POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 8, 1908.

TRAINING THE BLIND.

The training of the blind has become so familiar that we do not now, as a rule, see anything extraordinary in the success attending the efforts put forth by instructors devoted to this work. But it is none the less remarkable that persons deprived of their most valuable sense, are trained, not only in the elementary studies, but to such an extent that they become competent wage-earners, wholly free from that dependence on the community which through their misfortune might be expected.

The Halifax School for the Blind has during its lifetime turned out perhaps hundreds of graduates who are now valuable members of the communities in which they reside. The same is being done in similar institutions throughout the world, and this affords striking evidence that the rest of us are not making the most of our opportunities. In a man who is born blind the other faculties are no more sensitive than in the normal individual. Lack of sight does not involve more acute hearing nor a more delicate sense of touch. The blind man is simply so much worse off than the normal; nature does not make up for the darkness by increased powers in any other direction. But persons so afflicted have more time for thought than those of us who are engaged in watching what is going on in the busy world about us. They realize that a life of usefulness can only be secured by patient effort, by the finest development of those powers which are still left to them. It is on this idea that instruction of the blind is carried. The teachers realize that the live senses are not more acute, but the faculties must be perfectly developed. This is done.

Who of us, possessing sight, can walk safely about his own house in the dark, even having noted hundreds of times the exact location of every article? Yet a blind man finds his way all over St. John with very little uncertainty. His sense of location has been developed; we possess the same sense but neglect it, depending wholly on our eyes. Who can recall after a year the voice of an acquaintance? Who can distinguish individuals by touching their features? Who can judge the nearness of a passer-by by the sound of his footsteps? We all have these faculties, but they are neglected because we do not realize the value of high development. If the blind, lacking in that which next to life itself is nature's best gift, attain such ability as is displayed by some even in our own city, why should not we, with all our senses do far greater than most of us now do?

It is to the development of the remaining senses that the instructors of the blind bend their efforts, and nowhere is more efficient or more conscientious work performed than in the Halifax school. Dr. Fraser, sympathetic, and devoted to his duty, is achieving splendid results and it can fairly be said that much of the success of the institution is directly due to his faithful efforts.

MAKE THE ASSETS EARN.

Every dollar owed by the city of St. John demands, for every day such debt is in existence, some fixed amount of interest. This must be regularly paid. An a general average four per cent. may be regarded as the p revailing interest rate. To counterbalance this enormous outlay which including sinking funds amounts annually to something like $240,000 why should not an effort be made to have the assets of the city yield a fair revenue. The chamberlain and finance minister are pleased to be able to state that St. John's assets are now more than a million and a half more than the liabilities. But it would seem that a large portion of the assets are lying idle, or otherwise the revenue would be much greater. Taking real estate as an example, the valuation of this is set down in the annual statement as $2,929,118. Real estate should yield a gross income of at least ten per cent., which would bring to the city, if properly administered, $292,911. But placing the real estate on the same earning basis as the bonds issued by the city, that is 4 per cent., which is far less than it should be, the revenue ought to be $117, 164. Deducting from the total thirty per cent. of the valuation to allow for such buildings and other property as are in use by the city, the receipts should still be $82,015. Chop off still another fifty per cent. of this amount for property not suitable for rental such as Countenay Bay flats which are modestly admitted to be worth $100,000 and the revenue should still be $41,000. Instead of this it is only $19,171. With very slight exertionn on the part of those who administer the departments under which the lands come, the present revenue should be trebled. It is a common saying that in St. John a man saves money by paying rent rather than taxes to the city. The real estate owner as a rule pays in the general assessment three times as much as the man who pays a rental on land leased from the city. There is surely room here for improvement and for increasing the civic receipts.

"I'M GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old; I've had my day;
As every dog must have, they say,
And now down hill I take my way
With many a sigh—
As memory wakes the grave and gay,
Of days gone by.

I've had my day, I've seen the play,
I've had my friends, I've had my foes,
Nor care I to much longer stay
Upon the scene,
For, as the wisest man did say,
"'Tis but a dream."

Like others who have passed away,
My joys and pleasures, tears and woes,
My ups and downs, life's ebbs and flows
Like other men,
With here a thorn, and there a rose,
Time and again.

Of work and care I've had my share,
Of cheerful hope, and dark despair,
Of dainty things, and common fare
The average measure,
And something of life's wear and tear
Jumbled together.

I've had my three score years and ten,
The allotted span to mortal man;
Nor would I, if I could again,
The past live o'er.
The hustling strife, the grief and pain,
I want no more.

I fear not death; his kindly arms
Will hush and soothe life's wild alarms.
The peaceful grave's quiet rest hath charms
For all that weary.
There troubles cease, and naught that harms
Can e'er come near thee.

Mourn not the dead! lament for those
Who struggle hard 'gainst want and woes
That cruel, inhuman men impose
On one another.
The dead in silent, sweet repose
Sleep on forever.

—E. BAIN.

FAR AND NEAR.

When Love sits by the fire and sings
A tender little song,
With the sweet thought of homely things
That must to Love belong,
Oh, who would dream of sweeping wings
And flight so far and strong?

When poised upon some shining ring,
High in aerial blue,
Can Love forget the hidden spring,
The garden cool with dew—
The lowly joys that flowerlike cling
About the place Love knew?

PROPHETS AFTER THE EVENT.

There was no chance to win, they said;
The odds were too exceeding great,
And if he dared to face the goal
He would but tempt the hand of Fate.
"I'm not afraid of odds," he said,
And faced the struggle and the din.
He won—and then the crowd exclaimed:
"We knew you couldn't help but win!"

Another man they urged along
And told him that his chance was good.
They buoyed him up with foolish hopes
And he, poor dolt, misunderstood,
He failed; and in the hour of gloom,
When every hope in life was low,
They came to him and told him that
They knew he never had a show.

ADVICE.

If you take a room in some hotel
And find yourself without a bell,
Don't pound the door and raise a howl,
But save your strength and wring the towel.

If you're sent to bed without a bite,
And made to stay there all the night,
Don't lie awake to fret and weep,
But take a roll and go to sleep.

UNCERTAIN.

"What is your last name?" asked the principal.

"I don't know," replied the young woman student, "I haven't got it yet."

Freddie had just been given an air-gun. "It's very nice, papa," he said, "but Harry Brown's father got him one of those dollar watches at Walter Irving's, The Jeweler, on King street, and I like it better than my gun!"

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

The United States Supreme Court has just given its decision on the question whether it is constitutional to limit the number of hours that women may be required to work per day. The opinion is written by Justice Brewer. It was given on an Oregon case that was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Holding first that women's rights can be no more infringed than those of men, Justice Brewer went still further, and held that on many accounts woman is entitled to greater protection than her brother. On that point he said, in part:

"Differentiated by these matters from the other sex, she is probably placed in a class by herself, and legislation designed for her protection may be sustained, even when like legislation is not necessary for men, and could not be sustained. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that she still looks to her brother and depends upon him.

"Even though all restrictions on political, personal and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with him, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions, having in view not merely her own health, but the well-being of the race, justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man.

"The limitations which this statute places upon her contractual powers, upon her right to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all."—Suffrage.

"THE ADMIRAL OF THE ATLANTIC;" WHY GERMANY IS FORCING NAVAL PACE.

The controversy that raged some days ago round the correspondence between the German Emperor and Lord Tweedmouth undoubtedly played its part in bringing forth the Ministerial pronouncement of the Government's intention to maintain the two-power naval standard. Viewed in the light of this determination, Mr. Percival Hislam's new book, "The Admiralty of the Atlantic," may be recommended as one of the most important contributions to the military literature of the day.

There are thousands of people who will declare that Mr. Hislam's warning against German naval ambition and his unvarnished tale of Teutonic desire to measure strength with us on the sea constitute a mischievous and unwarrantable attempt at creating dissension. Thousands will throw up their hands and cry out against this further design "to embroil two peaceable nations." But the design is rather to make for peace by giving a timely warning.

BRITAIN'S ONLY COMPETITOR.

The book frankly recognizes that Great Britain's only competitor today is Germany, and that sooner or later the struggle for mastery will be fought out on the North Sea. It must come to this. The insane, fatuous race for armaents cannot end otherwise unless a restraining hand is put forth now. The British Government offered to limit its output. Germany did not see its way to do this. Why? Mr. Hislam answers the question. It does not suit her to remain a power subject to the naval overlordship of her island rival; for so long as we control the in and out-lets of the North Sea, so long will Germany be compelled to play to our tune. It is sound strategy, therefore, and good statesmanship, for her to seek to minimize our strength, and eventually to force us to fight for the control of the sea. That date is still a dozen years ahead of us. Until then we are the masters. Aftr 1920, unless German ambitions are checked in the meantime, or unless we pour millions upon millions into the shipbuilding yards, our position will become terribly insecure.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Socialist, speaking in favor of the ill-fated Unemployment Bill, suggested that the cost of one Dreadnought would meet the expenses of the bill if it became a law. That is the narrow Socialist view of the navy. In Germany the navy's strongest supporters are the workers, who know the value of security.

Let us look the situation in the face, as Mr. Hislam has the courage to do. None of us want war with Germany. A conflict would be disastrous in every respect. Is there any reason, sound reason why the two nations should put any future differences—for there are none now—to the arbitrament of the sword? None, save the German desire to master the seas. "Our future lies on the water," said the Emperor. The cheered by the whole nation (which is Imperial tone, faithfully and royally not necessarily hostile to Great Britain as between German and Englishman.) is best embodied in the Emperor's signal to the Czar of Russia in the harbor of Revel in August, 1902, before the Russo-Japanese war:—

"The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific."

It may be well perhaps, to take this allusion merely as an instance of nautical exuberance on the part of a warm-hearted monarch who believes in his destiny at sea; but it serves to give us a text.

Are we preparing against eventualities? Have we become so soft that we dare not speak out for fear of giving offence, when at the same time, this huge game of make-believe is proceeding on both sides of the North Sea? Why have we concentrated our battle fleets in home waters? We are not going to fight France, whose navy, by the way, is "sunk in the morass of Socialism," which has brought it down to second and even third rate. Why has the Home Fleet been constituted with the "instantly ready" at the Nore? Surely we are not afraid of an attack from the Dutch? Why Rosyth? Why Dover, with its torpedo base? Why these constant comings and goings of the Channel Fleet, the Home Fleet, the Atlantic Fleet, in waters contiguous to the entrance and exits of the North Sea? Germany of course—and let there be as much publicity as possible with the minimum of offence about this declaration.

IF WAR CAME.

Germany is building a navy for one object only, that is to enable her to dictate terms throughout the world. The desire to do so is legitimate enough and we have no right to stop her. But at the same time this programme is a direct menace to British superiority. Thus, says Admiral von der Goltz, late chief of the Imperial General Staff:—

"The opinion is generally held in this country that any resistance against England at sea would be impossible, and that all our naval preparations are but wasted efforts. It is time that this childish fear, which would put a stop to all our progress, should be pulled up by the roots and destroyed. At this moment (1900) we are almost defenceless against England at sea, but already we possess the beginnings, of a weapon which statesmanship can put to a good use, and our chances of success in a war against England grow more favorable day by day.

GERMANY'S EXPENDITURE.

"So they do. Eight years after Admiral von der Goltz wrote the above the German navy is a formidable weapon. In 1900 Germany spent £7,600,000 to our £29,998,529. This year she spends £16,950,529 to our £32,319,500; next year £20,145,000, the year after £22,000,000 and all the while we have the two-power standard to maintain. The German High-Sea Fleet (renamed from the Active Battle Fleet in order to sooth our suspectibilities) is of the highest possible order. Its material is the wonder of the naval service, and its personnel a marvel of scientific perfection.

The conclusions to be derived from this exceedingly able book, are these:—Germany is preparing undisguised, carefully, scientifically, doggedly. We too, are preparing, though we fear to admit it in public. The spectre of invasion hangs over us. We have suggested limitation of armaments which would ensure for us greater power of expenditure on social reforms, relieve the taxpayer and decrease the national debt. Germany stands aloof and goes on preparing. Whether we like it or not, we must meet the danger by being ready to crush any attempt at crushing us. We are safe at present. Will it be so in 1920? Let every stickler for international etiquette who fears to give umbrage to his neighbor read Mr. Hislam's warnings. Heeded, they will save us. Unheeded, and we share the fate of the Dutch Republic.

R. D. B.

Night Coughs

Nothing more to be dreaded than a night of Coughing. Nothing will do more to insure a good night's rest than Brown's Bronchial Balsam. It is wonderful in its soothing effects on raw, inflamed air passages. Better try first than last

Brown's Bronchial Balsam

for all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, etc. Price, 25c.

Prepared and sold only by

E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST.

Two stores:—Corner Union and Waterloo streets, and South End Pharmacy, corner Queen and Carmarthen streets.

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 129.

Better than Oatmeal is GRITZ at 5c per lb. The little white bags give all the directions. 5 lb. bag GRITZ, 25c

EYEGLASSES!

There is just as much skill required to fit frames to the face as lenses to the eye. D. BOYANER, the optician, 38 Dock street, is trained to both.

DEATHS.

KELLY—In this city on the 8th inst., James M. Kelly, aged 64 years, native of Doagh County, Antrim, leaving a wife and 8 children.

Funeral from his late residence, 278 Brussels street, Friday at 2.30 p. m.

Store closes at 8 p. m. Wednesday, April 8, 1908

Ladies' Patent Oxfords.

We have just received a line of ladies' patent Oxfords with a dull calf quarter, large eyelet, neat sole, trim, good dressy heel and we are selling them at

$2.25 a Pair.

AND SELLING A LOT OF THEM.

This shoe is a good fitter, good looker, good wearer. It is the dressiest shoe at the price you can buy.

PERCY J. STEEL, FOOT FURNISHER, 519-521 Main St.

SUCCESSOR TO WM. YOUNG.

FERGUSON & PAGE.

Jewelry, Etc.

41 King St.

STILL IN BUSINESS.

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

McNAMARA BROS., Chesley St. 'Phone 733.

$3.00 SHOES FOR LADIES.

We are showing some of the finest lines in Ladies' Footwear ever seen at this price.

PATENT COLT GOODYEAR WELTED BUTTON OXFORD, $3.00.
PATENT COLT GOODYEAR WELTED BLUCHER OXFORD, $3.00.
GUN METAL CALF, GOODYEAR WELTED BLUCHER OXFORD, $3.00.
PATENT COLT, DULL MAT KID TOP BUTTON BOOT, $3.00.
PATENT COLT, DULL MAT KID, TOP BLUCHER BOOT, $3.00.
Sizes, 2 to 7; width, C. D. E.

Francis & Vaughan

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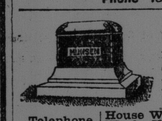

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'Phone 1802-41

TRY 'EM ON, We Have Lots More if These Don't Fit.

We would sell more $5.00 Shoes if we didn't have these for $4.00. Men come in with the intention of paying $5.00, see the $4.00 Soes, and it's all up with the $5.00

Sounds pretty rough on the $5.00 Shoes, but it isn't; works the same way there—the men who usually buy $6.00 Shoes get them here for $5.00. Unless all signs fail, we are going to do an immense shoe business this Spring. People get the best shoe satisfaction here and we get the business.

D. MONAHAN, - - - 32 Charlotte Street,

The Home of Good Shoes.

FINE FURS.

Ladies' Persian Lamb Jackets, Mink Trimmed; also Fur-Lined Garments, trimmed in the fashionable Furs—Mink Stoles, Boas and Throwovers, Muffs to match; Persian Lamb Scarfs and Muffs, and a great assortment of Neck Furs in our well-known qualities.

THORNE BROS., HATTERS and FURRIERS, 93 King Street

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms,

SPRING 1908.

A MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Union, Wool, Tapestry, Velvet, Brussels, Wilton and Axminster Carpets and Carpet Squares,

IN NEW DESIGNS AND COLORS.

New designs in Oilcloths, Linoleums and Inlaids—all widths and prices.

Muslin Lace, Irish Point, Swiss, and Marie Antoinette Curtains in the latest novelties.

Carpets can be selected, made up and stored until required.

A. O. SKINNER,

At McLEAN'S

Large size brown bowls, 3 for 10c.
Best quality Tumblers, 3 for 10c.
Cups and saucers, 5c. up.
Plates decorated, 6 for 25c.
Towling 5½c. yard.
White Lawn, 40 inches wide, 10c. yard.
A lot of Sample Bibs, 5c. to 25c. These are travellers' samples, 25 per cent. off.

Another lot of 10 and 15c. parlor, hall and dining room wall paper, for 5c. a roll.

Are you getting your share of bargains at

McLean's Department Store, 142 Mill St.

Open Evenings Until 9.30.

SOME PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT HERO MAKING

The lamentable exhibition made by certain sections with a view to glorifying the regicides of Portugal is the latest proof of the morbid admiration meted out in al countries to the men and women who, being the spawn of barbarism, becomes heroes of circumstance.

In the great past, the men who made their mark upon Time and History realy did something. They either performed an act that benefited their country, or encouraged art, or helped science. If the fire-eaters of bygone ages waded in blood, at least they worked towards an object. The mere neurotic murders of our weak-kneed days did not appeal to the Cromwells or the Robespierres. Where crime was committed for the sake of crime, it and its executant were duly execrated.

Almost exactly the reverse is the case nowadays. Make a mistake, or prove a failure, and your popularity is assured. The popularity is as feeble and hysterical as vapid gush and sentimental advertisement can make it, but it is there all the same. It was that sort of popularity that sent Lieutenant Hobson, a very plain and ordinary young man, touring through the United States in order to be kissed by every silly girl and vain woman who could get near him.

NO THOUGHT FOR BRAVE MEN.

It is that popularity that made smart women and pretty actresses in London, England, weep salt tears of ill-restrained emotion over Robert Wood when he stood his trial on a sapital charge, and that drove a London mob frantic with joy when he emerged from that trial a free man.

About fifteen years ago, the heroine of all England, the feted of the Royal family and the aristocracy, was Mrs. Grimwood. No one eulogized the memories of the brave men who met death in the compound of the Residency that fatal moonlight night, but people went hysterically crazy about the person who had the sheer luck to escape.

Mrs. Grimwood was as much the heroine of circumstances as Nansen was the lion of one crowded glorious year of lectures and dinners and honors. Nansen's sole claim to fame was that he failed to find the North Pole, and people thought him a fine fellow for not having acomplished his task. Surely, for such negative virtues as thase of the explorer who did not explore, and the "heroine" of Manipur, pity would have been a fitter tribute than reward, and the glorification of the multitude, which after all is strongly tainted with the blood that ran in the veins of those who howled for Barabbas, the robber.

The last man in the world to ask for notoriety of the kind he got was Captain Alfred Dreyfus. Yet a series of the most extraordinary circumstances dragger him into the fierce light that beat about an innocent man punished for an imaginary crime. That Dreyfus was unfortunate, misguided, sorely misjudged, and wrongfully treated, no man can deny; but where his claim came in to a niche in the Temple of Fame we fail to understand, for Dreyfus was the very antithesis of a hero.

PRISONERS AS "LIONS."

The unbridled tendency to lionize prisoners while on trial is a still more unsavory example of the cheapness of latter day glory. Most of us can recall the ferment of excitement into which England was thrown when the beautiful American, Mrs. Maybrick, was charged at Manchester Assizes with the murder of her husband. She was a singularly attractive woman, and an interesting love story was interwoven with the material facts of the case.

So free from guilt was she deemed, that after the jury had declared her to be guilty and Judge Stephens had passed sentence on her the people of Manchester lost all seft-controll and most violent scenes in the streets occurred. As the judge was leaving the court house for the railway station, the feelings of the madly hysterical people induced them to hoot and howl as his carriage was forced through them, and finally a volley of stones was hurled at Judge Stephens, who had a serious illness in consequence of the excitement and danger through which he had passed.

OUR MAD MOMENTS.

That such mad moments are confined to Europe is contradicted by the morbid interest taken for the last year in Harry Thaw. His sayings, doings, his looks—almost his thoughts—have been telegraphed all over the world, and his last trial was opened among a bower of roses sent to the court house by his admirers. As a millionaire and a man of eccentric habits, Harry Thaw was of no interest to anyone, but as a prisoner and a man who had shed blood, he acquired a lurid importance that was as ridiculous as it was pitiable.

Yet such is the constitution of the mind of the public, that George Hollamby Druce, an unknown man from Australia, is considered far more interesting that the two great landlords he is seeking to displace. The Duke of Portland and Lord Doward de Walden are responsible people, governing wisely and carefully over vast estates and enormous revenues. Their charities are known to be immense, they patronize the arts employ a great deal of labor of all kinds, and are reputable figures in the scheme of society. But they are not interesting to the man in the street, who sees something peculiarly fine and lofty in the person who comes from across the seas and sets to work to uproot and drive out two men who have been "just stewards" of the wealth and position entrusted to their charge.

MANIA FOR NOTORIETY.

It is this same queer streak of topsy-turveydom running through so many men that is now leading a section of educated and responsible persons to applaud a deed which is so horrible in its performance, and so dangerously far-reaching in its results, that the ordinary sane man stands aghast to contemplate.

Miscreants of the deepest dye are sure of applause and admirers, and therein lies the danger of the accomplishment of such a crime as the murder of the King of Portugal and his son. Bursts of praise in open Parliament, the over appreciation of Republican organs, even the execration of right-minded men, only serve to inflame the mania for notoriety that is at the bottom of half the crimes in the world.

Now and then a life is taken in a moment of passion, more frequently an accidental blow or thrust results in death. Murders are very seldom premeditated and done in cold blood, as were those in Lisbon. But so long as newspapers give importance to crimes and to prisoners tried for those crimes, so long as neurotically vain men see that the whole peace of a town or a nation can be overturned by their individual acts, so long will outrages flourish.

In Russia they have a sensible way of dealing with prisoners. Law-breakers simply disappear. The crimes with which they are charged is not blazoned abroad, their names are nefer heard of, even their families and associates do not know if they are alive in Siberia, or shot and flung into a quick-limed grave. They are simply wiped out.

LET LAW-BREAKERS DISAPPEAR.

If the Russian method could be applied to the rest of Europe, a more healthy tone, both among self-conceited law-breakers and the unwholesome-minded hysterically foolish public might be brought about. Meanwhile the prisoner at the Bar, the regicide, and the exponent of the "unwritten law" will continue to be regarded as heroes on the level of men who die for country, or of those great scientists whose work and discoveries peacefully revolutionize commerce and society. Left to itself, the public is not likely to acquire a more sane or wholesome view of people who have either done drong or done nothing.

It remains, therefore, for the legislation of the civilized world to order all trials to be held in the presence of counsel and juries only, and for newspapers to be forbidden to print thrilling and fanciful accounts of interesting prisoners. As for those aspirants to popularity who have done nothing, their fame is evanescent, far even a gullible public gets tired of worshipping a doll that is stuffed with sawdust.