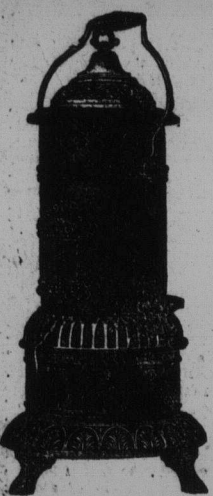


MILLMEN. We Make a Specialty of Mill Supplies.

Circular, Gang and all kinds of Saws.
Red Stripe Rubber Belting, Leather Belting,
Belt Lacing in Sides and Stripes.
Belt Fasteners, Files, Peaveys, Oils,
Manila Rope, Wire Rope, Wrenches,
Hammers, Lamps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

If you want to have your saws re-hammered, we can do this to your entire satisfaction, as we have men who are particularly skilled in this branch of the work.

W. H. THORNE & CO., LIMITED. Market Square.



GOLD, RAW DAYS
During Early Spring.

Not cold enough for a large fire in furnace or hall stove, but too cold for comfort without some heat. A modern circular burner OIL HEATER is just what is needed.

Heat at a moment's notice.
Easily carried from one room to another. Absolutely no smoke or odor.
Three kinds — \$4.75, 5.25 and 7.00.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 Prince Wm. Street.

HUTCHINGS & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
First Class Bedding, Wire Mattresses,
Iron Bedsteads and Cribs,
Invalid Wheel Chairs, Etc.
101 to 107 GERMAIN STREET.



The Fit of the Shoe

has much to do with the expression of the countenance.

Ill-fitting shoes are the cause of much unnecessary misery.

Good fitting shoes add much to the sum total of human happiness.

Ours are the good fitting kind. Try them.

WATERBURY & RISING,
King St. Union St.

THE WINTER PORT.

The Donaldson line steamer Concordia arrived this morning from Glasgow. There were no berths available when she came, but room will be made for her this evening by the sailing of the Salacia from No. 3 berth. The Alceides will then move over to Sand Point, and the Concordia will take her place at the I. C. R. wharf.

The Manchester line boat Manchester Trader arrived this morning and docked at No. 1 berth, Sand Point.

The Elder-Dempster steamer Montcalm, Capt. Evans, will probably sail this afternoon for Liverpool. She is well filled up already with general cargo, and today will take in 1,120 cattle, 160 of which came here over the I. C. R. The C. P. R. handles the rest.

Str. Gulf of Venice of the Furness line sailed yesterday afternoon for London direct. She had a big cargo of general goods.

The Elder-Dempster str. Lake Simcoe, which has got rid of her inward cargo at the corporation pier, will

move to No. 3 berth to load as soon as the Montcalm sails.

It is expected that the mail str. Parisian will sail this afternoon for Liverpool via Halifax.

C. B. HOTEL COMPANY.

Sydney Parties Organize Hotel Co. Capitalized at One Million.

A very important piece of legislation has been recently introduced in the Nova Scotia Legislature by D. D. McKenzie. It is a bill entitled "An Act to incorporate the Cape Breton Hotel Company Limited." The incorporators of the company are: A. C. Ross, Howard S. Ross and Hugh Ross, barristers, of Sydney. The objects of the company are mainly to purchase, erect, own and operate hotels. The company is capitalized at one million dollars, divided into 10,000 shares of \$100 each, with the power to increase the capital stock to two million dollars.

Among your Saturday evening purchases include a package of Red Rose tea.

St. John, N. B., March 21, 1903.

Call at HARVEY'S To-Night

For a New Spring Suit, Overcoat or Pair of Pants. Nowhere will you be shown so large an assortment of new fresh, and up-to-date clothing for men and boys, and the prices will be found much lower than in other stores.

See our new Shirts, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Underwear, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, etc.

Store open tonight till 11 o'clock.

J. N. HARVEY, Tailoring and Clothing,
100 Union Street, Opposite House Block

TWO SIDES.

Some Strong Statements From Kalamazoo About St. John.

Want to Make International Affair of Immigrants' Detention—What the Authorities Here Say.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 20.—Hon. N. H. Stewart of this city sent to Senator Burrows at Washington this evening a letter calling his attention to the fact that five people who were coming to this city were taken off a train at St. John, New Brunswick, two months ago, and placed in a hospital there, with sore eyes. After some days the doctor took them to a house, 127 Union street, St. John West, although they had their transportation to this city. The people come from Liban, Russia.

Philip Rosenthal of this city informs Mr. Stewart that it is a case of blackmail, as he has been compelled to send sums amounting to \$25 for the care of the emigrants who are well and able to continue their journey.

Senator Burrows will lay the case before the Russian ambassador at Washington, and he will make a demand on the English government to find out why the people are held there. They are George Grace and his wife Katherine, Peter Beg and his wife Susan, and their four-year-old daughter Catherine.

The other side of the question presented by the Elder-Dempster people and the U. S. immigration authorities here is somewhat different from the above.

According to them, George Kriss, aged 55, and his wife Maria, aged 54, arrived here on the S. S. Lake Erie Jan. 5, accompanied by their son-in-law, Peter Bied and his wife and child. The whole family were detained by both U. S. and Canadian authorities on account of trachoma, and arrangements were being made for their deportation when Philip Rosenthal, another son-in-law of the old couple, arrived from Kalamazoo and arranged to have them kept here under private treatment.

While here he signed a declaration agreeing that if the treatment was not successful they were to be deported, and guaranteeing that no charge nor claim for damages would in that contingency be made against the U. S. government or any immigration officials.

On Feb. 5 the party were removed from the immigration building to a place where they could receive private treatment. They are reported as soon as cured. The Elder-Dempster people state that only \$100 has been sent to pay for their treatment.

PERSONAL.

W. F. Nicholson, of the Windsor hotel, St. Stephen, was at the Dufferin yesterday.

Hon. T. R. Black of Amherst, arrived in the city yesterday.

R. Robertson, of the Experimental Station, Nappan, N. S., came to the city yesterday afternoon.

Miss Evelyn Driscoll, daughter of John M. Driscoll, returned home on Thursday. Miss Driscoll came a trip to South Africa with her brother-in-law, Capt. Mulcahy, in the steamer Eretia.

Miss Hewet, a graduate of American hospital, yesterday began her duties as head nurse at the General Public Hospital. Misses Appleby and Reynolds have joined the nursing staff as probationers.

C. R. Palmer, of the I. C. R., Moncton, is at the Dufferin.

Senator Levesque of Yarmouth, was in the city yesterday on his way home from Ottawa.

Rev. Dr. John Read will occupy the Methodist pulpit at Woodstock morning and evening tomorrow.

C. A. Eaton, formerly pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, and a native of Amherst, N. S., is dangerously ill with typhoid fever at his home in Cleveland.

Miss Balcom, Western Union operator at St. Stephen, has resigned and will return to her home at Port Dufferin.

N. S. Earl Hyatt, of St. Stephen, assumes charge of the office on Monday next.

Allen W. Sprague, of the Royal Bank, Dorchester, has been transferred to Bathurst.

Dr. M. F. Keith, of Harcourt, Kent Co., intends removing to Moncton shortly to spend the summer, and will probably go south next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson, Miss Thomson and Mrs. Percy W. Thomson leave by this afternoon's train for a four weeks' trip to New Orleans, Mobile, &c.

Miss Mary Gallagher left this morning on an extended trip to Charlestown, Mass.

AMBITIOUS HALIFAX.

(Halifax Echo, Friday.)

A meeting of representatives of the city council and board of trade, together with the president and secretary of the Fruit Growers' Association was held at the Merchants' Exchange today in reference to the reported proposal to extend the Canadian Pacific Railway to Halifax.

Among those present were J. E. DeWolf, who acted as chairman, Mayor Crosby, Ald. Littlejohn, H. L. Chipman, G. S. Campbell, Capt. Allen, president of the Fruit Growers' Association; W. A. Black, Jas. Hall, A. E. Jones, G. E. Faulkner.

It was reported that the C. P. R. found the facilities of St. John not extensive enough for their proposed steamship operations and that there was a prospect of extension east.

A SHAME.

Man and Family Turned Out by Col. Tucker M. P.

Would Not Vote the Government Ticket.

The Pretty Pass Which Grit Politics Has Come in the City and County of St. John.

John A. Irvine of Sandy Point road is a sturdy conservative whose conscientious adherence to principles in the late local election cost him his job. Mr. Irvine is a married man and has eight children, the oldest of whom is a girl of sixteen. He has been turned out of his position and the house in which he lived, and has been put to no small trouble in caring for his family.

Mr. Irvine told the Star yesterday how he had lost his job. He said: "Last May I came down from Cloness, which is near Wexford, in the Queen's county, and got the job of caretaker on Colonel Tucker's farm on the Sandy Point road. A little while afterwards I brought my family down, and until this week we have lived on the farm, doing all the necessary work and giving satisfaction."

"Some days before the election James Donovan, one of the leading government workers, came to the house and asked me if I would vote for the government. I told him I had always voted for the conservatives excepting once when I voted for a liberal in the election for county councillors, and that was because he was a friend of mine and politics had nothing to do with it. Then he asked me if I would sign the nomination papers for the government and I decided to tell him plump and plain that I was a stranger in the place and did not lay out to sign any papers. I asked him if there were not enough of his own party to sign them without coming to me, and he said there were plenty of others. Then he asked me if I was going to sign the papers for the other side, and I told him I didn't lay out to sign any papers at all. I had always voted conservative and I was going to do it this time."

Some days before the election other people spoke to me about voting, and I told them all the same. Some of them said it would be well for me to vote for the government, if Col. Tucker asked me for my vote, and some said it would be to my advantage to vote for the government anyway. But I told them all that I would vote for my own side. And I did."

"On the Monday after the election just when I was starting for the city with some vegetables, a servant of Col. Tucker told me to look out for myself because I was going to be hauled over the coals whenever the colonel saw me. Things had been heard about what was to happen if I did not vote for the government, and I was given to understand that the colonel had decided to fire me because of what I had done. However, nothing happened just then, but on the Saturday following, which would be the 7th of March, when I was driving out to the farm, I met Col. Tucker. He stopped to talk, paid me a week's wages and said he did not want me on the farm any longer. He told me to move out as soon as I could. I asked him why he dismissed me, but he would not give any answer."

"On the Monday after the colonel came out to the farm and said he wanted me to move right out to make room for the new man who was coming. Then I asked him again why I had to leave, and he said he just couldn't afford to pay me any more. I was getting six dollars a week, and the new man he had hired was at the same rate. So I knew this was not his satisfaction, colonel, and I asked him two or three times what his real reason was, and at last he said he didn't want to talk any more about it. But I have since learned that it was common talk around the district that I was to lose my job if I voted opposition."

"All the time I had been on the farm the colonel was pleased with the work and often said so. He was generous in many ways and often bought things which we didn't really need, but which made the work easier. But it wasn't much of a job in some ways, because my boys missed their schooling to do work, and they were quite a help to me. They never got paid for what they did, except at haying, when he gave them some money. And the new man is getting just as much money as I did, so I was not fired because the colonel couldn't afford to pay me."

On the Sandy Point road it is common talk that Mr. Irvine lost his job for voting opposition, and it was known before the election that this would happen.

FORMERLY OF SALISBURY.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Blakney, of Tusket, N. S., will learn with regret of the sudden death of their eldest son, who died in Boston in the City Hospital, Tuesday morning, Feb. 24th, of typhoid fever. The funeral place from the residence of his aunt in Cambridge, Mass. The pallbearers were Harry Horsman, Clyde Steeves, Fred Wheaton, his school mates from Salisbury, and three of his friends in Boston. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. He leaves a mother and father, two sisters, one of them Mrs. Otis Young, now living in Concord, Mass., and five brothers, all of whom are at home.—Transcript.

THE SALE OF DRESS GOODS FROM THE RUNCIMAN STOCK NOW GOING ON AT F. A. DYKEMAN & CO'S STORE WILL BE AUGMENTED ON MONDAY BY THE BRINGING FORWARD OF THE FLANNELS, FLANNELS AND DORMITORS FROM A. J. H. H. H.

A BUNCO GAME.

Hungarian Immigrant Shows His Knowledge of the Principles.

Helped Trachoma Patients to Escape and Embezzled Money From Credulous Immigrants.

The bunco game is not native to America. A gaudy man from away off in Hungary, who never set foot on the continent until a few months ago, has been proving in St. John that the fine points of that profession are not unknown where he came from.

His name is Toma Jakabatz. He is 22 years old; a good looking, sleek, well-dressed, plausible, young scamp. He came here on the Parisian Nov. 5, mixing with the other immigrants, and was inclined to make a big disturbance when his name was not included in the manifest. Later it was strongly suspected that he was a stowaway and further inquiries resulted in the discovery that he had been an insurance agent and had left his native Hungary hurriedly and under accusation of some rather daring embezzlements.

During the time these investigations were being made, pending the issuing of his passport, Toma got a job as assistant to Dr. Faber in the trachoma detention hospital at Sand Point. His pay was \$1 a day, and it was noticed shortly that for a dollar a day man he was generally temporarily flush. It was also noticed that the number of escapes from detention were increasing rapidly.

When the Armenian who escaped the other day was recaptured and brought back some revelations were made. He admitted that Toma, who was paid to guard him, had helped him to escape for the consideration of \$20. Investigation revealed that it was generally known in the hospital that the payment of \$5 and upward to this obliging attendant would ensure anybody's freedom temporarily at least.

About this time Toma disappeared, but on Thursday night Inspector Robinson arrested him on the Boston train and brought him back. Since then he has admitted not only the taking of bribes to help his prisoners to escape, but also a system of petty embezzlement. In his semi-official capacity he imposed on these credulous people and extracted small sums from them under various and trivial pretexts. He was very business-like about it, and always gave his victims a receipt in due form, although he was not particular about the name he signed to them. Before being employed at Sand Point he was in the General Public Hospital, suffering with frozen feet, and he confessed that while convalescent there he helped patients to escape in the same way.

He can hardly be considered a desirable acquisition for either Canada or United States, but under the law it is difficult to find a pretext for deporting him, as he is not affected with any disease and is not a convicted criminal. Pending a settlement Dr. Ellis had him arrested this morning and, unless some arrangement can be made for his safe keeping in jail until details for his deportation can be settled, will prefer a charge against him of obtaining money under false pretences.

Before arrest, he signed a confession of the offences mentioned above.

THE S. S. CENSUS.

A meeting of those in the North End interested in the taking of the religious census was held Thursday evening in Douglas avenue Christian church to organize and perfect work.

Rev. J. C. B. Appell is North End superintendent of the movement and at the meeting ward chairmen were appointed, and the districts into which the visitors will go were mapped out and discussed.

Chairmen were appointed as follows: Victoria ward, W. J. Parks; Dufferin, W. C. Kingston; Lansdowne, W. J. McAlary; Lorne, Rev. David Long; Stanley, L. H. Thorne.

Visitors were present from Portland Methodist, Main Street Baptist, St. Luke's, Victoria street, St. Matthew's and St. Paul's churches.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

Mary Louisa Clary, America's greatest contralto, enjoys the distinction of having appeared in this city oftener than any other foreign vocalist, having given ten concerts here, and every one eminently successful. In fact she never sings to anything but crowded houses.

This, together with the fact that probably no other singer would be more gladly welcomed than this great contralto, whose voice is probably the grandest of its kind known to the musical world today. The St. John concerts of the forthcoming tour, will be under the auspices and management of the King's Daughters' Guild. The dates arranged are April 27th and 28th. Madame Clary will receive a cordial welcome, as it is five years since she has been here.

IT IS THE REV. GEO. E. LLOYD.

It turns out that the clergyman who is going to form a great English colony in Saskatoon, is the Rev. George E. Lloyd, who was the founder of the Rotheray Collegiate School. Writing to Mr. Moore, the present head of the school, Mr. Lloyd states that he will come out with his family and settle at Saskatoon. Two thousand immigrants will come at the same time. Mr. Lloyd expected to sail from Liverpool next Wednesday on the steamer Lake Manitoba, arriving here April 2d.

THE EXODUS.

Todd Brewer and Lemuel Sherwood of Woodstock, Alonzo Boyer and Norval Brittain of Wakefield, took the express on Wednesday for California. Mrs. Woodby Raymond and her son also left for California on Wednesday. Mr. Raymond has been in California for the past four months.—Sentinel.

THE LATE JOHN MACMILLAN.

A Sydney Mines letter of March 19th says: "Rev. D. MacMillan received a message Tuesday from Randolph & Baker, of St. John, informing him of the death of his brother, John Mac-

Children's Headwear.

Our spring line of Children's Headwear is now ready for inspection.

Prices from 25 to 75c.

A good blue cloth Tam, with name band for 25c.

James Anderson,
17 Charlotte Street.

Boot and Shoe REPAIRING.

Remember, we are practical shoemakers, and any work entrusted to our care will be done in first-class manner.

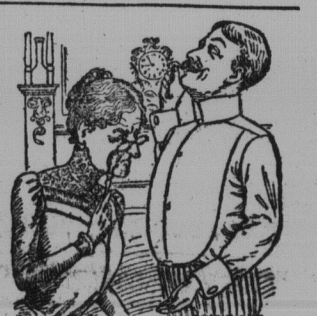
We don't cobble—we repair.

Velvet or O'Sullivan Rubber Heels put on while you wait.

W. A. SINCLAIR,
65 BRUSSELS ST.

L. O. A. FUNERAL NOTICE

THE MEMBERS OF ELDON L. O. L. are requested to meet at Orange Hall, Germain street, on SUNDAY at 1 o'clock, to attend the funeral of their late BRO. W. J. PEACOCK, in regalia. Members of Sister Lodges are requested to attend. By order of W. M.



A MAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

even can't find fault with our laundry work. The most severe scrutiny will only show how perfect it is and how superior to all other work in this line. There is no flaw in the beauty of the color or finish that we lay on your linen when it is done up at the GLOBE LAUNDRY.

50 Flat (white) pieces washed and ironed for 50c.

GLOBE LAUNDRY,
25-27 Waterloo St.

CENTRAL BAKERY,

20 WATERLOO ST. (Opp. Peter St.)
GEO. J. DENNISTON, Prop.

All kinds of Cakes and Pastry. Best materials used.

POLICE COURT.

A Bold Highwayman in the Tolls—Mary George Moses.

One of the awful highwaymen who hold up persons on the streets has at last been arrested. This sort of thing was becoming far too common and the old gag "Your money or your life" was the usual greeting in the evening.

Desperate scoundrels lurked at every street corner, lying in wait for the purpose of robbing the unwary and pocket books were safest at home. But this state of affairs could not continue. Last evening one of these road agents—fully described in the Telegraph—held up an innocent visitor from Albert County.

John Donovan, feeling the need of cash, asked a countryman for the loan of five cents. The heart of the man was touched by Donovan's pitiful tale and he was just ready to hand over his wealth when a policeman hove in sight and put an end to further proceedings.

This morning the Magistrate told Donovan that he could be given a year in jail. But instead of this he was remanded—as many others have been. He may be in for a year.

Mike Walsh slung in a cargo yesterday and ran ashore on Britain street. The cargo was lightered and Mike towed to the Lower Cove dry dock. This morning the magistrate decided to put him in for repairs for ten days.

Mary George Moses appeared to explain why she was peddling without a license, and the magistrate didn't know what to call her. Mary sounded too familiar, Moses was rather lacking in politeness, and George to a woman sounded ridiculous. So he struck a happy medium and called her "You."

"You" said she had a license and produced it. It had been issued by Mayor Sears and was almost old enough for a vote—quite old enough for a Rotheray vote—but it scarcely went with the magistrate. He told her to get another.

PRES. ROOSEVELT.

The "Strenuous Life" Has Left
Its Mark on Him.One Wound in Battle—The Others
Were Caused by Football,
Grizzlies and Trolley Cars.

Theodore Roosevelt enjoys the distinction of being the most wounded president who ever sat in the seat of George Washington. From the days of the father of his country to the present time no man who has known so many bumps, bruises, scars and wounds has presided over the destinies of a nation. And of all these numerous marks of the strenuous life but one was received upon the field of battle. Football, single stick, trolley cars, bucking bronchos, fencing swords, vicious horses and grizzly bears have all had more or less to do with marring the form of the nation's chief executive. Since he reached manhood he has received no fewer than fifteen serious injuries, and seems to make no effort to keep from adding to the list.

The dash and vigor of Theodore Roosevelt's ranching days in the Dakotas have never entirely left him. He is as frankly fearless today as he was on the firing line before Santiago, when, leaning against a small palm tree he did not change his position even after the tree had been hit three times and one of the bullets had filled his eyes with dust.

While at college Theodore Roosevelt was active in all the college sports. He was especially fond of football. Possessing the most boundless enthusiasm and astonishing tenacity, he was always a dashing player, despite his lack of weight. He was forever in the thick of the heaviest play and bruises were his daily portion.

During football season the future president was in a chronic condition of bruised body, barked shins and abraded scalp. No serious injuries are recorded, however.

His famous ranching undertaking in the west brought Mr. Roosevelt his severest experience—three broken ribs.

This was in the early part of his western career—about 1883—and it is cited by ranchmen to this day as an example of wonderful pluck.

THROWN BY A BRONCHO.
The young ranchman took an active part in the daily work. Each morning at daybreak the horses were driven in and the cowboys selected their mounts for the day. On this occasion Mr. Roosevelt got Ben Butler, a vicious buckner, with a very hot temper. The horses were all behaving badly, and three men had already been thrown.

Undaunted, the young tenderfoot saddled the long-legged bay and mounted. Ben walked off quietly enough, then suddenly bucked with all his might. Springing high into the air he turned a half circle and came down stiffly on his forelegs.

The trick is called sunfishing, and is the most exasperating thing a bucking horse has ever been able to think up.

The best rider in the outfit would have been thrown, and so was Mr. Roosevelt. He got up in a minute, however, looking pretty white, and insisted on remounting.

It was the fall round-up, and there was much work for everyone, and it was not until 48 hours later that the men discovered that Roosevelt had three ribs broken. They had not yet been as

Still again during the exciting years in the Bad Lands the plucky ranchman received broken bones by a fall from a vicious horse. This time a small bone in his shoulder was broken. Time after time he was thrown, as was everyone else, by the wild animals; tough, strong and exceedingly tricky and deceitful.

The president's narrow escapes from death while in the west were innumerable.

One time during the first two years on his ranch near Medora, N. D., so named after the wife of Marquis de Morès who made an unsuccessful but celebrated adventure—Mr. Roosevelt was attacked by a band of Sioux Indians.

At this time the Indians were giving much trouble, and if a party of young bucks caught a white man alone his chances for life were of the slimmest. During a solitary trip to the northward Roosevelt one morning started to cross a solitary plateau about half a mile wide. When he had pushed about half way across four or five Indians appeared, waving their guns and dashing at full gallop for the ranchman.

WHOLE PARTY SCARED OFF.
He reined up and dismounted. His position on the level plain was a good one. He stood alone, Mr. Roosevelt once told the story thus:

"I waited until the Indians were one hundred yards off and then threw up my rifle and drew a bead on the foremost."

"The effect was like magic. The whole party scattered and doubled back on their tracks, the men bending alongside of their horses."

"When at a safe distance they halted. After consultation one came forward alone, dropping his rifle and waving a blanket over his head. When he came within fifty yards I stopped him. He called:

"How! Me good Indian!"

"I answered, 'How!' and assured him I was glad he was a 'good Indian,' but he must not come any closer. When his companions begged to come nearer I covered him with my rifle and made him move off, which he did with a sudden lapse into the most comical Anglo-Saxon profanity."

"I led my horse out to the prairie, while they hovered around. But they finally made off and I hurried away in the opposite direction."

In the summer of 1891 Mr. Roosevelt was visiting his North Dakota ranch. He tried to ford the little Missouri on horseback. The horse broke through into an alkali quicksand and the ranchman, then a United States civil service commissioner, was rescued just in time to escape drowning.

In the same region he once lost his way at night in a very rough bit of country. He dismounted, and leading his horse, was seeking his way out. It was pitch dark and he did not know the lay of the land. Suddenly the earth gave way and horse and man went rolling and tumbling down a one hundred foot embankment. They landed on a ledge, which was still many feet from the bottom of the ravine.

Both reached the ledge at about the same time, but by the greatest bit of good the man fell on his back.

He was bruised and a bit frightened and stayed on his ledge till daylight, afraid to try further explorations in the darkness.

These are but a few of the romantic adventures of the president of the United States. He was attacked by a grizzly bear while hunting in Idaho, in 1895, and escaped by a narrow margin.

Two years before that he was chased by an infuriated steer in the Big Horn country of Wyoming. He grabbed the steer by the horns, vaulted in and rode it for two miles.

On more recent hunting trips to Colorado he has had personal encounters with mountain lions, in which his quickness of hand frequently saved his life. His wonderful display of courage during the campaign in Cuba, when he was Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt, is too familiar for repetition. His hairbreadth escapes during that time were of almost daily occurrence.

WOUNDED BY BURSTING SHELL.
Col. Roosevelt's one wound received during the Cuban campaign was a slight one. On July, 1898, before Santiago, a shell burst not far from the colonel and a small piece hit him on the knuckle of the forefinger, cutting a gash that bled freely. He wiped off the blood and remarked coolly:

"That's my first. They'll have to do better than that."

In the collision of a trolley car with the president's carriage near Pittsfield, Mass., last September, the president was jolted about thirty feet, and though he escaped almost entirely unhurt he was quite badly injured. His right eye was blackened, his cheek bruised and scratched and he received bruises on his arm and legs. "Big Bill" Craig, the secret service man, was instantly killed.

Despite the president's injuries, he was the first man on his feet, and he afterward said:

"In my salad days I have received many worse injuries at football, polo and other games, and I would be ashamed then to acknowledge I was hurt."

Nevertheless, a few weeks later Mr. Roosevelt had to undergo an operation for an abscess, which formed in his left leg as a result of one of the bruises received at Pittsfield, and this was again operated upon at a still later date.

President Roosevelt's last injuries have been received at the hands of his intimate friend, Gen. Leonard Wood, in single stick rapier play, which they used as exercise almost daily.

A few weeks ago Gen. Wood thrust his rapier through the president's mask, bruising him severely on the forehead and narrowly missing his left eye.

A week later the two friends were in a vigorous bout with the single sticks in an improvised gymnasium, near the top of the White House. The play became rather heated and in the rapid play the president caught a heavy cut on the wrist. He said it amounted to nothing, but further play was postponed.

As a result of the mishap the athletic president was unable to indulge in any of his favorite sports for several weeks.

DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL.
Canadian Ripectrocity Resolutions Killed in Massachusetts House.

The Massachusetts house of representatives, on a voice vote, which was practically unanimous, last Thursday rejected the resolutions reported by the federal relations committee favoring reciprocity with Canada.

It is not unlikely that such would have been the result anyway, but if there had been any doubt of the issue it was settled by the injection of the question of endorsing Senator Lodge. Representative W. H. I. Hayes of Lowell did the trick. He offered an amendment to the resolutions as reported by the committee, which provided that "the general court of Massachusetts endorse the action and efforts of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in behalf of reciprocity with Canada."

A strong effort was made against Mr. Hayes' amendment, but it was adopted by a vote of 64 to 52.

Besides the Hayes' amendment endorsing Mr. Lodge, another, offered by Mr. Dowse of Malden, providing that reciprocity should be favored only in the event of its being stipulated that not a foot of American soil be surrendered, was likewise adopted.

Several other amendments were added, and then the resolutions were rejected.

THE HOODLUM AND THE HOME.
Less Law and More Love Will Make Our Cities Safer.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)
There is much talk of the redemption of the slums, but other parts of the city who know no better who is the annoyance of the neighborhood. The boldness of hoodlums and depredators are scenes of houses so respectable that the sufferers hesitate to appeal to law or justice, lest those families be ruffed in their dignity, or publicly disgraced, and this hesitation makes the hoodlum the more confident and aggressive. Ought the families to be considered, in such a case, or shall we consider the public? It is surely for the well being of the boy himself that he should be checked before he builds his reputation upon the idleness and wantonness of his parents. And it is not the parent who needs the warning, even more than the youth?

While some boys are born wrong, with a defective moral sense, it may be set down as a rule that the hoodlum is a victim of parental mismanagement or neglect. He has been allowed to have his way too freely; his associations have not been watched; he has not been praised for his right endeavors, or has seen bad examples in his home. Society wars with the home, in a way; it offers so many attractions that the home does not. Public and social are appeal to the child in comparison. But this is because they have not been given to him. The home, or else, the right kind of home has not been given to them. The stern, cold, puritanical establishments where amusements are frowned upon, where there is constant talk of duty and firmness, where punishments are commoner than rewards and encouragements, where the elders have an outgrown their youth that they no longer have sympathy with childhood, cannot drive the boys of the family into the streets than saloons and other places of questionable resort do to draw them into it.

The remedy is to make home attractive; to knit the family more closely; to restore the home of the old world ancestors, and provide healthful, interesting occupations, meriment and innocent pleasure for the evening. Cards, when one does not bet on them, are entirely harmless; so are checkers, chess, ping-pong and other games; reading aloud from entertaining books and papers is as good as a play, and will help to form a good literary taste; some families have a musical talent that merits exploitation; children's parties are gleeful and inexpensive, and little suppers send the participants to bed in the right humor. Without attempting to make the home splendid it can be made cozy and pretty, and management counts for more than does cost. To the boy who has a home where he finds interest and cheer, the street is a harsh or stupid place. Less law and more love will make our cities safer.

ST. JOHN'S MANSE.
Rev. J. M. MacLean.

CHATHAM, N. B., March 12.
Dear Mr. Short,—I have very great pleasure in bearing testimony to Short's "Dyspepticure," as a remedy for indigestion. It has been of unspeakable benefit to me.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. MACLEAN.

Your
Easter
Suit

Should cost you at least ten or twelve dollars. Our ten dollar and twelve dollar suits are equal to any custom suits at double that amount. Get one of our ten or twelve dollar suits and you will be well dressed all summer.

At \$10, Men's

Spring Suits

In English Worsteds, grey and brown mixtures, stripes and checks, fashionable cut with very best trimmings.

At \$12, Men's

Best Black Clay

English Worsted Suits

single or double breasted or cutaway styles. Equal to any \$20 custom suit.

Our \$12 Suits

for Men

In English Striped Worsted, are made in single breasted, square front style with S. B. vest—this is the latest.

Men's \$8.50 Suits

in good Canadian tweeds, stripes and checks, equal to any \$14 suit to order.

Boys' Suits,

ages 10 to 16 years in English Striped Worsted Suits, \$7.50. Striped Tweed Suits for boys \$3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

Money Back

When Wanted.

WILCOX Bros.,

54 and 56

DOCK STREET

WOMEN IN CANADA.

Interesting Lecture Delivered in
London By Lady Aberdeen.

Lady Aberdeen in London recently at the Society of Arts, John street, Adelphi, read a paper on "Women in Canada" before a large and interested audience. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. Leonard H. Courtney, M. A., LL. D., the brother of a distinguished Canadian civil servant, and himself a sturdy upholder of women's rights, and on the platform with him was Mrs. Boomer, an English lady residing in Ontario, and a vigorous champion of the Canadian National Council of Women. Others present were the Hon. J. H. Turner, agent general for British Columbia, A. Grainger, agent general for South Australia, Sir Frederick Young, Sir John Cockburn, Sir T. F. Buxton, Lady Marjorie Gordon, W. T. R. Preston, Canadian minister, and missioner, C. F. Just, Miss Jarvis, of Toronto, Miss Molson and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Harrold.

HALL MARKED BY EFFICIENCY.

In the course of her paper Lady Aberdeen said: "We honor and applaud our brave soldiers who respond nobly to the call of duty, and who lay down their lives for their country. But the men and women of Canada of whom I have spoken (and what I have said applies to every province alike), have all silently but surely, been also pouring out their lives in building up an empire in that Golden West as the result of the toil of their hands and brains—and not only so, they by their high character, their endurance, their sobriety, their determination at any cost to provide education for their children, have created this people, which their eloquent and loved premier acclaims with pardonable pride as 'a nation.' In accordance with the appreciation which we in the old country all feel for Canada in these days, let us look back a bit and remember to give honor to whom honor is due, as we think of the mothers of Canada who have, in very deed, given themselves for her. But, you will say, but what of the result? What of the women in Canada today? It was only when I began to prepare this paper that I felt how rash I had been to attempt to paint the life and work of Canadian women in one brief hour. Perhaps I can best sum up the chief impression made upon me by very close intercourse and friendship with them for several years, official and unofficial, by one word which is much in our mouths today—efficiency. French Canadian or Manitoban, Nova Scotian, British Columbian, or the women of Ontario, they were all alike hall-marked by this stamp. But they came through it all, and it is because of them and others like minded with them, that Canada is the country we are all so proud of today."

THEIR WORK IN THE WEST.

"For the modern settlers in the outlying parts of Canada and more recently in those wonderful western provinces of the great Dominion, they too have counted, and are counting for much in the building up of the new country, whether as wives of farmers or ranchmen, or lumbermen, or Hudson Bay Company hunters or miners. Women under such circumstances have the making of the country in their hands. The men are fully occupied in the task of conquering nature, and it remains for the women, not only to carry on the domestic work of the household, but out any of the conveniences of civilization. But it is their part to create the atmosphere of home, and to set the standard of the life, both for their own family and for the lone settler who may be within calling distance. There cannot be too much said about the beauties, the attractions and the rich promise of life in Canada; but its present position, as I have said before, has been won by the unremitting toil of its pioneer settlers, and none have borne a heavier share of the toll than the young mothers, who, well educated and brave, and brought up in comfortable homes, have afterwards passed through all the vicissitudes of rearing young families far away on the great lone prairies, or in the depths of the forests and mountains."

"I have had opportunities of coming into contact with typical women of this description and of realizing their lives in different ways; in our own ranch life in British Columbia, where we are glad to think that we still have a home and when travelling with Lord Aberdeen in some of these outlying parts, especially when engaged in the effort to start the work of the Victorian District Nurses, as a memorial to our late queen, it is then that some of these women makers of empire have come to me, telling me of what they had passed through from lack of doctors and nurses, or of help of any kind; and then again, I know a little more of such homes from the correspondence which I have been privileged to see from time to time, in connection with the association through which those living in the more populous centres link themselves with these lonely homes, by collecting and sending them month by month parcels of good current literature, and maintain a personal correspondence with them."

WORTHY OF THE LAND.

Lady Aberdeen then sketched the formation and development of the National Council of Women in Canada, and referred in detail to the achievements of the organization, which has been "the means of bringing together the women workers of the different provinces in a way wholly new, for each province being governed by different internal laws, the tendency before, both on account of this and because of the magnificent distances, was to act apart from one another."

In conclusion Lady Aberdeen said that the daughters of Canada are worthy of that land of sunshine and of promise, and that women who are seeking a new home will find no better country, nor one where they will find fuller scope for the exercise of all their abilities.

MISAPPLIED REVERENCE.

(Washington Post.)
Recently a gentleman upon visiting Mr. Vernon came across a lady kneeling before a building quite a distance from the Washington monument.

"Are you in trouble?" he asked her.

"No, sir," she replied. "Thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of his Country."

"I quite understand," he said, kindly; "but madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington; it is over yonder. This is the ice-house."

And he never got a grateful look as she left.

MORE OR LESS POINTED.
Contented labor dies the grave of worry. The odds in favor of marriages are two to one.

Nothing saddens a man like being jollied by a woman.

A wise saw is presumably one that has been wisdom.

Never get between a dog and his bone or between a man and his hobby.

A 40 DAY FAST.

Edward De Forest Will Not Eat Till
the Coating Disappears From
His Tongue.

NEW YORK, March 16.—At noon today Edward De Forest of New York City finished the fortieth day of his self-imposed fast. Mr. De Forest, ordinary men would say, was the victim of a theory. He himself says that he is merely the humble exponent of an idea which he believes is destined to revolutionize the practice of medicine and give perfect digestion and health to all the world.

Who Mr. De Forest is and where he lives he will not say. He dropped in casually at the Turkish bath of Professor Mac Levy, at the St. George hotel, Saturday, and said he wished to take a bath. While arrangements were being made to accommodate him he confided to Professor Levy that he had not eaten a morsel of food for thirty-nine days and would prolong his fast indefinitely.

Professor Levy is a very good eater himself and didn't understand.

"What's the matter? Are you broke?" asked the physical instructor in genuine sympathy. The thought of thirty-nine days without food was appalling to him.

"Not at all," answered Edward De Forest. "I am curing myself of a disorder of the stomach. When my stomach and digestive apparatus are fully restored to their normal condition I shall be a well man, my appetite will return and I shall have a fresh start with a new stomach."

"It's not at all extraordinary," said Mr. De Forest, "and I can assure you that there is nothing farther from my mind than to gain any publicity or notoriety by my fast. Today is the thirty-ninth day I have been without tasting food of any sort. I shall continue my fast until the slimy coating which has carried on my tongue completely disappears. When this occurs my desire for food, which has now completely disappeared, will suddenly return, and I shall eat whatever my stomach craves, with a new stomach to digest it with."

"You remember that when Mr. Tanner fasted 42 days the first thing he tackled was a watermelon. He ate a whole one. I haven't the faintest idea what I shall want, but whatever it is I shall eat it, and eat all I want of it."

"But I do not go so far as does Dr. Dewey. For years I have been thinking about the proper treatment of stomach troubles. I have tried going without breakfast. I have tried a purely vegetarian diet and I have tried the raw food system. In fact, I believe I have tried every system of dieting which was ever put forward as healthful. Some of the pure water dieting, none of them was completely satisfactory, and I was finally forced to the conclusion that the logical treatment for any disease of trouble with the stomach or intestines was to give the digestive apparatus a long and complete rest."

"My mode of life is very simple. I am not, as some of those who fast are, troubled by insomnia or nightmare. I sleep soundly about seven or eight hours each night. Every morning I look over my correspondence and answer the letters which require answering. The rest of the time I take long walks and spend most of my time reading. I abstain from all violent exercise, wishing not to overtax any part of my body and to give nature a full opportunity to do her work. Every second day in the morning I take three or four quarts of pure water, with a small quantity of salt in it. I do this to cleanse my stomach and intestines, not because it has any effect on my appetite."

"Before I began my fast I used to smoke eight or ten cigars every day. Now I smoke whenever I feel like it, but only average one every two or three days. I have formed a habit of smoking after I take my bath and that is the reason I have just finished smoking a cigar here."

"Before I began my fast I weighed 190 pounds. Last Saturday, the last time I was weighed, I tipped the scales at just 156. You see I have lost a little less than a pound a day. I take a Turkish bath and have a rub-down once a week. This is to help cleanse and purify the system."

CREED OF KAISER.
Is Discussed by a Baptist Divine in New York.

"The Creed of the German Emperor" was the subject of an address by the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer in the Madison Avenue Baptist church. He said in part:

Probably Christianity has more than it has gained from the support of kings. Frequently they have destroyed its character, and degraded its ideal. It is a testimony of the faith, it is not surprising that multitudes of people much prefer agnosticism.

One of the most picturesque emperors of the time—a man whose private virtue is not to be denied and whose public life was only a few years ago went out of his way to make friends with the Sultan of Turkey, and hosted the Christian king with great pomp and grandeur. He was called by Gladstone, an assassin. If, then, unbelief has been intensified in Germany, it has been quickened by the suspicion that the Kaiser was not loyal to the faith of his fathers. But now the Kaiser has gathered from the words of God what he considers the true faith and has taken the world into his confidence. This is interesting because he realizes that in the mad world of militarism and commercialism there are issues which the world must consider.

We all believe there is a domain for higher criticism, and the protest of the Kaiser against infallible professors. Let us look at the merits of his protest. Every layman in New York who has studied recent trials here knows that expert testimony is the most dangerous. Deliver me from a specialist of any kind. It is an old saying that expert surgeons are in danger of using their knives too well in the hope of making a discovery. You know how Shakespeare, Homer and others have been mutilated and if the criticism is correct and that Bacon was the writer, does that fact alter the meaning of Hamlet's soliloquy? You know that the Declaration of Independence has a sympathetic connection with the Magna Charta. The spirit of one begot the spirit of the other. Their principles are the same, although they may differ in language. That is the logic of the contention, and the Kaiser is justified in his protest.

Now, from the protest we pass to the belief. There is one relating to revelation and the other relating to the Redeemer. These are two points, and you must remember that he is a layman. Nevertheless, those utterances about the two great truths stand out. Revelation he believes is a two-fold movement—the revelation of God through great men and the revelation to men through the Bible, but to sweep it away and put it in the class with other books. The Kaiser tries to guard it. On the subject of the Saviour the emperor says that he believes in Him not only as divine, but as the Redeemer. The Kaiser does not claim to have penetrated the mystery of the divinity. When we try to account for all these things we fall on our knees and say, "God! God!"

It is cheering to note that even the Kaiser, forgetting that he is the war lord, has spoken of the Saviour. I thank the Kaiser of Germany for his confession in a kingdom that is above all earthly kingdoms. Have confidence in the kingdom of my King, redeemed by the blood of the Saviour and be crowned forever.—New York Tribune.

Things that formerly came to those who waited now go to those who hustle.

PROTECTION

FOR THE FEET

Is what all are looking for at this trying season of the year. Here are just such boots for spring wear as you are looking for.

MEN'S BOOTS—Elastic side and laced, in box calf, satin calf, dongola kid and buff leather, with good stout soles specially for Spring wear; and prices only \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50.

WOMEN'S SPRING BOOTS—With stout soles, in box calf and dongola kid, at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

BOYS' SHOES—In box calf, buff leather and dongola kid, at \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00.

MISSSES' SHOES—Same leathers and styles as the ladies', great wearers, at \$1.25, 1.35, 1.50.

YOUTHS'—Similar to the boys' only in sizes 11 to 13½, priced at \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50.

CHILD'S—A splendid stock of children's shoes at prices from 60c. to \$1.50 the pair.

M. L. SARGE,

Cor. King and Charlotte.

SERIOUSNESS OF CLOWNS.

Laughmaking is Not at all a Funny Proposition.

(By Francis Wilson.)

Laughmaking is a serious proposition. If one could know the time, thought and labor devoted to building up a scene of situation so that almost instantaneously by word or action the humorous side is conveyed to an audience, he would realize that the funny fellow of the stage has devoted hours and perhaps years of patient industry to his trying art.

It has been the custom not to consider really seriously the doings of the comedian, especially in comic opera and musical comedy, and time and again his endeavor to create laughter by certain exaggerated actions has been called humor play and dismissed without his being given credit for thought in the matter. As a matter of fact he probably has devoted hours of rehearsal studying the cause and effect of certain methods in order to arrive at the one that will tickle the risibles of his audience and still be in keeping with the scene and the character. So-called humor play always will hold the centre of the stage, because there always will be a demand for it. It requires as much skill to be good at humor play as it does to be good at anything difficult.

There are public and public, and it strikes me that the situation is like this: The majority of people who attend the theatre do so with the idea of being amused, and that which causes the most laughter appeals to them most strongly. The public which applauds the broader and more forcible fun is more numerous than that which relishes the finer forms of humor. Therefore comedians who achieve the broad effects have a more numerous if a less aesthetic, following. There always will be a following for the skillful player, whatever line he may take up.

The average man who comes to a theatre—the average banker or business man—doesn't care for subtlety or the so-called art of the stage. He wants the broad effects. And the player who appeals to him by means of these broad effects may be every bit as skillful as the actor who deals with the finer emotions and the intricacies of feeling.

Bernhardt places tragedy above comedy because she holds that a clown may make a countryman laugh, while it takes heart knowledge and intellectual skill to make that "sad cry." But I hold that when a man plays tragedy he is more nearly his natural self as he faces the trials of daily life—for life is tragedy. The man who plays comedy goes beyond himself and puts an artificial disposition on. Therefore his skill as an actor is greater than the tragedian's. Sounds logical, doesn't it?

AN ARABIAN STORY.

An Arab and his wife were constantly quarrelling, and the wife always went straightway to her father and made complaint. One day the Arab boxed the ears of his better half, whereupon she went again to her father and related her grievance, demanding revenge. The father, a wise old sheik, shook his head, and after long reflection, boxed his daughter's ears and said: "Now thou art avenged. Thy husband has boxed the ears of my daughter, and I have boxed the ears of his wife!"—Lustige Blätter.

RECOGNIZED THE PORTRAIT.

Bishop Potter was waiting for a train in Minnesota on one occasion, when he noticed a stranger eying him with great curiosity. "Excuse me, mister," he was eventually asked, "but I think I have seen your picture in the papers." "Probably," admitted the bishop, "Kin I ask, what you were cured of?" "What you were cured of?" Henry Irving had a similar experience in England. A little girl was looking at him earnestly and he said: "You seem to know my face, little maid." "Yes, sir," said the child, "you was cured by Scando's pills."

HE MERELY MADE IT.

"My boy doesn't seem to have got along here very well," said the office boy's father.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the employer, "I must say no."

"Ah! What's his trouble?"

"He hasn't any trouble; it's the rest of us who have had that."

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

Envelopes were first used in 1839. The first steel pen was made in 1830.

WANTED.—A case of Headache that KUMFORT POWDERS will not cure in from ten to twenty minutes.

FOR THE PURSE

Is guaranteed here. We are solid upon that platform. The goodness of our goods goes without saying. The lowness of our prices is phenomenal.

THE INSANITY PLEA.

I guess they ain't in all the world no sinners any more—
They're crazy.
They ain't no moral keepers that's plumb rotten to the core—
They're crazy.
Th' man what fitches thousands from his wealthy boss's till;
Th' man what does a murder with a extra lot o' skill;
What does his desperate deeds so smooth—
One day they'd all been criminals of deepest dye; but now
"They're crazy."

Th' man what spoons a maid for years, and then deserts th' lass
Is crazy.
No longer can you put 'im in th' breach o' promise claim—
He's crazy.
Th' brute what beats his wife until she has no more sense;
Th' man what runs a gambler's bell 'n' spins folks night and day;
Th' chap what sold bricks Reuben till he morgaged 'a plow—
Such cases as his, to be run down an' put in jail; but now
"They're crazy."

Th' woman what deserts her man an' little one to home
Is crazy.
Th' man what leaves his family, with some one else to roam,
Is crazy.

Th' preacher chap what falls from grace and takes to fly booze;
Th' dissipated fellow 't goes an' shoots himself, for blues;
Th' lad what steals a rope with horse an' cart, or else a cow—
Such cases as his, to be run down an' put in jail; but now
"They're crazy."

But I'll bet anything I got, what ain't much goodness know—
(I'm crazy.)
That when before th' final Judge this bunch o' "looters" goes
"What's 'crazy' out on double-quick."

An even high-class lawyers won't be 'lowed to take a case as sinners in th' old days had 't go;
For this will be th' verdict: "You're a wicked lot."

Not crazy!"
—Baltimore American.

THE GRAND TRUNK.

Is Breaking Records at Portland This Winter.

(Portland Press.)

This is the year for breaking records at the Grand Trunk. Just anything may be expected there nowadays and the fact that one record after another is being broken this winter creates little comment, so accustomed to it have the men about the big plant become to these things.

The latest record to be broken was that of the largest cargo of coal to be brought into this port. Up to yesterday the steamship Irishman held the record for a cargo of soft coal, having landed over a thousand tons. Yesterday the Monarch of the Elder Dempster line came in from Newcastle-on-Tyne with a cargo of 8,000 tons of coal. This is consigned to the Grand Trunk railway.

Altogether there are now in this port for the Grand Trunk to handle over thirty thousand tons of soft coal beside 2,000 tons of lumber for the city. It is in addition to these tons of cargo of other kinds brought here steam yesterday waiting a chance to be loaded for the Grand Trunk is the Ceres Company; the Monarch with 8,000 tons for the Grand Trunk; the H. O. Barrett with 2,752 tons of coal; the Lowlands for the Elder Dempster line; the schooner Helen W. Martin with 3,400 tons for the Paper Company; and the Canadian, which has 5,000 tons of Welsh coal consigned to John B. Keating, the greater part of which the Grand Trunk is expected to handle.

Such a business as this railroad has been doing this winter is not appreciated by the people of this city. It will show up at the end of the season as having been the very thing the Grand Trunk has ever known. The average for March was over five hundred cars of freight handled every day bound in both directions. Just think what this means. A few years ago such a thing would not have been possible on this railroad and the record of the Grand Trunk is making in this business would put many big systems to shame. Five hundred cars a day. That is an immense number. It would take over three miles of track if they were all hitched together into one train. But of course they are not handled in this way. Such a thing would be utterly impossible. Ten trains every day of 50 or 60 cars each are being run out of the city over the Grand Trunk. These are hauled by the largest and most powerful engines known. A few years ago the largest engine on the road could only haul 25 or 30 cars, but today the big moguls are taking through almost twice as many.

QUICK RESULTS BY ADVERTISING IN THE ST. JOHN STAR.

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

(New York Times.)

The movement for a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher has caused many anecdotes to be told. One related by Bishop Potter runs as follows:

Beecher went into a Bowers restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give orders to the cook as "Ham and —" "Steak and —" etc.

"Watch me," said waiter with an order which I believe he won't abbreviate." Then he said: "Give us water, please."

Then for two, with the yolk broken. The waiter walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em." It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

MAINE HORSEMEN

Want to Encourage the Breeding of Racing Stock in That State.

The directors of the Maine Eastern Breeders' Association which was formed in Waterville, Feb. 18, at a large gathering of a large number of horsemen, will hold their first meeting with Hon. F. O. Beal at the Bangor House today.

The officers of the association are as follows: J. M. Johnson, Calais, president; F. O. Beal, Bangor; F. O. Walker, Rumford Falls, vice-presidents; Charles H. Clark, Auburn, secretary; E. P. Mayo, Waterville, treasurer; Ellsworth and C. H. Nelson of Waterville, executive committee.

At the session of the directors which will be held today the time of the first meeting of the association was decided upon. The purses or stakes will also be settled, and it will be decided whether or not running races are to be encouraged by the association.

The object of the Maine Eastern Breeders' Association is to encourage the breeding of race horses and horses in general in Maine. There are a large number of matters such as the settlement of dates, etc., which will be decided by the directors at Wednesday's meeting, and it is thought that it will be one of the most interesting sessions ever held by Maine horsemen.

Hon. F. O. Beal, with whom the Breeders' Association is to meet, when asked whether or not runners would be provided for in the stakes offered for the race meets said that he did not know.

"What really ought to be done," said Mayor Beal, "is to have a running track at Maplewood park. There are hundreds of people around Bangor and, especially women, who like to watch the runners and who think that owing to the fact that it takes so many hours to finish a trotting or pacing race they are slow."

Some good running races certainly ought to be paid in Bangor, as there are hundreds who enjoy this turf sport hereabouts.

VARIETY OF SPICE.

Are you aware of the fact that you sometimes make more very disagreeable remarks?

Yes, answered Miss Cayenne. Isn't it dreadful to have a circle of friends who enjoy that sort of thing so much?—Washington Star.

Isn't this the same girl whose picture we used the other day? It's the same girl but it isn't the same picture.

Why not?

We are using the other picture in the second part of the paper as a portrait of that Montana female desperado—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Chellus—Automobile is her fad, now, I hear.

Miss Speitz—Ah! yes; because it improves her looks at least 50 per cent.

Miss Chellus—The idea! How?

Miss Speitz—Because she wears a mask half the time.—Philadelphia Press.

In a well-known thoroughfare in London outside a noted restaurant, there might be seen the following notice:—The King.

The Repeater—Jim—Would you call a man who steals another man's funny stories or his plots and uses them a literary thief?

James—No; I would call him a second-story man.—Baltimore Herald.

Softer—I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit, he said.

I don't like to put it in that way, she quietly replied.

How then? he hopefully asked.

I have never heard any stories to your credit, said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Merchant—Did you find out what that gentleman wanted?

New Clerk—No, but I found out what he didn't want.

Merchant—What? How dare you—New Clerk—And I sold it to him.—Catholic Standard and Times.

What kind of meat have you this morning, Larry? asked the board of trade operator.

Well, sir, said the butcher, I've got some fine bear steak, and some beef—that's just bully!

Humph! Give me some lamb.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMILITY.

(New York Times.)

Father Ducey is telling about how he was accosted on Madison Avenue the other day by an old woman whom he had often given alms. She presented an ostentatious given the assurance that he mildly suggested that she would do well to go home and make a fresh toilet.

Strutting her shoulders, she said plaintively: "Sure, yer Riviness, I know I don't look class or decent, but I can't help it. I'm just a poor, miserable, dirty, old woman, not fit for this world at all, at all—only fit for the Kingdom of Heaven!"

SPORTING NEWS.

THE RING.

GEORGE NIXON WHIPPED.

George Dixon received a setback the other night in Woolwich, England, when a comparative novice, Fred Delaney, defeated him in a six-round competition. Dixon, as usual, forced matters in the first round. He led with his left, but the blow fell short. He tried to swing the right for his next effort, but Delaney got home a hard one in the wind and the negro went back to the ropes with a thud. Dixon came forward again and planted a heavy left on the jaw, almost sending the Englishman down. But Delaney, nothing daunted, returned, swinging both right and left and catching Dixon on the mouth and head. The second round was fast, but when it was over Dixon was puffing and bleeding slightly from a wound over the right eye. Dixon had the better of the third round. He used his famous double punch with unerring effect, and made Delaney clinch. Delaney got to Dixon's body at short range, but his knoxes had no apparent effect on the ex-champion. In the fourth Delaney had the call by a big margin. He slashed away with both hands, corralling Dixon at every turn. Dixon near the close of the round was almost knocked down with a hard drive in the wind. He evened matter up by putting the left clean on the mouth. Dixon was tired in the fifth and Delaney increased his lead by reaching for the body and jaw. Dixon made a valiant effort to get a draw in the final round. Delaney, however, was active, and by jabbing continually away at Dixon's mouth, kept the colored boy at bay. Delaney attacked the body, taking a few punches on the mouth in order to connect. Dixon was fast tiring, and when the contest was over was glad to get to his chair. Delaney was cheered for his good work, and was clearly entitled to the decision.

YACHTING.

MODERN YACHT RACING.

There has been such a diversity of opinion as to whether yacht building for cup racing has reached the limit that the following subject will be of much interest to yachtsmen. It is a subject which has been the development of the Shamrock I, an event of unusual importance is about to take place, such as a match for very America Cup, all sorts of extravagant reports are promulgated relating to the probable speed and extraordinary character of the yachts. There seems to be no limit to the publicity of the public in matters connected with the races for the America Cup. The Shamrock I, was built on the Thames from the plans of the late Sir Thomas Lipton, and the papers were flooded with reports that she had never been tried, there was a feeling that she was the most perfect racing yacht ever launched. Then, when it came to the construction of Shamrock II, on the Clyde, she was repeatedly assured that Mr. Watson's new boat would out a flyer long before she left the stocks. It was also reported that her construction was something quite out of the common.

Reasons for these assertions were freely quoted. Had not the builders made eleven models, with no less than 40 alterations, in order to obtain the best form to drive through the water? The models were cut in wax and tried in an experimental tank. Surely, after such a course of development, it must be the most wonderful of yachts. The mystery of her special construction was not too easy to explain, but the very secrecy seemed to convince the public that the builders had something up their sleeve which would make the boat superior to any ordinary racing vessel.

It will be well for those interested in the big 90-foot racing to make note of the racing dates and so save themselves bother. The first meeting of the "big ones" will take place at Glen Cove, Long Island sound, on June 21. It will be followed by races on the 23rd and 25th, at the same place.

Second meeting will be at Newport June 24, and 25, also at the same place on June 11 and 12.

The fourth meeting will be the Newport series, June 18, 19, 20 and 21.

The annual cruise of the New York Yacht club starts July 16 at Glen Cove, and ends at Newport, July 24. There will be no race at Cottage City.

On July 28 the trial races will begin and end Aug. 1. They will be sailed off Newport.

On August 1 the defender will be selected to meet the challenger in the big 90-foot race. The defender will be the "big one" of 1902, and the challenger will be the "big one" of 1903.

At this early day tugboats are being chartered for the cup races, many of the best in New York having been secured. The Prince of Wales and Gen. Robt. will be present at the cup races, also Prince Henry of Germany. Sir Thomas will have a distinguished party on board the "big one."

In two weeks the crew of the Constitution will report at New London, when the work of fitting her out to be the defender will be started. The crew will also report. With the three boats at New London, they will be tried by try outs of Newport before the great trial start for Glen Cove.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

(Philadelphia Record.)

At a recent session of the Pegasus Club the talk turned to medicine and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, told this story:

There was once a physician who was summoned to a village in England, to the house of an upholsterer. The upholsterer had a bad attack of typhus fever, and was plainly dying. Nevertheless, the physician prescribed for him, though he had no doubt of the man's recovery. The next morning he called at the house, expecting to find the upholsterer a corpse, but he found him instead quite well. He had recovered as by a miracle.

"How does this happen?" the physician asked, and the man replied.

"After you were gone, sir, I was seized with a violent thirst, and drank a quart of pickled cabbage juice. Immediately I proceeded to bed, and was cured."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the physician, and he wrote down in his notebook, "Pickled cabbage juice—cure for typhus."

"Later he was summoned to another typhus case and prescribed the cabbage juice, but this second man died."

"What was our poor friend's business?" he directed the widow, and she said: "He was a glazier."

"Ah!" cried the physician, and he amended his note book so that it read, "Cabbage juice a cure for typhus, if the patient be not a glazier."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

In New Orleans twenty years ago, Miss Sophie B. Wright undertook teaching six boys who worked for their living during the day, but were anxious to obtain an education; from this modest beginning has grown the institution known as the Sophie B. Wright Free Night School, with over 1,000 pupils and a corps of twenty teachers.

There is absolutely no charge for the work, being that the applicant is only required by day and express his willingness to comply with the requirements of the school.

A New York woman, Mrs. F. Mitchell Clark, has invented a rebounding board for the piano, which has been given a public hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House. This consists of a convex lid which fits over the top of the piano and takes the place of the ordinary lid.

At the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston are to be seen five specimens of the exquisite handwork for which the Danish women are famous. The articles in embroidery are particularly fine. Much of this work was sent direct from Copenhagen by the Bureau of the Woman's Council.

APPLIED PHILOSOPHY.

(Exchange.)

Most British visitors to Paris are acquainted with Bignon's, a restaurant where no prices were set down on the bill of fare. The guests had the artistic satisfaction of dining in the ignorance of what the expense would be, but he was very likely to discover, when he received the bill, that ignorance is, indeed, bliss.

"Fifteen francs for a peach!" said a Russian prince, on one occasion. "They must be very scarce,"

"It isn't the peaches that are scarce, your highness, it is prices," replied Bignon.

THE FAIRIES.

By William Allingham.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Treading the green grass,
Trooping the good folk,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their bonny
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds,
Of the black mountain-lake,
Watch for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top,
The old King sits;
He's high and old and gray
With a bridge of white mist
Between the night and morrow,
On his stately crown,
From Silverdale to Rosses;
On his stately crown,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
Between the night and morrow,
They thought she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow,
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the crazy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any cattle stray,
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Treading the green grass,
Trooping the good folk,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

Witty Lecture by Dr. Lindsay Parker in Brooklyn.

"A picturesque Tour Through the Emerald Isle" was the apt title of a lecture given Tuesday evening in Association Hall, by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Parker, rector of St. Peter's R. C. church, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The lecture was under the auspices of the board of managers of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives. The proceeds will be devoted to the soldier's bed fund.

There was a large and appreciative audience, the many good points in the lecture being liberally applauded. Dr. Parker showed a large number of excellent views, including all the main points of interest in Ireland, with descriptions of the buildings, monuments, people and their habits and customs. Punctuating the lecture were a number of Irish stories, told as only the Irishman can tell them. Dr. Parker's lecture was a most interesting and good companion. Of course Dr. Parker's lecture was a most interesting and good companion. Of course Dr. Parker's lecture was a most interesting and good companion.

Dr. Parker concluded his address with describing Dublin, the city of his birth, paid tribute to Sir Thomas Lipton and his brave efforts to take the cup back, threw the Shamrock and the Columbia upon the screen, and said that although he was an Irishman through and through he was more of an American. He asked the audience to rise and sing one of "The Star Spangled Banner," and it was done with a will.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER OPINIONS.

(New York Times.)

Bishop Potter, in an endeavor to make clear the differences of opinion that may result from the point of view, recalled an incident of last summer at a popular resort. He had just taken a surf bath, and was drying in a typical public bathing resort booth, when a complaining voice came over the loud partition separating him from the occupants of the next compartment.

"Say," asked the voice of the unknown, "do you know how much these hotel people charge a season for those cottages across the beach?"

Bishop Potter confessed ignorance. The complainant announced the figure at \$750 and added: "It is an outrage. Don't you think it's just like highway robbery?"

"I have no objection to the facts," Bishop Potter replied that he really did not wish to commit himself, as he was a stockholder in the hotel and did not desire to convict himself of the offences charged by his neighbor.

"Remarkable in a different and sprightly note," "Oh, well, that's different. It's pretty good stock, too, isn't it?"

INSTRUCTION.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

It had reached Dr. Jowett's ears when Mayor of Baltimore, Balliol met so successful in the examination in "Rudiments of Religion" as in the classical school so that determined to call as the next batch of candidates and catechise them himself in Bible history.

"What prophet went up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Elijah, sir."

"It is disgraceful that a scholar of this college should be so ignorant. Mr. Jones?"

"Elijah, sir."

At this point the library boy entered, and to strike the undergraduates with shame he was appealed to. "Tell these gentlemen what prophet went up to heaven in a chariot of fire."

"Elijah, sir."

"Then ensue a pause and then 'Well, gentlemen, perhaps it was Elijah.'"

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

(New York Times.)

The Rev. Dr. Cleland of St. Peter's church, Westchester, tells this little story of a mistake which he has recently experienced in his prayer mentioned by name several good words in which he took special interest. His little son listened with much attention and seemed moved. When the prayer was fairly about, he interrupted as she called out to him:

STEAMERS, ETC.

EAST RH STEAMSHIP COY.

(International Division)
WINTER REDUCED RATES.

In effect November 1, 1902, to May 1, 1903.
Commencing December 1, 1902, at 10 a. m. THURSDAY for London, Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning from Boston, via Portland, Eastport and Lubeck Mondays at 8.15 a. m.
Through tickets on sale at principal railway stations and baggage checked to destinations.

WILLIAM C. LEE, Agent,
St. John, N. B.
A. H. HANSCOM, G. P. & T. A.
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TO LET.

Advertisements under this head: Two words for one cent each time, or Three cents a word for ten times. Payable in advance.

TO LET—One self-contained flat containing five rooms. Modern improvements. Apply to WM. HUMPHREY, 118 St. James street.

TO LET—A small flat of five rooms, off Charlotte street near Horsfield. Apply to G. F. MATTHEW, 88 Summer street.

TO LET—Lower flat fronting on south side of Elliot Row. Two flats fronting on north side of Elliot Row. These premises will be thoroughly renovated for desirable tenants. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, Barrister, etc., etc.

TO LET—Two large flats on Main street, North End. Apply to J. E. COWAN, 99 Main street.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—The Leasehold Premises fronting No. 90 on east side of Charlotte street, in the occupation of James W. Lee. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, Solicitor.

TO LET—From 1st May next, that very comfortable, self-contained dwelling house, now occupied by George H. Horton, Esq., No. 159 German street, corner Horsfield, containing 8 rooms, bath room, hot and cold water, etc. Can be seen Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Apply to W. TREMAINE GARD, 48 King street.

TO LET—Self-contained flats of four, six, seven and eight rooms respectively. Also a large barn. Enquire of M. J. WILKINS, 291 Haymarket Square.

TO LET—From 1st May next, fine flat No. 8 Cedar street, at present occupied by H. King, Esq. Modern improvements. Rent moderate. Can be seen Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Money to loan on satisfactory security.

Enquire of BUSTIN & PORTER, Barristers-at-Law, 109 Prince William street.

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

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 21, 1903.

TURN THEM OUT.

The Globe notes the fact that the Bathurst Courier, liberal, denounces the bribery practiced in the recent election, and calls for the punishment of the bribers, and the reform of the ballot. Commenting on the subject the Globe says:—

It is claimed that thirty-six members of the new legislative assembly are liberals. If so, they ought to be able to give the province a ballot law that will not be a disgrace to the country.

Surely the Globe does not desire the public to think that it is less astute than formerly. The liberals to whom it refers knew all about the iniquity of the ballot system before the elections took place. Not one of them raised his voice against it. The open ballot and the wad enabled them to secure their election. In St. John Messrs. McKeown, Robertson, Lantallum and Purdy would all have been defeated if there had been a secret ballot. So would the three men who were elected in Kings. The like was true in other counties. An open ballot and open bribery won the victory, without a word of protest from any one of these thirty-six "liberals," all of whom knew perfectly well what was going on.

It is useless for the Globe to call upon liberals in office to do anything. Mr. Blair is a liberal. Mr. Tweedie is a liberal. Dr. Pugsley is a liberal. Every schemer, every opportunist, every place hunter every seeker after booty, every man with a price—is now a liberal and is rewarded for it. What will they do in the work of reform?

The Globe may as well score out the word liberal, take in the sign, and call upon honest men of all parties to bring about a new order of things at Fredericton, Toronto and Ottawa. Perhaps the conservatives needed to be taught a lesson in 1896, but they never approached our present rulers in the extent of their violation of the principles of good government.

PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC.

The great scheme of irrigation of waste lands in the far west, which the United States congress authorized last year, has already led to much complaint and to charges of favoritism and fraud. A provision was made last year that the proceeds from the sale of public lands since July, 1900, should be used to start the irrigation work. This fund amounts to about \$10,000,000, and the news went through the west that water was to be turned into all the arid plains and that the value of farm lands would go upward with great bounds. Farmers appear to have got the idea, from the glowing addresses of the politicians, that almost every man's land would be irrigated, and applications at the rate of five to ten per day have been pouring into Washington. The applicants were soon undeceived.

A Washington letter says: Up to the present time every one of these applications has been turned down or some evasive reply given. Five big projects have been adopted by the government, involving an estimated cost of \$7,000,000. They are judiciously scattered throughout the states of the senators and representatives who bore the brunt of the fight in behalf of the irrigation legislation. Now the cry has gone up from the thousands of western farmers who furnished the enthusiasm that took the bill through congress that the irrigation funds are being used for the benefit of land in which certain United States senators are interested. Of course this statement is denied by the officers in charge of the work, and no evidence has been presented to prove that there is anything in the charge. But more discretion and loyalty is given to government officers in handling the tremendous sums of money made available under this law than in any other act that has been passed since the allotment of \$50,000,000 to enable President McKinley to prepare the country for war. The secretary of the interior is to decide what country shall be irrigated, how much money shall be spent and just how it shall be disbursed. The act imposes on him great responsibilities and authority, and it is natural to look for charges of favoritism.

The five projects which have been approved are scattered through the states of Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming, whose representatives in congress are responsible for the enactment of the law last year. It is charged that lands that are to receive the benefits of irrigation are being taken up by speculators who have inside information as to the plans of the government. With regard to this Washington letter says: The public land laws are defective in some respects, so that it is possible for speculators to get hold of more land than they actually require for homestead purposes. It is believed that there has been a good deal of speculative claiming of land in sections where the government is about to establish irrigation works. By taking advantage of the desert land act, the timber and stone act, homestead and other acts relating to the taking up of public lands, it is possible for an individual to get hold of 320 acres in his own name. Under these conditions it would be a comparatively easy thing for a syndicate to colonize a stretch of country and get possession of a vast amount of property.

It therefore looks as if the gigantic project of the government would give some excellent opportunities for gigantic theft at the expense of the country. Both in the United States and Canada there appears to be a widespread feeling that it is all right to "get in on the ground floor," in matters relating to the public domain, regardless of the rights of the people

at large. Whether it is the public lands, timber properties, railway concessions or some other scheme, the public domain is regarded as a fair mark for plunder. It is not a healthy condition of affairs.

THE DOLLAR ERA.

The report of the auditor general reveals very clearly why some persons and some newspapers are such enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Blair and the present federal government. While they talk with great seal about the necessity, in the interests of Canada, for a continuance of liberal rule they have an eye on the large sums paid to them selves every year out of the public chest. They fear that if a change of government should occur they would lose a very large revenue. They are not independent. When they listen to Mr. Blair and warm their hands in vigorous and ostentatious applause they are figuring on the profits to fall in their direction. The Star is of opinion that never in the history of Canadian politics was the almighty dollar so potent a factor as now, with a liberal government in power and political bargainers like Mr. Blair in control of great spending departments. Mr. Blair is sometimes proudly pointed to as a man who looks after his friends. The fact is that every act is coldly calculated beforehand, with a view to future needs; and if some people get rich it is the country and not Mr. Blair that pays the bills. It is time for a change.

In Brooklyn this week two boys were before the police magistrate, charged with theft. They were sent up for trial. To their mothers, who were in court, the magistrate administered a severe rebuke, that has its application in St. John as well as in Brooklyn. His honor said: It was a shame the way in which some boys were allowed to run at large without any parental supervision, and he added that it was largely due to carelessness on the part of the mothers. The mothers could bring up their boys either to be useful members of the community or to be loafers. "Better look out for your boys," he said, "or in ten years they will break your hearts."

Col. Tucker, M. P., has at last done something. He has punished a man for being honest and acting up to his convictions. The story is given in today's Star. How do the people who support Col. Tucker like a man of that sort as a representative? Isn't it an inspiring narrative? It may be added that at the outset Col. Tucker expressed the view that Mr. Blair should not have taken the course he did regarding the provincial elections. Being whipped into line himself he would not brook the spirit of independence in any other man. Isn't it time for a change?

CHANGED HIS FAITH.

Brooklyn Baptist Minister Joined the Episcopal Church.

BROOKLYN, March 20.—The Rev. Garrett L. Allen, who has been since last September assistant to the Rev. Robert MacDonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist church, has changed his faith from the Baptist to the Episcopalian.

Mr. Allen was last night confirmed by Bishop Burgess in St. Clement's Episcopal church, Pennsylvania and Liberty avenues. He has been under instruction by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swetsch, rector of St. Luke's church, Clinton avenue, near Fulton street, for some weeks. Mr. Allen will at once be licensed as a lay reader and will work in St. Luke's church for a time and on May 1st, it is understood, is to be given a charge by Bishop Burgess somewhere on Long Island. In six months Mr. Allen will be ordained deacon and six months thereafter will be advanced to the priesthood.

Mr. Allen, who lives at 127 Putnam avenue with his charming wife, said this morning that his change of faith was a matter of conscience. He had for some months contemplated the step and believed he could be more useful in the Episcopal church. Mrs. Allen agreed with his statement, using the word "we" in emphasizing the reason for the step as being one of conscience and duty.

DEATHS.

FARREN.—In this city, on the 18th inst. James Farren, at 73 Harrison street, aged 12 years.

DONALD.—At No. 100 Adelaide street, of pneumonia, on March 19, Laura Isabel, only child of Charles and Charlotte Donald.

CALLAHAN.—In this city, on March 19th, after a short illness, Mary, relict of the late Jeremiah Callahan, in the 10th year of her age, leaving two sons.

Funeral on Sunday at 2.30 o'clock from her late residence, 38 Polk street, step and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

OWENS.—In this city, on March 19th, after a lingering illness, Ellen L., eldest daughter of John B. and Mary A. Owens. Notice of funeral hereafter.

PEACOCK.—Suddenly, in this city, on March 20, William J. Peacock, aged 25 years, leaving a wife and two children, a father, mother, one brother and six sisters.

Funeral Sunday at 2.30 o'clock from his father's residence, 40 Westmorland Road. (Globe, Gazette, Star.)

HOWE.—On March 20th, Maud May, wife of John Howe (daughter of the late Robert Floyd), aged 23 years, leaving husband and two small children. Funeral on Sunday, 23rd inst., at 2.30 p. m. (Boston papers please copy.)

EAGLES.—In St. John West, March 20, James H. Eagles, in the 71st year of his age, leaving one daughter to mourn his loss.

Funeral from his late residence, 215 Louden street, on March 22nd, at 1.30 p. m. Tomorrow (Sunday). Service at residence at 2.30 p. m.

KING.—At Medford, Mass., March 19, Annie, wife of Joseph E. King, aged 55 years 11 months. Funeral services from her late residence, 68 Winchester street, Saturday, March 21st, at 1.30 p. m. Relatives and friends invited. (St. John, N. B., papers please copy.)

READY.—At his late residence, 75 Simonds street, on March 20th, Hugh Ready, in the 73rd year of his age, leaving a wife, two sons and three daughters to mourn their loss.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

KAY.—Entered into rest on the 19th inst., at 1.30 p. m. at his late residence, 100 West street, leaving a widow and three sons to mourn their loss.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE.

No one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But all for the joy of the working.
—Rudyard Kipling.

In these days of enterprise it is plainly seen that the spirit of the age is one of labor, and that the majority of us have work to do of one kind or another. In fact, a great part of the idle class is made up of the members of an organization known under the various names of the Sons of Rest, Amalgamated Association of Tramps, and the Anti-Labor League. We have heard of these brethren, whose faith in the "rest cure" is quite apparent, the world is a busy one. And why is it that most people are engaged in some kind of work? Some work to gain a name among the great ones of literature, art, etc.; some to earn the daily bread and butter; and others to obtain the jam or molasses wherewith to sweeten the same, but very few indeed labor for the pure love of it. Although fame is very scarce indeed, and money not as abundant as might be desired, they are the motive power in most cases.

But according to our text, in the coming golden era the ruling cause will be the fondness for work and the delight in it, and it also implies that if things were as they ought to be today the like conditions would exist. Such would be the case with the brethren of the "rest cure" or making a living are to be thrown aside as worthless in comparison with the love of labor, possibly because it will be of no use to seek them, for we will get neither the one nor the other, and all that will be left to us will be the "joy of the working," pure and simple.

But, while things are as they are, and filthy lucre is necessary to keep soul and body from parting company altogether, let us endeavor to take more pleasure in what we do, whether manual or brain labor, and feel that there is a real

Blair's Railway Commission.

Mr. Bell gave notice that on Tues- iction

NOTES

SEV

ERE THE BRITISH RED EN-
LIVENS THE MAP.

MOVE TO ST. JOHN.
It is understood that Alfred Edge-
r, the well known carriage builder
of this city, has purchased the Murphy
lumber factory, situated on the City
St. John, and will conduct the
business there in the future.—Freder-
ick Gleaner.

Dwain Smith today stated that

men are to assemble at the drill at one o'clock sharp, in review Greatcoats will be issued if the proves cold enough.

l in this province. One shaft
ready been sunk, and another is
introduced with all necessary
power. The mine is advantage-
located within 200 yards of Sal-
ay, at the head of San Juan

Messrs. Robertson are using Leonard Bros.' smoke houses.

<p>Vapo-Cresolene Co. Fulton Street New York</p>	<p>1651 Notre Dame Street Montreal</p>	<p>Take drugg et re. box.</p>
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Everybody Reads It.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
 Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
 stores refund the money if it fails to
 cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each
 box.

London; Norwegian, for Glasgow; schu
 gia, for Annapolis, NS; W R Huntley,
 Parrsboro; James A Stetson, for Bos-
 tled, str Thold, for Sydney, C B.

ORTLAND, Mar. 20.—Cld, strs Devona, London; Norwegian, for Glasgow; schugia, for Annapolis, NS; W R Huntley, Parrsboro; James A Stetson, for Bos-

DELAWARE BREAKWATER, Mar. 20.—
Used up, str Yola, from Sydney, C B, for
Philadelphia.

PORTLAND, Mar. 20.—Cld, strs Devona,
London; Norwegian, for Glasgow; sch
Georgia, for Annapolis. NS: W B Hyslop.

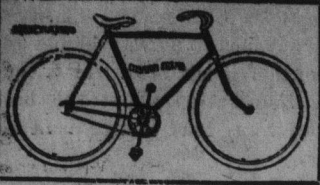
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

makes cream out of skimmed milk.

WON THE RACE!

In the big world race for the best bicycle—one of general utility, comfortable to ride and of good wearing worth—the



Massey-Harris

leads by a very great margin. Truth it is that this bicycle stands positively alone—a wheel of excellent build and finish—a wheel popular the world over with everyone.

The wheel of the people—made for people's comfort—sold at the people's price.

See the new Cushion Frame—Makes all roads smooth roads.

R. D. COLES,

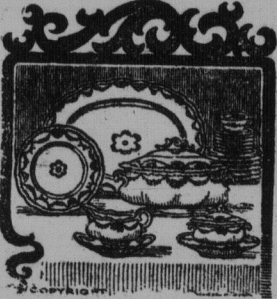
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A full line of C. C. M. parts always on hand.

CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

DECORATED DINNER SETS.

In the greatest variety of artistic elegance and charm, that are sure to please the refined taste of those who delight in dainty china and porcelain, are being sold at exceptionally low prices. Never before have our patrons had the chance that is now offered to procure a dining service at so little outlay.



C. F. BROWN,
501-5 MAIN STREET.

Headlight Parlor Matches.

Beware of Imitations.

Some salesmen will tell you they can give you a match just as good as the Headlight. Do not be deceived.

There is only one Headlight and that bears the name of the E. B. Eddy Company, Limited.

Ask for EDDY'S HEADLIGHT MATCHES and insist on having them.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

P. O. Box 331. St. John, N. B., Selling Agents.

SCOTCH CURLERS.

Their Reply to the Scotch Whiskey Allegations.

There Were Some "Unco Guid" in Canada Who Raised a Storm in a Teapot.

The Liverpool Post of March 2nd reported the return of the Scotch curlers from Canada and the United States, and says: "The gentlemen from Scotland who had come to meet the team brought with them what is known as the 'curlers' cove,' viz., a species of broom made of heather, which is used for sweeping the ice at curling matches. They had with them quite a number of these brooms, and as the curlers came down the gangway on to the stage, the brooms were elevated into a sort of arch, under which the returning curlers passed into the customers' room. The first passenger to land was a Scotch curler. He had on a heavy fur-lined overcoat, and he was enthusiastically greeted by his friends on shore, who rushed forward to shake hands with him. A similar cordial welcome was extended to the other members of the team. All present displayed the utmost good humor, and many a joke was passed in the broad Scotch dialect. From a conversation which our representative had with members of the team and their friends, it appeared that the visit made to Canada and the United States had been a most enjoyable one. They were received with great enthusiasm in Canada, and were very well treated. They found many enthusiastic curlers among the Canadians, and, in fact, they were more enthusiastic than the curlers of Scotland themselves. They played about ninety matches and won more than half. The Canadians played a good scientific game. With regard to the Canadians generally, they noticed that their loyalty was very pronounced."

One of the players who remained in Liverpool, as well as other friends, stated that the talk about the "drumming" habits of the Scotch, as cabled from the dominion, had been greatly exaggerated. Scotchmen, he admitted, liked a "wee drapple" when it was

"guid," but they were no "aye dramming," as some people tried to make out. In Scotland there was a league not to drink "afore twelve" of the day, whatever they might do "about midnight." The Canadians made no attack on them with regard to their partiality for a "stoup." In fact, it was quite the contrary, for they got plenty of it and to spare during their pleasant trip in Canada. Among their fellow Scots in Canada there were some "unco guid" creatures, namely, a Scotchman who raised a storm in a teapot, or a "mutchkin," but it speedily fizzled out. There was nothing but fraternal "Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny" relations between them all through, and if they had anything to complain "about," it was the kind of the folks in Ontario, which was "a' Scotch-Scotch as Scotland and mair aye, especially Hamilton, where the thistle was supreme and flourishing. The fact that the Scotch curlers lost many matches was due to the special training and long practice of the Canadian curlers. They played of ten for five months in the year—a practice which made the Scotch "water," for Scotland, however grand, could "nae boast aye" of such particular opportunities. If they were often beaten, they were never disgraced, and all, if the laurel were a bit taken, it was by Scotchmen, and "a' the rest was mere havers."

WARNING TO ELOQUENCE.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)
The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst is widely noted for the plain way he has of stating facts in a discourse last Sunday he referred to those who are in the habit of dropping a nickel in the plate after having listened to a discourse and logic of some particularly distinguished divine as "showing five cents' worth of evangelical responsiveness."

THANKFULNESS.

(Argonaut.)
While Lord Charles Beresford was in New York he told of one of his tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford. One day he met her and asked how the business was getting along. "Grand, me lord," she exclaimed, "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. It is a 'new model'—it was never a day idle since I got it."

Traveller (to hotel clerk)—I want a room and a bath please.
Hotel Clerk—Well, I can give you a room, but I haven't time to give you the bath just now.—Columbia Jester.

You can't judge by appearances, paw, said Farmer Sorghum's eldest daughter. Beneath the roughest exterior may nestle the heart of gold.

THE LORD OF CHATEAU NOIR.

(By A. CONAN DOYLE.)

It was in the days when the German armies had broken their way across France, and when the shattered forces of the young republic had been swept to the south of the Loire. Three broad streams of armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. And from this lake there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward to Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this sea of dishonor stretched across the face of their country. They had fought and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful guns they had tried and tried to make head against them. In battle their invaders were not to be beaten; but man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German run the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the sieges, broke out another war, a war of individualism, for murder upon the one side and brutal reprisal upon the other.

Colonel von Gramm, of the 24th Posen Infantry, had suffered severely during this new development. He commanded in the little Norman town of Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched amid the hamlets and farm-houses of the district round. No French force was within 50 miles of him, and yet morning after morning he had to listen to a black report of sentries found dead at their posts, or of foraging parties which had never returned. Then the colonel would go forth in his wrath, and farmsteadings would blaze and villages tremble; but still morning there was still that same dismal tale to be told. Do what he might, he could not shake off his invisible enemies. And yet, it should not have been so hard, for from certain signs in common, in the plan and in the deed, it was certain that all these outrages came from a single source.

Colonel von Gramm had tried violence and it had failed. Grief might be more successful. He published it abroad over the countryside that 500 francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then 800. The peasants were incorruptible. Then, gilded on by a murdered corporal, he rose to 1,000, and so bought the soul of Francois Bédard, farm laborer, whose Norman aversion was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian colonel, eyeing with loathing the blue-blooded, rat-faced creature before him. "Yes, colonel."

"And it was —?"
"Those thousand francs, colonel!"
"Not a sou until your story has been tested. Come! Who is it who has murdered my men?"

"It is Count Eustace de Chateau Noir."

"You lie!" cried the colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."
The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "It is evident to me that you do not know the count. It is his wife, colonel. What I tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid that you should test it. The Count of Chateau Noir is a hard man; even at the best time he was a hard man. But of late he has been terrible. It was his son's death, you know. His son was under Douay, and he was taken, and then in escaping from Germany he met his death. It was the count's only child, and indeed we all think that it has driven him mad. With his peasants he follows the German armies. I do not know how many he has killed, but it is he who cuts the cross upon the foreheads, for it is the badge of his house."

It was true. The murdered sentries had each had a saltire cross slashed across their brows as by a hunting-knife. The colonel bent his stiff back and his forehead over the map which lay upon the table.

"The Chateau Noir is not more than four leagues," he said.

"Three and a kilometre, colonel!"
"You know the place?"
"I used to work there."

"Give me this map and detain him," said he to the sergeant.

"Why detain me, colonel? I can tell you no more."

"We shall need you as guide."

"As guide? But the count? If I were to fall into his hands? Ah, colonel!"

The Prussian commander waved him away.

"Send Captain Baumgarten to me at once," said he.

The officer who answered the summons was a man of middle age, heavily-jawed, blue-eyed, with a curving yellow moustache, and a brick-red face which turned to an ivory white where his helmet had sheltered it. He was bald, with a shining, tightly-stretched scalp, at the back of which, as in a mirror, it was a favorite mess-joke of the subalterns to trim their moustaches. As a soldier he was slow, but reliable and brave. The colonel could trust him where a more dashing officer might be in danger.

"You will proceed to Chateau Noir tonight, captain," said he. "A guide has been provided. You will arrest the count and bring him back. If there is an attempt at rescue, shoot him at once."

"How many men shall I take, colonel?"

"Well, we are surrounded by spies, and our only chance is to pounce upon him before he knows that we are on the way. A large force will attract attention. On the other hand, you must not risk being cut off."

"I might march north, colonel, as if to join General Goeben. Then I could turn down this road which I see upon your map, and get to Chateau Noir before they could hear of us. In that case, with 20 men—"

"Very good, captain. I hope to see you with your prisoner tomorrow morning."

It was a cold December night when Captain Baumgarten marched out of Les Andelys with his 20 Posners, and took the main road to the north-west. Two miles out he turned suddenly down a narrow, deeply rutted track, and made swiftly for his man. A thick cold rain was falling, swishing among the tall poplar trees and rustling in the fields on either side. The captain walked first with Moser, a veteran ser-

geant, beside him. The sergeant's wrist was fastened to that of the French peasant, and it had been whispered in his ear that in case of an ambush the first bullet fired would be through his head. Behind them the 20 Posners followed along through the darkness with their faces sunk to the rain, and their boots squeaking in the soft, wet clay. They knew where they were going and why, and the thought upheld them, for they were bitter at the loss of their comrades. It was a cavalry job, they knew, but the cavalry were all on with the advance, and besides, it was more fitting that the regiment should avenge its own dead men.

It was nearly eight when they left Les Andelys. At half-past eleven their guide stopped at a place where two high pillars, crowned with some heraldic stonework, flanked a huge iron gate. The wall in which it had been the great gate still towered above the brambles and weeds which had overgrown its base. The Prussians broke their way round it, and advanced stealthily, under the shadow of a tunnel of oak branches, up the long avenue, which was still cluttered by the leaves of last autumn. At the top they halted and reconnoitred.

The black chateau lay in front of them. The moon had shone out between two rain-clouds, and threw the old house into silver and shadow. It was shaped like an L, with a low arched door in front, and lines of small windows, like the open ports of a man-of-war. Above was a dark roof breaking at the northern corners into little round overhanging turrets, the whole lying silent in the moonshine, with a drift of ragged clouds blackening the heavens behind it. A single light gleamed in one of the lower windows.

The captain whispered his orders to his men. Some were to creep to the front door, some to the back. Some were to watch the east, and some the west. He and the sergeant stole on tiptoe to the lighted window.

It was a small room into which they looked, very meekly furnished. An elderly man in the dress of a mental patient was reading a tattered paper by the light of a guttering candle. He leaned back in his wooden chair with his feet upon a box, while a bottle of white wine stood with a half-filled tumbler upon a stool beside him. The sergeant thrust his needle-gun through the glass, and the man sprang to his feet with a shriek.

"Silence, for your life! The house is surrounded and you cannot escape. Come round and open the door, or we will show you no mercy when we come in."

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I will open it! I will open it!" He rushed from the room with his paper still crumpled in his hand. An instant later, with a groaning of old locks and a rasping of bars, the low door swung open, and the Prussians poured into the stone-flagged passage.

"Where is Count Eustace de Chateau Noir?"

"My master! He is out, sir."

"Out at this time of night? Your life for a lie!"

"It is true, sir. He is out."

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"I cannot tell. No, it is no use your cocking your pistol, sir. You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you that which I do not know."

"Is he often out at this hour?"

"And when does he come home?"

"Before daybreak."

Captain Baumgarten rasped out a German oath. He had had his journey for nothing, then. The man's answers were only too likely to be true. It was what he might have expected. But at least he would search the house and make sure. Leaving a picket at the front door and another at the back, the sergeant and he drove the trembling butler in front of them—their shaking hands sending strange flickering shadows over the old tapestries and the low, oak-raftered ceilings. They searched the whole house, from the huge, stone-flagged kitchen below to the dining hall on the second floor with its gallery for musicians, and its panelling black with age, but nowhere was there a living creature. Up above in an attic they found Marie, the elderly wife of the butler; but the owner kept no other servants, and of his own presence there was no trace.

It was long, however, before Captain Baumgarten had satisfied himself upon the point. It was a difficult house to search. Thin stairs which only one man could ascend at a time, connected lines of tortuous corridors. The walls were so thick that each room was cut off from its neighbor. Huge fire-places yawned in each, while the windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places, he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," he said, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, captain."

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may return to the nest."

"And the others, captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"I will take my supper here in the dining-hall. The logs are laid and we will light the fire. You will call me if there is any alarm. What can you give me for supper—?"

"Alas, monsieur, there was a time when I might have answered, 'What you wish!' but now it is all that we can do to find a bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, sergeant, and let him feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us any tricks."

Captain Baumgarten was an old campaigner. In the Eastern provinces, and before that in Bohemia, he had learned the art of quartering himself upon the enemy. While the butler brought his supper he occupied himself in making his preparations for a comfortable night. He lit the candelabrum of ten candles upon the centre table. The fire was already burning up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts of

blue, pungent smoke into the room. The captain walked to the window to look out. The moon had gone in again, and it was raining heavily. He could hear the deep sough of the wind and see the dark looms of the trees, all swaying in the one direction. It was a night which gave a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which the butler had brought up for him. He was tired and hungry after his long tramp, so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his revolver belt down upon a chair, and fell to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with his glass of wine before him and his cigar between his lips, he tilted his chair back and looked about him.

He sat within a small circle of brilliant light which gleamed upon his silver shoulder-straps, and threw out his terra-cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his yellow moustache. But outside that circle things were vague and shadowy in the old dining-hall. Two caped Normans, heavy with his repeat, lay back in his chair looking up at them through the clouds of his tobacco smoke and pondering over the strange chance which had sent him, a man from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Normans, chieftains. But the fire was hot, and the captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to his feet. For an instant it seemed to him that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame. There, beside the table, and almost within arm's length of him, was standing a huge man, silent, motionless, with no sign of life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed tuft of black beard, and a great, fierce nose, towards which all his features seemed to run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder, and bony, corded hands, told of a strength which was unassayed by age. His arms were folded across his chest, and his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

"Pray do not trouble yourself to look for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian cast a swift glance at the empty chair in which they had been laid. "You have been, if you will allow me to say so, a little indiscreet to make yourself so much at home in a house every wall of which is honey-combed with secret passages. You will be amused to hear that 40 men were watching you at your supper. Ah! well!"

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step forward with clinched fists. The Frenchman held up the revolver which he grasped in his right hand, while with the left he hurled the German back into his chair.

"Keep your seat," said he. "You have no cause to trouble about your men. They have already been provided for. It is astonishing with these stone floors how little one can hear what goes on beneath. You have been relieved of your command, and have now only to think of yourself. May I ask what your name is?"

"I am Captain Baumgarten, of the 24th Posen Regiment."

"Your French is excellent, though you incline, like most of your countrymen, to turn the 'p' into a 'b.' I am amused to hear them cry 'aves little sur moi! You know doubtless, who it is who addresses you.'"

"The Count of Chateau Noir."

"Precisely. It would have been a misfortune if you had visited my chateau and I had been unable to have a word with you. I have had to do with many German soldiers, but never with an officer before. I have much to talk to you about."

Captain Baumgarten sat still in his chair. Brave as he was, there was something in this man's manner which made his skin creep with apprehension. His eyes glanced to right and to left, but his weapons were gone, and in a struggle he saw that he was but a child to this gigantic adversary. The count had picked up the claret bottle and held it to the light.

"And was this the best that Pierre could do for you? I am ashamed to look you in the face, Captain Baumgarten. We must improve upon this."

He blew a call upon a whistle, which hung from the shooting-jacket. The old manservant was in the room in an instant.

"Chamberlain from bin 15!" he cried, and a minute later a grey bottle streaked with cobwebs was carried in as a nurse bears an infant. The count filled two glasses to the brim.

"Drink!" said he. "It is the very best in my cellars, and not to be matched between Rouen and Paris. Drink, sir, and be happy! There are cold joints below. There are two lobsters fresh from Honfleur. Will you not venture upon a second and more savory supper?"

The German officer shook his head. He drained the glass, however, and his host filled it once more, pressing him to give an order for this or that dainty.

"There is nothing in my house which is not at your disposal. You have but to say the word. Well, then, you will allow me to tell you a story while you drink your wine. I have so longed to tell it to some German officer. It is about my son, my only child, Eustace, who was taken and died in escaping. It is a curious story, and I think that I can promise you that you will never forget it."

"You must know, then, that my boy was in the artillery, a fine young fellow, Captain Baumgarten, and the pride of his mother. She had died within a week of the news of his death reaching us. It was brought by a brother officer who was at his side throughout, and who escaped while my lad died. I want to tell you all that he told me."

"Eustace was taken to Weissenburg on the 4th of August. The prisoners were broken into parties, and sent back into Germany by different routes. Eustace was taken upon the fifth to a village called Lauterburg, where he met with kindness from the German officer in command. This good colonel had the hungry lad to supper, offered him the best he had, opened a bottle of good wine, as I have tried to do for you, and gave him a cigar from his own case. Might I entreat you to take one from mine?"

The German again shook his head. His horror of his companion had increased as he sat watching the lips that smiled and the eyes that glared.

"The colonel, as I say, was good to

my boy. But, unluckily, the prisoners were moved next day across the Rhine to Ettingen. They were not equally fortunate there. The officer who guarded them was a ruffian and a villain, Captain Baumgarten. He took a pleasure in humiliating and ill-treating the brave men who had fallen into his power. That night, upon my son answering fiercely back to some taunt of his, he struck him in the eye, like this!"

The crash of the blow rang through the hall. The German's face fell forward, his hand up, and blood oozing through his fingers. The count settled down in his chair once more.

"My boy was disfigured by the blow, and this villain made his appearance the object of his jeers. By the way, you look a little comical yourself at the present moment, captain, and your colonel would certainly say that you had been getting into mischief. To continue, however, my boy's youth and his destitution—for his pockets were empty—moved the pity of a kind-hearted major, and he advanced him ten Napoleons from his own pocket without security of any kind. Into your hands Captain Baumgarten, I return the gold pieces, since I cannot learn the name of the lender. I am grateful from my heart for this kindness shown my boy."

"The 'lie tyrant' who commanded the escort accompanied the prisoners to Durlach, and from there to Carlsruhe. He heaped every outrage upon my lad, because the spirit of the Chateau Noir would not stoop to turn away his wrath by feigned submission. Ay, this cowardly villain, whose heart's blood shall yet clot upon this hand, dared to strike my son with his open hand, to kick him, to tear hair from his moustache—to use him thus—and thus—and thus!"

The German writhed and struggled. He was helpless in the hands of this huge giant whose blows were raining upon him. When at last, blinded and half-senseless he staggered to his feet, it was only to be hurled back again into the great oaken chair. He sobbed in his impotent anger and shame.

"My boy was frequently made to tears by the humiliation of his position," continued the count. "You will understand me when I say that it is a bitter thing to be helpless in the hands of an insolent and remorseless enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been wounded by the brutality of his guard, was bandaged by a young Bavarian subaltern who was touched by his appearance. I regret to see that your eye is bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German dashed his hand aside.

"I am in your power, you monster!" he cried; "I can endure your brutalities, but not your hypocrisy."

The count shrugged his shoulders. "I am taking things in their order, just as they occurred," said he. "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk tete-a-tete. Lo me see, I had got as far as the young Bavarian at Carlsruhe. I regret extremely that you will not permit me to use such slight skill in surgery as I possess. At Carlsruhe, my lad was shut up in the 'dun'—a room where he remained for a fortnight, the worst pang of captivity was that some unmanly curs in the garrison would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That reminds me, captain, that you are not quite situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are you, now? You come to trap a wolf, my man, and now the beast has you down with his fangs in your throat. A family man, too, I should judge, but that well-filled tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually remain widows long. Get back into the chair, you dog!"

"Well, to continue my story—at the end of a fortnight my son and his friend escaped. I need not trouble you with the dangers which they ran, or with the privations which they endured. Suffice it that to disguise themselves they had to take the clothes of two peasants, whom they waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and travelling by night, they had got as far into France as Remilly, and were within a mile—a single mile, captain—of crossing the German lines when a patrol of Uhlans came right upon them. Ah! it was hard, was it not, when they had come so far and were on ear to safety?"

The count blew a double call upon his whistle, and three hard-faced peasants entered the room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said he. "Well, then, the captain in command, finding that these men were French soldiers in civilian dress without trial or ceremony, I think, Jean, that the centre beam is the strongest."

The unfortunate soldier was dragged from his chair to where a noosed rope had been flung over one of the huge oaken rafters, which spanned the room. The cord was slipped over his head, and he felt its harsh grip round his throat. The three peasants came to the other end, and looked to the count for his orders. The officer, pale, but firm, folded his arms and stared defiantly at the man who tortured him.

"You are now face to face with death, and I perceive from your lips that you are praying."

"So face to face with death, and he prayed, also. It happened that a general officer came up, and he heard the lad praying for his mother, and it moved him so—he being himself a father—that he ordered his Uhlans away, and he remained with his side-decamp and only, beside the condemned men. And when he heard all the lad had to tell, that he was the only child of an old family, and that his mother was in failing health, he threw off the rope as I throw off this, and he kissed him on either cheek, and I kiss you, and he bade him go, as I bid you go, and every kind wish of that noble general, though it could not save off the fever which slew my son, descend now upon your head."

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered out into the wind and rain of that wild December dawn.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Cresceno Tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Herihy and Mr. Dolan had both felt it.

Tim said Mr. Dolan, solemnly, what did you think when first the ground began to tremble?

Think! echoed his friend, scornfully. What man that had the use of his legs to run and his lungs to roar would waste his time thinking? Tell me that!—Youth's Companion.

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

To Cure Grip in 2 Days
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets
E. H. Brown on every box 25c

JEWELRY.

We have received a new stock of Belt Pins, Blouse Sets, Chains, Hat Pins, Lockets, etc. These are the goods required for spring. Come and see them, at

41 King St.

FERGUSON & PAGE,

GLASS and PUTTY,

Varnish, Oils, Stains, Turpentine, Spirits, Brushes, Hardware, at

DUVAL'S

Chair Caning and Umbrella Shop.
17 WATERLOO STREET.

CELERY,

Lettuce, Radish,
Parsley and Squash.

MEATS OF ALL KINDS

S. Z. DICKSON

COUNTRY MARKET.

Odd French

China Tea Sets.

We have on hand a few odd Tea Sets in French China that we offer at

BARGAIN PRICES.

O. H. WARWICK CO.

Limited.
78 and 80 KING STREET.

BRUSHES.

WHISK BROOMS, 6c., 10c., 12c., 15c. to 25c.
CLOTHES BRUSHES, 6c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 19c. to 35c. each.
TOOTH BRUSHES, 6c., 10c., 12c., 15c.

HAIR BRUSHES, 7c., 15c., 22c., 25c. to 60c. each.
NAIL BRUSHES, 3c. each, 2 for 5c., 6c., 7c., 10c. each.
BOOT BRUSHES, 12c. and 15c.
WHITE WASH BRUSHES, 15c., 22c., 30c. to 55c. each.

STOVE BRUSHES, 12c., 14c., 17c.
PAINT BRUSHES.
SASH BRUSHES, 5c., 7c., 9c., 12c.
VARNISH BRUSHES, 5c., 7c., 9c., 12c.
WALL BRUSHES, 15c., 20c., 25c.

Arnold's Department Store,
15 Charlotte St.

A SMALL QUANTITY OF BROAD COVE COAL,

NOW LANDING,
—ALSO—
LAWSON ROUND

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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Telephone 250

WOOD. . .

DRY HARD WOOD CUT.
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SOFT WOOD AND KINDLING.
MINUTIE COAL.

LAW & CO., [Phone 1346.

OFFICE AND YARDS: Foot Clarence St.

LANDING:

200 Tons SUPERIOR SCOTCH SOFT COAL for house use. Only \$5.50 per ton (delivered) while landing.
SCOTCH and AMERICAN HARD COAL in stock.

GIBBON & CO'S., CHURCH STREET

(Near N. Wharf), 8 1-2 Charlotte St.

MAGISTRATE CRILEY RESIGNS.

(Calais Letter.)

After many years of faithful service, Daniel Criley has resigned his position as police magistrate of St. Stephen. Mr. Criley was appointed police magistrate in 1888, having previously been commissioner of the parish court. Upright in all his dealings and careful in his methods of procedure, Mr. Criley has commanded the confidence of those having business to transact before him and the respect of the community generally. Mr. Criley's health has been poor of late, and his resignation was tendered on that account.

THE NEAL MURDER.

The police admit that after a week of hard work they have been unable to find anything which might lead to the detection of Mrs. Neal's murderers. The whole of the road from Fairville to the cove has been gone over by the chief and officers; the line to St. Stephen has been searched and officers today are up country endeavoring to secure further information. No trace has been found of the missing satchel and the two men who are wanted have not been heard of since yesterday week.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast—Fresh east to south wind; unsettled and showery tonight and on Sunday. Synopsis—No marked disturbance has yet developed and no very strong winds are at present indicated. The winds for New England promise to be fresh and variable, and to the Banks fresh to south.

LOCAL NEWS.

Stephen Steele died at Southville, N. S., on Thursday morning at the age of 84 years.

People will do well to try the choice cake and pastry made at Central Bakery—see advt.

C. E. Belyea will be a candidate for Guy's ward at the coming election, notwithstanding contrary reports.

During the afternoons and evenings of next week Victoria rink will be open for those who wish to get their skates.

Couns. Long and Lowell of Lancaster will be candidates for re-election at the municipal elections.

Registrar Jones reports two marriages during the past week. There were ten births, seven being male infants.

Owing to the delay in the sailing of the Lake Simcoe, Canon Richardson will occupy his pulpit on Sunday evening.

Thomas Burns, well known in connection with the Roses base ball team, left last night for Amherst to open billiard parlors.

Smokers' supplies, tobacco, cigars, pipes, etc., best quality, lowest prices at R. J. Wilkins', Victoria Hotel Block, King street.

One of the oldest and best known residents of Gibson passed away yesterday morning in the person of Mrs. Charity Ann Hanson, at the ripe old age of eighty-two years.

The body of the late William J. Peacock was this morning removed to his father's home on Westmoreland Road. The funeral will be held at 2.30 p. m. tomorrow.

The Star today did not receive a line of Associated Press in time to publish it in this issue. The service is simply worthless a good deal of the time, although the papers have to pay for it just the same.

Dr. Richard Johnson, a leading physician of Charlottetown, P. E. I., died suddenly yesterday morning. Doctor Johnson was the father of Arthur S. Johnson, son-in-law of William Lemont, of Fredericton.

A Bridgewater correspondent says that Henry Sorette has moved the greater part of his plant from Caladonia to Mahone, and will start in with about 50 men, grading the road bed of the Halifax and Southwestern Railway.

Another Carleton sidewalk that is greatly in need of repair is that on Charlotte street, from Watson street up to the city line. The asphalt has become cracked and broken in many places, and the whole sidewalk is extremely rough and uneven.

Dr. R. S. Black, formerly a physician in Fredericton, is now a resident of Pasadena, Cal., and is at present engaged in fruit growing and meeting with most gratifying success. Dr. Black has a large orange grove of about twenty acres near Los Angeles.

Rev. Mr. Linton, returned missionary from South America, will speak tonight at eight o'clock in the People's Mission on Waterloo street. Mr. and Mrs. Linton will also speak there tomorrow afternoon and evening, together with other missionaries who are about to return to South America. The public is cordially invited.

THE LATE GEORGE RAMSEY.

George Ramsey, one of the oldest residents of Monticello, Me., who died recently, was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, Oct. 16th, 1814, and came to St. John with his parents when a boy. At an early age he learned the shoemakers' trade and when a young man went to Gagetown and located, and there on Oct. 5th, 1837, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Briggs, daughter of Hiram and Dannie Briggs. To this union were born eleven children, only four of whom, with his aged wife, survive him. Deceased removed to Monticello about 31 years ago. Mr. Ramsey was converted at Gagetown, N. B., about 50 years ago, and united with the Methodist church of that place.

PROPERTY SOLD.

At Chubb's corner this morning Auctioneer Geroy offered two leasehold lots for sale: one on the south side of Marsh road and the other facing on the old Westmorland road and adjoining the other. They were knocked down to Harry J. Garson for \$350.

Auctioneer Lantulum offered the farm on Long Island, Kennebecasis, lately owned by Mrs. Ann Vance. The property was withdrawn when the bidding would go no higher than \$250. The sale was forbidden by Mr. Todd, the husband of Mrs. Vance's daughter, who claims the property by inheritance.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

At St. Philip's church tomorrow evening, Allen's Day Anniversary will be observed, also at the Indiantown mission at 3 p. m. The St. John Jubilee singers, who are to sing at the Brussels street Y. M. C. A. next Thursday evening and at the Methodist church, Fairville, Friday evening, will sing at the Indiantown services. A special collection will be taken for the Publication House in connection with the church.

THE SALE OF DRESS SKIRTS FROM THE RUNCIMAN STOCK AT DYKEMAN'S OFFERS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE LADIES OF ST. JOHN TO SECURE THEIR SPRING SKIRTS AT HALF THEIR USUAL PRICE.

DROP IN COAL RATES.

The coal rates which have been very high all winter have now dropped some and are quoted as follows, says the Portland Press: From New York to Portland from 95 cents to \$1. This rate was as high as \$2.50 and \$3. from Philadelphia and Norfolk, \$1.15 and \$1.25; from Baltimore, \$1.20 to \$1.30.

WALL PAPER.

Newest designs in parlor, dining room and hall paper in great variety. A. McArthur, 548 Main street.

Red Rose tea is sold from Newfoundland to Vancouver.

A popular young woman, Miss Annie Monteth, of Northampton, N. B., died on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, aged 23 years.

FOR DIVORCE.

Fuller Particulars of the Case of Dr. Tupper.

He Has Brought the Action to Up-hold the Family Name.

(Brooklyn Eagle, Thursday.)

A nephew of a former premier of Canada and a scion of one of the illustrious families in the dominion, who is now a successful practicing physician in Brooklyn, has been made a defendant in a suit for separation, which is now on in the supreme court in Brooklyn. Today, when a motion was made before Justice Maddox for counsel fee and alimony, the husband put in a counter claim, asking that his wife's suit be denied and that an absolute divorce be granted him. The allegations made in court reveal an interesting story of marital infidelities.

The application today was in behalf of Mrs. Bessie J. R. Tupper against her husband, Dr. Charles O. Tupper, of 229 Jefferson avenue. Frank S. Angell opposed the granting of the motion, and made the counter claim.

On behalf of his client Mr. Angell charged the plaintiff with having been unfaithful to her marriage vows one week ago last Sunday, in Boston, with Irving Lovett of Yarmouth, N. S. The two were married in August 5, 1888, in Yarmouth, N. S., where both lived for many years. The young bride was one of the best families in that city, and the doctor is a nephew of ex-Premier Charles Tupper.

Dr. Tupper, a young physician, had better prospects than the young physician and his beautiful bride. The couple lived for some time in Yarmouth and then moved to Amherst, N. S., where the physician began practicing. He remained there for some years, but owing to a local and long trouble he was obliged to make long trips away from home, in search of health.

It was on one of these trips that Dr. Tupper came to Brooklyn and made arrangements to settle here. After he had settled in Brooklyn and had become the assistant of Dr. Sanford, a specialist in his wife remained in Nova Scotia, and it was at that time that the first rift in the cloud of their happiness appeared. In 1898, according to the affidavit of the husband, he heard that his wife and a Mrs. Millen went to Boston with two men, Dr. H. D. McMonagle, now Mrs. H. D. McLeod, with whom he has since lived. Mrs. Tupper died at Hampton in 1886. In early life Mr. Tupper became a member of the Methodist church, and in local trade gave up agriculture, came to St. John and went into business on the South wharf as a West Indies trader and general provision merchant. He also became largely interested in shipping and owned several fine vessels. John Taylor, a nephew of Mrs. Tupper's, was subsequently taken into partnership with the firm name of Trueman & Taylor. The firm was burned out in the great fire of 1877 and lost heavily. Mr. Trueman's house on Princess street was also destroyed.

He did not rebuild in St. John, but closed out his business as soon as possible and took up his residence at Hampton with his only daughter, Mrs. McMonagle, now Mrs. H. D. McLeod, with whom he has since lived. Mrs. Tupper died at Hampton in 1886. In early life Mr. Tupper became a member of the Methodist church, and in local trade gave up agriculture, came to St. John and went into business on the South wharf as a West Indies trader and general provision merchant. He also became largely interested in shipping and owned several fine vessels. John Taylor, a nephew of Mrs. Tupper's, was subsequently taken into partnership with the firm name of Trueman & Taylor. The firm was burned out in the great fire of 1877 and lost heavily. Mr. Trueman's house on Princess street was also destroyed.

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DIED TO-DAY.

James Trueman, A Well Known Citizen of St. John.

In Business on South Wharf For Many Years Prior to the Great Fire.

This morning James Trueman, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of this city, passed away at the residence of his son-in-law, Howard McLeod, assistant receiver general. Mr. Trueman had been ill for several weeks and a few days ago seemed to be recovering his strength. But other complications occurred and his strength was insufficient to overcome them.

Mr. Trueman was born October 23, 1827, at the home of his ancestors at Prospect Farm, Point de Bute, in the same brick house where his cousin, Howard Trueman, the biographer of the family and historian of the Isthmus of Chignecto now resides. This house, which is said to be as comfortable as a nest, was built in 1799, and James Trueman was one of those who took part in a centennial gathering there four years ago, as he had twenty-four years earlier at the centenary of the arrival of the first Trueman family from Yorkshire, and had shared in the "Yorkshire picnic," July 14, 1891.

William Trueman, son of the first settler of the name, had ten children, and the late James Trueman was one of his 87 grandchildren. He was the eldest son of Robert Trueman, who lived on the old homestead a short time after his marriage to Eunice Beat, and then settled on another farm near by. James followed his father's vocation for a time. He married into another family in 1884.

Mrs. Trueman was Jane Black, daughter of Thomas S. Black of Amherst, and a sister of the late Cyrus Black, who wrote a history of the Black family.

Dr. S. McC. Black, editor of the Messenger and Visitor, Joseph L. Black of Sackville, and Hon. T. R. Black of Amherst, are nephews of the deceased.

In 1854 Mr. Trueman who had been successful in farming and in local trade gave up agriculture, came to St. John and went into business on the South wharf as a West Indies trader and general provision merchant. He also became largely interested in shipping and owned several fine vessels. John Taylor, a nephew of Mrs. Trueman's, was subsequently taken into partnership with the firm name of Trueman & Taylor. The firm was burned out in the great fire of 1877 and lost heavily. Mr. Trueman's house on Princess street was also destroyed.

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