

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908

FIVE

## Slippers —AND— Evening Shoes

For the Ball!

Women are Captivated with our Dainty  
Slipper creations.

We have Pumps, Ties, Sandals  
and Peter Pans in designs so  
handsome that it is difficult to  
describe them.

\$1.25 to \$4.50 a pair.

## Waterbury & Rising,

King St. Union St.

Another Lot of White Shirt Waists.

Some Very Dainty Styles, from 75c up.

White Skirts, Night Dresses, Corset Covers.

A. B. WETMORE, 59 Garden St.

\$12, \$13.50, \$15, \$18, \$20

Any of these prices

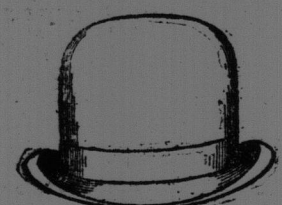
gets you a solid suit, ready for service. A suit that you  
will feel at home in—that you will feel dressed in—that  
will be thoroughly made.

It will fit you—it will be FASHIONABLE—it will  
have style—it will be full measure for whatever money  
you pay for it.

Let us show you what's here.

Easter Sunday, April 19th.

Gilmour's, 68 King St.



## HATS

For Men & Young Men

Two of our Special Hats, The Pitt Hat \$2.50  
The "Gold Medal" Lightest \$2.00

AT THE CASH CLOTHING STORE

C. MAGNUSSON & Co.,

73 Dock St. St. John, N. B.

## THE ASPECTS OF THE CANADIAN CHARACTER

The following is a translation of the  
second letter of the series printed under  
the title "John Bull's Eldest Son."  
In this letter the Japanese Count deals  
with certain paradoxical aspects of the  
Canadian character and incidentally  
indulges in some reflections on the  
White Man's civilization.

To the Marquis Hashibito,

Most Worshipful Master of the Multi-

tude.

As I informed Your Lordship, our  
friend Mr. Beaver is an enterprising  
business man; and as he is so fond  
of boasting business is business—a  
phrase which appears to sum up his  
rather paradoxical philosophy of life.  
And verily the man himself is a para-  
dox. A great landed gentleman, with  
an estate so vast that even on a fine  
horse he can hardly ride across it in a  
week, he is yet a typical product of  
the machine age. Alert, energetic, pos-  
sessed of much self-efficiency, living  
in an atmosphere of unexampled free-  
dom, in a country whose very phys-  
ical features are an inspiration to  
greatness of thought and feeling, he is  
yet a man of rather a limited range  
of thought and feeling. At the same  
time he is not without a good com-  
mon sense of his intellectual powers and  
attainments; indeed he assures you that  
the greatness of his intellectual powers is  
proved by his very lack of imagina-  
tion and sentiment—a strange para-  
dox which seems to have been promul-  
gated by an old prophet named Macau-  
ley, who, in an essay on a great Eng-  
lish poet, asserted that the progress of  
reason was incompatible with the de-  
velopment of imagination and senti-

ment. But in this Mr. Beaver and his  
prophet seem to labor under one of the  
curious delusions common among  
white men who are ever so proud of  
themselves that they never suspect  
their limitations. What they regard  
as the development of their reasoning  
powers is evidently only the cultivation  
of the habit of specialization which  
characterizes the machine age. Among  
western people, men's intellects, in-  
stead of being trained in broad general  
culture, are trained in special paral-  
lels—a fact that no doubt explains their  
remarkable progress in science and in-  
vention. But unfortunately this spe-  
cialization of culture, though it makes  
for material progress, has its draw-  
backs. Even the White Man is a crea-  
ture of limitations, and if his intellect  
and feeling be focused upon special  
purposes and special interests, his out-  
look upon life will be circumscribed  
and his range of sympathies narrowed.  
—that is he will be deficient in im-  
agination and sentiment. Indeed, Mr.  
Beaver's faith in this paradox shows  
how limited is his outlook, for if he  
had observed the course of history he  
would see that the people and times  
famed for their philosophic produc-  
tions, have almost invariably been em-  
inent in the fine arts as well. If Greece  
was the mother of arts and eloquence  
she was also the step-mother of sci-  
ence and the father of philosophy. As  
our great Lao Tzu once declared, reason  
and imagination are warp and woof  
of the same web, and the sublimation  
of both is sentiment, which weaves  
the pattern thereof.

Indeed, my Lord, the white man, for  
all their fine boasts, seldom seem to



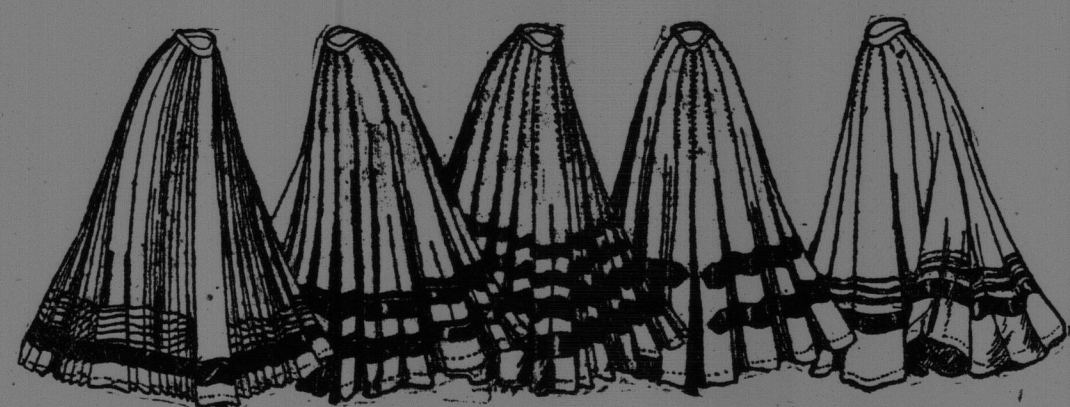
## The Newest Covert Coats

of the Season

Many designs to choose from. Some are loose fit-  
ting, but most of them are dressy little coats with tight  
backs and cut away in front. You'll like to see our selec-  
tion. Prices from \$6.75 to \$13.50

### New Dark Striped Dress Materials.

Just received, a line of very pretty dress cloths in dark two-toned  
stripes, as well as stylish self-colored effects. Come in greens, browns, navy,  
etc., 48 inches wide. \$1.15 Yard



### New and Very Handsome Dress Skirts.

We are selling finer and higher class skirts every day.  
It's style and real worth in cloth and making that our customers  
appreciate.

Beautiful Panama Skirts in large variety of designs.  
Prices \$6.75 to \$12.00

Fine Tailored Skirts of All Wool French Venetian in many styles.  
Prices \$5.25 to \$9.90

F. W. DANIEL & CO., L'td,

London House, Charlotte Street.

follow the light of reason. On the  
contrary they seem to me to be the  
most unreasonable of races. One can  
usually account for the actions of  
Asiatics; even the fanaticism of our  
Chinese neighbors, the passionate  
devotion of our heroic soldiers, is sus-  
ceptible to a logical explanation,  
though perhaps foreigners might be  
inclined to question the premises. But  
these white men with their strange  
ways and habits, seen ever to be ac-  
tuated by unaccountable impulses. Un-  
conscious instruments of tremendous  
and mysterious forces they drive blind-  
ly forward to some inscrutable destiny,  
filling the earth and the seas thereof  
with manifestations of their mighty  
energies and startling the heavens with  
the unceasing din of their mad wars.  
When I read their histories a strange  
awe falls upon me, and the more I  
study their character and actions, the  
less I understand them. Verily, my  
lord, we Japanese in adopting the  
white man's civilization, have out-  
hands to an undertaking fraught with  
great possibilities of evil unto us. If  
we can take his forms and breathe  
into them the Japanese spirit, it may  
be well with us, but I much fear that  
with its forms we must take on its  
character—and that will not be so good  
for us. The white man's civilization  
seems to me to possess the character  
of an automaton rather than of a liv-  
ing organism, of a loose-knit framework  
of institutions established upon the  
shifting sands of selfish individual in-  
terests rather than a co-ordinated sys-  
tem organized around a binding cen-  
tre of the state and broadly based up-  
on the solid rock of a self-conscious na-  
tional sentiment; and sometimes I am

inclined to think that its practical ef-  
ficiency as a mode of activity hardly  
redeems its spiritual ineffectiveness as a  
condition of life. But I digress.

As you will infer, Mr. Beaver is a  
rather dogmatic man, and therefore in-  
clined to be uncritical towards the  
means he employs to achieve his ends.  
And as he is thus uncritical or oppor-  
tunist, he is overmuch given to de-  
pending on physical or material means  
and inclined to assume that the end  
justifies the means—so much so that  
he is prone to confuse the means with  
the ends and follow modes of activity  
which sometimes lead to unexpected and  
baffling results. Moreover, as a con-  
sequence of this habit of mind, he has  
become a confirmed materialist, and  
therefore rather poorly equipped with  
those spiritual resources neces-  
sary to adapt himself to the larger  
solution lies rather within the domain  
of sentiment than within that of phys-  
ical force. His efficiency in this respect  
is rather questionable in his conduct of  
his family affairs. As I told you, he  
wastes no attention on his wife, and  
has driven many of his sons from  
home, and I may add that he does not  
get on very well with his daughters.  
Indeed few men have a more trouble-  
some brood of daughters. The more  
he does for them the more they want,  
and, what with their tantrums and  
quarrels they keep him in hot water  
almost continuously. Alberta and  
Saskia, his youngest, are throwing  
bricks at his windows because he won't  
give them a larger dowry. Mabel and  
Otha are quarrelling over their re-  
spective lots. Nova and Brunj are in a  
pet because the old man allowed a  
Norwegian Viking to sink their playboats.  
Little Princess Eddie threatens to quit  
the paternal roof if the old gentleman  
does not build her a better carriage-  
way to her nearest neighbor. And  
that obstreperous jade, Columbia, who  
is never so happy as when she is  
swatting her fellow-subjects with a  
dish-clout, loses no opportunity of ar-  
ranging him.

But it must be said that Mr. Beaver,  
if not particularly happy in family  
matters, manages some of his affairs  
with considerable prudence and sagac-  
ity. At any rate he has not rushed  
blindly into the dangers that now be-  
set his neighbor, Sammy Longshanks,  
an amazing and enterprising gentle-  
man, who, improving upon the experi-  
ment of the unfortunate Frankenstein,  
has created a whole menagerie of soul-  
less monsters which have grown so  
huge and fierce that he has to lay  
about him husily with the big stick to  
keep them from devouring him. Mr.  
Beaver, like his neighbor, has created  
not a few industrial dragons and fire-  
breathers, but he has reared them so ex-  
actly that they are as tame as sheep.  
Indeed, many of them will eat out of  
his hand.

Some say Mr. Beaver will need to  
keep a close watch on these monsters,  
in the future, as many of them are  
getting big and strong, and of a vi-  
cious temper. But he that as it may be  
his wife is very fond of them, and much  
delights to pet and pamper some of  
them. Often she denudes her hus-  
band's table of choice tidbits to give

to these strange pets, and sometimes  
she has so many about the house that  
Mr. Beaver, coming home from a hard  
day's work, finds there is no room for  
him—a circumstance that heretofore  
has never evoked any bad feelings in  
him, because he takes great pride in  
these pets himself, and has always  
been ready to make great sacrifices for  
them, and because, too, he has gener-  
ally been so weary that he could sleep  
anywhere. But at last he has been  
feeling a decided objection to passing  
the night on the back doorstep, while  
these creatures make merry in his  
house. It seems he is beginning to  
feel that, having done his duty by them  
since they were infants, and built a  
strong Chinese wall to protect them  
from the huge and hungry monsters of  
his neighbor, they ought to be able to  
look out for themselves. And he has  
even made bold to tell his wife that  
she should cease from petting and  
pampering these shaggy monsters, and  
give more attention to his natural-born  
children—that by continuing to pamper  
them she tends to defeat the purposes  
for which he created them. But I sus-  
pect he will be obliged to use harsh  
words to make her hear of her strange  
and unseemly infatuation.

And now, my Lord, praying that the  
Heaven may always keep you within  
the light of his magnificent  
countenance, your devoted and insignifi-  
cant servant bids you farewell for a  
short space.

COUNT IKKIDU.

### ONE DIVORCE TO TWELVE MARRIAGES

787 Separations Granted by Maine Courts

In 1907—85 Suidides.

AUGUSTA, April 7.—There were 787  
divorces decreed in this state during  
the past year, which was one divorce  
to every 12 marriages solemnized, ac-  
cording to the annual report Tuesday of  
Dr. A. G. Young, Registrar of vital sta-  
tics. The wife was the libellant in  
82 cases.

Three divorces were granted before  
the marriage law had lasted six  
months; 44 before one year's marriage;  
299 after from one to five years; 299  
after from five to ten years; 223 after  
from ten to 20 years; 66 after from 20  
to 30 years; 25 after more than 30  
years; and in seven cases the number  
of years married was not stated.  
Eighty-five persons committed sui-  
cide, 73 of the number being males.  
The rate for the state per 10,000 of  
population was 118 per cent.

TO KEEP HOUSE NEAT.  
To keep a house in a neat condition,  
select two unused cupboards, one on  
each floor. Into these cupboards any-  
thing which is out of place from kit-  
chen utensils to personal articles, can  
be put by any member of the family.  
Nothing ought to be taken out of the  
cupboard until the next Saturday, un-  
less a fine is paid as a forfeit. Every  
Saturday the cupboards should be  
cleaned out and the various articles re-  
turned to their owners and proper  
places.

## CLOTH TAMS

A cloth tam is a necessity in headwear for every  
child. Besides being dressy and handy, they stand all  
sorts of rough wear. We have a splendid assortment for  
spring in light and medium weights. Made from good  
cloths—with satin or sateen linings—plain or printed  
bands, with letters or flags—different size tops.

Blue Cloth - 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25  
Red Serge, - 50c, 75c, 1.00  
Fawn Cloth, - 1.50  
Felt Hats, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50 Enamel Hats, - 2.50

## D. MAGEE'S SONS,

Manufacturing Furriers,

63 King Street.

## "ON THE BLACK ISLE OF UNREST"

A Story of Revolution by Murder in Hayti.

It was under cover of the pretence of  
an earthquake which never happened  
that the last boatload of potential  
Presidents landed in Hayti two months  
ago. While the foundations of Port-au-  
Prince, the capital, were trembling,  
the usurpers landed at Gonaives, the  
second town on the coast, which is to  
the capital what Oporto is to Lisbon,  
the standing headquarters of the re-  
volutionary opposition.

For over a hundred years Hayti—the  
eastern end of the island of San  
Domingo, the beautiful Hispaniola in  
the old days of the Spanish Main—has  
been a negro republic, where the des-  
cendants of the West African slaves im-  
ported centuries ago to work on the  
plantations rule over the few hundred  
whites whom the profits of commerce  
attract to the island.

The forms of republican government  
are all there—President, Senate, and  
House of Representatives, and they are  
enacted in the creole French of the  
slavery days. But they are only the  
forms; the chronic reality is a series  
of dictatorships, beginning usually in  
wider and ending in flight. The pre-  
sent President, a hill-fighter of eighty,  
who deposed more than one of his pre-  
decessors, is even more summary than  
the others. In the republic there are over  
a million negroes, and the capital,  
Port-au-Prince, has a population of  
300,000.

### HAD SHOT THEIR CHIEF.

Very soon after the usurpers landed  
the President's followers had shot  
their chief, General Jumeau, and now  
they are wreaking their vengeance on  
the adherents of his comrade, General  
Firmin, who is the continuous Presi-  
dential candidate at each revolutionary  
election. The swift truculence of Pre-  
sident Nord Alexis in dealing with the  
poes of his household is really in the  
regular order of things. He is himself  
the product of several successful coups  
d'etat, and has little to learn in fac-  
tices.

His name, Nord Alexis, he gets from  
his antecedents—Alexis of the North.  
He has led the rising that overthrew  
President Hyppolite six years ago.  
Hyppolite set out one day to punish the  
rebellious chiefs from the north, but he  
did not get far. On mounting his horse  
on one side he fell dead on the other.  
The "heart failure" that caused his end  
was traced to the priests and priest-  
esses of the "voodoo" savage rites,  
with whom he was out of favor and  
who had released him.

Incendiarism is the first symptom of  
a revolution, according to an English  
merchant on the spot, who witnessed  
the advent of Alexis. Europeans are  
let respectfully alone by the negro po-  
litical firebrands. To be a "blanc" is a  
passport, but among their own negro  
selves victory has to be won through  
murder and loot. As soon as the out-  
break began negro women trooped into  
the European stores, which were kept  
open, with clocks, silver, crockery,  
money—and they asked for no receipts.  
The "blancs" were completely trusted,  
and had themselves to pin a paper with  
the owner's name—Yenus Aphrodite,  
probably—the wares stored in their  
improvised safe deposits.

While they were still at this the re-  
volutionaries poured down the  
street, armed with clubs and Spanish  
knives, and drunk with rum and "va-  
lours" religious exhortations. They  
have usually a horror of firearms, even  
in their army; most of them turn the  
head away when they fire. Split up in  
groups, they proceeded to exterminate  
each other, carrying their vendetta  
away back to the hills, where it always  
overcomes the island politics.

In the outcome of the revolution  
there was displayed for all the world to  
see the Haytian principle of govern-  
ment in working order. With the death  
of President Hyppolite the day was vir-  
tually won for Nord Alexis. Fighting  
went on in the north and in the south,  
but in the region of the capital all was  
quiet. By chance a general of Alexis's  
followers, one Theresias Simon Sam,  
happened to come upon Port-au-Prince  
with two hundred and fifty men, found  
it unoccupied by any troops, and  
marched in. Forthwith he installed  
himself in the Presidency, and took  
over all munitions of war and moneys  
in the Treasury. This done, he appar-  
ently became uneasy as to how his  
chief, the redoubtable Alexis, would re-  
ceive the news of his exploit. He sent  
the police message to say that he had  
made himself head of the revolution.  
Government, and declared that he  
would confirm Alexis as President of  
the North. He took care to remind  
ex-chief that he, Simon Sam, had pos-  
session of the State's army and money.  
There was nothing for Alexis but to re-  
flect on his subordinate's villainy and  
wait.

### AN ARMY IN THE SPINATE.

There is this element of political con-  
stancy in the rapid tale of Haytian  
Presidents, that none of them are re-  
formers. A man changes his opinions,  
they say, but not his principles, and  
reform is hated on principle. In truth  
they are African negro savages revert-  
ing to type in an environment stained  
with slavery and slaughter. The Span-  
iards, after the island's discovery by  
Columbus, had first share in extermin-  
ating the old aborigines. When they  
lost it to the French they made way  
for the imported African plantations  
slaves, of whom there were about half  
a million working on the coffee and  
cotton fields when they rose and wiped  
the white man out. Their own full-  
blooded black Republic came into ex-  
istence almost unnoticed while they  
were in the thick of the mighty strug-  
gle with Napoleon.

So long was it unnoticed that it had  
a fair opportunity in the untired ex-  
periment of negro self-government, us-  
ing the weapons and institutions of  
modern civilization. Of late years it  
has been sufficiently protected by the  
shelter of the Monroe doctrine from  
fear of European annexation. Yet  
from a mixture of rum and atavism, it  
has thrown up to the top mostly the  
bad kind of savage.

When the English merchant cited  
above landed at Port-au-Prince a doc-  
tor years ago, the negro port doctor who  
boarded the ship at quarantine forth-  
with asked for his "usual." When he  
made clear what he wanted, and it was  
prepared for him, it was half a tam-  
bler of sifted sugar filled up with por-  
ter and stirred till melted. Following  
him came a couple of Customs officials,  
attired in coats smothered in gold lace,  
but for the rest a pair of dirty duck  
trousers and their bare black feet  
thrust into plaited straw slippers. Their  
"usual," for which they asked, were  
two pairs of socks and a couple of  
handkerchiefs. From the State they  
received nothing but their gold-lace  
coats.

They and their like are thrown out  
of State employment with every suc-  
cessful revolution, and take service  
forthwith on the side of some new  
pretender. The wealth of the island  
opens this humble adventure-in-wait-  
ing career to many. From the heat and  
climate they can live with no regular  
work to speak of, and in their spare  
time bear weapons in the political  
struggle.

### ENCOURAGEMENT.

"I'm afraid," said the soubrette,  
"that I'll not be able to appear to-  
night. I have a sore throat."  
"Don't let that worry you, dear," re-  
plied the prima donna. "Nothing could  
happen to your throat that wouldn't  
help your singing."—Chicago Record-  
Herald.



### Your Money

Refunded

For Any

Pen-Angle

Garment

That Proves

In Any Way

Defective.

You Are

Buying Safely

When You

Select Pen-Angle

Underwear.