

HARD COAL STRIKE IS ORDERED; SOFT COAL MINERS WILL FOLLOW

Home Made

MORE TROUBLE WITH SOUTH AFRICA Imperial Authorities Have Provoked Grave Crisis

All Work Stops in the Anthracite Mines on April 2nd--384,000 Bituminous Miners May Quit Work April 1st--Wage Increase Refused, Mitchell Declares War.

MEMBERS WOULD GET NOTHING If Bill Passes, all Indemnity Would Be Abolished

Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome. Royal Baking Powder helps the housewife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare. Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

Situation Requires Most Careful Handling—Mr. Churchill's Name Unjustly Connected With Affair

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 29.—The anthracite miners' scale committee tonight issued orders for a total suspension of mining in the three anthracite districts beginning Monday, April 2nd.



PRESIDENT MITCHELL

CONFERENCE FAILED. The disagreement came after a struggle lasting ten days, and disrupts the Kentucky miners, it is said, will follow the lead of the central district.

LONDON, March 29.—The new government is finding continued trouble in its dealings with South Africa. By interfering to delay the execution of twelve natives convicted of having been concerned in the ambush and murder of Police Inspector Hunt in the recent native rising at the state, which has been attributed to the opposition movement, the imperial authorities have evoked an admittedly grave and delicate crisis, which will require the most careful handling.

INTERSTATE AGREEMENT WHICH HAS EXISTED SINCE 1898 BETWEEN OPERATORS AND MINERS, THROUGH WHICH WAGE SCALES AND OTHER DIFFERENCES HAVE BEEN ADJUSTED.

WORK SUSPENDED IN IOWA. DESMOINES, Ia., March 29.—Representatives of Iowa coal operators and miners will hold a joint meeting tomorrow to declare a suspension of work in Iowa mines for sixty days, beginning April 1st.

OPERATORS GETTING READY. PHILADELPHIA, March 29.—Officials of the anthracite coal companies controlled by the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads announced today that they intended to operate their collieries as usual next week, notwithstanding that the award of the anthracite commission expires Saturday.

WALLACE SAFE AT RED BAY. WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., March 29.—A telegram was received here today from A. Dillon Wallace, the Labrador explorer, announcing his safe arrival with his companions, Eaton and Stanton, at Red Bay after a successful trip by dog team down the coast from Ungava Bay. The telegram was as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, March 29.—Without agreement on a wage scale, the joint conference of bituminous coal operators and miners of the central competitive district today adjourned sine die, leaving affairs in such a condition that a strike of from 175,000 to 384,000 soft coal miners, besides 150,000 anthracite miners ordered out, seems inevitable on April 1, the present wage scale expiring on March 31.

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Express Wagons. In the absence of snow your boy will want a Nice Express Wagon. We have a large variety in size and price. Strong and Well Made. All larger sizes have iron axles. Prices from 50c. to \$6.52. W. H. THORNE & CO., Limited, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TWO MEN KILLED BY BOILER EXPLOSION. Were at Work in Father's Mill at the Time—Another Injured.

GOVERNMENTS ADVISED TO ERECT SANITARIUMS. Anti-Tuberculosis Convention Recommends Many Sensible Precautionary Measures.

MONTREAL, March 29.—Reports received in the city today give details of one of the worst accidents that have occurred in northern Quebec lumber district in recent years. The accident occurred at Arundel, Que., about five o'clock yesterday evening. The men were all at work in the mill when a large boiler exploded, killing two men and seriously injuring a third.

OTTAWA, March 29.—Officers were elected by the anti-tuberculosis convention today. President, W. C. Edwards; vice-president, Chas. Justice Fitzgerald of P. E. I.; Dr. William Bayard, St. John, N. B.; Sir James Grant, George H. Perley and John Manual, Ottawa.

MURDER MYSTERY ONLY DEEPENED By Arrest at Duluth of Eleven Bulgarians.

Who Say They Have No Knowledge of the Affair—The Police Are Puzzled.

DULUTH, Minn., March 29.—The mystery surrounding the eleven Greengarden murders which horrified the citizens of Minneapolis yesterday was only deepened today by the arrest here of eleven Bulgarians who were residents of the house at 245 Tenth avenue, south, in Minneapolis, where the crime was committed.

Some of the other members of Siskuloff's band who had not been to Minneapolis at all. Siskuloff says he knows of no criminal organization or feud that could have prompted the murders. Of the six men left at Minneapolis, four were brothers named Jales, and, according to Siskuloff, the story that there was a father and son is incorrect. Asked if they had trouble with any persons in Minneapolis, he said they had none.

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FREDERICTON FIREMEN WILL HOLD GRAND MID-SUMMER GARNIVAL. Large Number of Citizens Decide to Help Make Matters a Success.

FREDERICTON, March 29.—A largely attended meeting, including many of the leading citizens of Fredericton, was held this afternoon in the city council chamber. Mayor McNally presided and T. S. Wilkinson performed the duties of secretary. The gathering unanimously decided to join with the firemen in holding a grand mid-summer carnival, and July 2nd, 3rd and 4th were fixed upon as the days of celebration. A strong committee of 25 was selected to make arrangements, and this committee will meet tomorrow afternoon and select the different committees. Chief Engineer Rutter, who was present, said that the firemen had already arranged for July 2nd celebration, and from the communications received from different parts the success of the undertaking was assured.

ATTELL AND NEIL TO FIGHT ON APRIL 20TH. For the Featherweight Championship—Bout will be at Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Calif., March 29.—Manager Thomas McCarey, of the Pacific Athletic Club has closed a match between Abe Attell and Neil Neil for the feather-weight championship of the world at Los Angeles April 20. The weight stipulation is 122 pounds, ring side, the feather-weight limit. Besides the championship, McCarey will offer a championship belt costing between \$500 and \$1,000. This will be the first belt fight to be held since the Richard K. Fox diamond belt.

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COLD IN THE LUNGS. "We have seven children and have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine for every one of them and with good results. We get four bottles at a time and find it a good remedy to break up cold on the lungs." Mrs. R. D. Turner, Broadway, N.W.T.



THE MAN WITH THE LITTLE GOLD LOCKET

By Matthew Goldman in The Gray Goose.

Sam Greenberg, pawnbroker, sat at his desk contentedly puffing at his cigar. Upstairs, in the living rooms, was a newborn son, back of him, in the safe, were the profits of a real estate deal. The world looked good to Sam Greenberg.

"Yes," he went on, in reply to a question. "I have seen better days." He straightened up and threw back his shoulders with pathetic emphasis. "Better days," he said, "sir, days when I was somebody in the community; days when she was alive to guide me."

There was a discussion going on in the pawnbrokers' club about "hard-luck" stories and the impression they made on those who loaned. The point was advanced that while many sympathized with the unfortunate, a pawnbroker seldom offered any real assistance.

Sam Greenberg took the cigar from his mouth, and told a little story about himself. He told it simply and with no idea of glorifying himself, as those who listened all knew.

He opened the locket and showed Greenberg the portrait of a sweet woman, a child peeping over each shoulder, which had been burned into it.

"I know, but I'd like to hear it, anyway," encouraged the pawnbroker. "Then, sir, I shall be glad to relate it, as it makes my heart a little lighter to find one who is interested in a wreck like me."

"Two children, a boy and a girl, came to us, and it seemed to me I had found paradise. Then, suddenly and almost before I could realize it, the heaven was a hell. Our boy was taken down with fever and died; a month later the little girl was gone; the shock to my wife was too much, and a few weeks later she, too, passed away. Then came the panic, sweeping away our bank, leaving us heavily in debt. The blow was too much for my poor father, and he left me to bear it alone.

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THE MUMMY - By George Allan England

in The Gray Goose.

November 27.—Stavers is becoming troublesome again, says he wants £3,000. Good heavens! the man will drive me mad! Why in the name of all bad luck did that accused letter happen just to fall into his hands, of all people? It really makes this time, as if the rascal had 'got the drop' on me, as our American cousins would put it. I suppose it's as he says, and that there's proof enough in the letter to swing me, though, after all I did nothing save furnish the drug and doing Foley died naturally enough. However it may be, Stavers wants money and I happen to be the most convenient victim; that all £2,000! Good Lord! Does the blackguard think I'm a millionaire? This spells ruin for me, in great red letters—run or—Well, we shall see!

Five miles out of my way for it—put in the better part of the afternoon, in fact, getting it—for one can never be too cautious, even when one is entirely secure. Even to changing the commodity in my strong-box, where this diary is hidden, I am guarding against every faintest possibility of discovery. I have given James and Ellen a holiday for the 11th, so the coast will be clear.

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Nov. 27.—Cold and foggy, a beastly day, quite in contrast with my beautiful, my perfect plan, which came to me this morning in a flash of inspiration. In three weeks I shall be free forever from this infernal hounding, free and safe and on my own. The whole thing dawned on me instantaneously at the Museum, in the mummy room; it's all as plain as day and easy isn't it the word. I really wonder that it's never been tried before!

My article on zymosis appeared this morning in The British Surgeon. Lord White's future is mine if I can only pull through this and go clear!

January 27.—Death! My God, my God! Sentence was pronounced this morning: "By the neck until death—How can it be! Why I'm a physician, a gentleman—his murder to kill me!

Sam Greenberg took the cigar from his mouth, and told a little story about himself. He told it simply and with no idea of glorifying himself, as those who listened all knew.

I wrote to Stavers to-day, agreeing to all his terms, and asking three weeks' grace to make the money. Three weeks—that will bring it to December 11, my liberation! Two weeks would be a great plenty, I think; even one might suffice, still, the old workshop across the courtyard will have to be refitted, and that will require some days. I shall need only to say that I am experimenting on a new high explosive to be let strictly alone. People are such fools! If a man is only a doctor, he can say "Chemist! Look out!" and frighten them half out of their wits.

Dec. 9.—My first steps are all accomplished, just as I planned them. Everything is working precisely as it should. I spent the better part of last night compounding my hydriate—that is, to say, getting rid of Sotor, whose box I need urgently. It took me close onto an hour to unwind the old fellow's linen bandages; I'd hardly venture a guess towards the number of hundred yards. What a little remained of him after 3,000 years lay dry as tinder and flared up my chimney in no time. I mingled his ashes with those of my fire and ground his teeth in my mortar. I, for simply that reason, do not intend to leave one, don't intend to leave a single trace or clue, the way so many do in ignorance or haste. A little intelligence about these things and plenty of time, and a perfect, I may even say an artistic, result is certain to ensue.

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NIBLICK'S NAN - By Frank N. Stratton

in Smith's Magazine.

"That's Nan—Nobllick's Nan," white-haired "January" explained, answering the doctor's interrogating stare.

had come into town for his regular supply of liquor. He was drunk, Niblick is—Punch Butler told him he was coming to pay him a visit, and Niblick cursed and dared him. So he didn't like to take the dare, got his partner, Sam Blake, and they lit out next day, bragging that they'd make Niblick feed them. That was three years ago last April, and Punch and Sam haven't come back yet—for which the town is thankful. No, Doc, you'd better see the little girl through a telescope at long range."

Halfway down the pass they met a galloping horse dragging a rickety buckboard that bounded from side to side of the narrow trail.

down for a burnt-cork turn; and Mrs. Williamson, wife of the superintendent of the Monarch mine, had "kindly consented to sing."

"I must see her," he said, incisively. "Fiddle around the bend, January." The guide grinned, and pulled his long, white beard.

"Nevertheless, I'm going now, and—" The doctor had stopped abruptly and straightened up in his seat, and January, following his gaze, glanced backward. Around it came a "dug-out," its nose pointed straight at them, and a girl sat in the stern seat. Coarsely clad she was, and plain of face, but the white and even teeth flashed in a glossy smile, and the great brown eyes glowed lustroously by the October breeze. A boat's length distant from the two, the girl laid her paddle across the boat, and with small, tan hands threw back the rebellious locks.

"And where is she, Nan?" "The brown eyes clouded.

"The outfit will cut losses at eight sharp." So spoke the program.









