POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 1, 1908.

THE AUDITOR'S SECOND ATTEMPT.

The Hazen government has presented to Lieut.-Governor Tweedie a demand for payment of an amount of something more than eight thousand dollars. This represents the estimated interest on an account of long standing between the province and certain debtors—of whom Hon. Mr. Tweedie was not one—which account was settled in full before the governor severed his connection with the Crown Lands office. The demand is made by Mr. J. D. Hazen and his colleagues on the suggestion and advice of an auditor employed by them in an endeavor to create charges against members of the recent government. Hon. Mr. Tweedie will, it is safe to say, give no further attention to the demand than is required to refuse payment. On the contrary he might, did he so desire, request the return of moneys handed over by him which he had no right to pay. But being desirous of securing the province against loss by the default of ordinary business debtors he personally made good the discrepancy and was content to bear this without presenting any claim. It would be just as reasonable to demand from Mr. Edward Sears all the taxes defaulted during his term of office, together with interest on these amounts to date, as it is to ask Governor Tweedie for money which the Crown Lands department failed to collect while he was in charge.

The report of the auditor, printed in the Globe and Times yesterday—the Star not being favored with a copy—is remarkable chiefly for what is omitted. It appears that included in the consideration of this account, there was a rather important discussion between the auditor and Governor Tweedie, in Montreal. Strangely enough the auditor skips over this with the bald statement that nothing of importance transpired. Evidently the only information which is regarded as important is that variety which may be so distorted as to become useful as campaign matter against the present opposition. And indeed it is apparent that this is the real object of the enquiry.

Coming down to facts, what has this much-advertised auditor discovered? He has found that a good many years ago debtors of the Crown Lands office were backward in their stumpage payments; that occasionally, as in every business, bad debts were made. These were carried along on paper year after year, and Hon. Mr. Tweedie, according to the strongest of evidence, made every effort to have them settled. He urged the officials whose duty it was to do so, to proceed with collections. Why this was not done is another matter, but in order to protect the department and to keep a close check on these outstanding accounts Hon. Mr. Tweedie had some of them transferred to his own name, thereby becoming in a certain sense personally responsible for them. It was not his duty to pay these accounts to the department, and indeed it would be outrageous to hold any official responsible for the bad debts of his office. During his tenure Mr. Tweedie tried to collect the money, but on retiring and in order that the so-called suspense account — which should really have been the wrong side of the profit and loss account—might be wiped off, he paid to the department almost fourteen thousand dollars. The greater portion of this should—and would—have been dead loss. Mr. Tweedie was actuated solely by a desire to leave a clean record, to be able to say that while he occupied a position of responsibility the province had lost nothing by his administration. This is the actual admission of the auditor in his report, though the intention is to convey a very different meaning. And now that Mr. Tweedie has paid the bills of defaulting customers of the government, he is being asked in addition to put up interest on the amounts for all the time they were outstanding. Hon. Mr. Pugsley may be called upon next for interest on the increase in the provincial subsidy, which subsidy might have been enjoyed by New Brunswick some years before it was allowed.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie in his letter to the Surveyor General draws attention to the fact that he has not been treated with ordinary decency. Without waiting for a reply from him on points which apparently required explanation, members of the government and others indulged in underhand methods of attempting to obtain information which they knew he was ready and willing to furnish. The whole affair is in line with the policy of the Hazen government ever since it assumed office, and is on a par with the now notorious Central Railway enquiry. By settling the suspense account Hon. Mr. Tweedie did not admit liability, in spite of the opinion of the auditor, and he will not in justice be asked to pay interest on this account.

RAPID LEGISLATION.

Australia has established a record for rapid legislation. The legislature which recently adjourned for a three months' recess, after a session of nearly a year's duration, put through an old age pension bill in quick time. At 10.30 p. m. on June 2nd, the draft of the bill was completed. At midnight it was finished by the government printer, and at a quarter to one, or forty-five minutes later, it had been read a first time. The debate of the second reading took place on the afternoon of June 3rd, and the measure passed through all stages before two o'clock the following morning. On June 4th it reached the Senate and after a few hours' debate was unanimously passed. The bill provides a pension of ten shillings a week to people over sixty-five years of age.

FATHER'S SUMMER.

We hear a lot from poet chaps
Who move our hearts to pity
Because poor father has to stay
And work hard in the city
The while his family enjoys
A glorious vacation;
But this shows that the poet tribe
Has missed its calculation.

But what does father do
But quit his work at two
And, after a most nifty lunch, hikes
to the baseball ground;
At eight dines a la carte,
Then makes an early start
For the local Coney Island, where the
wheels are going 'round.

We hear about his toiling hard
To meet his wife's expenses,
And how he sends away each week
His dollars and his centses;
But that is most fictitious stuff
the poet chaps are strewing.
For making gray hairs spout is just
What father is not doing.

He sees a summer show
Where cooling breezes blow,
And then he gets a touring car and
has a midnight roam;
And the only care he knows
Is when this message shows:
"We've all been bored to death here
and now we're coming home."

WHERE HE FOUND PROOF.

Miffkins—A German scientist says it is possible to live without brains.

Biffkins—He must have made a study of Newport society.

Jim (regarding damage done to church by fire—Good job it wasn't a factory, Bill.

Bill—You're right, mate. Only one man put out of work, and he draws his money.

DESIRABLE LETTERS.

Patience—Is the Russian alphabtet the same as ours?

Patrice—Practically; only there are a lot more v's and x's, I believe.

QUITE A SHOCK.

"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," said Sammy, "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try to get over it."

A GOOD STORY.

"Was the picture you just sold a genuine work of art?"

"No," said the dealer, "but the story I told about it was."

THE LIKENESS.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, it rises out of der yeast and sits behind der vest."

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

READING IN BED.

I met him in the grounds of a hospital for the treatment of mental disorders. They were called at one time lunatic asylums. He was a refined and scholarly looking man not particularly strong looking but he was so quiet and addressed me in such a gentlemanly manner that I took him for one of the doctors. We talked about the weather and when he called my attention to the reflection of a cloud in the water below the falls, and talked about cloud effects, lights and shadows, I knew that if he was not an artist he had the artistic temperament.

A minute later a man came around the corner opening his morning paper, a gust of wind caught it and although it did not get away from him it rustled and crackled like baby artillery. In a moment my quiet friend was transformed, he was no longer the sauve, gentle gentleman, but a madman. An attendant sprang up from no where in particular, a whistle sounded and a few moments afterward a strong guard had taken my friend away and locked him where he could not harm himself and others.

I heard his story from the doctor a few hours later.

He was a clergyman and he came into the city Saturday night to "candidate" for a vacant pulpit the next day. He had gone to his room in the hotel about ten o'clock had read over his sermon, laid out his clothes and made every preparation for the next day. At eleven o'clock he wound his watch, put out his light and went to bed and hoped that he might soon go to sleep and awake refreshed for his work. He was just beginning to get drowsy when from down the corridor there came the steps, the noisy steps of two young men, they were going to their rooms which adjoined his. One asked the other to come into his room for a few moments. It was one-five when he went out. By that time the young minister was too nervous to sleep. The man in the next room began slowly to wind his watch and undress. It took him a long time to unlace his boots, the first one went to the floor with a thud and the minister waited and waited for the next one to drop, it seemed an hour before the man began to swear in a mild way about the knot in his shoe lace. But most knots, marriage knots excepted, will untie after a while, and at last the minister knew by the sickening thud, the other boot had at last fallen to the floor. "Now," says the long suffering minister, "I will get to sleep at last," and he sighed and turned over as the other man turned in. But the agony had just commenced for that man arranged his pillows, opened his paper and began to read. Now the minister had read his evening paper and he knew that there was an hour's reading in the Saturday Globe. There was a faint hope that he might have read the most of it before, but no, the paper crimpled and crumpled and the minister began to follow his tormenter as he read. He's reading the political news, now. "He's at the prize fight by this time. Now he's at the Suffragist debate, and on and on crimpled, crimfootboard and over the headboard they began to run and over his head and into his head all the characters he knew the man was reading about. Things were strangely mixed. It was a prize fight, and it was a camp meeting and an Ottawa debate. He wanted the prize fight to open with prayer. Somebody knocked Hazen out. Pugsley was knocked down and he heard the referee count seven, eight. When Pugsley came up smiling. He noticed that Foster was groggy and Fowler was wobbly. Borden told them to keep on talking and parliament would close some time. "I tell you there is no pain," said Laurier as he hit Borden in the solar plexus. You're a rotten, lying sheet, said the Sun to the Telegraph. "You're another," said the Telegraph.

That is not journalism, said the Globe, although you are both right in your statements. The New Reporter said the News came in to say "There will be an election this fil, or there will not be one. I forgot which."

And so the mental hash went on fermenting not digesting in the poor preacher's brain all night and the paper went on crinkling and crumbling until it drove that man stark mad.

Why do men try to read themselves to sleep. They only read themselves wider awake and they almost make homicides of us when they read so that we can hear them.

Thaddeus

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Do not hesitate buying ticket by Ocean, Lake or through Mountains, from fear of sea or car sickness, for Mothersill's Seasick Remedy will guarantee you all the pleasures of travel.

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Mothersill's Seasick Remedy is put up in small gelatine capsules in 50c. and $1.00 vest pocket size boxes. For sale and recommended on all steamships and at drug stores or order direct, enclosing price and you will receive remedy all charges prepaid. Write for information and testimonials from prominent people, to the Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., 151 Cleland Building, Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended in St. John by A. Chipman Smith, G. A. Moore and Royal Pharmacy, and G. A. Riecker.

GOING BACK TO ARMOR

W. T. Stead's Remarkable Prediction Regarding War

A Frenchman Has Discovered a Composition That Makes Soldiers Bullet-proof.

Mr. W. T. Stead describes in The London Daily Chronicle of July 13 a new invention that should get a firm hold in northern Ontario during the deer-hunting season. He says: A very sensational discovery is reported from France. In a recent number of "La France Militaire," under the heading of new cavalry cuirasses, it is announced that the movement in favor of abolishing the lingering remnant of armor still in use in modern armies has received a sudden check by the discovery of an unnamed inventor, whose ingenuity promises to restore armor to the place which it formerly occupied in warfare.

Every schoolboy knows, to borrow Macaulay's familiar jest, that the practice of arraying fighting men in coats of armor, which had culminated in the fifteenth century by covering both horse and rider with armor, received what was believed to be its deathblow by the general introduction of gunpowder. Coats of mail which turned arrows were easily pierced by musket balls, and although the practice of covering the breast with iron plates lingered through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was recognized as an anachronism by all military authorities.

At present the showy cuirass which lingers in the British army is purely spectacular, a showy ingredient of the circus side of warfare. Soldiers constantly assert that cuirasses will never be used again in actual fighting. They weigh seven or eight pounds, they cost £2 or £3, and they are not even proof against a revolver bullet, while, as against modern rifles, they might as well be made of brown paper. Hence, as La France Militaire tells us, there was a strong movement in the French army in favor of abolishing cuirasses both for cuirassiers and dragoons. But General de Gallifet offered strong resistance to this revolutionary reform, and the cuirass was saved. It is doubtful whether even General de Gallifet would have been able to have arrested the abolition of the cuirass had it not been for the discovery to which I have already referred.

This was a discovery rather than an invention. Although its precise nature is still buried in mystery, enough is known to give rise to very interesting speculations as to whether, instead of getting rid of armor altogether, we are not destined in the next few years to see the reappearance of mail-clad men in the rank of war. The French Government has for some months past been making an exhaustive series of experiments as to the value of the new composition, and it is interesting to hear they have practically decided that the inventor has made good his claims, and that in the warfare of the future this new kind of armor is destined to play a very important part.

This is not surprising if the claims of the inventor are really substantiated. It is asserted that the new material possesses four or five times as much resistance as chilled steel; that it is practically invulnerable to rifle bullets, that it does not weigh any more than the existing cuirass; that it can be manufactured at half the price, and even if it should be pierced it can be made as good as new almost without any expenditure of time or material. Such assertions, incredible though they may appear, I have reason to believe, are well within the facts.

I have myself witnessed experiments which go to prove that the soldier provided with this new armor can expose himself to the fire of modern rifles, at a distance of 100 yards, and suffer as little from their fire as if he were being assailed by peashooters. This is true, not merely of the bullets which are at present used by the armies of the world, but even of the new bullet with which all Governments are furnishing themselves in hot haste. The new bullet that has not yet been issued for use in actual warfare is largely composed of steel, and its sharp point tears its way through iron and steel, against which the ordinary surface bullet beats in vain. The regiment arrayed in the armor of proof, and marching up to within 100 yards of the enemy, suffers no more damage from a mitraille of steel bullets than if it were marching through an ordinary hailstorm.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

It is a glad old world
When yourself is glad
And a bad old world
When you are hopping mad.
And the world is good
When you are in the right,
But it's dead, dead wrong
When you want to fight.

Hay's **Hair Health**

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2 1-2 times as much in $1.00 as 50c. size.

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DRUGGIST,
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Agent for St. John.

Eyes Tire?

If so, its only a question of glasses. To assure absolute correctness, both in the examination and the fitting of Glasses. Do as others are doing, consult D. BOYANER, Scientific Optician, 38 Dock Street. The only exclusive optical store in St. John.

Saturday, August 1, 1908.

Shoes at Small Cost

We are going through our stock and weeding out all the odd pairs or styles with only two or three pairs and they perhaps the same size, so as to have our stock as nearly of complete lines as possible.

Yesterday we were at our Men's Patent Leather Boots and as a result you have your choice of about forty pairs of Men's Patent Leather, Good Year Welted Boots which we were selling at $4 or $4.50 a pair.

For $2.00 a Pr.

STORE OPEN THIS EVENING TILL 11.30.

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

SUCCESSOR TO WM. YOUNG.

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Jewelry, Etc.

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Bargain Days in Men's Fine Footwear

We are clearing out six different styles in

Kangaroo and Vici Kid Laced Boots

All new lasts and shapes.
$4 AND $5 BOOTS SELLING AT
$3.00 per pair
Every size in the lot.

Open Evenings until 8.
All day Saturdays until 11 p. m.

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Fresh Dairy Products, Fruit, Candies, Ice Cream, at Branch Store, 573 Main Street. Main Store, 124 Queen street. 'Phone Main 1506.

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Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
'Phone 129.

GRITZ GRITZ GRITZ

DEATHS

WHORTON.—Suddenly at Dalhousie, Samuel Whorton, in his 50th year, leaving a wife and five children and two sisters to mourn.
Funeral Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. from 454 Main Street.

LONG—At his late residence, No. 111 Winslow Street, St. John West, after a long illness, Solomon Long, aged 80 years, 8 months.
Funeral on Saturday, August 1st. Service at 2.30. Funeral at 3 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

BOYLE—In this city on July 30, after a brief illness, William Boyle, in the 69th year of his age, leaving his wife and one daughter to mourn their sad loss.
Funeral from his late residence, 270 King street east, on Sunday, Aug. 2. Services begin at 2.30 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

TONIGHT'S SHOPPING.

It will be of interest to everyone who wishes to take advantage of the big remnant sale of English Oilcloth at Amland Bros., Ltd., to be early on hand tonight, as the sale will end this evening at 10 p. m.

MORE PROFITABLE.

"Why don't we have any more imaginative novels as we did in the days of Scott and Dickens?"

"That is easy enough. Imaginative persons are busy these days inventing new names for breakfast foods."

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LADIES' HEMSTITCHED DRAWERS, 30c. to 40c. value, 25c.
LADIES' LACE INSERTED CORSET COVERS, 40c. value for 25c.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERVESTS, 6c., 7c. and 8c.
This is the clearing lot of the season.
3 Pounds FANCY CAKES for 25c.
3¼ Pounds SODA BISCUITS, 28c.; put up in a tin pail.
57 Varieties FANCY CAKES, 10c. to 20c. pound.
We handle Ganong Bros.' fine Confectionery, the best in the city. Get our prices.

McLEAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE.
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AGENTS WANTED

Good smart Canvasers for the celebrated CODY OIL LIGHT. Apply to.....
HARLEY A. KNOX, Manager

ST. JOHN AUER LIGHT CO.,
19 MARKET SQUARE.

"THE CRIMP AND THE CONSEQUENCE"

is the Title of a Mighty Interesting Little Booklet on Washboards, that has Just Been Issued.
It tells the Value of the Crimp in Washboards, the Features of the Ordinary Crimp, and the Features of the Better Crimp.
And it tells the Kind of Crimp that is the Better Crimp—AND WHY.
If You are Interested, a Post Card will bring this Bright Little "Eye-Opener" to you At Once.
Ask Yourself—Why not let us Send You a Copy Today?
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THE E. B. EDDY CO., - - - Hull, Canada
Always, Everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches.

APACHE TRIBUNAL

Paris Hooligan Saved by the Police From Execution.

(Lloyds News.)

The "Apaches" or hooligan of Paris habitually employ the death penalty as a measure of discipline among themselves, ruthlessly stabbing or shooting with or without trial, any of their number who may betray them or otherwise infringe their own peculiar code.

One of these outlaws belonging to a band known as "Les Masques de Saint Ouen" has says Reuter, narowly escaped a deliberate and carefully prepared execution of this description. Suspected of treachery he was haled before a constituted tribunal consisting of ten leading members of the gang

In the dead of night a regular trial was held at a deserted spot on the fortifications. The prisoner protested his innocence, but was condemned to death, mainly on the evidence of his mistress, who swore that he was in the pay of the police. Preparations for his execution were forthwith begun.

Bound hand and foot, he was tied to a wall, revolvers were loaded, and the executioners were just about to receive the word of command when a couple of cyclist policeman, attracted by the condemned man's cries for help appeared on the scene.

Judges and executioners incontinently took to their heels, but not before firing off their revolvers, some aiming at the police, others at their intended victim, who was slightly wounded. The rescued "Apache" will now appear before a more legally constituted court.

A FIREPROOF TREE.

The Chaparro, One of South America's Natural Curiosities.

On the vast plains of Colombia and the north of South America, called savannas, which are parched with heat except during the rainy season, there is one of the greatest of natural curiosities, a tree called the chaparro, which is fireproof.

It is the custom of the Colombian herdsmen to clear the ground by means of fire for the new vegetation, which springs up so luxuriantly in these regions after the rainy season. But not even the intense heat of a prairie fire affects the chaparro tree. It survives the flames to afford a welcome shade in an otherwise treeless country.

It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet. It owes its curious immunity from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure.

The natives believe that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below, and it certainly is common in auriferous districts.

LIKES AND DISLIKES APPLY TO COAL

A few years ago everybody who bought Hard Coal thought they wanted a Hard Burning Coal.

The majority of people, however, have changed their views in this respect.

A Free Burning American Hard Coal gives the best general satisfaction. It kindles easily, burns freely, lasts well and there is no trouble with Slack or dust.

We are now in a position to offer you best Free Burning American Hard Coal in lots of three tons or more delivered, Chestnut, $5.65, Stove, $5.75, Egg $5.65, and Furnace, $5.35. We will deliver it in canvas bags and put it in the bin on the ground floor at 25c. per ton extra, which is one half our usual charge for bag delivery.

You can burn the Furnace Coal in any kind of a round stove except the Self-feeder.

The reason we are making these prices so low is that we want to move the Coal now and you can make a large saving by giving us your order this week.

J. S. GIBBON & CO., 6½ Charlotte St., and Smythe St., near North Wharf. Telephone 676.

LIVING ON NEXT TO NOTHING.

Most people do not need the evidence of recently published statistics to prove to them that it costs more to live in London than it once did. But it is doubtful if any Londoner now living was ever able to do it on £30 a year, as Boswell's poor Irish painter did. "He allowed £10 for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret at 18 pence a week. Few people would inquire where he lived, and if they did it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence at a coffee house he might be for some hours a day in very good company. He might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny and do without supper." Of course expenses can always be reduced to a minimum by doing without things. The question is, Which of our various expenses is unessential? Boswell's Irishman hinted at one. "On clean shirt days he went abroad and paid visits," says his ingenious chronicler.—London Chronicle.

MAY BE SO.

A merry laugh
Cuts down a half
The sense of loss and sorrow
So grin away;
Perhaps the gray
Will turn to shine tomorrow.