelties, it is a fad. By and by it will become an institution and probably a valuable one from an educational standpoint. The tendency of the present age is toward amusement or entertainment, but people are not averse to instruction. The only condition imposed is that such instruction shall be acquired in the most palatable manner, and with the least possible effort. The dislike for serious intellectual application is apparent in all classes; there are fewer students and thinkers among the so-called educated men and women than at any time in the past, but it is equally true that there is an enormous increase of those desiring to acquire even a superficial knowledge. The lack of application to subjects of importance is noticeable on all sides, but there is to be seen, too, a craving for information on the part of persons who hitherto have been satisfied to live in semi-ignorance. The press, the great civilizer, formerly contented itself with an uncolored and rather dull presentation of facts served up in an almost indifferent form. The life of the world became faster, and people who formerly made opportunity to carefully read all news of interest, found that they had no time for this. They demanded condensed paragraphs. This was followed by the introduction of black type headings, and in the alleged modern journal the indigestible facts of the day's news can be gleaned by a glance at the headings. People want their knowledge in a form which can be grasped and digested without waste of time. They avoid lengthy articles, the reading of which demands thought, and they insistently clamor for brevity. They are too lazy to work for what they desire. The present tendency is to go even farther than this. Printed descriptions, no matter how clearly and concisely they may be presented, are valueless if a picture can be obtained. Illustrations which place before the eye the exact conditions found in any happening of interest, are sought, and newspapers are turning to photographers rather than to skilled writers as the most satisfactory method of depicting what people want to know. That same impulse which forced *Assassins* on an erratic public, is rapidly making the camera replace the pen. Information in the form of easily digestible pills is replacing knowledge acquired by the long draughts of study. The old time magazines, filled with carefully prepared and well written articles of history, science, travel, and on political, social and economic questions, are losing in popularity, giving place to illustrated periodicals which deal in a breezy manner with live issues of the day. People are living for the moment, and feel that each day is sufficient unto itself. The lecture is now chiefly confined to members of various organizations who desire something better than is afforded in the ordinary amusement hall, and the great body of the people flock to those entertainments which provide information in the most attractive form and with the least possible effort. Moving pictures are of interest, and ask no more of the spectator than that he shall keep his eyes open. This is the simplest form of instruction yet placed before the public; it will last, and its possibilities are great. The picture business will become an institution when those who develop it realize the importance of their work. At the present time it is looked upon as an inexpensive method of amusement. Its educational value is scarcely appreciated, but the day will come when all that is important in the life of the world will be thrown on the canvas, when the difference between the traveller and the stay-at-home will be diminished because the latter will by the aid of the camera, be enabled to obtain an almost personal knowledge of distant lands, and when the actual conditions which give rise to our social and industrial problems will be presented for individual observation. At the present time the picture chiefly in evidence are made for the amusement of the crowd. There are comic pictures, to which, unless they become too common, no objection can be taken; there are made pictures intended to present unusual incidents, and there are more valuable pictures depicting scenes of industry or travel. The latter will eventually predominate, and their effect must necessarily have some influence on the general mind. Many of the subjects now treated are unfortunately chosen. That this is to be expected, when the science of picture making is in its infancy and the promoters are only feeling their way. The demands of the public will be more clearly appreciated later, and the views will gradually become of more value, such as will, while still creating entertainment, offer wholesome pleasure and accurate information.

THE MADNESS OF WINDS.

(By Lloyd Roberts.)

On all the upland pastures the strong winds gallop free,
Trampling down the flowered stalks
sleepily in the sun,
Whirl away in blue and gold all their
finery,
'Till naked crouch the gentle hosts
where the winds have run.

Along the rocky hillsides shaggy
heads are bent;
Out upon the tawny plains tortured
dust leaps high;
The red roof of the sunset is torn away
and rent,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and
bends the hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—
the crowded valleys roar—
The madness surges through their
veins, and when they gallop out
the black rain follows close behind,
the pale sun flees before,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and
bends the hollow sky.

I was striding on the uplands when
the host was running mad,
I saw them thrashing through the
leaves and daisy tops below,
And as their feet came up the hill, my
tired heart grew glad—
'Till at the music of their throats I
knew that I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they
have joined me to their ranks;
And when their rampant strength
wells up and drives them singing
forth,
I am with them when they roll the fog
across the dilly banks,
And tumble out the sleeping bergs
that crowd beyond the North.

The woods are drenched with moon-
light and every leaf's awake;
The little beads of dew sit white on
every twig and blade,
A thousand stars are scattered thick
beneath the forest lake;
We pass, and only laughter for the
haze we have made.

I KNOW A WOOD.

(By Gerald Gould.)

I know a wood where the winds make
all day long
A sighing sound and a sobbing
sound, and keep
Their sorrows unassuaged of any song.
Hopeless of death and ignorant of
sleep;
I lie in the wood, and look up at the
blue sky
Between the branches leafy or bare
above,
And the hunger of wood and wind and
season is I,
But the blue depths are the blue eyes
of my love.

Gray cascades in the breast of a brown
hill
Feed the stream that here is friends
with me;
It dreams of a fairy lake that it shall
fill,
And finds only the salt and barren
sea;
I watch the shadows shift and the
gleams go by,
Obscure with the pools below and
clouds above,
And the trouble of earth and air and
water is I,
But the heart of the stream is the
strange heart of my love.

The ancient battle goes on by the
river's marge—
The sunlight on the plumes of
knights and lords,
The blowing of trumpets, the clatter
and clash of the charge,
The glancing of lances and the
breaking of spears,
I hear a song in praise of them that
die,
I see the light of the bright flag down
above,
And the old quest and the old desire
is I,
But the voice of the call, as of old,
Is the love of my love.

THE LAND OF SHADOWS.

(By Ernest Howard Crosby.)

For we are vague and unsubstantial
shadows
Cast for a moment by our larger
selves
Upon this whirling globe, itself mere
semblance,
Which some adventurous, wandering
ray of truth
Paints with a wayward stroke on
heaven's wall.
In vain we sleep and waken, thinking
thus
To escape the land of shadows. If by
night
We singly dream, by day we dream
together—
And all is dream—save when a sudden
flood
Of calm conviction, surging from
beneath,
Uprises through the fountain of our
being,
And overflows the temporal world of
sense—
A flood that in receding leaves behind
Impenetrable truth and supernatural
substance
Beyond the pale of dreams. Our
universe
Treads in the skirts of unimagined
grandeur.

So, as a barnacled and battered keel,
Long buffeted by lapse of rushing
waters,
Dank seaweed and the world of scale
and fin,
Might, in the throbs and tremor of its
frame,
Feel a faint whispering of slant
towering masts
(Friend to the sun), of zephyr-haunted
sails,
And spacious bulwarks in an element
Undreamt-of, incommensurate—so may
we
Thrill at the touch of our supernal
selves
Which loom up dim in regions
adequate
Beneath an unknown sky.

WHITES NOW WORK
FOR BLACKS IN RAND

Traditions of the Past Completely Reversed by Conditions of the Present.

One Native With Four Whites Now Pays Only the Tax Imposed on One With Two.

JOHANNESBURG, Sept. 21.—Many extraordinary facts regarding the position of the natives in the Transvaal are given in a series of reports just issued by the Transvaal Land Owners' Association.

The reports are made by special commissioners sent out by the association. In one the writer says:

"It has become quite a common practice for white men to plow land for natives. The latter pay the former so much per acre.

"A decided advance is noticeable among the natives as regards their methods of cultivation. In former years most of their land was tilled by women, who used the hoe, practically their only implement of agriculture, whereas at present it is quite common to see the men cultivating with plows drawn by either oxen or donkeys."

APPROACHING CULTIVATION.

Another of the commissioners writes: "The rapid strides the natives are making toward cultivation and the eagerness they display in endeavoring to learn to read and write have of late become very marked. I regret to have to say it, but it appears to me that the native children, as regards education, are comparatively advancing more rapidly than the children of the poorer whites in the outlying districts."

"I find that on most of the estates visited a large number of boys are away from work. In fact, in some estates I found only the women and old men, all the younger men being away," writes another commissioner.

"From conversation with the natives they all state their willingness to work; but, as formerly stated in my report, not underground. They also strongly object to being recruited, as they, without exception, all state that they have been cheated by labor agents to such an extent that they prefer to go and look for work by themselves, as then they will know exactly what work they will have to do, and what the remuneration will be."

PRICE OF A SECOND WIFE.

Dealing with the native hut tax, the same writer says: "I note the government no longer charges a native anything more than \$10 extra for the second wife. By this I mean that a native with four wives pays the same as a native with two wives. This, of course, was different. He had to pay for every wife above one."

With regard to agriculture, it is pointed out that the first sowing of the winter crop of Kaffir corn has been destroyed by locusts, which has necessitated a late second sowing. Unfortunately, a number of farmers of the Blyvoor class have been unable to purchase a second supply of seed.

Owing to immaturity from horse sickness by inoculation, mules are increasing, and are now generally used for transportation purposes, replacing donkeys, which were largely used after the war.

This season the game generally has increased. This is especially the case with koodoo, steinbuck, pheasant and guinea fowl.

Wild dogs are increasing, and complaints are constantly being made, more particularly from natives, of losses of goats and sheep killed by these animals.

DOCTOR WAS KILLED BY
HIS OWN MEDICINE

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—From taking an overdose of medicine containing several poisonous ingredients, which he had himself prepared for a malady from which he had suffered for many years, Dr. Peter M. Wise, 54 years old, died here yesterday. The coroner's physician decided that death was purely accidental.

For many years, Dr. Wise suffered from locomotor ataxia. He has tried numerous remedies, without relief.

A HAPPY RELEASE

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Sept. 23.—Prof. Wilbur, of Atwater, head of the Department of Chemistry at Wesleyan University, and famous for his experiments with the colorimeter, died last night after an illness of two hours. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy two years ago and had been practically helpless ever since.

He was born in Johnston, N. Y., in 1844.

Store Open Till 9 p. m.

Ladies' Low Heel Boots,

Dongola, Patent Top, Blucher Cut, large Eyelet Boots, \$2.25

Dongola, Patent Top, Blucher Cut, Whole Fox Boots, 2.25

Sizes 2½ to 7. Low heels. Are very much worn, and are fine for long walks.

Percy J. Steel Farnisher.
519-521 Main St. A.C.

SUCCESSOR TO MR. WM. YOUNG.

MUTILATES PICTURE
TO GET INTO PRISON

Expend of Salvation Army Lass to Secure Free Board and Lodging.

PARIS, Sept. 21.—A French Salvation Army girl named Valentine Cantrel has achieved fame in an extraordinary fashion.

Having grown tired of work, it occurred to her that there was only one way to be boarded and lodged without undue exertion, and that was to get into prison.

So Valentine came to Paris, and yesterday afternoon paid a visit to the Louvre Museum, she watched her opportunity, and when no one was looking drew a pair of scissors from her pocket and mutilated a fine picture by Ingres, called "The Sistine Chapel."

In this magnificent picture she stabbed out the eyes of the Pope, a cardinal and two other ecclesiastics. Then she went to the nearest police station and gave herself up.

This is the third time within the last few months that pictures in the Louvre have been damaged. A meeting of the responsible authorities was held today, and it has been decided to place a greater distance between the public and the pictures, and to set more men to look after them.

FOOT WORRIES

are unknown to those who use
Regal Foot Powder.

It keeps the feet cool, prevents chafing, checks excessive perspiration and makes the skin of the feet firm and healthy.

25c. a Box.

Sold Only By
E. CLINTON BROWN,
DRUGGIST,
Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts.

Genuine Imported
BAY RUM,

In original bottles,
—AT FIVE—

Royal Pharmacy,
King Street.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson,
DENTIST.

34 Wellington Row.
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m.
and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
Phone 122.

The three Gray sisters
who lived among the Hyperboreans could not have kept up their strength if they had ceased drinking the TIGER TEA.

MARRIAGES

DEBOW-DUNFIELD.—Married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Helen A. Dunfield, Sept. 19, by Rev. A. Perry, assisted by Rev. J. S. McFadden, B. A., John W. DeBow and Annie M. Dunfield, both of Cow Hill, K. Co.

DEATHS.

MCADAM.—In this city, on the 21st inst., the 69th year of his age, Wm. McAdam.

Funeral from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. McAdam, on Tuesday, 24th inst., at one o'clock. Service at 12:30.

BARROX.—In this city, on the 14th inst., at his late residence, 374 Main street, William Barrow, aged 67 years.

HALL.—On the 20th inst., in the 22nd year of his age, at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Harry Elbridge Hall, formerly of this city.

TINGLEY.—At the General Public Hospital, this city, at six o'clock Sunday evening, Miss Kate Tingley of Albert County.

Funeral will be held this evening at the residence of Mrs. Hoar, Hazen street. Body will be taken to Albert Co. tomorrow.

ANDERSON.—On Sept. 21st, of acute inflammation, Mabel L., beloved wife of Rev. J. J. Anderson, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. A husband, six children, a mother and two brothers mourn their loss.

VANDINE.—At Mount Allison Academy, Sackville, N. B., on the 21st inst., Margaret Vandine, widow of the late Joseph Vandine of Fredericton, N. B., aged 74 years.

Exclusive
Jewelry, Etc.

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

Remembrances.

FERGUSON & PAGE,
Diamond Dealers & Jewelers,
41 King Street.

You Also, I suppose, have returned from your Summer Dining.

Plum Brown Bread.
McKie's Excellent Quality.
Ask for it Tomorrow Afternoon and Evening, to eat with your
Pork and Beans.
At all Grocers, and at
McKie's Own Stores,
on Main St., Wall St. and Metcalf St.

WOOD.—When you are thinking of Wood—Hard, Soft or Kindling—call up 463.

City Fuel Co.,
City Road.

STILL IN BUSINESS.

We deliver dry, heavy Soft Wood and kindling cut in stove lengths, at \$1.00 per load.

McNAMARA BROS., Chelvey St.
Phone 733.



Souvenirs will be distributed TODAY, and while they last at

ROBINSON'S
Three Stores,
173 Union Street,
417 Main Street,
—AND—
78 City Road.
Wrapped with each 7c loaf

Scenic Route.

Between Millerville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Baywater. Steamer Maggie Miller leaves Millerville daily (except Sunday and Saturday) at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 5:30 p. m. Returning from Baywater at 7 and 10 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Sunday leaves Millerville at 9 and 10:30 a. m., and 2:30 and 5:15 p. m. Returning at 9:45 and 11:15 a. m. and 4:30 and 6 p. m. Saturday—Leaves Millerville at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 5:30 p. m. Returning at 6, 7:30 and 10 a. m. and 4:45 and 6:45 p. m.

JOHN MCGOLDRICK, Agent.

COUNT SHOT IN BED;
FOUR WOUNDS RESULT

Assassin Escapes in Gondola, But is Subsequently Arrested and Confesses Crime.

VENICE, Sept. 21.—An attempt was made here to assassinate Count Kanakovsky, a Russian captain, while he lay in bed in his room at a house where he is staying.

The assassin, after gaining access to the count's room, fired five shots from his revolver, inflicting four wounds. The count was taken to a hospital, where an operation was performed. The doctors are unable at present to give an opinion as to his hopes of recovery.

The would-be murderer escaped in a gondola, giving the gondolier \$50 to take him away. Subsequently he was arrested by the police, he declared that he was Henry Durand, a Belgian, but before the magistrate he finally confessed to the crime, and said that he is Nickolas Naumoff, aged 21, born at St. Petersburg, the son of M. Alexander Naumoff, ex-governor of Perm.

He persisted in stating that the motive for the crime is a very delicate family affair.

A PRECAUTION.

"Do you believe in corporal punishment?"

"Well," answered the father of several sons, "perhaps it is just as well occasionally to convince our boys that we are not molasses."—Washington Star.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

Our Fall Shoes are all lined up for your inspection, and such an array of Shoe Styles has never before been seen in this city. These "foot soldiers" of ours aren't all show, either. They're fighters. "Poor service" was never so stubbornly resisted as it will be this year by our Shoes. With every pair you buy goes our guarantee of perfect satisfaction. We shall be pleased to have every shoe wearer in this vicinity call and see the New Fall Styles. Shoes for the family, from Baby's tiny feet to Grandpa's tender feet—and not a price in the house to offend. Come, see.

D. MONAHAN,
32 Charlotte Street.

IF YOU WANT CAPS

We have them of every description and for every purpose. Best in Quality, Finish and Style.

An extensive assortment of Cloth Tam O'Shanter Caps, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Boys' Glens and Golf Caps. Men's Outing Caps. Tell your needs and we can supply you.

THORNE BROS. 93 King Street

Do You Want To Be Cured?

To Enjoy Life? To Have That Bouyant Feeling that Comes Only With Health?

If so try McMILLIN'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. It positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all troubles caused by diseases of the stomach.

"THE KIND THAT CURES." Made and sold by
W. J. McMILLIN, 625 Main Street.
Phone 980.

Bargains in School Books!

FIRST PRIMER, 5c; SECOND PRIMER, 5c.
FIRST BOOK, 12c; SECOND BOOK, 20c.
THIRD BOOK, 37c; FOURTH BOOK, 46c.
MANNING SPELLER, 25c; GAGE'S PRACTICAL SPELLER, 25c.
THREE (3) SCRIBBLERS, 5c; 3 EXERCISE BOOKS, 5c.
BOTTLE INK, 3c; 10 SLATE PENCILS, 1c; SLATES, 5c, 7c, to 17c.

ALL SCHOOL SUPPLIES AT CUT PRICES.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 MAIN ST

OFFICER FROZEN TO DEATH
ON PEAKS OF MATTERHORN

Survivor of a Tragedy of the Alps Tells Tale of Terrible Experience on Its Snow-Clad Sides.

GENEVA, Sept. 21.—Dr. Robert Helbing, of the Swiss army, has given a vivid account of the terrible experience which he and two friends, Major Henri Spoor, also of the Swiss army, and Herr Karl Imfeld, an engineer, underwent near the summit of the Matterhorn last week.

We started from Zermatt with the object of passing the first night at a hut on the Lac Noir," said Dr. Helbing. "Darkness overtook us two hours from the hut, however, and we spent the night on the Col du Lion.

"We continued the ascent at day-break, but as we climbed the weather grew steadily worse. Nevertheless, after a consultation, we decided to push on to stand on the summit of the Matterhorn. 'For the first and last time,' he said.

"At 2 p. m. we reached the dangerous portion of the journey, where ropes are attached to rocks overhanging deep precipices. Then the storm broke. 'It is impossible to describe the fury of an Alpine storm in the higher altitudes. The hail and snow forced us to seek shelter under a ledge of rock, which was, however, exposed to the terrific wind. There was no other shelter near.

AN ALPINE STORM.

"There we crouched all night long, while the storm raged with increasing fury. We were being gradually buried by the drifting snow and frozen by the icy wind.

"Thunder and lightning added to the horror of our situation toward morning, and although we were not actually struck by lightning, we received many electric shocks. One was so violent that Major Spoor lost consciousness.

"About 11 a. m., realizing that if we remained longer under the ledge we would be frozen to death, I persuaded my companions to risk the descent.

"Major Spoor was in a state of exhaustion bordering on collapse, and after taking a few feeble steps he fell face downward in the snow.

"Herr Imfeld and I worked for several hours trying to revive him with brandy and massage, but he died without regaining consciousness.

"Both Herr Imfeld and myself were so weakened that we could only walk

EX-NEWSPAPER MAN DEAD.

TORONTO, Sept. 22.—T. C. Pattison, postmaster of Toronto, died at midnight Friday. He was the first editor of the Toronto Mail and was seventy years old.

The Dominion Labor Congress at Winnipeg decided on Halifax as the next place of meeting. A. Verville, M. P., was elected president.

Falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Your doctor knows why Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly destroys these germs. Makes the scalp clean and healthy. We publish the formula.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

No More
Hair Germs