

POOR DOCUMENT

NOV 2 1934

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. I. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 1903

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THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE STAR PRINTING COMPANY, (Incl. at St. John, New Brunswick) every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$2.00 a year.

TELEPHONE:—

BUSINESS OFFICE, 25

EDITORIAL AND NEWS DEPT., 137.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 19, 1903.

NOVA SCOTIA MINERS.

The long expected trouble has at last occurred in the ranks of the miners association of Nova Scotia. A number of the lodges, representing nearly one-half of the total membership of the P. W. A., will desert the central organization and become affiliated with the United Mine Workers of America. Before this matter is settled there will be a long drawn out contest in the courts over the division of the grand council funds, for the vote of this body is recorded against giving any of the funds to the disaffected lodges upon their secession. For upwards of a year the movement towards union with the U. M. A. has been in progress, and a few months ago a plebiscite on the question was taken. The P. W. A., an old organization, has been conducted chiefly by the older and more moderately inclined men, but their policy has not thoroughly satisfied the aggressiveness of the younger miners who believe that wages and working conditions could be improved if such improvement were properly sought. These men also believe that by affiliation with the U. M. A. they would be in a much stronger position to enforce their demands. This would indeed be true if the whole mass of Nova Scotian miners could come under the United States standard, but when less than one-half are ready to do so the outlook appears to be toward confusion. Mine owners in Nova Scotia have in the past got along well with the P. W. A. There have been occasional disagreements but on the whole both parties in these instances have endeavored to meet each other's views and have not insisted on any distinctly unfair arrangements. What the attitude of the seceding lodges will be remains to be seen. Mine owners view the situation with some little anxiety, but they are hopeful that the moderation which has in the past prevailed will continue and they are certainly not looking for trouble. If the lot of the miners can be improved without seriously affecting industrial progress in Nova Scotia the present dispute may be looked upon as unimportant, but it is to be regretted that United States influence is making itself felt in these provinces.

THE EXHIBITION.

The St. John exhibition will be brought to a close this evening. The attendance has not been quite equal to that of the fair held in 1902. No doubt the failure of the horse racing portion of the programme had some effect, as did also the circumstance that the Chatham exhibition occurred on the same dates. Yet in spite of these drawbacks the directors will feel gratified with the patronage which has been bestowed. The success or otherwise of the venture from the financial point of view will not be known for some little time. The weather has been beyond expectations. Not only has the week been without rain, but the days have had the brightness and warmth of July rather than of September. Now that the fair is about ended it is no harm to say that previous to the opening a good many persons at St. John entertained the opinion that it would not be quite up to the standard of former years. This may have been because of the fact that the city newspapers did not devote to it as much attention in advance as they have sometimes done. But on the opening day it was found that the display was well up to the mark, that in some departments the exhibits were in numbers and variety far ahead of previous years, and that the management had given particular attention to the comfort of visitors. The exhibition has been a distinct success. Of itself it has been deserving of praise, and the impulse it has given to trade in general can only be properly appreciated by St. John merchants.

The young men of St. John who give allegiance to the liberal party, made an excellent start at organization last evening. The first meeting looking towards the formation of a permanent association was full of enthusiasm, and it is apparent that the older leaders will not however be left to carry alone the burdens of the campaign.

Major General Luard committed suicide because he had been accused of murdering his wife. The police of London have been enabled to discover any evidence concerning that murder which does not point to General Luard as the guilty one. Perhaps he did kill her. Anyway, it may be just as well that he died.

Newfoundland politics are like a Chinese puzzle. The conditions are more complicated than were found in the Province of Saskatchewan at the first general provincial election. In Newfoundland no man may say with certainty just what party or policy any candidate represents. The major-

ity of the leaders, including, perhaps, the premier himself, are again the government.

Fifty thousand dollars the Protestant churches of St. John have promised to give this year, and every year, to missions. This represents five dollars from each male member. Looking at it that way it does not seem very much, but the total is a gratifying amount. St. John can well afford to do this much at least.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

(A New Version.)

The following clever parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Dr. Jas. C. Bayles, when he was president of the New York Board of Health, and read at a meeting of the New York Academy of Music.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained,
The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood,
The chill then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck-pond, the pigsty close by it,
The ditch where the sur-smelling house refuse fell,
The damp shaded dwelling, the foul water, impure as the veins of iron,
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind;
Ere I knew what professors and scientists signify,
In the waters of wells by analysis find;
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water, impure as the veins of iron,
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncleanly dear,
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ancient I seized it with hands that were grimy,
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
What matter organic it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught—
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
With potassium permanganate ere I had quaffed,
Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or, after distilling, condensed and re-distilled it,
In portable form, with its dith left behind.

How little I knew of the enteric fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink,
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story of warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket—
In fact, the top bucket that hung in the well.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

DRAGGED DOWN.

When I was a boy I saw a number of boys, well up in their teens, and a dog chasing a half grown kitten. It ran up a tree and I was in hopes that it would escape the persecution of the dog and the other animals. But one of the boys, encouraged by the others, climbed the tree and although the kitten ran from limb to limb, clinging desperately and moving pitiously, it was at last shaken from the limb down to the dog waiting for it. I remember—although it must at least have been ten years ago since I was a little boy—how indignant I was and how I fought those boys even though they were twice my age and size until I was as bloody as the dead kitten.

I have always looked back with pleasure to that hopeless fight for it was my first (remembered) fight against cruelty and injustice. I hope I have done some fairly good fighting since then and now and then have won my battle, but none of my fights have given me so much pleasure as that one and I confess to a very warm feeling for that sturdy little boy of twelve who fought for a helpless kitten and went to his home (when fighting was looked upon as a deadly sin) with his trousers blackened, eyes scratched and scratched face but with a glow in his heart that is remembered after all this years.

I remember too the face of my mother, when I told my story. I saw the tears and the pity in her eyes and another look I did not understand then but do now, a glint of pride as she said: "I hope my boy will always fight for the poor and oppressed."
I have, since that day of long ago, seen many more cruel things than boys and dogs pulling down from its refuge a frightened kitten.
I have seen boys pulled down by evil companions until all that was good in them became bad.
I have seen innocent young girls dragged down from purity to vice.
I have seen wives pulled down by the

hands of their husbands as they have tried to climb up to something better. Sometimes his drunkenness has pulled her down. Sometimes his coarseness and vulgarly pulls her down, and there are few sightseers as pitiful than to see a girl pure and refined dragged down mentally and socially by a coarse husband. She thought she was in love with him when she married him, but as she idealized him, she was soon disillusioned and dragged down from her "cool's paradise".
So many to pull down those who are trying to climb up. So few the hands to fight in defence of the climbers. So many to say I am small and weak and only a boy. What can I do against so many who are so much stronger. And we let the cruel pull down the weak because we are too cowardly to fight for them.

Thaddius

GOV DROPS INTO MINE
70 FEET BELOW FIELD
Cave-in Slides Her Gently Down—Gets Only a Few Scrapes.

WILKES-BARE, Pa., Sept. 15.—The following of a cave-in, as they walked along the gangway of the Delaware and Hudson No. 2 colliery this morning, badly frightened James Wolfe, and Frank Krause, miners, who were on their way to their chamber.
The gangway is seventy feet below the surface, and the noise, strange in such a place, was startling. When the two men mastered sufficient courage to investigate, they discovered an accident without precedent in anthracite coal mining.
The cave, owned by Reuben Lord, of Plymouth, had been in a field during the night, when a cave-in occurred over the workings of the mine. The sliding earth carried the animal down with it, which, sliding at an angle of forty-five degrees, was pulled to the bottom of the shaft, two miles away, and hoisted to the surface.

MONDAY'S GRAND OPERA.

Among the operas of Verdi, one which will undoubtedly survive is "Rigoletto," the story of which is the strongest of any of the modern operas. "Rigoletto" was the hunchback burlesque of the libretto by Francesco Maria Piave and his willing assistant in all his licentious habits. He has gained the hatred of the courtiers by his religious observance at church, and his beautiful daughter who he conceals from public observation with the most jealous care, so strictly has she been guarded that she has not been allowed to leave her home except to attend her father at her devotions and contrives to track her to her humble habitation, where, by bribing her servant, he gains access to her, representing himself to be a poor student deeply impressed with her attractions. He succeeds in inspiring her love, never dreaming that it is the daughter of his burlesque, she is beguiling. The fact of the existence of a young and lovely woman in the main street, one day when he was escorted by a fellow-townsman.
"Hello, Tom," called the latter, "why I thought you were working on old Spinner's house today."
"It was about to commence the job," said the painter, "when the old man picked a quarrel with me. He said he'd put the paint on himself."
"Do you think he'll do it?"
"Well, said the painter with a smile, "when I passed just now, that is where he had put a great deal of it."

BABY DIES; WIFE ILL; HOME AFIRE; NAIL IN EYE

Heart-Breaking Troubles Come in a Group to Harrisburg Man.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 15.—While on the way to the funeral of her 9-month old daughter, Mrs. John V. Shoemaker became seriously ill with heart trouble, and was unable to proceed to the cemetery.
On Thursday from the grave Mr. Shoemaker took his wife home from a physician's office, and shortly after that a fire broke out in the house.
Mr. Shoemaker extinguished this, and then went down the cellar to ascertain if any damage had been done there. Then he ran a nail into his right eye. Mrs. Shoemaker is apparently on the road to recovery. It is likely that Mr. Shoemaker will lose the sight of his eye.

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LITERAL

A house painter in a New Hampshire village was proceeding down "the main street" one day when he was accosted by a fellow-townsman.
"Hello, Tom," called the latter, "why I thought you were working on old Spinner's house today."
"It was about to commence the job," said the painter, "when the old man picked a quarrel with me. He said he'd put the paint on himself."
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EYEGLASSES!

If you need glasses you have nothing by waiting. Consult D. BOYANER, Graduate Optician, 23 Dock St. The only exclusive optical store in the city.

Store open till 11.30 p. m. Saturday, September 19, 1903.

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LADIES' LOW HEEL WALKING BOOTS, \$2.25, \$3.00.
BOYS' SCHOOL BOOTS, \$1.25, \$2.00.
GIRLS' SCHOOL BOOTS, \$1.25, \$2.25.

FOR GREAT BIG VALUE COME TO US. OUR GOODS ARE JUST AS WE REPRESENT THEM.

PERCY J. STEEL, FOOT FURNISHER,
519-521 Main St.
SUCCESSOR TO WM. YOUNG.

NO SIGN OF LIFE FOR 64 DAYS
Terrible Hardships of Tibet Explorer.

Much Hitherto Unexplored Territory Was Covered by Sven Hedin in His Journey.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—A despatch from Simla gives more details of the explorations of Sven Hedin into Tibet. The explorer suffered terrible hardships because of the weather encountered. At one time incessant snow obliterated everything. The temperature was 28.8 centigrade. The feet of the explorer were partly frozen and all the sheep taken with the caravan for food died. So sign of life was seen for sixty-four days.
On another occasion a furious gale, which carried sand and small stones, prevented the party from pitching their tents and those of Hedin and two others were lost. For a while the caravan crossed much hitherto unexplored territory. They found in the neighborhood of Lanchang Lake several goldfields, which it is understood are controlled by a regular staff of Tibetan officials. Hedin was obliged to resort to strategy repeatedly in order to escape detection by the Tibetans, who are very suspicious and sometimes they narrowly evaded the officials. The journey seems to have been fully as dangerous and daring as previous ones by the same explorer.

DEATHS

TUFTS—On Saturday, 19th inst., Frank L. Tufts, in the 48th year of his age. Funeral on Monday, 21st, at 2.30 p. m., from his late residence, 27 Leinster street. No flowers, by request.

ROBERTSON—At his residence, 3 Exmouth street, on the 17th inst., James Robertson, aged 59 years, leaving his wife, two sons and one daughter. Funeral on Saturday at 2.30. Service at 2 o'clock.

WATSON—In Carlton, St. John, N. B., on September 17th, 1903, after a short illness, Eliza, widow of George Watson, in her 78th year.
Funeral from her son's residence, Wm. J. Watson, 6 Rodney street (corner Union), Carlton, on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Service at 3.30.

MURPHY—In this city, on Sept. 18th, Mary A., widow of James Murphy, leaving two sons and three daughters, to mourn their sad loss.
Funeral on Monday at 8 a. m. from her late residence, 27 Sewell street, to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Requiem high mass at 8.30 a. m. Friends are invited to attend. (Boston and Halifax papers please copy.)

DUFFY—At Silver Falls on the 18th inst., Margaret, wife of Thomas Duffy, in the 44th year of her age, leaving a husband and three daughters and one son to mourn their loss.
Funeral from the new Catholic cemetery on Sunday at 2.30 o'clock. Friends invited to attend.

AN APPETITLESS MOTHER.

One morning, just before starting to school, little Bobbie, aged 3 years, was watching his mamma put up his noon lunch. Suddenly he said: "Mamma, I wish you'd let Katie put up my lunch instead of doing it yourself. Won't you?"
"It's no trouble, my dear."
"I know."
"Then why—"
"Cause, mamma, she's got a better appetite than you, and she puts more in."

CANCER

I read the most astonishing story of a man who had been cured of cancer. I was so interested that I wrote the doctor for free information. He told me that he had cured many cases of cancer. He said that he had cured a man who had been cured of cancer. He said that he had cured a man who had been cured of cancer. He said that he had cured a man who had been cured of cancer.

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Exhibition Visitors

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"W. L. Douglas" Shoes for Men, \$3.00 and \$5.50.

"Hart" Specials for Men, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

Special Styles in Women's Laced Boots, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25.

Special Values in Men's Laced Boots, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00.

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The EARLY BIRD

Remember that Our Great Shoe Sale is now on and remember the "early bird".
Don't let this opportunity get away from you. It's only twice a year that we cut up these capers and, when we do, it's your golden opportunity to shoe up the Family.
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Think of buying our Boys', Girls and Children's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$1.75 Shoes for \$1.75 \$1.50 Be Wise and Investigate

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FATHER SEES SON GUT IN HALF BY A TRAIN
Crushed Beneath Car.

Delaware Boy, on Way to See Parent

HARRINGTON, Del., Sept. 13—Run down by a freight train, and cut in half before his father's eyes, the 7-year-old son of Jacob Tibbett was instantly killed this morning, when he stepped out of the way of the Perryville train on the track along which a local freight was backing.
The train struck the boy, and although the engineer had stopped the train before it went ten feet, the back wheels of the last car passed over the body, cutting it in two at the waist.
The father, who was running the locomotive of another train on a nearby track, saw the accident and faintly. Young Tibbett had come down to the track to see his father, who was running a grilling locomotive, and it was while he was crossing the tracks to his

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