

FOUR

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 11, 1907.

CIVIC MATTERS.

The common council is waking up this year a few months earlier than usual, being aroused no doubt by newspaper agitation, and will at last devote a little attention to the D. C. Clark wharf, now far from completion. The contractor will be summoned to appear for the purpose of explaining why he is so slow, and that he may be advised to get the work done more rapidly. What rot! The building of the wharf is under direction of the city's engineer who is vested with authority to order that more men be put on the job. This he should have done long ago, but the neglect can perhaps be explained by the fact that a mix-up in the public works department existed. It is asserted that men are scarce. Some contractors find no difficulty in securing men, the inducement being good pay, and the employer who bids high enough can engage all the help he needs. Making all fair allowances for delay, Mr. Clark is now four months behind with the wharf, and there is no prospect that it will be finished for at least four or five weeks more. Surely under these circumstances the city engineer might order the employment of a larger force, and relieve the council from what must be a farce of asking the reason of the delay.

A lot of dredging must be done at Sand Point. From accurate soundings taken a few days ago it is learned that at berths Nos. 2 and 3 and extending for an average distance of 60 feet from the wharf, there is a depth of 20 feet at low water. A few spots are found where only 15 feet can be obtained, but in this area the average is fair. At No. 4 berth conditions are very bad and much work must be performed in order that steamers may dock in safety. The steamship companies request that these three slips be deepened to 30 feet at a distance of 80 feet from the face of the wharf.

In order that the D. C. Clark wharf, if completed, may be accessible, it will be absolutely necessary that a channel be dug through Sand Point basin to permit the passage of steamers at all tides. It is beyond question that one of the dredges now at work on the west side must be engaged to assist the city in deepening the Sand Point slips. Would it not be well for the Beaver which has the contract for clearing the basin, to work on the Sand Point side, digging out that strip which lies parallel with Nos. 2, 3, and 4 berths between 60 feet and 120 feet from the face of the wharf? The outer 40 feet of this would be part of the Beaver's present contract, the other 20 feet would include what the city has to do. An agreement as to terms might be arranged without much difficulty. Such a plan as this would accomplish three things: it would provide first of all a channel wide enough to permit the passage of steamers in and out, to the D. C. Clark wharf; it would make it possible for steamers lying at Nos. 3 and 4 berths to enter and leave at all tides even when No. 2 berth is occupied; and it would provide ample space and depth at all the Sand Point berths, even for two steamers lying side by side.

The position taken by Ald. Lewis yesterday on the school question—regardless of his vote—expresses the feelings of a good many citizens. No false economy should be permitted in providing for the education of the young. Hands off, is the motto when any interference with education is attempted, for every possible facility must be provided for this most important institution. Yet on the other hand the financial situation demands that no unnecessary expenditures be warranted. St. John is now burdened with an enormous public debt, and with an ever increasing annual outlay which is not justified by growing property valuation. It is unwise to add further to the load. Still the difference of opinion between the council and schoolboard is so marked that there must be some middle way, a compromise which should satisfy all. Perhaps the plans which have been prepared for the new school call for too expensive a structure; maybe the requirements of the section of the city in which the building is to be placed are not such as demand so great accommodation. If these subjects were carefully gone into it might be found that a cheaper or smaller building guaranteeing ample space for all the pupils, and designed with an eye to safety might be constructed. At present the situation is somewhat strained, and it is to be regretted that on a matter of such importance every effort should not be made to reach an agreement.

Milk dealers who sell their wares in St. John county had observed the laws. If they feel that the existing regulations are unfair or unjust, their proper

course is to first comply with the requirements of the board of health and then to make their complaint to the government. Whether or not a law should be enforced is not for them to decide, but there is no disposition to impose any unnecessary restrictions on their business, and doubtless after licenses are taken out the government will be pleased to hear whatever representations the milkmen desire to make. Their present defiance only weakens their position.

Tom Longboat, the noted Indian runner, has been expelled from a Toronto athletic association on account of drunkenness. He has thrown away the chance for an education, has given up the position which would have brought him a comfortable living, and has cast in his lot with barroom loafers and dead-beat sports. The Indian blood finds its level sooner or later.

MYSELF AND ME.
I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me.
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my conscience to me
Is always pretty good.

I talk with me and walk with me
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,
I'm as truthful as can be;
No matter what may come or go
I'm on the square with me.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
And you'll find a crowd's a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself,
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well
You'll like you if you do.

WHEN THE EARTH WILL BE
FULL.

It is estimated that the fertile lands of the globe amount to 28,000,000 square miles, the steppes to 14,000,000, and the deserts to 1,000,000. Fixing 207 persons to the square mile for fertile lands, 10 for steppes, and one for deserts as the greatest population that the earth could properly nourish, a European statistician arrives at the conclusion that when the number of inhabitants reaches about 6,000,000,000 the earth will be peopled to its capacity. At present it contains somewhat more than one quarter of that number. If the rate of increase shown by the last census statistics should be uniformly maintained, statistics show that the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2023—about a century and a half hence.

VICTIMS OF THE FOG.

At a recent meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society in London, Sir Frederick Treves, the famous physician, said that in a three day fog in Manchester it was calculated that for every square mile there were one and a half hundredweights of sulphuric acid and thirteen hundredweights of soot. A similar examination in Chelsea revealed that for every square mile there were six tons of soot. The lung of a young child was the color of a fine tinted pink—pink on the surface and pink right through. The lung of an adult, especially if he lived in a big city, was dingy blue—thundercloud blue, marked with lines of blue patches and streaks, a color which permeated the inner depths of the organ. That was absolutely due to dirt and soot. Sir Frederick declared he could say from what he had seen of the lungs of dead persons in London that they were absolutely black on the surface and down to the depths. In London, said Sir Frederick, fogs killed people, not by scores and hundreds, but by thousands. During the great fog of 1890 the death rate in the metropolis in one week rose from 27 to the thousand of population to 48—New York Tribune.

AN UNFORTUNATE AMBIGUITY.

Parson—"Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper?"
Park Gatekeeper—"He's dead, sir."
Parson (with feeling)—"Dead? Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"
Park Gatekeeper—"Oh, I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

NOT LIKELY TO MOVE.
"Have you lived here all your life, friend?" "Not yet. But if I don't get money enough to move, I reckon I'll have to!"

UNFAIR.

It is a bit unfair to head a newspaper item, "Christian Science Separates Family." Inasmuch as there is no such thing as pain or separation, what does it matter?

AT THE FUNERAL.

First Old Lady—"What kind of a time did you have at the funeral?"
Second Old Lady—"Well, I've enjoyed myself more at others."

MAY NOT HAVE BEEN
STOLEN AFTER ALL.

DUBLIN, July 11.—A curious rumor is current here to the effect that the portion of the state recalls, valued at \$250,000, which was stolen from Dublin Castle recently, and for the return of which the Government has offered a reward of \$5,000, was removed by an important official of the Order of St. Patrick, who has disappeared.

MEN BEAT HORSES IN HAWAIIAN RACE

Kanaka Runners Can Lope All Day and Night.

Race up Mountains — Kalakaua Wagered \$1,000 on a Man to Beat Ponies to Top of Mt. Kilauea.

"They've got runners, Kanaka men, down in the Hawaiian Islands, that I'd be willing to gamble everything I own could make these fellows that compete in the Marathon race at the Olympic games look like aluminum milk tickets," said a chief petty officer in the United States navy, who knows most of the Pacific Islands pretty well. "I hit the Hawaiian Islands for the first time when I was an apprentice, and I saw one of those Kanaka hot-footers beat a lot of mighty limber horses in a 30-mile run. This was in 1883, when Dave Kalakaua, as the old timers around Honolulu call him yet, was king of the islands. At that time there were no telephones joining the islands, and state messages and mandates were carried from island to island by the inter-island steamers, and rushed into the interior by these Kanaka runners. "These Kanaka runners could, and some of them can still, lope all day and all night long, like American Indians on the trail in the fighting days of the red men, and the king's messengers didn't know what getting tired or winded meant. "King Kalakaua thought a lot of these state runners of his. He always stuck to it that they could go faster and farther than horses over the rough Hawaiian country. "In this he was deputed by a number of the white attaches of his court, Kalakaua wagered \$1,000 with these white courtiers that he could pick out a runner from among his Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the Burning Lake of Kilauea, a distance of nearly thirty miles, quicker than any horse and rider could do the trip. They snapped the king up on this proposition at even money.

PICKED A STATE RUNNER.

"It looked to mostly every white man down there as if they had the better of it in that bet with the king. The king and a big party from Honolulu came in one of the inter-island boats to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the race. "The king picked out a huge, slinky Kanaka, a man about 30, who had been employed as a state runner at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, for a number of years, to essay the task of beating the horses for him. Eight Kanakas made the start on horseback on native ponies bred from American bayas—strong, sure-footed, what more than a quarter of that number. If the rate of increase shown by the last census statistics should be uniformly maintained, statistics show that the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2023—about a century and a half hence.

"The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, in coaches on the day before to see the finish of the race, and to be on hand to greet the winner. I was among a party of man-o-war's men from one of our old wooden packs in the harbor of Hilo to make the ride up to Kilauea soon after the king's ascent to see the finish. "The road from Hilo up to the crater of Kilauea has been greatly improved since that time, but it was surely the bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was a climb of about 35 degrees all the way. "The trees that lined the road used to get blown across the trail in big windstorms, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their job to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoo them out of the way. This work had in advance of the race been attended to in advance of the race by order of Kalakaua, and it looked like a pipe for the ponies, all of which had made the run up to the Kilauea crater many a time.

DIDN'T ASK FOR A HANDICAP.

"The king didn't ask for any handicap allowance for his runner. The man runner took the scratch with the horses and they got off together at the crack of the gun. "The horses distanced the runner from the jump and he let them distance him. He just took up his steady lope and let the cayuses get away out of his sight up the steep trail. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't see hide nor hair of them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait. "The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Halfway House was reached, and the Kanaka was just breezing along at the end of the third hour with the same lope stride he had started with. He wasn't even taking short breaths when he pulled up at the Halfway House. "He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took just a couple of mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a half blowing their heads off for they had been going at a clip that they'd never been pushed to before.

The Kanaka forged ahead of them all a mile beyond the Halfway House.

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RECEIVED YESTERDAY

Another Lot of those Men's Box Calf Blucher Bals. of "The Gold Bond Shoe" Quality.

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but it was only a romp for him the remainder of the distance. He took a position for the remainder of the journey about two city blocks ahead of the panting and exhausted cayuses and he stuck to his long easy lope like a man wound up for a week or so.

"He never let them get any nearer to him for the remaining three hours of the trip. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached the Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no use.

"The Kanaka runner let out a link and disappeared beyond their sight along the tortuous trail, and when six of the ponies pulled up at the hotel veranda about half an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, cool as a cucumber, and enjoying a pot of saki. Two of the ponies had dropped dead in their final effort.

"That was some running, and I'd like to see two or three of those Kanakas go in the Marathon race the next time that thing is pulled off. I'd win a bet."

SAVED THE FEDERAL ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

OCONOMOWOC, Wis., July 11.—Gilbert Kenyon, said to have saved the Union Army from defeat at the Battle of Shiloh, was killed at a railroad crossing yesterday by a Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul train. Kenyon was a member of the Company B, 16th Wisconsin Infantry and at the time of the battle was a scout. In an endeavor to gather information he got within the Confederate lines. During the night he escaped, returned to headquarters and told of the closeness of General Johnston's forces. This information, it is said, saved the Union forces a defeat.

A car of poles for the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. to be used in the construction of a line from their office to the Marconi station at Chapel Hill, has arrived tonight. Mr. Morehead, the company's superintendent of construction at St. John, will arrive here to look after the work. The Western Union Co. already has a line connecting the station with their office—North Sydney Herald.

The Fourth of July excursion to Calais attracted quite a large number. In the afternoon there is quite an interesting story. Henry Meating, the big-hearted leader of the band, who had the proceeds of the sale of tickets in his pocket (about \$200) by a mischance missed the boat on the return trip. He at once engaged a team and started to drive to the granite town. He had passed through the Rox road and emerged on the St. John road, a few miles from home, when he missed his wallet. The night was then well advanced and he was in a quandary what to do. Finally he decided to turn back. Mile after mile he traversed the road, eagerly scanning every inch of the road. Daylight came but still he pressed on, the quest becoming more hopeless as he reached the highway to St. Stephen. When he got as far as Oak Bay he felt like abandoning the search, but he decided to go a little farther. At last, greatly to his delight, he sighted the missing purse ahead of him on the road. He had hardly picked it up and to his joy found its contents intact.—Beacon.

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SAMUEL FOX, Manufacturer and Dealer in Red, Grey and Black Granites.

109 Rodney St. (West), St. John, N. B.

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DEATHS.

SCOTT—On Wednesday, July 10th, at 82 Broad street, James Scott, aged 57 years, leaving three brothers and one sister. Funeral Friday afternoon at 2.30.

Tiger Tea in Packets

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Children's Feet.

It's a crime to put ill fitting shoes on children's feet. Boys and girls cannot grow straight and strong on narrow soled, narrow heeled, pinching shoes. The shoe must be broad of sole and broad of heel, and must allow for the growing, expanding foot.

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