

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 4

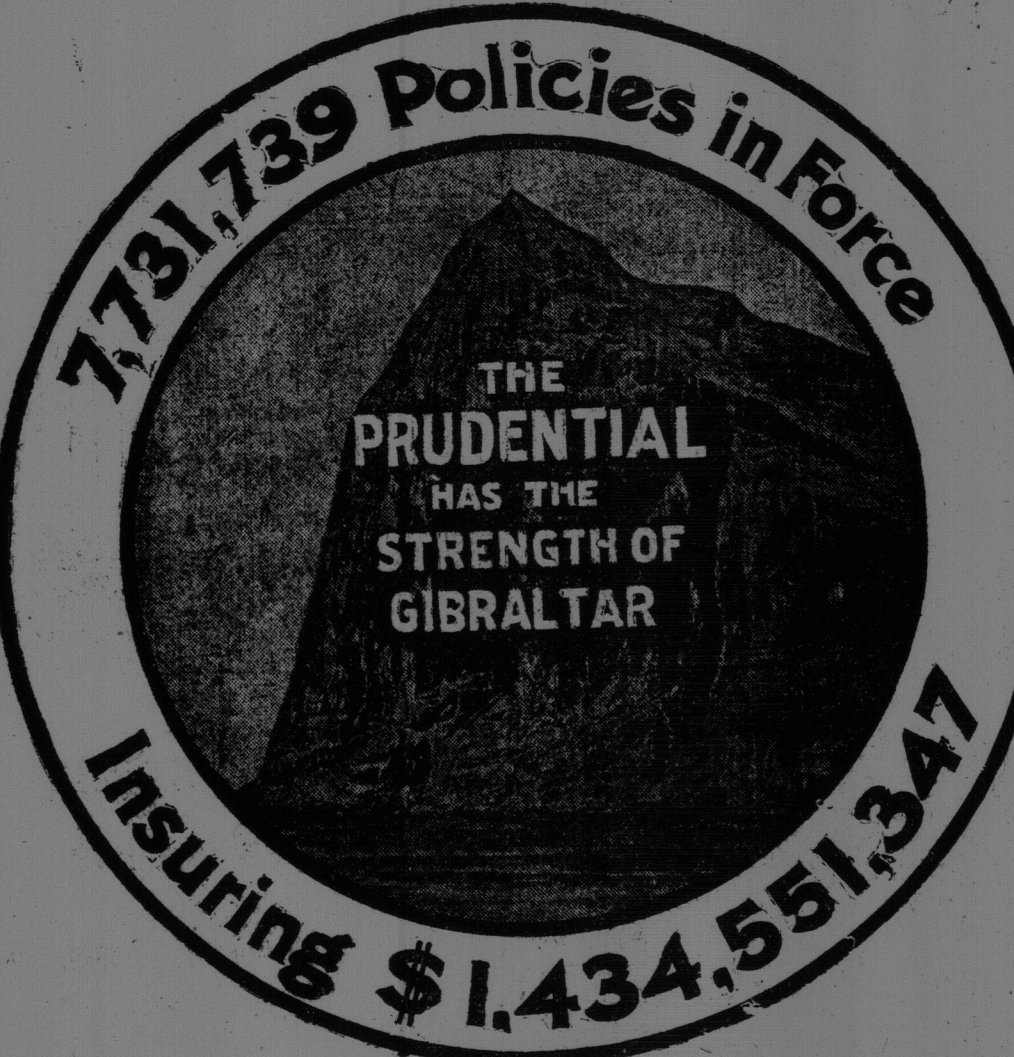
THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 3 1909

SEVEN

The Prudential Newest Monthly Income Policy

Provides a CASH PAYMENT at the death of the Insured as well as a MONTHLY INCOME to the Beneficiary for Life.

In case paid for 20 years in any case, even though Beneficiary does not live that long.



The Greatest Life Insurance Protection Ever Offered to the Family.

The one kind of Life Insurance Policy of most practical value to Women and Children. It is the policy your wife would like, because it gives her a sure Monthly Income for Life. Income is paid for 20 Years in any case, even though Beneficiary does not live that long. This is the Safest Way to leave your Life Insurance. The Monthly Income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. The principal cannot be lost. All worry about safe investment is eliminated. \$1,230 cash, and \$50 a Month for Life costs, if age of Insured is 30 and age of Beneficiary is 25, \$221.40 per year, an average saving of \$18.45 per month—NOW.

The Income can be arranged for in multiples of \$10 per Month up.

Write for particulars and cost for You. Give both your age and age of Beneficiary.

The Prudential made the Greatest Gain in Insurance in 1908, of any Life Insurance Company in the World.

Total Payments to Policyholders since Organization, plus Amount held at interest to their Credit. Over

\$313,000,000

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Agents Wanted to Write Industrial and Ordinary Life Insurance. Good Income, Promotion, Best Opportunities—Now!

Branch Office in St. John—T. R. McARON, Supt., 3rd Floor Royal Bank of Canada, Cor. King & Canterbury Sts.

The Prudential

Ordinary and Industrial policies. Ages 1 to 70. Both sexes. Amounts \$15 to \$100,000.

120

PORTION OF MINING TOWN OF COBALT IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

COBALT, Ont., July 2.—Cobalt was visited by a terrible conflagration on Friday night today, when every building on both sides of the road was burned to the ground from Taylor's hardware store and three buildings north of the Imperial Bank to the workhouse at Larose mine. The conflagration started in Joe Lee's Chinese restaurant about 4:30 this morning from an overheated stove lighted with gasoline. The brigade was quick on the scene. The Halcyon brigade with an engine arrived about 5:30. Volunteers on every hand helped with the fire fighting and removing household effects. Owing to the wind changing several times great difficulty was experienced.

Building Dynamited

Dynamiting of buildings was resorted to, but practically no good was done. The water supply was cut off about the Catholic church and no water was available at that point beyond what could be carried in buckets.

In dynamiting a Finlander, aged 40, was fatally injured. Several others were more or less injured by flying debris, including the falling of chimneys.

The fire loss must reach at least half a million or more. About two hundred houses and business places have been burned. The Catholic church, separate school and Father Forget's residence, which were newly built and enlarged, were burned to the ground with the rest.

LONG IMMINENT

The danger had long been imminent and not long ago insurance companies cancelled all insurance on that section of the town, so that almost everything turned is a total loss and evidently was very little insurance.

At least three thousand people are homeless or very nearly. Half the town is burned.

Chamaddy Bros., Jamieson Meat Co., store, Campbell, tailor, Buffalo store, Cobalt restaurant, New York Cafe, innumerable boarding houses, restaurants, beer saloons and dives were amongst those burned, including the Wingham Hotel, which was lately remodelled. John Trip's fine livery, complete lost although twenty-four horses and rigs were saved. Trip's family lived above the barn and lost their household effects. Alderman Hassett, who is absent at Elk Lake, is a heavy loser. Although his lumber yard was saved, Miss Hassett's sister of Alderman Hassett, and proprietor of Cobalt restaurant, is a large loser.

Children have been worried and annoyed in consequence, believing that the conflagration would likely come anytime owing to carelessness of the Chinamen keeping restaurants. This is the third really serious fire in town within a year, and Chinamen have figured in each of these fires.

HEARTRENDING SCENES

Scenes at the fire were heartrending. In many cases mothers were trying to save little children and effects. Large quantities of merchandise were removed to supposed places of safety, to be burned afterwards or looted by foreigners who were busy pilaging. Several mines sent down teams and a great many teams in town were loaded with household effects, trunks and merchandise, hauling them to safety. Fortunately only one fatality is known. Miraculous escapes were seen in many instances. Many Assyrians showed hostility to every Chinaman in sight. In fact many Chinamen were hooted and driven away from the crowds.

A relief committee has been organized to raise money for the homeless, and is already actively at work. Although it is too soon to form an idea as to the amounts to be raised, outside for the sufferers.

No mines have suffered. The fire was got under control about ten o'clock with no further damage.

TORONTO RESPONSES.

TORONTO, July 2.—In response to telegraphic appeal of Mayor H. H. Lang of Cobalt asking the provincial government for aid, one hundred tents, three hundred pairs of blankets, and considerable provisions were hurried northward on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railways tonight, in charge of Provincial Mining Inspector E. T. Corkhill and staff of assistants. The Dominion Department of Militia promptly placed their equipment at the disposal of Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, who has charge of all government arrangements.

The mayor's telegram to the Hon. Mr. Cochrane stated that the fire was still raging and that some 2,000 were homeless. He asked immediate assistance. The minister at once conferred with Sir James Whitney and arrangements for relief followed.

"The Government will render all temporary aid it can," said the minister. "Meantime we are obtaining more detailed and definite information as to the state of affairs."

Sir James Whitney, premier, when seen in the afternoon said: "An appeal has been made by the civic authorities to the government. We communicated to General Cotton and the militia department at Ottawa and the federal department have very studiously placed their equipment at our disposal. One hundred tents and three hundred pairs of blankets are being sent on in charge of government officials, who will examine the conditions at first and telephone report as to the general situation and other relief needed."

A Sad Case

A sad case is reported from Woodland, the paper town, twelve miles up the river. Last Saturday evening beer flowed somewhat freely there among some of the employees, and later one of the party, Arthur Graham, said to be a native of St. John, found himself alone in the woods back of the town. Two girls came along, about twelve years of age, and some very indecent conversation followed, though nothing else. On Monday the mother of one girl heard of the affair and the father had papers issued for the man. Graham, who had always borne a

INSULTS GIRL THEN SUICIDES

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., July 2.—While two young men were repairing Jas. McAllister's motor boat this afternoon on the beach back of the custom house, a dropped match set fire to the gasoline in the bottom. The fire department extinguished the blaze after about \$100 damage had been done. Mr. McAllister was slightly burned about the hands and face.

HOTEL THIEF TRIES TO KILL HIMSELF

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 2.—Since his capture at Fredericton Junction, Frank McIsaac, alias Wilson, hotel thief, has attempted suicide in his cell by trying to hang himself with strips of his blanket. He was found almost dead and rescued.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and

A HOME OF REST; CHANCE FOR LONDON'S DERELICTS

(BY PHILIP GIBBS)

Four wretched, with cheerful windows open to the sun and air, and with pleasant porches leading on to smooth lawns, stand facing the sea, at the end of the Sussex shore.

When I saw them for the first time a few days ago, these white houses were dazzling in brilliant sunshine, in spite of the closely cropped grass, invited one to lie down where the long cool shadows lay, and beyond the sea was a wide sweep of deepest blue. From the lilac trees in the gardens there came a faint, sweet fragrance, and in the kitchen gardens where the sun glittered upon small glass-houses, bees were humming in a drowsy melody, and white butterflies were flitting hither and thither, like petals fluttering down from apple trees crowned with blossom.

On the edge of the lawn looking down upon the white dusty road, where an empty brake stood, with two great horses, were a number of men, thirty or thirty-five of them. A smiling-faced woman and a cheery soul in a black hat and black coat were handing roses to them, and each man put his nose for a moment to the flower and breathed in its sweetness before fastening it in his buttonhole.

I studied these men who were being decorated before going for a drive. They were of all ages, from 25 to 65, and though standing in a country garden and bronzed by many days of sun, they had the mark of London on them. I had seen those types of faces before—in Salvation Army mission halls, under the archway by Waterloo Bridge, wheeling caskets barrows down the Old Kent road, calling at back doors with bags of tools to mend broken pipes, carrying bricks up the scraggling of suburban houses, and selling Christmas toys on Ludgate Hill.

BACK TO THE WORKHOUSE.

Twenty-five of the men got on to the brake and I joined them by invitation, and sat next to the man in the black coat. We were going to Bramber Castle, a few miles away, to inspect the old ruins and afterwards to have a picnic meal in some tea gardens. It was the last outing of these men during their stay at the Home of Rest, where most of them had been for six months, having been sent there from an infirmary in southeast London.

The thought struck one of the men with a sudden sharp pang. I heard him over my shoulder.

"I reckon it's the last time we'll see this 'ere road. Then back again to the workhouse yard, with only a yard to walk in, and no freedom. It'll be worse than prison."

I turned to look at him, and saw a middle-aged man with blue eyes and hollow cheeks. He stared up the road and across the great panorama of the green downs, and I heard him say

"My Lord" is a wiseacre.

"I can just fancy myself down the good old Epsom road on the way to the Derby," said a man who, I am sure, was once an oller.

"Five to one on the field," said another, a young man with one leg cut off at the knee and a face twisted into a comical smile, yet always stamped with an expression of sharp suffering. Afterwards I found him to be the licensed jester of the party, and he received his testimonial from one of his comrades, who nudged me in the ribs, and, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, said: "I'm glad we've got the comic with us. It brightens things up—makes one forget."

I asked him a question when we stood in Bramber village, whilst arrangements were being made for tea. "Why do you want to forget?"

He stared at me and then gave a hoarse laugh in which there was no mirth.

"I've a wife and nine kids. I've not seen 'em for two years and a half. In a day or two I go back to the infirmary. Where I was for two years afore comin' down 'ere."

A sudden passion, not of anger, but of desperation leapt into his eyes.

"If I don't get my discharge I shall go stark mad. In the infirmary there's nothing to do but walk up and down, up and down, all the blessed day. I go back to that I'll turn me silly."

He looked at me in a piteous, pleading way.

"What I want now is not rest, but work. I'm not lazy. I haven't got a lazy drop of blood in my body."

He pulled up his sleeves and showed me a thin, scraggy arm.

"Since I've been down 'ere I've put on flesh. I'm a strong man—barring this." He tapped his chest and began to cough a little.

"What kind of work could you do?" I asked. "What would you go back to if you left the infirmary?"

He stared in front of him, into the sunlight. I think he saw the streets of London.

"Light work," he said, "couldn't do nothing, 'avin' in course. 'Awking—selling' anything in the dry goods line, bananas, old iron, fried fish, anything what can be bought cheap and what people 'll buy quick."

Then he thrust the thought away from him with an impatient gesture. "What's the good o' dreamin'?" A man wants a bit of capital to make a start, and two days in the streets, in the rain and the wind, would set me spitting blood again. . . . I haven't a chance, not a blessed chance!"

AT BRAMBER CASTLE.

We all went up to the ruins of Bramber Castle.

At the summit of the hill, on the green lawn, which was once the floor of a great Norman keep, some of the men lay down on the grass with their arms outstretched, breathless and tired

out, but others with more vitality wandered round the plateau gazing at the great panorama of fields and downs stretching away for miles in the brilliant sunshine, and one, seized with the spirit of adventure climbed down into the dingle which was once a moat and came back after a little while with a great bunch of blue-bells. He was a hero among his fellows, and these men of the back streets down to the wild-flowers, and touched them with bony, fearless fingers with a curious tenderness.

Sitting with my back to an old fragment of wall built eight centuries ago, before great cities had bred such men as those lying on the grass, I heard the story of the Home of Rest from the man in the frock coat, whose black felt hat now lay in the midst of a cluster of daisies.

BRAVERY OF THE WOMEN.

As my friend went on telling his story I saw before me in the procession of men and women of all ages who pass into and out of the Home of Rest—men, who have developed weak chests, and who have lost jobs which they will never get again, men worried into weakness by the hard struggle with fate, men "gone tired," as they say, before their time, women who have borne children to these worried men, and who have starved themselves to that their men may eat while they live.

It is these people who come to the Home of Rest to be patched up. In the sunshine, on the smooth downs, facing the blue sea, breathing the fresh wind, knowing for a little while the peace and beauty of life, they get a little bronze upon their faces, they learn to laugh, they become vitalized.

But afterwards? Ah, that is the thought! Afterwards?

Looking at the men lying about upon the grass it seemed to me that not one of them would ever get work again. They might be discharged from the infirmary in Southeast London, to which they were returning in a few days, they might go back to the London streets, but who would give them work? There are so many strong men out of work, and these men can only do "light jobs." As one of them had said: "A few days in the rain and the cold, and the old trouble would come back. The final break-up is only postponed by this patching-up."

I asked myself the cruel question, "Is it worth while?" and for a moment I was tempted to say "No. It is all too hopeless, too utterly hopeless! It is no use patching up the unfit. Let the weak go to the wall, according to the law of nature."

And then I repented. Listening to my friend with his placid words of cheerful wrong. Looking at these men, who were watching the sunlit fields and picking daisies in the grass, I knew that my friend was in the right.

It is worth while. It is a thousand times worth while to give these people a week of life and of all that is good in life—good food, freedom, beauty and restfulness. They who have had so few chances shall not be denied

this one, of new health and new vitality. My friend is in the right, and he is well content to be a patcher-up of men and women's bodies and hearts, and all the year round he does this work of patching and mending, with the bright needle of the sunshine and the blue cloth of the sky, at the Home of Rest at Lancing on the Sussex shore.

EMPIRE PRESS ASSN. FORMED

LONDON, July 2.—At a meeting of the Imperial Press Conference today it was decided to form an Empire Press Association, with headquarters in London. The purpose is to consider all matters relating to the interests of the Empire as a whole and to arrange for other conferences. It is probable that the next conference will be held in Canada. An invitation is sent in the name of the press of the whole Dominion.

Children Had Eczema SUFFERED AGONY UNTOLD

Treatment Prescribed Had No Effect—DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT MADE THOROUGH CURE

Many a mother's heart has been torn by the sufferings of her little one who has fallen a victim of eczema. Only such mothers appreciate, to the full, the value of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for this horrible ailment.

Mrs. Oscar Vancott, St. Antoine, Sask., writes:—

"I have found Dr. Chase's Ointment to be a permanent cure for Eczema and other skin diseases. One son, while nursing, broke out with running, watery sores all over his head and around the ears. Many salves were prescribed to no effect. The child's head became a mass of scabs and he suffered agony untold. He became weak and frail and would not eat and we thought we would lose him."

"Providentially we heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment and it soon thoroughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of eczema by this Ointment and we hope more people will learn about it so that their poor little ones may be saved from suffering."

Chasing and irritation of the skin, from which nearly all babies suffer more or less is a frequent source of eczema. There is no treatment for chasing so satisfactory as Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pore-clogging, unsanitary powders are being discarded by all who have once learned the value of this great ointment in keeping baby's skin soft, smooth and healthy.

In scores of ways Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful in every home in the treatment of pimples, barbers' itch, scalds and burns, poisoned skin, sore feet and every form of itching skin disease. 60 cts a box at all dealers, or Edmunds, Bates & Co., Toronto.