

POOR DOCUMENT

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MARCH 15 1909

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CURLERS HAD A JOLLY TIME
St. John Man Returns TELLS OF TRIP

Alex. Macaulay Says Scotchmen Proved Royal Hosts

"From the time they reached the old country until the departure was made, the Canadian curlers were entertained royally by the Scotch," said Alexander Macaulay, the representative from New Brunswick on the team of the St. John at his residence last evening. Mr. Macaulay reached the city yesterday afternoon on the Allan Line steamship "Virginia," which docked at Sand Point about 4:30 o'clock. Continuing, Mr. Macaulay said: "The Scotch have the reputation of receiving their guests in a hospitable manner and they clearly demonstrate this to be true in the treatment accorded to the Canadian team."

"You will remember the party of thirty-seven sailed from Halifax on January 9th. I played with the Quebec contingent. We found ourselves in Liverpool on the Friday following. That same morning we departed for Edinburgh about 10 o'clock. "I need not tell you of the grand reception we received when we reached the latter place. The Royal Caledonian Club turned out in force to greet us. The first match of the trip was played at Glasgow. On Sunday, the Canadian representation attended service in St. Giles. We paid an enjoyable visit to the Scotch on the following day. "One of the many pleasant events at which the team attended was the reception of the Scotch curlers on Wednesday, January 20. This was tendered us by the Royal Caledonian Club. On Thursday we were received by the Lord Provost and the corporation of Edinburgh."

"Our regular matches began on Friday, January 22. The Canadians enjoyed splendid success, capturing the honors in all but three of twenty matches played in the old country. The losses we sustained were only by small margins. We concluded our matches on the 28th of February. "The Scotch curlers are a jolly lot. They have expressed a desire to pay another visit to Canada. It is some what early as yet, but a strong aggregation of Scottish curlers may play on Canadian ice during the coming season."

"By defeating the Scotch curlers the Canadian team captures the handsome Borthwick cup. They brought a trophy to Canada on the recent trip. I believe it is in the care of Lieutenant Fraser, who returned on the "Empress." "There is a possibility that the trophy may be competed for among the different provinces. This would create great interest and some fast matches would be sure to result. "While in Scotland, the Canadians were on one occasion the guests of the Duke of Athol at Blair Athol. They were in attendance at luncheon and were received with full Highland honors."

"From nearly all the provinces numerous matches were played the members of the Canadian team received handsome souvenirs. "During the matches Mr. Macaulay played almost continuously, but on one occasion, when he was slightly indisposed and was unable to go on the ice. Three spare men were carried by the team. "One of the Canadian team rinks attended the bonspiel at Swintons, Scotland, which was held at the end of the winter season. The Canadian team again clearly demonstrated their great ability with the stones. Out of ten games they played they captured nine and finished a tie. The bonspiel was held at St. Moritz, the famous winter resort. "Though Mr. Macaulay did not make the trip he heard considerable concerning the place. It is 4,200 feet above the sea level and is practically the home of all winter sports. Skiing, tobogganing, skating and curling are but few of the many enjoyable attractions furnished."

Mr. Macaulay left Liverpool on the "Virginia" the 5th of the month. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. B. Macaulay, whom he joined at London. The trip across was pleasant considering the time of year. Mr. Macaulay regards Captain A. H. Vipond as a most careful commander. "The final in the series of basket ball matches between the Moncton High School and Exmouth Y. M. C. A. was played in the local's rooms on Saturday evening. The Exmouths taking the local boys into camp by a score of 22 to 18. The match was fast throughout but somewhat rough at times. "At the end of the first half the score stood 18 to 14 in favor of Exmouth. At the beginning of the second half Hipwell of the locals was injured and was laid off for a time. The game ended the score standing 22 to 18 in Exmouth favor. The Exmouth team went today to Fredericton about Good Friday to play the Provincial Normal school."

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MAN-EATING LIONS KILLED AND LATE SCORES OF NATIVES

This is the story of the killing of the man-eating lions of Tsavo, the lions that, in addition to killing scores of men, actually forced the temporary abandonment of construction work on the Uganda Railway in 1898, and will probably go on record as the only lions ever recognized as a factor by the British House of Lords; for Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, reporting to that body on the progress of the road, stated that the work was blocked off because of the man-eating lions and the slaughter of workmen by man-eating lions.

Hunters of experience have said that the story of the depredations, the stalking and the final killing of the lions of Tsavo must have a place in the annals of all accounts of the devilish cunning, the absolute contempt for man and his engines, the death possessed by the man-eating lion. Once he has feasted on human flesh and drunk human blood nothing else will satisfy him, and he will continue to stalk and kill until he has killed all the men and the animals that he can get his hands on. In Africa facing and fighting the man-eating lion has been counted the supreme test of courage, and Lieut. Colonel J. H. Patterson, a British soldier, who was practically single-handed rid the Tsavo district of its pests and raised the blockade of the Uganda Railway, has been receiving the praises of hunters generally since the recent publication of his modest account of the achievement in "The World's Work" magazine.

HIS SERVANT A VICTIM.
Colonel Patterson, who was detailed to Tsavo to take charge of the construction work had been there a few days, when he learned of the presence of two lions. One of the two coolies disappeared from the tent, and though he was told at the time that he had been carried off by a lion, he did not credit the story until one night one of his jemadaris, a Sikh named Ugan Singh, was dragged from his tent and eaten. The fate of the unfortunate man was established beyond all doubt by the discovery of his remains by Captain Haslam, who happened to be in Tsavo at the time. The furrows made by the "bug" marks of the lion, reached the spot where the body had apparently been devoured. Then began one of the finest exhibitions of human courage and persistence matched against cruel brute cunning ever placed on paper. The two lions took a man as a prey to that extent. It was war to the death between one man and two of the most bloodthirsty creatures that ever roamed the African jungles. Colonel Patterson began his war against the lions by the killing of one of the jemadaris. The colonel stationed himself in a tree near the unfortunate servant's tent. He was armed with a rifle and a 12 bore shotgun, one barrel of which was loaded with ball and the other with slug. Late in the evening another camp a half mile away and in the morning found the "ones of the lions" had broken into the camp and made off with a sleeping workman. Refreshed by a night's rest, Colonel Patterson proceeded to the lion's camp in the belief that the lions would return there for more victims. He made the dangerous half-mile trip through the jungle after dark, one of his men carrying a bright light behind him and another leading a goat, which he placed beneath the tree in which the colonel took up his post that night. The monotony of another dreary walk in the cold, drizzling rain was broken by a heartrending shriek, followed by a great clamor, which told Patterson that the lions had taken their victim, this time from another camp a considerable distance away.

PANIC INCREASED.
As the workmen were gathered in separate camps scattered over a range of about eight miles on either side of the Tsavo, and as the tactics of the animals seemed to be to select a victim from a different camp each night, the panic among the workmen increased. About each camp a "boma," or high tower fence, was built. Campfires were kept burning all night, big cans were tied to the limbs of trees and kept "jangling" and shots were fired, but noise and lights were alike held in scorn by the man-eaters. They leaped the "bomas" and almost nightly made away with a man. From the Railhead camp hospital, which had been left somewhat isolated when the camp moved on, one poor wretch was seized and dragged off through the thorn fence and two others were badly injured. "The following night, having moved the hospital to a new site nearer the camp, Colonel Patterson took up his station inside the abandoned "boma," and the next morning he was informed that the man-eating lion was mortified to hear shrieks coming from the direction of the man-eater's camp. When daylight came he learned that one of the lions had leaped the newly-erected thorn fence, waded boldly into the circle of light from the big campfire, managed to get his head beneath the canvas of the tent, and, seizing the hospital water carrier by the foot, dragged him forth. With the man in its mouth the lion ran up

and down the "boma." In full sight of several of the terrified patients, until finding a weak place in the fence, it plunked through with its prey. "LIONS WIN ENCOUNTERS." Once more the hospital was moved, and the following night Colonel Patterson and Dr. Brock, the physician in medical charge of the district stations, dismounted at themselves in a covered wagon near the abandoned enclosure, within which a couple of tents had been left standing and a few cattle tied up as bait. After a long wait a twig snapped and a dull thud reached the ears of the watchers, as if some large animal had jumped the boma. The cattle moved about uneasily, but in the inky blackness no form could be distinguished. Colonel Patterson, who was for getting out of the wagon, probably over his head, Dr. Brock, who dismounted him, for the door of the boma had been improperly fastened, and while the watchers were waiting, near the lion drank one of the cattle through the fence the beast was outside the enclosure stealthily stalking them. He then failed to detect the dark object in the bush an instant later, one of the other, then, perhaps both would never have lived to tell the tale. "These depredations of the man-eaters were more than a little annoying, and Colonel Patterson was hardly surprised when, on his return from stalking the lions, he learned that all the men had quit work. After they had declared to him that they had contracted with the Government to build a railway and not to furnish food for lions or "devils," they stopped the first train out by throwing themselves on the tracks before the engine; then, swarming into the trucks, they turned their backs upon Tsavo and its accursed lions, and practically nothing was done by the few men remaining save to erect lion-proof huts. Nearly every tree had been lashed to its branches, and one tree was so heavily loaded that it snapped when the trunk was attacked by lions it toppled over, burying its load of frightened coolies to the ground close to the lions, and the hunters engaged in devouring a fresh victim to pay attention to the shower of terrified humanity descending about.

ANOTHER VICTIM.
Colonel Patterson's "boy," who was sent to the station one evening to meet Mr. Whitehead, the district officer, who had volunteered to assist the man-eaters, came running back in terror, exclaiming that a huge lion had taken the position of the station. The colonel's first fault was to put in an appearance, and during his watch that night he heard them, he heard them snoring and crunching a short distance away. In the morning Colonel Patterson found, in a misty, foggy dawn, the lion's den. His clothing was ripped open from the back of his neck downwards, and four teeth were embedded in the flesh. He was so badly injured that he was taken to the station to be treated. The lion had eaten the man. The station to the camp. The lions had eaten the man. "That day the lion hunting forces were strengthened by the arrival from the coast of the superintendent of police and a score of Sepoys, who were put to work in the big trap, but they were so completely lost by the heads that, though armed with heavy rifles, they failed to fire until the lion got clear of the cage. Then they discharged over a score of shots in all directions.

ANIMAL HAD BEEN HIT.
It was about dawn one morning soon after the return to the coast of his assistant, that Colonel Patterson heard a native shouting "Lion!" and learned that the lion had made off with a donkey, which he was carrying. Armed with a ferocious charge through the bush, he shot and knocked the beast down, but bullets seemed powerless to stop it. "A third shot had no apparent effect, so I put out my hand for the Martini, hoping to stop him with it," says Colonel Patterson in his story of the encounter. "The lion, however, was not there. The terror of the sudden charge had proved too much for Mahina, and both he and the cart were by this time well on their way up a tree. In the circumstances there was nothing to do but follow suit, which I did without loss of time, and but for the fact that one of my shots had broken a hind leg, the brute would most certainly have had me. Even as it was I had barely time to swing myself out of its reach before he arrived at the foot of the tree. "When the lion found he was too late he started to limp back to the thicket; but by this time I had seized the carbine from Mahina, and the first shot I fired from it seemed to give him his quarters, for he fell over and lay motionless. Rather coolly I at once scrambled down from the tree and walked up toward him. To my surprise he had not been constructed with any such possibility. If one of

the rather flimsy poles should break, or if the lion could spring the twelve feet which separated me from the ground—the thought was scarcely a pleasant one. "ONE MAN-EATER KILLED." A bat flying through the night struck the watcher in the back of the head causing him to almost tumble from the platform. "The involuntary start which I could not help giving," said Colonel Patterson, "was immediately answered by a sinister growl from below. After this I again kept as still as I could, but the lion began to creep stealthily toward me. I could scarcely make out his form as he crouched among the whitish undergrowth; but I saw enough for my purpose, and before he could finally cease altogether, and I felt convinced that one of the 'devils' who had so long harassed us would trouble us no more. "The morning search revealed that this surmise was correct. One of the lions had been shot dead. In their joy the natives prostrated themselves before Colonel Patterson, addressed him as 'lion proof' but, nearly every tree had been lashed to its branches, and one tree was so heavily loaded that it snapped when the trunk was attacked by lions it toppled over, burying its load of frightened coolies to the ground close to the lions, and the hunters engaged in devouring a fresh victim to pay attention to the shower of terrified humanity descending about.

TOOK UP A NIGHT WATCH.
It was not long after the death of the first lion before the second put in an appearance at an inspector's bun-elow. Colonel Patterson took up his night watch in a vacant room, and during the night, pounced on one of three goats tied to a heavy iron rail and all, and when a party of pursuers next morning followed the trail and overtook him in the act of eating the goats he charged them boldly, scattering them up trees in all directions. That night Colonel Patterson, accompanied by a native gun bearer, took up his watch near the spot where the beast had been eating. The lion returned to the station and put two slugs into his shoulder. Next morning the trail was followed, but without result, and it was not until ten days later that the lion appeared and attempted one night to reach a party of men sleeping in a tree. The next day Colonel Patterson stationed himself in the same tree, and about 3 o'clock in the morning discovered the man-eater cautiously stalking him. Waiting until the beast was about twelve yards away, he planted a rifle ball in its chest, and the lion disappeared in the bush as took effect.

HAILED AS A DEVIL SLAYER.
With the first glimmer of dawn the work of tracking the wounded lion was begun. The pursuit led through a quarter of a mile through the jungle when a warning growl was heard. Through the bushes Colonel Patterson caught a glimpse of his quarry. His shot was answered by a ferocious charge through the bush, but bullets seemed powerless to stop it. "A third shot had no apparent effect, so I put out my hand for the Martini, hoping to stop him with it," says Colonel Patterson in his story of the encounter. "The lion, however, was not there. The terror of the sudden charge had proved too much for Mahina, and both he and the cart were by this time well on their way up a tree. In the circumstances there was nothing to do but follow suit, which I did without loss of time, and but for the fact that one of my shots had broken a hind leg, the brute would most certainly have had me. Even as it was I had barely time to swing myself out of its reach before he arrived at the foot of the tree. "When the lion found he was too late he started to limp back to the thicket; but by this time I had seized the carbine from Mahina, and the first shot I fired from it seemed to give him his quarters, for he fell over and lay motionless. Rather coolly I at once scrambled down from the tree and walked up toward him. To my surprise he had not been constructed with any such possibility. If one of

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The morning search revealed that this surmise was correct. One of the lions had been shot dead. In their joy the natives prostrated themselves before Colonel Patterson, addressed him as 'lion proof' but, nearly every tree had been lashed to its branches, and one tree was so heavily loaded that it snapped when the trunk was attacked by lions it toppled over, burying its load of frightened coolies to the ground close to the lions, and the hunters engaged in devouring a fresh victim to pay attention to the shower of terrified humanity descending about.

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