

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1907.

Election Cards.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

According to the request of a large number of my friends in Lansdowne Ward and in other parts of the city, I have again decided to become a candidate for the Aldermanic chair belonging to Lansdowne Ward on Tuesday, April 16th, next, and would earnestly solicit your support. I promise you good, clean effort for all that tends to the onerousness of St. John and its people.

Very truly yours,

E. M. SPRAGG.

To the Citizens of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have been urged to offer my services as a candidate for Dufferin Ward in the coming Aldermanic election and would respectfully request a share of your favor. If elected to office, my very best endeavors will be to serve not only the ratepayers of Dufferin Ward, but of all St. John, with conscientiousness and economy. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am,

Yours truly,

M. T. COHOLAN.

To the Taxpayers and Citizens of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Having decided to enter the civic election lists, on Tuesday, the 16th next, as a candidate for one of the chairs as Alderman-at-Large, I beg leave to submit myself for your favor. If elected to office I will safeguard the interests of St. John and its people to the best of my ability.

Sincerely,

J. KING KELLEY.

To the Electors of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—At the request of numerous citizens I will be a candidate next Tuesday for the office of Alderman representing Wellington Ward, and will consider it a favor should you mark your ballot in my behalf. I sincerely promise to lend every effort toward the reduction of taxation and the furtherance of the city's interest in general.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. SLOCUM.

To the Citizens of the City of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I will again be a candidate for the Aldermanic seat belonging to Wellington Ward in the Common Council, and will esteem it an honor to receive your support upon election day next week. I have endeavored in the past to uphold your interests and will do so for the ensuing term. I sincerely promise to thank you for past courtesies and confidence I am,

Yours truly,

WM. A. CHRISTIE.

To the Ratepayers of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Should you lend me your assistance in voting for me as a candidate for ALDERMAN-AT-LARGE in the approaching civic election I will appreciate it as a personal favor. I strongly recommend a reduction of taxes as consistent with the progress of our growing and important city.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. MCGOWAN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman-at-Large at the election to be held on Tuesday, the 16th inst., and respectfully solicit your support.

Yours faithfully,

O. B. LOCKHART.

To the Electors of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman representing Victoria Ward in the balloting on the 16th of the month, and would be grateful to you for the influence of your votes. If elected I will endeavor to serve you to the very best of my ability. Truly yours,

WELLINGTON GREEN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman-at-Large at the forthcoming Civic Election to be held on Tuesday, the 16th April, and respectfully solicit your favor.

Yours sincerely,

T. T. LANTALUM.

HURLED OVER CLIFFS TO DEATH.

Two Climbers of Mountain in Italy Lose Their Lives in the Snow.

ROME, April 13.—A party of excursionists was today ascending Monte San Angelo, near Foggia, when, near Acqua Santa, Signor Kermont, an engineer, began sliding on the snow. He slid too far, and, getting on a slope, was unable to stop himself. He fell over a precipice and was dashed to pieces.

Signor Davidoli, another member of the party, who rushed to save his companion, was himself carried away by his own impetus over the precipice, and slipped into the yawning chasm below, where he, too, was dashed to pieces.

THANKS TO METER.

By James Clegg

(Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.)

"Please, have you a quarter?" The girl from across the hall held out a tiny hand, in the palm of which were displayed three nickels and a dime.

Keenly conscious that there was a hole, a most comfortable and satisfactory hole, in the elbow of his smoking jacket, Digby held out his own hand, unclosing his fingers to display the desired coin.

"Did you know what I was coming after?" she said with a laugh. Digby had never heard her laugh before. It was a low, rippling laugh, almost as attractive as her smile. He wondered how he could improve his opportunity. Even since she had moved in he had wanted to know the girl across the Hall. Had his mother been home it would have been all simpler, but he had been keeping bachelor hall for nearly three months.

"Did you know I wanted the quarter?" she repeated. Digby pulled himself together.

"I am a seventh son," he declared solemnly. "I know that you want the quarter. I can see you returning to your apartment. I can see you climbing on a chair and dropping the coin into the gas meter. I can see the light growing bright again. Great is the automatic meter—when you have a quarter."

"Yes, when?" she cried. "The other day we only had a check, and no one could cash it." "Say no more," he commanded tragically. "I know the rest."

"I'm very much obliged," she said gratefully. "You the sure you won't need one?"

"Not at all," he assured. As though to prove him false the gas in his hall grew dim. "I have more change," he explained, "and it's all right."

He watched her regretfully as she slipped back into her own apartment. He had planned many brilliant encounters in which he would hold her enthralled by his wit, and they would live happily ever afterward. Instead he had never been so dull and perhaps he had lost his chance.

The gas had gone out as he closed the door and limped into the kitchen. He knew very well that it was useless to search for a quarter. He had found the one he had just given up only after a search. He would have to fall back on candles. There were half a dozen in the dining room, and by lighting four he managed to read after a fashion.

But he had scarcely settled himself to his reading when the doorbell rang again. He wondered who it might be now as he made his way across the dark hall. The girl across the Hall stood there again.

"You fibbed," she said, reproachfully. "You said you had another quarter for yourself. You let me drop yours in your meter, and we can see across the shaft that you're using candles."

"I rather like them," he assured, but she would have none of it.

"You were just going to drop the coin in your meter," she cried. "That is why you had it in your hand."

In the face of deduction he was dumb. The girl went on:

"I know you can't go downstairs to get change because you hurt your ankle. It wouldn't be any use, anyway. It's Sunday and only the drug store is open and they are all out of quarters. I was down there just before I asked you for one. Mother says you must come in to our flat and read. You may smoke all you like. We don't mind it in the least."

"I am very comfortable," he protested.

The opportunity he had longed for had come and he was too foolish to avail himself of it. In the end the girl, in her masterful little way, carried her point. Presently he was installed in the pleasant parlor and was telling motherly Mrs. Fallows all about his trials without his mother.

"It must be so lonesome for you," she cried. "Why didn't you come to us long ago?"

"I've wanted to," he admitted frankly. "Sometimes I've seen the light and I've been so homesick. We only moved here just before my grandmother's illness took mother West, and I never got acquainted with any one. All our friends live on the other side of town."

"We come from the country, where we are used to being neighbors," she explained. "I want you to feel that you are welcome here any time."

There was a sincerity in her tones that brought a gentler glow to Digby's heart, and the girl the knew now her name was Ethel seconded her mother with a glance.

That night was but the beginning of a new life for Digby. The following evening he brought home a box of candy as a return courtesy and was invited to spend the evening so gradually he fell into the habit of dropping in after dinner. There were trips to the theatre, little excursions on Sunday and even when he had word from his mother that she had decided to remain West for the summer, he did not offer objection.

The more he was with Ethel, the more deeply in love he became. He had never known many women, and this charming girl was the first he had ever loved. Often he would declare to himself that he would propose, but each time his courage failed him.

Then one night came the climax. The gas began to flicker and burn low and Ethel left the room to drop in the coin that would turn on the flow again. He heard a match strike in the kitchen, where the gas had not been lit, then came an explosion and he rushed down the narrow hall.

In some fashion the meter had sprung a leak and the lighted match had caused the ignition of the gas. Ethel, her

light gown ablaze, came staggering blindly toward him. He had his coat off before they met and threw it about her shoulders, forcing him to the carpet that the blaze might not be able to gain headway toward her face. The gas in the apartment had been extinguished and he was forced to work in the dark, but he beat out the flames with his hand and then rushed into the kitchen to check the flow of gas.

It was easy to extinguish the flames there and shut off the gas at the inlet. Then he opened the doors from their apartment to his end bore her in his arms to his mother's arms. Mrs. Fallows followed, and took charge of the girl while he went for the doctor.

It was some hours later that he was permitted to see Ethel. She had asked for him, her mother said, and he stole gently into the room. She sat out her hand and smiled up at him.

In some miraculous fashion her face had not been touched by the flames, though her masses of golden hair were critically blackened.

"I was awfully brave of you, Ben," she whispered as he bent over her. When that explosion came the first thing I thought was that I was so glad that you were there. I knew you would help me. The doctor says you saved my life by putting the fire out so quickly."

"Any one could have done it," he protested, "but I'm glad it was I."

"So am I," she answered. "I'd like to be around all the time, if you'll let me," he went on in sudden bravery.

"I was afraid you were getting to like me more as a sister," she said as the blood came slowly into her cheeks. "Are you sure, Ben, that it's not just because of the accident?"

"I think," she smiled faintly, "that I thought of how I might have lost you gave me the courage to speak."

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OARSMAN DURNAN REACHES VANCOUVER

Failed to Win the World's Championship Because of Illness and Too Much Training in the Hot Weather

VANCOUVER, B. C., April 11.—Eddie Durnan, fresh from his defeat on the Nepean in Australia, arrived in Vancouver this morning on the Nepean. He is accompanied by his manager, Harry Solman. Durnan left for the east on the afternoon train, and expects to arrive at his home in Toronto Tuesday morning.

The oarsman has changed in many ways since he embarked for Australia. Although bronzed by the heat of the sun, which beat on the rivers unrelentingly during the period of his training, he is much thinner than he ever was before. Durnan himself explained this by stating that he had been ill from the time he left Vancouver until he reached Honolulu, on the return journey. Only for short intervals in that period, extending as it did, over nearly four months, was Durnan himself.

ILL MOST OF THE TIME.

"On the way over to Australia I was willing to take my chances on an airship to get back to solid ground," said Durnan. "We had a very rough trip, and I was compelled to stay in my bunk most of the time. I lost eight pounds on the way over, and when I struck my training ground on the Paramatta I had lost still more. I was ill with stomach cramps most of the time, and woke up from two to five times each night."

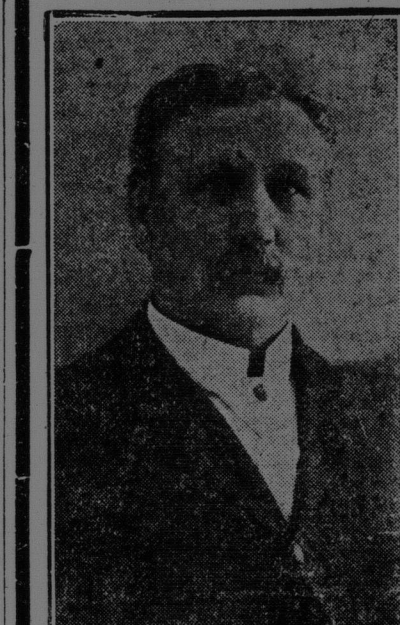
When I got out on the river I found that even when I paddled sweat would pour from me in streams. You can judge how warm it was when the fasteners on my foot rests burned my feet and oiled oil from the leather. At length I lightened up and went to row on the Nepean River, and worked over the course quite often. I was rowing Stansbury over the course of 34 miles twice a day, making a total of about 14 miles. That arrangement with Stansbury was not to my liking, as I had to work out constantly against a man that no amount of work could kill. I trimmed him easily until about eight days before the race. Then he broke out all over my body. I even rowed a race with him on my hands and finger tips. Some of the sores are still open. Then I found that Stansbury, whom I had been beating easily up to that point, was trimming me day after day. I could not spare at all. I had to keep constantly shifting in my seat to be comfortable, and so made the shell uneasy. These were a few of the things I had to contend with, in addition to the intense heat on the water.

"On the day of the race I felt dead. I had not slept more than an hour a night for a week previous to the race. I was sick and bolts were constantly making their appearance on my body. I was only weighing 146, four pounds below my rowing weight of 150."

"I am NOT the Candidate of a Clique or Faction in Tomorrow's Election, but will Run Single-Handed."

E. M. SPRAGG, Aldermanic Candidate for Lansdowne Ward.

The report is being systematically circulated among Lansdowne Ward voters that I am a candidate in the interests of a certain organization. **This I emphatically deny!** My candidature is purely and simply at the request of a large party of citizens in my ward, of various denominations, and of both political parties. If elected I will be bound to no person or persons.



No Clique or Party is supporting me.

I have no axe to grind; I'm entirely free.

If elected I will work, not talk.

Like all of you, I want our streets repaired.

The Ward System leaves the choice of men to you alone.

All I ask is your candid vote, without bribe or influence.

I have a good idea what our Ward sorely needs.

The Time was Never More Opportune than at present for sound business men to get together and determine what is best for St. John along manufacturing and other industrial lines, and to stop considering the requests for free taxation, etc., of "kite-flyers" and shrewd dealers from outside. A good deliberate hard-headed policy of progressiveness is what is needed now. If elected I will strive toward this end.

Look Out for Common Council "Machine" Tactics Tomorrow! Vote for your own man, no matter who; don't be influenced.

Yours respectfully,

E. M. SPRAGG.

THE RACE.

"Towns went off at a good clip and got half a length lead. I worked up, however, and got a clear length lead at the half mile. Then I found that I could not spurt to gain any increased lead, and was plugging along at the same pace. Towns' slackened speed and I made up a little water, but it did not amount to much. When he spurred I simply could not do the same. As a result he got ahead and beat me by about two lengths and a half. What I think beat me was training too much in the hot weather, and constantly racing a man heavier than myself. The bolts also gave a great deal of discomfort."

Both Eddie and Harry Solman, his manager, speak well of the treatment they received at the hands of the different clubs by which they were entertained during their stay in Australia.

"No better sports ever breathed," said Harry Solman. "Betting money was plenty when Durnan landed, but could not be obtained while training was on. Then, during the day before the race, money became free again. Most of the bets were made at two to one against the Canadian oarsman, although some were registered at three to one."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

PEKIN, April 13.—A trading firm at Pekin has received the following communication: "Dear Sir, The Chinese calendar in your company is glance in looking, to be sure surpassing all the others, and also it is gigantic beyond example in connection with its fine space, while I look at it I shall be very much obliged if you will kindly give me some pieces as I have great deal of interest in it."

NEW FRUIT EVOLVED.

CAPE TOWN, April 13.—By a series of grafting experiments J. P. Cillies of Wellington, Cape Colony has produced a curiosity which partly resembles the apricot and the plum, and has the flavor of both fruits.

STEAMERS.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROYAL MAIL SERVICE FINEST AND FASTEST "EMPRESSES"

ST. JOHN, N.B. to LIVERPOOL, via HALIFAX
Fri. Apr. 13. "Empress of Britain"
Sat. " 14. "Lake Champlain"
Fri. " 19. "Empress of Ireland"
Sat. " 20. "Lake Erie"
Fri. May 3. "Empress of Britain"

ST. JOHN, N.B. to LONDON, via HALIFAX
Wed. April 10. "Mount Temple"
Wed. April 24. "Lake Michigan"
" 29. "Empress of Ireland"
" 4. "Lake Erie"
" 11. "Empress of Britain"

SS Lake Champlain and Lake Erie carry only One Class of cabin passengers (second class), to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the steamer \$42.50 and \$45.00.

1st CABIN—\$45.00 and upwards according to steamer.
2nd CABIN—\$40.00, \$45.00 and \$47.50.
3rd CABIN—\$35.00 to \$37.50.

For tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N.B., or write W. E. Howard, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY INTERNATIONAL DIVISION WINTER REDUCED RATES

Effective to May 1, 1907

St. John to Port land \$3.00
St. John to Boston \$3.50

Commencing Tuesday, April 9th, steamers leave St. John on Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 p. m. (Atlantic Standard) for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING
Leave Boston on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.0 a. m. for Portland, Eastport, Lubec and St. John.

All cargo, except live stock, via steamers of this company is insured against fire and marine risk.
W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Commencing March 1st and until April 30th, 1907.

SPECIAL LOW RATES SECOND CLASS.

To British Columbia and Pacific Coast Points FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

To Vancouver, B. C. \$56.40
Victoria, B. C.
New Westminster, B. C.
Seattle & Tacoma, Wash.
Portland, Ore.
To Nelson, B. C.
Trail, B. C.
Rosalind, B. C.
Greenwood, B. C.
Midway, B. C.
Proportionate Rates from and to all other points.

Also rates to all parts of Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana & California. For Full Particulars call on W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N. B., or write W. E. Howard, D.P.A., C. P.R., St. John, N.B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 8th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.
No. 6.—Mixed train to Moncton. 6.30
No. 2.—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point du Chene, Pictou, and the Sydney. 7.00
No. 26.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax and Pictou. 12.25
No. 4.—Mixed for Moncton. 13.20
No. 8.—Express for Sussex. 17.10
No. 13.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene. 19.00
No. 10.—Express for Moncton, the Sydney and Halifax. 23.25
TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
No. 9.—From Halifax, Pictou, and the Sydney. 6.20
No. 7.—Express from Sussex. 8.00
No. 133.—Express from Montreal, Quebec and Pt. du Chene. 13.45
No. 6.—Express from Moncton. 15.30
No. 25.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton. 17.40
No. 5.—Mixed from Moncton. 19.30
No. 1.—Express from Moncton. 21.20
No. 11.—Mixed from Moncton (daily). 24.00

M. P.'S IN THE PULPIT.

LONDON, April 13.—Members of Parliament are being enlisted as preachers for the Wednesday dinner hour services at Bishopsgate Chapel. John Branch, M. P., was the select preacher yesterday. Next week Arthur Henderson, M. P., will preach; the week following George Nicholls, M. P., and the week after that another M. P. whose name is not yet announced.

PEERS OF HIS OWN SHADE.

CAPE TOWN, April 13.—An agitation has been started among the colored population—outside the native races—of Cape Colony in favor of applying the principle in criminal cases of trying a man by his peers, so that a colored man may be tried only by a jury composed of colored people.

Acts on Food, Not on Stomach

That's why it is so common-sense and harmless

Herner's Dyspepsia Cure

ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS