Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters

Over 50 years in use.

Price 25 cts.

PURE MAPLE HONEY

30c. per Bottle.

F. E. WILLIAMS CO., Ltd.,

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets.

Jewelry.

You are looking for the very articles we have in our show cases. We never had a finer stock. That's saying a good deal, but it's true. Come and see.

FERGUSON & PAGE,

41 KING STREET.

PHOTOS!

ETCHINGS!

ENGRAVINGS!

To beautify your rooms at small cost. Also Fancy Goods, Silverware and Stationery; Souvenir Postal Cards and Views of St. John to send to friends.

A. E. CLARKE,

57 KING STREET. - - - St. John, N. B

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO'Y.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK For BOSTON.

$3.50—Fare until Apl. 29—$3.50

COMMENCING MARCH 7th the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7.30 standard for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.

Returning, leaves Boston MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8.15 a. m., Portland 5.30 p. m.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

WILLIAM G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

HOTELS.

HOTEL DUFFERIN.

E. LeROY WILLIS, St. John, N. B.

J. J. McCAFFREY, Manager.

PARK HOTEL.

CHAS. DAMERY, Prop.

Centrally located facing King Square. Newly furnished throughout. Best $1.50 a Day Hotel in the Lower Provinces.

SOVEREIGN!

THE SHOE FOR MEN!

$3, $3.50, $4.

The best value ever offered in this market. I find the demand for them steadily growing.

Splendid Fall Stock of **Boots, Shoes and Rubbers** now open for your inspection. Come and look them over.

Perhaps you have been paying too much for your footwear. Get my prices.

James V. Russell,

371 MAIN STREET, ST. JOHN.

BRYN MAWR FIRE BRIGADE.

The young women of Bryn Mawr College have not been spoiled by too much learning as some worthy souls imagine that college women must be. There was a fire in one of the college cottages the other day. As soon as it was discovered, the chief of the college fire brigade blew the horn, and in a moment forty girls were on hand. They rushed to the fire with the hose cart. They played two streams on the flames and soon made them ashamed of themselves. They were cooler than cucumbers. One of them was cut by a piece of glass, but she stood her ground. Wet, but glorious, the young women went back to their rooms, changed their clothes, and took up the daily "grind" again. That is the kind of young woman that goes to Bryn Mawr.

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 11, 1901.

OUR HEARTS GO WITH THEM.

Tonight another contingent will leave St. John en route to South Africa. The conditions have vastly changed since the first contingent left us. At that time we knew much less about the country to which they were going, and a great deal of uncertainty prevailed as to the duration of the war and what it might involve for those lads from among us who had so gallantly responded to the call of duty. We only knew that they were going forth to battle. We knew not when or how they would return, or how many of them would find a grave on the ensanguined field. But they went with a light heart, and coming generations will recall with pride the glory of their achievements. Most of them came back to us. Some remained away—and a few were numbered with the fallen.

Tonight we say good-by to another contingent, which also includes some of those who went and returned. We know more surely now, for we have the proof, that they will do their duty in a manner to reflect the highest credit on themselves and their country. At the moment it looks as if their work on arrival in South Africa would not involve severe fighting, since the scattered Boer forces are weakening and being gradually broken down. Yet we cannot tell. And, even if there be little fighting to do, the men will be subjected to hardships and discipline quite different from the experiences of their home life. The spirit of adventure as well as a desire to serve the king tempts them forth, and they go with the consciousness that their fellow-citizens are proud of them and will watch their career with the keenest solicitude. May they have a pleasant voyage. May they escape the fatalities attendant upon hazardous missions, and may they all come back to us in health and strength, better fitted for their duties as citizens of Canada and bulwarks of the empire.

LOOKING FORWARD.

In an article in Collier's Weekly, Hall Caine predicts that "the great struggle in the twentieth century will be concerned with the ultimate triumph of the will of the people over the absolute wills which have hitherto curtailed or controlled it." This is a reasonably safe prediction. But when the novelist expresses the view that Rome, because of "her geographical position, her religious and historical interest, her artistic charm, and above all the mystery of eternal life, which attaches to her," will be the seat "of the great court of appeal in the congress of humanity," he is surely in error. The very emancipation of the will of the people from ecclesiastical absolutism, which he claims is to be an outcome of the struggle, would seem to make the selection of Rome impossible. The forces that would bring about such a change as Mr. Caine foresees would not look to Rome. The spirit that would make a great world congress possible would find its inspiration in countries more truly democratic, more intelligent and more progressive than Italy. There might seem a kind of poetic justice in planting the symbol of a new emancipation in the city of the Caesars and the Popes, but if the event which Mr. Caine declares to be a certainty ever does transpire, utility will probably have more force than sentiment in determining the location of its congress of appeal.

THEY ARE HARD TO PLEASE.

Should an American have a desire for imperial rule, woe betide him if it is openly expressed. No doubt there are many who have this desire, but it is placed down deep in their hearts, and well covered with acclamations and congratulations for the person who is their king, but is called president. There are some again who have such a distored idea and morbid hatred of imperialism that they are ever on the watch for it, and ever anxious to stamp out anything whatever which savors of monarchy. Among these there are those who are now complaining that the presidency is swiftly approaching monarchy. To clinch their arguments they cite the fact that at the recent inauguration the president drove to the capitol in a carriage, instead of riding on horseback. This, to their jaundiced eye, savors of that great bugbear imperialism. Again they assert that the White House is altogether too comfortable and luxurious. It should have been left the draughty tenement which Dolly Madison found it. It is difficult to imagine just what these republican hobbyists want, and there is no doubt their ideas of imperialism would be very interesting and unique, to those who are looked upon by them as slaves of an exacting monarch.

The Star on Saturday quoted a paragraph from the New York Post, setting forth the duty of the New York state legislature to keep its hands off matters of purely civic concern, and leave the cities to manage their own affairs. In another column of today's Star the rest of the Post's article is quoted, and is worthy of a careful perusal.

MARINE MATTERS.

The Italian bark Dilbhur has been fixed to load deals here for a Spanish port.

Tug Springhill came down from Parrsboro yesterday with barge No. 4, coal laden.

Str. Concordia, Capt. Webb, of the Donaldson line, arrived Saturday morning from Glasgow.

Str. Cacouna arrived from Louisburg yesterday afternoon with coal for the Messrs Starr.

Schrs. Wm. L. Elkins, Tay, and Ravola, sailed Saturday afternoon for western ports.

The Furness liner Evangeline, Capt. Williams, from London via Halifax, reached port Saturday afternoon with a lot of general cargo.

Sch. John T. Cullinan arrived yesterday from Alma with deals. She got down as far as Quaco the other day, but lost some of her sails and had to put back to Herring Cove.

Pilot John Thomas, who came over from Halifax in the steamer Evangeline, reports having sighted, off Petite Passage, Saturday morning, the brigt. Boston Marine. This vessel left Fajardo for St. John on the 21st ult.

EVERYBODY READ THEM.

Every street car as it passed along the streets on Saturday, throughout the day and in the evening, directed the attention of the citizens to the merits of Red Rose tea. Large display advertisements at each end of the car told the story. T. H. Estabrooks not only knows a good thing in tea, but knows the value of advertising. Whether in the newspapers or elsewhere his announcements are always effective.

A SECAUCUS CARRIE NATION.

She Smashed a Saloon With Neatness and Despatch.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Cecaucus, N. J., has a disciple of Mrs. Carrie Nation in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Woirzitansky, who is in the Hudson county jail, where she was sent Saturday by Justice Francois of West Hoboken, to await the action of the grand jury for wrecking the saloon of William Rose, at the Hackensack bridge, Secaucus.

According to the evidence before the justice, Mrs. Woirzitansky called at Rose's place on Friday looking for her husband. She found him there and ordered him to come home, at the same time turning to Rose who was behind the bar and informing him that her husband was too good a customer of his. Mr. Woirzitansky refused to go home and his wife walked out. In about two minutes she returned with a supply of stones in her lap, and with the precision of a rapidly firing gun proceeded to smash everything in sight, including her husband's and Rose's heads.

Rose said that Mrs. Woirzitansky's attack was so sudden and fierce that he was unable to check it, especially as some of the flying stones had landed on his head.

Mrs. Woirzitansky left the wrecked saloon with a look of satisfaction in her eye. When Rose was convinced that she had gone he went before the justice and swore out a warrant for her arrest. Crowds of people were on hand yesterday to view the work of Mrs. Nation's emulator, and it was the general opinion that Mrs. Nation herself could not have made a more complete job of it.

THE GALLOPING WHITE HEARSE

Hurrying Home from a Funeral, It Suggested a World of Pathos Amid the Rattle and Roar of Broadway.

(New York Mail and Express.)

It was nearly 6.30, and the darkened streets were thronged with men and women on their way home at the end of the day's work. At Thirty-fourth street, where Broadway and Sixth avenue cross with a network of tracks, the usual clangor of cable gongs, the shouts of newsboys, the roar of the elevated trains filled the air, while myriad electric lights sparkled like so many stars.

Suddenly out of the gloom came a little white hearse being driven rapidly home. Its sad day's work was over, and the little horses were probably anxious for their dinner, still it gave one a shock to see them galloping so. Even more pathetic it looked when empty than with its precious little burden. The very emptiness spoke of the vacant little chair at home, the unused toys, the unworn frocks folded away for some woman to cry over on a rainy day.

Fathers hurrying home to their own little ones felt a sudden lump in the throat, mothers leading their children grasped the little hands with a quick access of tenderness, and a strange, sad sense of loneliness came to the heart of the passerby who had no child to lose. Just a little white hearse, seen only for a moment in the gathering darkness by the hurrying throng, but what a world of pathos it suggested.

DID NOT PASS THE TIME.

When a well known bishop of the Church of England was in Trinidad, he once asked a negro, sitting in idleness by the roadside, how he managed to pass the time.

"I don't pass de time, massa," he replied. "I jes sit in de sun and let de time pass me."

FINANCIAL ITEM.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Stranger—You seem pretty flush. In on some clever operation recently?

Jimmy Dores—Yes.

Stranger—Somebody let you in on the ground floor?

Jimmy Dores—Oh, no! No confederate. Just my usual lay; second-story window.

A GOOD YARN

How a Texan Brakeman Handled a River Driver.

Story of the Days of the Old E. & N. A. Road Between St John and Bangor.

"Tramps?" muttered the ex-railroad man contemptuously, "I should say so. We had worse than tramps on the E. & N. A.; we had drunken river drivers. They used to get drunk in those days, too; 25 years ago. Not a little drunk, the way they do now, but real good and drunk; fighting drunk and every other kind."

The reporter had been telling a mild little story about some tramps he once saw riding on the steps of a blind baggage. The ex-railroad man puffed his cigar rapidly, in recollection of the tough old times between Bangor and Mattawamkeag.

"They used to ride on the truck frames with us," he said, "how they did it I don't know, but they could ride anywhere. I remember the first time I ever saw a tramp on a truck frame. It was down in the provinces. At one station about 40 miles this side of St. John I got a telegram to look out for a tramp on the rear truck frame. Somebody had seen him when we left the last telegraph station and the train had pulled out before the tramp could be yanked off. It was in the fall and it was cold. The road bed was terribly dusty, and I couldn't believe that there was a man there. I went back just to have a look and sure enough up the truck frame of the rear car was as pretty a specimen of the hobo as I ever hope to look on.

"He was the dirtiest looking man that ever lived and he was also almost frozen stiff. Well, I yelled, 'Get out o' there, you damned blear-eyed Johnny,' and he got out. He had seen me coming and was half way out from under the car before I got to him. When he got all the way out I was coming for him on the run. He was pretty stiff and sore I guess, but he got over the ties up the track as if seven devils were after him.

THE GREASE-COVERED MAN.

"Well, sir, I just sat down on the rear steps of the car and laughed till I cried. That fellow's clothes were so thick with grease and dust and his face and hair were so covered with it that I wouldn't have known he was a man at all if the telegram hadn't said he was when he left the last station.

"It struck me as pretty funny when I saw him first; when this bunch of tatters began to run, I just couldn't stand it. Here i yelled, you needn't run. You come back here and I'll be darned if I don't give you a ride. He stopped and looked doubtful for a minute; then I told him to hurry up for the train was waiting, and back he came. I put a couple of newspapers in a seat in the smoker and told him to get in and ride and be comfortable for once in his life.

"So I took the poor cuss all the way to St. John. He told me that he had been on that truck frame ever since we left McAdam and I thought that if a man wanted to ride as badly as that it would be only humanity to give him a ride.

"When I was running a freight we used to have our hands full of tramps. We carried a great many cedar rails in those days for fencing. They were crooked and curved all sorts of ways you know so they wouldn't pack close. One trip, just after we left Lincoln, one of the brakemen told me that there were three tramps hidden away under the rails on a flat car near the head of the train. I thought a minute and then told him to go ahead and tell the engineer not to stop when we got to Winn but to haul by the water tank. Well he did and I signalled him to keep on till I got the pipe of that tank right where I wanted it, over the carload of rails where the tramps were. Then I pulled the string. You ought to have seen those three hoboes get out of that. They just tumbled over each other to get out. It was in the early spring, April I guess, and the water wasn't heated much.

RIVER DRIVERS THE WORST.

"The tramps were bad enough, but the river drivers were the worst. When they were going back to the boom at Costigan after a tear in Bangor or Old Town, they were terrors. Oh crazy, they'd do anything.

"I remember we ran a passenger car up there from Bangor in the summer just to take care of the people who wanted to go and the river men used to ride in that. Irish, French and Indians all mixed up together. We had a little brakeman from Texas. He wasn't over five feet five in his stockings, but he was the spryest youngster I ever saw. I have seen him time and time again swing over the edge of a freight car when the train was going 25 or 30 miles an hour, work along to the door by holding on to the edge with his fingers and then jerk himself inside.

"Well we had a hard crowd one night. They got on at Old Town and were going back up to the boom. The Texan had come down the night before on his train and had gone on to Bangor with us to get some things so he had been up 24 hours without any sleep. He was in one of the seats getting a nap, with one of his legs hanging over the arm. These fellows who came in all had their calked boots on and the first one, a great big man with a neck like a bull, lifted his foot and kicked the Texas lad with it in the leg. The calks tore a great rip in his flesh and the blood began to flow before he got fairly awake. 'Get up an' give us that seat' yelled the river driver.

WHAT YOUNG TEXAS DID.

"The Texas boy did get up, mighty sudden. He put one hand in his pocket and jumped up on the seat. The driver looked sort of surprised, but he stood there with his fist doubled up ready to fight. The difference between the sizes of the two was,—well, the Texan looked like a dwarf beside the big man.

"He was tall enough on the seat though and didn't waste any time or talk. He reached over and grabbed that river driver by the hair, just at the back of his head. The man had thick, curly black hair. Then he pulled his other hand out of his pocket and let the man have it just once right above the forehead. He ripped up a piece of that fellow's scalp bigger than my hand and the man dropped with a howl.

"All this time we were on the roof and didn't know there was a row, but when we heard the fellow yell we got down inside the car in double time. There were all those river drivers, huddled up in one end of the car, and the Texan standing on the seat daring them to come on and lick him. He was waving a pair of brass knuckles in his right hand that he had hit the chap with and not one of those fellows, and I guess there was a dozen, dared to make a move. The sight of what he had done to the first man sickened them. He held them there too till we got to the next station and then we took the thing into our own hands and sent him onto the engine.

"When we got to Costigan we ran by for half a mile and let the Texan off. Then we backed up and got rid of the river driver crowd. We were afraid that if young Texas was on the train when we got in they would take charge of the whole stout and kill him.

"Texas told me afterwards that he had intended to buy him a gun in Bangor, because he had lost his, but he couldn't find one that suited him. That probably saved one or two lives and they used to hang in Maine, then, too. Oh, we had our little troubles on the old E. & N. A. I guess," concluded the ex-railroad man.

AT OUR HOUSE.

"Had the grippe?" queried the Stout Boarder.

The Thin One shook his head.

"Starvation," he said, with mournful brevity.

"That's more like it," grinned the Pert Youth. "Never saw the like of your appetite. Thought you had a tank."

The Thin One surveyed the Pert Youth before he replied.

"Young man," he said, "if you had lived where I did before I came here you'd have got fat. Your stomach would have stood it."

"What was the trouble with you?" queried the Stout Boarder.

"The keeper of the ranch," replied the Thin One, "was a genius. He always had a horror of some kind to serve with the dinner. At one time he would tell you as he carved the roast how the doctors took a man's stomach out and trimmed it and put it back again. If you lived through that and got down to the pudding he would tell you how they made porridge out of bran in a boot-leg when he was with a party that ran short of supplies on a railway survey. But he generally began with the soup, and some of us never got beyond that. He told us one day how he and another man dined on soup made of the shank of an old horse, and seasoned with cigar butts. I stayed there two weeks. Then my bones began to work holes in my clothes and I came here. But that man is making a fortune."

"I think," said the Pert Youth, "you said I would get fat in a place like that."

"One man did," gravely replied the Thin One. "His nerve would stand anything—and thrive on it."

"Well—I like that," grumbled the Pert Youth, and flung himself pettishly out of the room.

CULPABLE INDIFFERENCE.

Rev. Father Gaynor Scores the Police for Their Indifference in Oppressings the Abodes of Vice.

Rev. Father Gaynor in his morning address at the Church of St. John the Baptist, yesterday, vigorously scored the police officials of St. John for culpable indifference in suppressing the abodes of vice in that part of the city.

He referred to the subject with great regret, but complaints innumerable had been made to him personally and information concerning the state of affairs had been communicated to the police department with no visible result, so under the circumstances he felt compelled to speak, as the matter was a live issue with the residents of the lower portion of the city. The houses of ill repute had been broken up on Pitt street and the end of Brittain, but had openly been allowed to continue in a more residential quarter as a eyesore to its citizens and a grave menace to its young men. He mentioned especially a resort on the southwest corner of Germain and Brittain streets, two others a few doors away and another further down towards Reed's Point.

In the first mentioned building there were also respectable families living who were much annoyed. Complaints were made, but nothing was done.

Why was this open distinction made, he asked. These places were as public as the others had been and as well known to the police. The idea seemed to prevail in police circles and uptown generally that Lower Cove was a "refugium peccatorum," a refuge for sinners; that this social evil was necessary and had to exist, so the best way out of the difficulty was to allow the houses to remain in that district. This he protested against, for the citizens there were as respectable as those in any other part of the city. If these places were established in the upper and more stylish streets they would at once be driven out, but they were allowed to remain in Lower Cove with the knowledge and consent of the police, who turned their backs so as not to be able to see. Distinct complaints, he said, had been lodged with the police department in reference to the matter, and if no remedial measures were taken by the officers of the law, the people would be justified in taking the law into their own hands to the extent of raiding the places, and without unnecessary violence conveying the furniture and equipment into the streets and notifying the inmates to leave the city.

A Chance to do Your Plumbing Cheap.

I am offering this first class, highly sanitary, up-to-date

Low Down Closet Combination,

Worth $24 for $14.98,

For one month only.

If you are thinking of making changes in your Bath Room or putting in new w. c., why not get one of these high class closets at the extremely low price I am selling them at.

John S. COUGHLAN

122 Charlotte Street.

Shop Tel. 1067, Residence Tel 1165.

TO LET.

These notices, not exceeding four lines, cost TEN CENTS for one insertion, THIRTY CENTS A WEEK.

TO LET—Small flats, three, four and five rooms, corner of St. James and Charlotte streets. Also corner store and small shop 200 Charlotte street. Apply to J. S. FROST.

TO BE LET—Dwelling House, No. 191 Princess street, at present occupied by G. F. Calkin, Esq. Dining room, drawing rooms, 5 bedrooms and bathroom, etc. Hot water heating will be put in if desired; may be seen on Thursday afternoon or on other days on application to E. T. Sturdee, 86 Prince William street.

ROOMS TO LET.—From 20th April next, 2 very nicely finished large parlors and small room adjoining, fitted with hot and cold water, at present occupied by Mr. Chas. S. Lordly, on first floor of brick house No. 148 Germain street, near Horsfield; and also 2 large bed rooms on upper floor of same building obtainable at once. Inquire of W. TREMAINE GARD, 48 King Street.

TO LET.—Flat in House 80 Summer street: 7 rooms besides closets and pantry. Also Barn on lot. Can be seen on application to D. BRADLEY, 82 Summer street.

TO LET—A separate self-contained lower flat, six rooms; warm and comfortable; good yard. Rent $130. MRS. E. H. LESTER, 17 Richmond street.

TO LET.—From 1st May next, lower flat of house No. 114 Elliott Row. All modern improvements and lately put in thorough repair. Apply to KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, 132 Prince William Street.

TO LET.—A large Store and Cellar, on corner of Union and Waterloo streets, opposite Golden Ball corner. This is one of the best business stands in the city. Enquire of FRASER, FRASER & CO.

TO LET—The lower Flat of Sharkey Home (so called), situate on south side Elliott Row, at present occupied by John M. Dick, Esq. Rent $200. Can be inspected on afternoons of Friday. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, Solicitor, etc., Barnhill's Building.

WANTED.

WANTED—Girl to do general housework in a small family. No washing. Apply No. 11 Wentworth street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED.—By a young man, strong and willing to work, in wholesale grocery or hardware store. Can furnish references. Address A. B. C., Star Office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—The Dwelling House and premises on the south side of Brittain street, opposite the Home for Incurables, formerly owned by Thomas Perrin, suitable for two tenants. Possession of one of these flats can be had at once. Apply to J. R. ARMSTRONG, Ritchie's building.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Freehold and Leasehold Property—repayable by monthly instalments or otherwise. Apply to CHAPMAN & TILLEY, Barristers, Palmer's Building, Princess street.

PROF. McDONALD DEAD.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 10.—Chas. McDonald, professor of mathematics of Dalhousie College, died at one o'clock this morning of pneumonia.

WHAT HE RENOUNCED.

(Detroit Journal.)

The soothsayer gazed long and earnestly into his palm. "Beware of a dark woman!" said she, finally.

"Black Maria!" gasped the bank clerk, paling. He was deeply affected by the warning. Indeed, he was a changed man henceforth. He stole but sparingly, nor could he be induced to accept the superintendency of the Sabbath school, choosing to remain teacher of the Bible class merely.

A SAD PREDICAMENT.

(Kansas City Star.)

"Poor Musquito has lost his cook."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, she threatened to quit, so he married her, and now she threatens to leave him unless he hires a cook, as he always did."

The failure of one man is often the beginning of another man's success.