

POOR DOCUMENT

NO 2034

THE STAR, ST JOHN N. B. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20 1909

FIVE

EXCELLENT SCHOOL SHOES

School Days

"School Days, School Days
Dear old golden rule days
Reading, 'riting and 'rith-me-tic
Taught to the tune of a Hickory Stick"

SCHOOL SHOES—We make a specialty of School Shoes, that's why so many parents insist on having their children shod at our stores. We really know what the children require in shape and style and parents know that in addition to appearance our SCHOOL SHOES are made to stand a lot of hard wear.

Boys' School Boots - 90c to \$2.50
Girls' School Boots - 90c to 1.75

Waterbury & Rising
KING ST. UNION ST.

Ladies' Fancy Collars and Frillings,
Leather Belts, Elastic Belts, Wash Belts,
Hair Rolls, Hair Clasps, Comp. Pins, etc.
Taylor's Toilet Soaps and Perfumes.

A. B. WETMORE, 59 Garden Street. Stores Open Evenings

Our Custom Tailoring

HAS NO EQUAL IN THE CITY. YET OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT

W. J. HIGGINS, & Co., 183 Union Street.

WANTED

10 CARPENTERS Apply to
HAMILTON & GAY,
WOODWORKING FACTORY
ERIN AND BRUNSWICK STREETS, ST. JOHN.
Phone 1622—Phone 211

TO THOSE CONSIDERING A WATCH PURCHASE

We want to say, that we are showing a Splendid Selection of Watches in all GRADES and STYLES, and anything that we sell in this line is fully guaranteed.

Our Prices are Low and our Qualities are High

Ferguson & Page,
DIAMOND IMPORTERS AND JEWELERS,
41 King Street.

ELEVEN OF ORINOCO'S CREW PERISH IN BERTHS

LUNenburg, N. S., Aug. 19.—The schooner Orinoco, Captain Larkin, of Gloucester, Mass., on his way to the Banks, sank and filled in three minutes yesterday morning twenty-five miles off Sambro. When the helmsman let the vessel up to the wind to clear the jib sheet, she came around and caught the sails back and capsized.

Twelve of the crew were below asleep and one man succeeded in getting on deck. The other eleven went down with the schooner.

The names of the lost men are: Wm. Meuse, Tusket; Stephen Delong, Tusket; Wm. Vanenburg, Argyle; Howard Whitehouse, Argyle; Bernard Crowell, Argyle; Chas. Shaw, Argyle; John Meuse, Ed. Brook; Peter Walsh, Piacentia, Nfld.; John Walsh, Piacentia, Nfld.

There were five men on deck, who were all saved, viz.: Captain Larkin, Public; Jas. Shaw, Argyle; Jas. Vanenburg, Argyle; Stillman Hubbard, Tusket; Ernest Stanley, Misset, Me. Jas. Babine, Ed. Brook, N. S., was the only one saved from drowning.

Wm. Vanenburg and Chas. Shaw, a boy 12 years old, were brothers of

THE SUICIDE IN BOSTON OF PATTERSON OF NEW GLASGOW

(Glasgow Globe.)

Clarence Patterson, 43 years old, of New Glasgow, N. S., died at the City Hospital relief station in Haymarket Square at 6 o'clock last evening as the result of bullet wounds in his left breast and abdomen.

It is the firm belief of Dr. Drowne of the hospital, and Chief Inspector Joseph Dugan of the police department, both of whom talked with Patterson before his death, that the wounds were self-inflicted.

Before his death Patterson told several contradictory stories and made an effort to conceal his identity, finally, however, admitting that Clarence Patterson was his real name.

Patterson's relatives, a brother and sister, living in New Glasgow, N. S., were informed of his death by telegraph. They are coming to get the body. It will be taken to the North Grove street morgue today, where Medical Examiner Magrath will perform autopsy.

Patterson walked into the "Relief Hospital at 11.25 yesterday morning and said he was suffering from a headache. He was taken into the accident room and the surgeon found two bullet wounds in his left breast and another in his abdomen.

When asked where he received the wounds, Patterson replied: "In Boston."

"Some one shot me," he said. "Do you know who shot you?" he was asked.

"No, it was a man unknown to me," he answered.

"On Tuesday night," said Patterson, "I went to a lodging house in the West End and hired a room, paying 75 cents for it. I went up one flight of stairs and went to bed. At 4 o'clock in the morning a man came into the room and shot me."

For a time he would say no more. When pressed later he said his name was Charles Fraser and that he was 41 years old and lived in Concord, N. H. The physicians were puzzled to understand, if his story was true, how he was able to walk about for seven hours after the shooting.

PAPER FOUND IN HAT A CLUE.

Chief Inspector Dugan came to the hospital and talked with Patterson. Chief Dugan examined the hat and found a paper which indicated that it had been made over for Clarence Patterson, and the chief constable told him his name was Clarence Patterson and that his home was in New Glasgow, N. S.

Patterson also admitted that he had worked in Concord and Manchester, N. H., but he strenuously refused to admit that he had shot himself. He said: "I have been employed in the Page belting mills in Concord for a long time but I lost my job and went to Manchester and from Manchester I came to Boston. I have been in Boston only two days and I was out of work and discouraged. I went into a lodging house in the West End Tuesday night. I sat around until 4 o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by a strange man. I never saw him before. He was moving about in my room. I spoke to him and he was startled. He immediately drew a gun and fired at me. He fired five shots and then ran out. I got up and pressed and walked out into the street."

"Did you tell anyone you were shot?" asked Chief Dugan.

"No," he replied. "I met a policeman when I reached the street and asked him to direct me to the hospital, which he did."

Patterson was told that his story was unreasonable inasmuch as it would have been impossible for him to have walked about for seven hours with his wounds. Although Patterson was in great pain, he forced a smile to his face and remained silent. He said he did not know the name of the lodging house or its location.

STORIES INVESTIGATED.

Chief Dugan began an investigation of Patterson's stories. He telephoned the police of Concord and was told that Patterson was a known character and had worked in the Page belting mill. He was discharged because of dissatisfaction with his habits, it was stated.

According to the Concord police, he tried to get his job back but failed and became despondent, threatening to kill himself. He left his lodgings at 17 Albion street, Concord, and went to Manchester, where he was arrested on a charge of drunkenness. He then came to Boston and registered at the Crest House at 359 Tremont street on Saturday, the 17th. He remained there until last Sunday afternoon. He told the clerk and guests that he was tired of living, but he thought he would go to his home in New Glasgow and visit his brother and sister.

On Saturday night he gave the hotel clerk \$15, which he asked him to put in the safe and keep for him. On Sunday he packed his belongings, took his money and bade the clerk and the guests good-by, saying he was going to Nova Scotia on the 7 o'clock train that evening. He left the hotel at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and no more was seen or heard of him until word of his being shot was brought to the hotel by the police.

Yesterday a letter came to the hotel addressed to Patterson in a woman's handwriting. It was postmarked Concord, N. H., Aug. 12, 1909, and mailed at 1.30 p. m.

The letter is being held by the police. It is given to Patterson's brother.

When his clothing was searched at the hospital no papers were found and there was only cents in money.

No revolver or bullets have been found as yet by the police who are trying to locate the place where the shooting was done.

It is the theory of the police that Patterson spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights in a cheap lodging house and that after he purchased the revolver with a view to ending his life. It is believed by the police that he then went to some back street and placed the revolver muzzle close to his breast, fired the three shots, then throwing the

weapon and the remaining cartridges away he walked through the streets to the hospital.

FREQUENT ABSENCES

CONCORD, N. H., Aug. 18.—Clarence Patterson, who died at the relief hospital in Boston, where he went to be treated for bullet wounds, had lived in this city about five years and was employed as a finisher at the Page belting company. His home is in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, where a brother, Robert, and two sisters, Sadie and Jeanne, reside. All frequently corresponded with Clarence.

Patterson made periodical absences from the work shop. Early in June he left his work here and did not return to it, although he came back to the city and asked for his old position.

He drew out over \$200 from a local savings bank, and when he had spent all but \$2, after visits to Suncook, Manchester and Boston, returned to his boarding place at 17 Albion street. That was the time he tried to find employment at his old place. He tried elsewhere to find work here and then went away and nothing was heard from him until a week ago today, when he wrote his former landlady asking that his mail be forwarded to 384 Tremont street, Boston.

From his former employers and associates say he was a man having many good qualities. He was given, they say, to occasional periods of despondency.

Patterson comes of an excellent family and his people are well to do. He told his landlady that he intended to go back home.

Patterson has been married and the loss of his "girl wife," as he called her, 17 years ago, he had mourned ever since.

Once he became interested in church work and joined the first Methodist church here. Only the kindest words are spoken of him by the management of the Page belting company.

A Good Thing. Rub it in. Bentley's Liniment.

CITY DISAPPEARING.

Gradually Slipping Into the Indus River—
Dera Ghazi Khan, in India, Has
Population of 25,000.

BOMBAY, Aug. 19.—The fate of the prosperous Punjab city of Dera Ghazi Khan, which for months has been gradually slipping into the river Indus, is now being speedily hastened. Nothing can be done to prevent the encroachment of the water. The project of a dam to stop the water rapidly. From 50 to 100 feet of the river front is being swept away every day, and by one means or another, mansions and hovels are disappearing in the swift stream.

Every effort of competent engineers to devise a way to protect the city has been futile. Dera Ghazi Khan has a population of 25,000.

"RAT" SAVES THE LIFE OF ITS FAIR OWNER

She is Thrown From a Car and, Alighting on Her Head, Has Narrow "Squawk."

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 19.—Miss Daisy Pfeiffer did not lose her head when she was thrown from a car today, but she came mighty near it. That she is still wearing it in its accustomed place is due solely to the presence of mind of a pet "rat" which she had concealed in her front hair at the time.

Bystanders who witnessed the accident say the size of the "rat" and the neat that had been made for it prevented Miss Pfeiffer's head from going under the wheels.

She fell off the car head first, the mound of hair striking the wheel and causing her to rebound to safety. She was picked up unhurt, but the courageous "rat" did not fare so well. It had the stuffing knocked out of it and died without a squeal.

HER STEEL "RATS" SAVE WOMAN FROM DEATH

Blows of Highwaymen Rained Upon Her Rebound From Hair Upholstery

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—Although saved from death by steel "rats" in her hair while fighting two footpads who robbed her early today of diamonds and jewelry valued at \$1,000, Mrs. Isabel Moore, of No. 686 California avenue, is under the care of a physician at her home. She was beaten severely.

The robbery occurred in front of Mrs. Moore's home. Leaping from behind a clump of bushes, the two men thrust revolvers against Mrs. Moore's head.

"Drop that satchel or we'll kill you," said one of the footpads, pressing the muzzle of his revolver against her forehead.

Mrs. Moore sprang aside, knocked the revolver away and tried to run up the stairway of her home. The next moment she was seized. The robbers beat her on the head with their weapons until she sank unconscious on the stairs. Then they took the satchel bag off her wrist and fled.

That the woman's skull was not fractured by the robbers' blows, the police say, was due to the "rats" she wore in her hair.

STAR FLOUR

STAR Flour is not a cheap flour. We will not make it a cheap flour. We can't make it a cheap flour and give you the quality. But we claim that it is an economical flour because it gives you a big yield and great satisfaction. That is what you want, therefore buy STAR flour and realize it.

THE GOLDIE MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, AYR, ONTARIO



"I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER"
Without Food on Crazy Raft 27 Hours—
Dog on Fishing Boat Cause of
Pierison's Discovery.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—"By golly, I thought I was a goner!" said Madden Pierison, the missing seaman of the wrecked schooner Arlington, when he was picked up by the fishing schooner Irene and Mary, after drifting without food or sleep for 27 hours on a crazy raft of lashed spars. Then he took a long pull from the captain's flask, swallowed a cup of piping hot coffee and turned in without further comment. Not until he awoke from a sound sleep did he complete his narrative.

White Pierison was rolled up in blankets below, Captain Erickson of the Irene and Mary was making something of a hero of Sport, a black, curly-haired, spindly mascot of the schooner. For an hour before the rescue Sport had been snuffing the air and yelping excitedly, pawing the rail and yelping excitedly. Puzzled by the dog's behavior the captain kept him on a leash. When he saw what looked like a buoy slipped from its moorings he headed the schooner for it immediately. Soon he could make out with the aid of his glasses the figure of a man waving his hands. It was Pierison.

Refreshed, fed and in dry clothes, Pierison modestly told his story. He is a big, blonde Swede, 45 years old, with a Viking mustache.

"I had just made fast a lifeline shot out to by the coast guards," he said, "when I was washed overboard by a comber. I didn't jump or have time to think of it."

"When I got my head out of the smother of foam I saw a lot of drift on the wrecked near me. There were iron bolts on it and loose ends of cordage. With these I lashed myself fast, leaving play enough so that I could stand erect and wave my shirt. It was early morning and I could see the land, rapidly being carried out to sea."

"All day Tuesday I shouted and waved my flag. All night I fought off going under the numbing cold."

"Sixteen vessels, one a revenue cutter, passed me, but I could not attract their attention, and I was often out of sight in the trough of the seas."

"At last I could see when the Irene and Mary changed her course that the outlook had brightened. I have been a sailor for 22 years, but no schooner ever looked so good to me as the Irene and Mary beating up toward me."

The rescue of Pierison, 10 miles off Atlantic Highlands and about 18 miles from the outer side of Long Island, where the Arlington went ashore early Tuesday morning, accounts in full for her captain and crew of nine, now all safe ashore, though the schooner herself is an abandoned hulk.

Pierison was brought to New York tonight and fitted out with new clothes by Captain Erickson. He expects to ship again; windjamming is his trade.

TONIGHT

Every Counter has Bargains of Great Interest to Friday Night Shoppers.

Fancy Shirt-Waist Belts
Tinsel and silver belts with new gift band buckles. Large assortment of colors.
Value 28c to 35c.
Tonight 19c ea.

Moreen Underskirts
Tonight
A newly imported Underskirt put on at two prices. Underskirt with wide flounce.
Worth \$1.25
Sale 88c.

Ladies' Vienna Hand Bags
Fine Soft Leather Hand Bags. A novelty imported to sell at \$1.50 but balance of the lot to be sold. Come in brown, green, navy or black, at
50c to clear

Ribbons: Hair Ribbons
The greatest value yet shown this season. Wide Taffeta Ribbons—nice and firm for hair bows.
Value 25c.
Our special 15c yd.

Large Pearl Belt Buckles
Value 50c. For Wash Belts.
15c ea.

ARE NOT VERY LIKELY TO TALK WITH MARS
WILLIAMS HAY, via U.S.G. 30.—Communication with other planets is by no means likely according to a resolution unanimously adopted by the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America in session at the Yerkes Observatory on Lake Geneva. The resolution says: "As the public through misrepresentation of the views of certain astronomers, has formed the impression that communication with other planets is at present possible, the astronomical and astrophysical society of America desires to express its belief that all such pronouncements fall outside the range of sober contemporary science."

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