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THIS ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (LTD.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$2.00 a year.

TELEPHONE:—
BUSINESS OFFICE, 21.
EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT., 117.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEB. 19, 1909.

THE SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN.

Downing Street yesterday morning was the scene of another outburst of activity on the part of the British suffragettes. They attempted to force on Premier Asquith a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting held on the previous evening. The result of the raid was that a large number of these energetic workers were placed under arrest, and have since been sentenced to brief terms in prison for disturbing the peace. Similar scenes have been enacted very frequently of late throughout Britain, generally in the neighborhood of London, but it is not apparent that the suffragettes are making any noticeable headway. On the contrary their plan of campaign is rendering them more open to unfavorable criticism, and it is believed by many that a larger measure of success would attend their cause did they continue their original course of seeking the franchise by methods in which law force is employed.

While this somewhat remarkable agitation exists in Britain, it is worthy of note that the Swedish Diet on Tuesday last, by a majority of both houses, decided hereafter all persons without distinction of sex, who have attained age of twenty-one, and who fulfill certain other prescribed conditions, shall exercise the parliamentary franchise. This, in some respects, is the most momentous victory achieved up to the present time by advocates of women's suffrage. It is true that there are already a number of countries in which women enjoy the privileges now granted by Sweden, but none of these countries are independent nations of any importance. Thailand is in reality only a principality of a greater power; New Zealand and Australia are portions of the British Empire, and while they certainly enjoy home government, they are not independent states.

Sweden, in the United States, four states in the west have granted suffrage, but these, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming exercise a very slight influence on the nation as a whole. None of these states or countries are called upon to face the problem of defence against foreign powers, none are fully authorized for independent negotiations with other nations, hence it is all the more noteworthy that Sweden, responsible for no higher power, deems it wise to entrust to its women equal responsibilities in the conduct of the most vital questions of the day. Sweden has not taken this step hastily. The movement has long been under consideration, and the decision is the outcome of carefully directed study on the part of an intelligent and enlightened people. From international statistics on education, it is learned that Sweden not only possesses an educational system comparable with any in Europe, but literacy is among the lowest. It is true that Sweden is not now a first class power, seeing that such a distinction is judged today solely on military strength, but in advancement in science, arts and other forms of learning, it is a nation with few rivals. The inference is that the intelligent opinion of Sweden has been influenced by an intelligent suffragette campaign. It may be that the quality in Britain is of a lower standard and requires direction by force, but it is not apparent that the militant suffragettes have achieved any notable triumph by the adoption of this plan. Perhaps after all the methods which have prevailed in Sweden are the most effective.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

Nine years ago yesterday, on February 13th, the Royal Canadian Regiment was, for the first time, a unit in a general engagement. The men had marched all night, over rocks, through clouds of dust, hungry and thirsty and footsore. At daylight they were halted, given a drink of weak tea, a few scraps of hardtack and sent across the river. They waded through the water, which was up to the necks of most of them. For several hours thereafter they shivered in wet clothing. Then the hot African sun dried their garments and a small measure of personal comfort would have been possible had other conditions been equally satisfactory. But on crossing the river the regiment was ordered into action. It became a part of the firing line, and throughout the whole long day held its position. The men had no food. What they had failed to eat before crossing the river had been placed in their haversacks or pockets and was spoiled by the water. They had little to drink.

During the afternoon after their clothing had become dry, a heavy rainstorm took place, and following this storm there was not sufficient sunshine to even partially overcome the second drenching.

Late in the evening a determined assault was made on the Boer position.

This movement ended in a spectacular but unsuccessful bayonet charge in which though many were shot down, the position was not captured. The Canadians, disorganized, like others, retired. Companies had become scattered, members of the corps were all over the field looking vainly in the darkness for their respective commands. Finally a group assembled about the adjutant of the regiment, Capt. Ogilvie—since killed on service—and these gathered together as many others as they could find. In a short time some five hundred or six hundred men were standing about the adjutant waiting for orders. Two miles away was the camp, with supper—perhaps—and maybe permission to sleep. On the field were a hundred comrades—dead or wounded.

The men were tired out, half starved, shivering in wet clothing in the frosty African night and thoroughly disheartened by what they thought was defeat following on a twelve-hour engagement. They wanted to go back to the camp.

Adjutant Ogilvie explained the situation. The stretcher bearers had been wholly unable to care for all the wounded; many men were on the field whose lives might be saved if they could be brought to the doctors; by morning these men might be dead. He would not order anyone to the task of bringing in the wounded, but would ask for thirty or forty volunteers. It meant hard work for the whole night—and the regiment had had no sleep on the previous night. It meant carrying wounded men two miles back to camp, their returning covered by Boer snipers, to look for other wounded. Would anyone volunteer?

In response to his request, upwards of forty men out of the five or six hundred, stepped into the circle. They remained together while the others marched on to the meagre comforts of the camp. Then those who had volunteered for the Red Cross work moved about, each man hoping to find a companion with whom he could pair off. In the darkness they had not been able to recognize each other when first volunteering to assist, and scarcely anyone in the group knew of anyone else who had offered. But now they all sought friends, and all gained their desires.

Every man of the forty men who had given up the prospect of food and sleep, every man who declared himself ready to spend the night on the field who would risk his life for others and endure the hunger and cold, every one of these men was a member of G. O. Company, the company enrolled in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

This happened nine years ago yesterday. It is a good story, and it is true.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

Tell the City Editor,
"Hey you, Hamblet, quick!
Here's a scoop that will make our
Contemp's pretty sick!"

"Fiddle out and cover it.
Get the length and height,
Thickness too, and number
If it's black or white—"

"Every blessed detail!
Fingals, you go too!
Take your kodak with you,
Dosen films 'll do!"

"Snap 'em side and rear view,
Bottom, top as well;
Maker, and his family,
Cottage where they dwell!"

"Get the servants' photos,
Factory, too, of course.
Hurry now, you buggars!
(Gee, I'm getting hoarse)."

"Tyler, get statistics,
All that you can find,
From beginning beginning,
Every style and kind!"

"Find the sort of fodder
That the cattle eat,
Where the leather comes from—
Wrighter, that's your best!"

"Pow, I want an interview
With the man that makes
'Waxey' Waxey! Roosevelt
And no blessed false!"

"There, I guess it's covered!"
Everybody ran:
While the City Editor
Hunted us a fan.

In an hour the streets were
Filled with howls and hoots—
"Waxey! Waxey! Roosevelt
Bought a pair o' boots!"

—A. R. L.

There is a member of the faculty of George Washington University who, to use the words of a colleague, "is as round physically as he is profound metaphysically."

One day the professor chanced to come upon his children, of whom he has a number, all of whom were to his astonishment engaged in an earnest discussion of the meaning of the word "abolition."

"Dad," queried one of the youngsters, "can a man be absolutely good?"

"No," replied the father.

"Dad," put in another youngster, "can a man be absolutely bad?"

"No," ventured the third child, a girl, "can a man be absolutely fat?"

Whereupon the father fled incontinently.

Impossible to be Well

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. Waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills, gently laxative, all vegetable. He knows why they act directly on the liver.

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19 1909

FRENCH WIVES WANT WAGES

Which They Fix at Half Their Husbands' Pay—Home Work the Only Occupation for Which There is No Compensation.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—The suffragettes in France, or feminists as they call themselves, demand the passage of a law requiring every married man to pay his wife one-half of the salary as recompense for her household work.

Madame Pichon-Landry, secretary of the legislative section of the National Council of women, who is the originator and leader of the movement thinks the wife's proposal may seem strange at first sight, but justice will commend itself on consideration.

"It cannot be repeated often enough that man's work is possible only because of the work of woman," she said the other day in a speech. "If the husband is to earn his wages the wife must free him from the domestic duties necessary for his existence. If men had to make their beds, mend their clothes and bring up their children, their gains would be remarkably diminished. Woman's work therefore is the condition sine qua non of man's professional labor. In other words, the man receives wages for the work of two."

"Since this domestic activity has such value, why should it be the only work that receives no remuneration?" When asked if she hoped for success in her enterprise Mme. Pichon-Landry replied:

"Of course we expect final success. We have already won many friends among the faculty of law, and although there are more important questions before the Chamber now, we have no doubt that our turn will come."

"The question was then put to Mme. Pichon-Landry whether she thought that her law would be practical, whether a wife would enforce her rights in court. If the husband refused to give up one-half of his salary, the reply was most emphatic:

"We know that the law would be enforced by the wife. I already have a law which permits a woman to volunteer to assist, and scarcely anyone in the group knew of anyone else who had offered. But now they all sought friends, and all gained their desires."

BRUTAL ASSAULT ON CHICAGO GIRL

Young Woman in Hotel Found Drugged and Bound Hand and Foot.

Sound asleep, suffering from land-animal poisoning and giving evidence of having been assaulted, Ella Gingles, an Irish seamstress, was found unconscious Wednesday in a room at the Wellington hotel, Chicago, a downtown hostelry of the first repute.

One foot was tied to a bedstead, the other to a washstand. Her hands were tied above her head. Letters signed in Miss Gingles' name, which may not have been written by her, by which she said she was about to be or was being murdered figured in the case.

The police are working the theory that the girl was lured to the hotel, drugged and then ultimately became the victim of a horrible attack. Evidence that she was subjected to extraordinary tortures and that she fought with desperation was shown by the burns, bruises and cuts about her body and head. A lighted candle was found to have been used in the attempt to subdue her struggles. A bottle in which a quantity of laudanum remained was found.

While being taken to the hospital, the girl raved frequently, mentioning a woman and man, "Keep her away," she cried. "Don't let her give me any more to drink; don't let her tie my hands; she is coming back after me. Lock the door and don't let her hurt me. She has tied my hands and is going to kill me."

The letter signed with Miss Gingles' name complicates the case. One received Wednesday morning by Miss Mary Joyce, a stenographer in the office of Patrick O'Donnell, who was Miss Gingles' attorney, read:

"Mary—Will be killed at the Wellington hotel. Please come quick. (Signed)

"This letter was turned over to Chief of Detectives O'Brien, who made a hurried trip to the hotel. There he was told by the clerk that Miss Gingles was not in the house. Later he received a second message saying that Miss Gingles had been killed there. A search disclosed the crime, which is believed to have been committed before daybreak.

Miss Gingles is supposed to have come to this country from Ireland a few months ago. She was a lace-maker and was employed by Miss Augustine Barrette, who had a shop in the hotel building. After a few weeks' employment there Miss Barrette accused her young employee of theft. This the la-

ter denied, but she was held for the grand jury. The Irish Fellowship Club came to her aid and Patrick H. Small, an attorney, was retained to defend her.

A clew in the case is said to be a card made at the hotel at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning by a young man about 25 years old and well dressed. The caller asked for Miss Gingles and asked what room she had been assigned to.

"There is no woman by that name registered here," the clerk is said to have replied.

"I know a d—d sight better," the visitor retorted angrily. The latter then left the hotel.

"The stranger told me he had made an appointment with Miss Gingles' mother," the clerk told Capt. O'Brien. He said that Miss Gingles' father was for him in the corridor near the entrance and that they were to engage rooms. I never saw the man about the hotel before."

FATHER MORRISCY'S REMEDIES

We have a complete stock of the above well known medicines.

E. Clinton Brown, Druggist,
Cor. Union and Waterloo Street

Broken Lenses!

The replacing of lenses should be entrusted to a thorough optician. To get your lenses correctly duplicated call at D. BOYANER'S. The only exclusive optical store in the city, 23 Dock St.

N. S. LEGISLATURE.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was opened yesterday.

The speech from the throne states that the problem of successfully operating Nova Scotia's submarine coal areas has received the attention of the government, and a report on this subject has been obtained from a mining engineer of wide experience.

Referring to technical education, the speech says that much progress has been made, and that the technical college is nearing completion, and will be ready to receive students at the opening of the next collegiate term.

A commission is at work inquiring into the desirability of a limitation of the hours of labor for workmen employed in the various industries of Nova Scotia and a preliminary report of its labors will be presented to the house.

A bill is promised for the regulation and control of telephone and electric lighting rates.

FERGUSON & PAGE.

Jewelry, Etc.
41 King St.

BARGAINS IN

Men's Gun Metal Calf Laced Boots

"W. L. Douglas" Gun Metal Calf, Goodyear Welt, Heavy Sole, Blucher Cut Laced Boot, regular \$5.00 line

\$4.00

"Astoria" Gun Metal Calf, Goodyear Welt, Medium Sole, Blucher Cut, Laced Boot, regular \$5.00 line

\$4.00

Store closes at 7 p. m.

Francis & Vaughan
19 KING STREET

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE . . . TORONTO

Capital \$10,000,000 Res. \$6,000,000

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Are a most convenient way in which to carry money when travelling abroad. They are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200 and the exact amount payable in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Norway, Russia, Sweden and Switzerland is stated on the face of each cheque, while in other countries they are payable at current rates. The cheques and all information regarding them may be obtained at every office of the Bank.

St. John Branch—Cor. King and Germain Streets.

F. B. FRANCIS, Manager.

MISS MARIE HALL ON MONDAY.

The concert to be given in the Opera House on Monday evening is one that no lover of music will want to miss. Miss Marie Hall is given credit for being the world's greatest violinist and the opportunity to hear such an artist seldom comes to a St. John audience.

Mme. Helen Bascha, solo pianiste, and Harold Bedly, baritone, are both artists of unusual merit and will assist in making this one of the biggest musical events of the season.

The seat plan is now open and already a large number of seats have been sold.

Your guarantee against fraudulent imitations is this label:



Don't be deceived by other labels.

DEATHS

PETERSON—At the Mater Misericordia Home, in the 26th year of his age, Albert James Peterson. Funeral on Saturday at 2.30 p. m., from the Mater Misericordia Home.

FRANCIS—Suddenly, at St. Eugene Hospital, Cranbrook, B. C., Thursday, February 11th, David T. Francis, son of James H. Francis of Armstrong Corner, Queen's Co., N. B., in his 22nd year, leaving father, mother, seven brothers and seven sisters to mourn their sad loss.

Remains expected to arrive Friday. Notice of funeral hereafter. (Maine papers please copy).

Store open till 7 p. m. Friday, February 19, 1909.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT ALL OUR Ladies' Felt Slippers

We have a large number of small lots of different kinds. Their prices range from \$5 to \$150 per pair and we are offering them all 75 cents. All the sizes are here and the earlier you come, the bigger assortment you have from which to select.

STORE OPEN TOMORROW TILL 11.30 P. M.

PERCY J STEEL, FOOT FURNISHER.

519-521 Main St. YOUNG.

SPECIAL—Captain Dreyfus got a new trial so does Carter, asking you to come in and see the bargains for five days only, in the line of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, that will satisfy you, style and price. Remember the place, opposite Eastbrook's The Factory, 45 Mill St. Everything is guaranteed or money refunded.

J. CARTER'S, 45 Mill St. Phone 1604

SAMPLE SALE!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A COMPLETE LINE OF Travellers' Samples of Fancy Goods,

Clocks, Toilet Cases, Gold and Silver Mounted Goggles, Albums, Photo Frames, at less than wholesale price. Come today and get choice. Also, a number of pieces slightly damaged, at your own price.

McLEAN'S Department Store
142 MILL STREET
Phone 1936-41.

Glover Farm Dairy

124 Queen Street
High grade Milk and Cream.
Bottled for family trade.
Tel. 1506. H. M. FLOYD.

Dr. John G. Leonard,
Dentist
15 Charlotte Street,
ST. JOHN N. B.

CAN YOU ANALYZE THE TYPES?

Philosophers maintain that if we had the requisite brains and knowledge we could read the history of any individual's life from the lines and contour of the face. But, little penning drawn by time on the human countenance means so much pain or sorrow or experience. In a more general way it is curious to note the effect which occupation and environment have on the physical appearance. Mankind seems ready to fall into classes and types which can be readily distinguished by the acute observer.

If you walk through the city any afternoon you will meet some thousands of men and women, every one of whom has an individuality of his or her own, and yet who can be roughly classified into about a dozen types. Of special interest are the women one meets and their types.

That little, modestly dressed girl who comes hurrying along with a jaunty stride and a confident pose cut belonging only to one class. She is essentially one of the thousands of her kind who are working in the factories of the country. Probably not more than 17 years of age, she is alert and self-assured look in her eyes betrays the fact that she has already spent an apprenticeship in life's training school and is not ignorant of the world.

The confiding girl, which she treads her way through the crowded streets bespeaks the city girl, while her simple clothes tell of her contentment in life. The little hands are ungloved and a rifle coarsened by manual labor, but the natural coquetry of her dress, her pose and her walk might be written on the revelations to be found in the way a woman does her hair.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

The little factory girl passes on her way to be swallowed up in the general sea of humanity which surges backward and forward, and attention is attracted to another girl who steps out of the mass to cross the road. It is only necessary to mark her hesitating and timid manner and the apprehensive way in which she glances over her shoulder to know that she is a stranger to the big city. A closer inspection leaves little doubt as to her classification.

No matter how clear the skin and bright the eye of the city girl there is a peculiar freshness of complexion about her which is rarely duplicated. There is also something distinctive about her walk and carriage. Her movements are freer, her stride longer—it is the gait of a person accustomed to big spaces and lonely roads. Then there is something in the way she dresses. The style and fashion may be all right, at least as far as a more man may tell, but she affects a greater gaiety of color, something more of a gala attire than her city sister. Of course this is easily explained by the fact that the country girl in the city is usually on a holiday, but at the same time she has grown up without having always to take into consideration smoke and smut when choosing her costumes.

There is one type of girl, peculiar to the city, of modern creation, but so distinctive that it is almost impossible for the city-bred man to mistake it. This is the stenographer. It seems as if there must be some subtle psychological influence exercised by the typewriter to cause a curious uniformity in its feminine manipulators. The stenographer is always neat and quiet in her dress and movements, and her hair is usually done in wavy and wonderful styles which are possibly the latest word in coiffures, but which

Oh, my Soul, have you weari'd of the hills?
We were native to them one day,
you and I—
Less dwellers of the earth than of the sky,
Where the holy sense of silence stays
and stiles
Like a hand of benediction lifted high.

Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills,
To their wonderful, high silence and their night
Where the old dreams shall whisper us at night
Till the sullen heart within us stirs
and thrills,
And wakes to weep and wonder and delight.
Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills.

Oh, my Soul, have you weari'd of the hills?
We were native to them one day,
you and I—
Less dwellers of the earth than of the sky,
Where the holy sense of silence stays
and stiles
Like a hand of benediction lifted high.

We have stayed in this market place too long;
We have battered with the blithright in our breast;
We have shared us with buffoonery and jest
Nor raised our eyes to where our hills were strong
Above this pretty region of unrest.

Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills,
To their wonderful, high silence and their night
Where the old dreams shall whisper us at night
Till the sullen heart within us stirs
and thrills,
And wakes to weep and wonder and delight.
Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills.

Mrs. Stead, of St. John, and Mrs. Joyce, of Toronto, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stead—Chairman Commercial.