

THE HEART OF A MAN.

By H. L. KALEM.

The wild hawk to the windswept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wood,
And the heart of a man to the heart
of a maid.

As it was in the days of old.

A girl sang the words, lifting them
er and over again as if mechanical.

She stood at a small worktable in a
sunny sitting room, cutting out
by garment; her voice was half
of her face wore a bright con-

stant expression which seemed habi-

tual. Outside, through the narrow street,
a noisy hotel bus, painted gray and
royal-red, made its triumphant way
from the little railway station, a solitary
Gladstone bag hopping madly on
the vibrating roof.

"And the heart of a man to the heart
of a maid,
As it was . . ."

The song broke off abruptly as the
singer, glancing out of the window at
the bus roof passing below, gave a
start and looked fixedly below with
wide lids and parted lips. In a few
seconds the girl's face was white as
that of a corpse.

The giddy song which had haunted
her all the sunny morning, had been
a sort of presentiment. This was the
event, then, that had cast its shadow
before her.

"Oh! Gracious heavens! What shall
I do?" She paced the room distractedly.
"He has come! He has come! I
can't face him, and I won't—nothing
will induce me to meet him, absolutely
nothing!" and she stamped her foot
wildly.

"Mant!" she muttered between
her pale lips, stretching out a shaking
lanched hand, "you robbed me of my
happy youth, you took my girlhood's
heart from me, and now you come to
tear away my content, all for an idle
old-day's sport! Live long enough,
if time will bring you back your coin
surely, surely, you horrid, heartless
rascal!"

After which young lady sank into an
easy-chair and shed a few hot tears—
a few. Somehow so many tears at
the occasion demanded, did not
seem to the occasion.

Somehow the sunny room seemed
lighter than before, the lovely spring
sky showing through the top window-
panes seemed a brighter blue, the soft
"his and silver clouds gaily flitting
in the sunshine where they had only
ed aimlessly before. There is no
sky like an Irish sky, no love
as happy Irish love. Said a muffled
voice close to the girl's ear—"Heart of
a man to the heart of a maid!" She
started and glanced up, a choking
laugh, "O, most appalling bird!
have you picked up that? I wish you
would learn your national anthem as
"licky."

"Give me a little cuss words," Polly
ed sedately.
"There are no little cuss words in the
em."

"Oh, Polly! don't talk any more, pet,
your head is turning round," and she
saw a little hot hand over her throbbing
temples.

"I'm a lady! I'm a lady!" screamed
the parrot with sudden energy. "Me
od is blue with the cold."

"There!" exclaimed the mistress vir-
tuously, whisking a green cage-cover
over some mysterious hiding-place—
a sort of hiding-place which is the
sculler's delight of magpies and of be-
holder girls in Dixie.

The town clock struck four. Miss
Kennedy laid aside her dainty needle,
sock and rose to her feet, a lambent
uget in her usually sweet eyes. She
tretched her slim figure to its full
sight, and graceful as a statue, stood
with her hands clasped behind her
happily little head.

Strange, bitter thoughts raced
rough her mind, and showed in the
straight unlovely line which her natu-
rally pretty mouth assumed. Her eyes
gleamed at the cathedral spire away
over the opposite chimney-pots.

"It's one of two things," she said
magnily, "either I have been twitting
four mortal hours over a stranger
ese initials happen to be G. Y. K.,
with a wailing emphasis." "George
Young-Ker is taking a lengthy holi-
day and intends to call in a leisurely
way tomorrow. Well, I trust he'll en-
joy his holiday."

"Footsteps ascended the stairs, and
someone knocked at the door.
"Come in," said Miss Kennedy lan-
guidly, but her cheeks became white,
and for an instant her eyes crossed
over her nose, like one intoxicated.

"Please, miss, would you receive an
old friend?"
"A—um—a lady?"
"No, a gentleman," said the general
with a delighted smile. Miss Kennedy
was always beloved by those who serv-
ed her.

"Let me see," said the young lady
judiciously. "It might be—oh! I
know the man, but I forgot his name—
my lawyer's nephew, Mr. Knox, or
something."

"Oh! This is an awful nice gentle-
man, miss, the finest looking I've seen
this long—"

"Well, I suppose you may bring him
up, Bridget," with a fine air of bore-
dom, and an elaborately stifled yawn.
The amazed handmaidens departed,
and a minute afterwards ushered in
Miss Kennedy's love of other days.

She played her part with excellent
spirit.
"Oh! really? Mr. Young-Ker?
I'm sure, it's such an age
since I met you, isn't it? Let me
see. . . I'm no sure that you have
changed much. Five or six years
light does make a difference in
some people, doesn't it? Do sit for a
few minutes. I can recommend this
hair."

"F held her hand gently and master-
ly. It really seems so long to you?"
ed, tenderly, trying to look into
fing, averted eyes. "It is only
years since I last saw you in
a. Won't you say you are glad
to see me?"

"Of course, I'm pleased! Won't you
down?" she said with a convention-
pleasantness, drawing her hand
up sharply.
"Edge sat down, and an awkward
tee ensued.

"Oh, you have a parrot, I see," he
remarked lamely.
"Yes," she said, equally lame. Then
pulling herself quickly together, she
plunged headlong into merry chatter
of Polly and her accomplishments.

"I had her from an English landlady's
son, a sailor, of course. He did not
teach her conventional swearing, how-
ever, but, being an appallingly roman-
tic youth, he has her soaked with sen-
timent. When I settle her for the night
she murmurs, 'Good night, love!' in
regular nautical accents. As a rule
she does not speak much except in the
usual talking time, about midday."

"Indeed," said George, anxious to edge
in, "I didn't know that."
"And then she chatters the whole
time! Such absurd nonsense! And
quite long sentences."

"I didn't know that parrots—"

"Such a ridiculous thing happened
last week! Bridget was bringing me
my luncheon—no, my tea-tray it was.
Anyhow, she stumbled outside the open
door, and I looked up to see her jer-
ring with amazing velocity into the room,
terminating her bright career just there
on the floor, her nose embedded in my
plate of butter, my lovely cream
anointing her hair and hearst-rug; the
nice hot tea gushing generously on the
back of her neck—"

"Poor girl!" George ejaculated de-
lightedly.
"What do you think Polly said? Oh!
so cutely, one would think she knew
what she was saying. She put her
head on one side and gave a long
whistle, 'My word! You're a beauty!
Hal hal! Won't you catch it for this?'
Another day she escaped, and flew out
of the window, across the street into
the police barracks. The constable on
guard was so surprised he asked her,
'Where did you come from?' Polly was
equal to the occasion, and answered
excitedly, 'I'm a lady! Me blood is blue
with the cold! You're a beggar! You're
a beggar! Give me my dinner, cookie!
Law-ling! Wasn't it perfectly lovely?
I was glib, though, that our Irish con-
stable was too sensible to feel insulted.'"

Somehow as she and her false love
laughed together, Miss Kennedy's heart
grew lighter. For a time at least she
would be happy. Tomorrow she would
go away on sudden, pressing business,
leaving no address.

"So she raised her head and looked
straight into his eyes."
"Won't you wait a little longer and
have a cup of my tea?"

For the life of her she could not help
trying to charm him. The matter, born
coquette—and she had loved him once.
"May I really stay?" she said dearly
love some of your tea," said G. Y. K.,
very tenderly watching her earnestly.
"Most wistfully, as she lit the spirit
lamp under the little silver kettle."

"Which would you prefer, Ningchow
Morning, or Packing Kailow, the nice
old-fashioned tea? Perhaps you prefer
Ceylon? My landlady dotes on Lipton."
—she gave him a brilliant smile—"Do
you dote on anyone in particular?"

"Give me whatever you like yourself;
I shall be sure to enjoy it." G. Y. K.
answered gravely, the wistful look
in his eyes deepening to an odd, defiant
anxiety. Was she bent on fooling with
him, he wondered. Did she not care
ever so little?

"Then we'll have Packing Kailow.
You see I have very decided views," she
said lightly, cutting a seed cake, "on
most subjects" (dangling gnomastically
into her little trap, "Oh tea," she
smiled again—this time at the caddy).

After a little pause she went to her
work-table. "This is a doll I am dress-
ing for a small crippled friend of mine,
and she handed him a large, golden-
haired puppet, with wigs blue,
like those of a goose. It was dressed
to represent Little Red Riding Hood.

After the manner of men, George
promptly turned the doll upside down,
and inspected the dainty blue shoes
and stockings and lace-trimmed under-
skirt.

"You wouldn't care to appear to your
friends standing on your head," said
Miss Kennedy, coming gaily to the re-
scue, "like an elegant clown!"

The kettle began to sing cheerfully.
"One is often enough judged as if
one were a clown or something," he
grumbled.

"What is the something in your
case?" she asked, demurely.
"Well—haven't you sometimes felt
like—a calling me hard names? . . .
Scoundrel, for instance?"

"I Good gracious!" Miss Kennedy
raised her eyes to the cracks in the
ceiling. "I never called you a name—
I think—except once."

"Lovers' interviews are seldom ration-
al, rarely lucid, and frequently grotes-
que."
"Hal hal!" laughed the parrot, so sud-
denly that both started, "Won't you
catch it for this!"

Miss Kennedy's little white hand
went up to her prettily puffed hair;
she thought, with a sudden twitch of
her forehead—thought of the morrow,
and all the days that would come after
—solitary wanderings, with an ever-
hungry heart, midnight tossings, lonely
twilights.

"What was the name?" the young
man demanded, his eyes bent keenly
upon her ever changing face.

"I told Polly and myself only today
that you—you were a heartless rascal,
laughing nervously.

"Then came Polly's muffled voice—
'Heart of a man—to the heart of a
maid—as it was.'"

A silence, in which the kettle boiled
merrily. Miss Kennedy's cheeks were
rose-red, and George was steadily
growing white. Quiet and masterful,
he rose to his feet, and took both her
hands prisoners, as he had so often done
in the days of old.

"Look at me, Lottie."
"I won't!" she cried, sippingly, bend-
ing her head low.

"You have ever so much to explain!"
she returned, with a tell-tale quaver,
half plaintive, half indignant, in her
voice.

"I'll explain it easily, if you'll only
give me a chance—my dearest."
She looked up with a great glad light
in her eyes, and then he drew her close
up to his heart, looking at her pretty
little red mouth, with his head on one
side, as a bird regards a ripe berry.
End.

Don't fail to read the great Russian
story, "A Soldier of Commerce," start-
ing in the Star on Saturday.

Our \$5.00 Suits

Have been moving out during
the past week like "Hot Cakes."



Everybody who has seen them
says "They are the best Suit
value in St. John."

Of course they are worth more than \$5.00,
and other stores would not think of selling
them at this price, but we offer them as

SPRING LEADERS

for advertising purposes only, and lose sight
of the profit.

If you want to pay \$10, \$12, or even \$15
for a Suit, come to us for the best values and
newest styles and patterns.

In Our
Boys' & Children's Clothing



Department
we have the
best things
for the Big
Boys and
Little Fellows
at prices to
suit everybody

FOR NEW SPRING CLOTHING
Come to us for Satisfaction.

HENDERSON & HUNT,
FIT-REFORM WARDROBE,

40-42 KING ST.,
Opposite Royal Hotel.

THE FACTORY ACT.

Synopsis of Bill Before
Legislature

FREDERICTON, March 30.—Under
the new factory act, presented to the
legislative assembly on Wednesday,
factory means a place in which six or
more persons are employed in any
handiwork. Employer is a person who
on his own behalf or as manager has
charge of a factory. Child means a
person under fourteen years of age.
Woman a female upwards of eighteen
years of age. No child shall be em-
ployed in any factory except in special
cases authorized in writing by the in-
spector, and the lieutenant governor in
council may prohibit the employment
of girls and boys under 18 years in fac-
tories where work is deemed danger-
ous or unwholesome. Employers are
prohibited from employing a girl or
woman more than ten hours in one day
or more than sixty hours a week. No
employee shall be allowed to clean mill
gearing of a factory while the same is
in motion, mill gearing meaning every
shaft, wheel, drum or pulley used in a
factory for communicating power or
motion. Every factory shall contain
not less than 300 cubic feet of space
for each employee. Good ventilation and
cleanliness of factories are provided
for, and whoever keeps a factory so
that the health of employees is likely to
be permanently injured, shall be liable
to imprisonment in the common jail
for a period not exceeding twelve
months, or a fine of \$200. It is not
lawful to have a stable under the same
roof as a factory for food products, un-
less separated by a brick wall. The in-
spector may have removed from a
factory manufacturing food products
or beverages any person whose health
is such as likely to convey germs of
disease or other contaminations. All
dangerous parts of mill gearing, ma-
chinery, vats, cauldrons, reservoirs,
flumes, doors, openings in floors, walls,
or bridges shall be securely guarded.
No machinery or steam engines shall
be cleaned while in motion. Every
elevator shaft or hoistway shall be pro-
tected and no child shall be employed
in control of an elevator. Inflammable
material such as petroleum, benzine,
saphs and explosives of all kinds shall
be stored in a building separate from
a factory. No boiler shall be used that
is not insured in some boiler inspection
company, or that has not been inspect-
ed within the year.

Strict provisions are made in the act
for fire protection, fire escapes, means
of egress from factories, and fire ex-
tinguishers. The owner of a factory
refusing or neglecting to provide means
of exit in case of fire, as prescribed by
the inspector, shall be liable to a fine
of \$500. In case of accident or dis-
astrousness any bodily injury to an
employee, written notice must be sent
to the inspector, or employer shall be
liable to a fine of \$25. In case of ex-
plosion in a factory, whether any per-
son is injured or not, such explosion
shall be reported in writing to the in-
spector within twenty-four hours, un-
der penalty of a fine of \$25 for not so
notifying the inspector. The employer
must also notify the inspector if the
person is killed or severely injured in
the discharge of his duties, or at-
tempting to prevent a child, girl or wo-
man from appearing before and giving
evidence before the inspector, shall be
liable to a fine of \$50. Every employer
shall within one month after he begins
to occupy a factory give the inspector
written notice of the place, nature of
work, address of business office, natu-
re and amount of motive power,
therein, and in default shall be liable
to a fine of \$25. The parent of any
child employed in a factory, in viola-
tion to the act shall be liable to a
fine of \$25 or two months' jail.

Don't fail to read the great Russian
story, "A Soldier of Commerce," start-
ing in the Star on Saturday.

CONSPIRACY INDICTMENTS
ARE THREATENED.

CHICAGO, March 30.—Conspiracy in-
dictments are threatened against heads
of big meat packing concerns, unless
alleged tampering with witnesses who
have been summoned to testify before
the federal grand jury, is discontinued
at once. With two witnesses on the
stand today, who, it is asserted, admit-
ted that they had been approached
with a suggestion that their testimony
be withheld, the jury, it is declared, is get-
ting ready to take drastic action.
Fifteen witnesses were heard today,
three women being among those who
testified. The women were said to be
stenographers employed by the National
Packing Company. One of the
witnesses before the jury today was
Charles E. Mead of Boston, formerly
connected with Swift & Co.'s see lines.
Mr. Mead said that he had not been
in that business for three years, and
was able to testify only concerning the
methods in use then in carrying on the
business. The witness said that since
resigning his position, Swift & Co. had
disposed of their interest in the car-
line business.
L. S. Curtis of T. E. Baker & Co. of
Boston and Frank Dimpon of Omaha
were other witnesses before the jury.
Mr. Dimpon explained the meat busi-
ness from the viewpoint of the medium
through which the consumer obtains
the meat.
HINTS TO PIPE SMOKERS.
Don't pack the tobacco too tightly in
your pipe. For a comfortable smoke
put in Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking To-
bacco fairly loosely and press it gently
down in the bowl occasionally while
smoking.

REASON No. 4.
WHY YOU SHOULD USE

Red Rose
Tea

Because it is Economical.
Red Rose Tea is composed of what are known in the
trade as "high-grown" Ceylon and Indian teas. These
teas are grown at high altitudes on the mountain slopes,
where the tea bushes grow more slowly and are more
carefully cultivated than in the valleys, where the climate
is warm and humid.

High-grown tea is not only a finer quality, but con-
tains much more tea juice or extract than valley-grown
tea.

This can be easily proved by comparing a draw-
ing of Red Rose with any other tea. By doing so you
will find that a pound of Red Rose Tea will spend as far
as 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 lbs. of other teas.

The saving is most apparent in the Blue Label and
better grades—buy a pound and make the test.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.
FOR NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Star:
Sir,—In view of recent statements and
arguments in connection with the Au-
tonomy Bill, it behooves the Canadian
citizens to consider the attitude of cer-
tain government officials and the con-
sistency of their arguments in support
of the bill. A disgusting spectacle
is to see a man of Sifton's sup-
posed intellectual calibre, after having
taken a stand against this autocratic
encroachment on the rights of the peo-
ple in these new provinces in regard to
educational matters and then abandon
his fort and subversively bow the
knee of submission to the Quebec
mandate.
The reflecting reader of the modified
clauses of the Laurier educational bill
has failed to find any perceptible
change in the main points of the origi-
nal drafting. Mr. Sifton don't agree
with the policy but thinks he will have
to vote for it. The medicine don't
agree with Jack and he don't want to
take it, but it suits Jim's constitution,
therefore Jack swallows the bitter dose
which Jim prescribes and makes his
condition worse in order to please Jim.
Why should these new provinces be
gagged, Canadian laws disregarded,
and the national welfare and independ-
ence of the larger part of the citizens
of this fair dominion contemptuously
set at naught? Why should Quebec
dominate the interests of Saskatchewan
and Alberta? Are the citizens
any more enlightened in educational
matters or better qualified to assume
the duties of guardianship over our
new provinces and the dictators of
their rights and privileges? Why did
Mr. Fielding in his recent address sup-
porting Laurier's bill declare it would
be a great national calamity if Lau-
rier should cease to be leader, and that
the opposition could not form
anything but a "Protestant govern-
ment." Even if it were true, does he
think this would be a detriment to the
general welfare and prosperity of Can-
ada? Mayhap he intended this for
political taffy for "Boss Laurier," but
hosts of the Liberal as well as the
Conservative element will resent such
talk coming from a man entrusted
with a high office in national affairs
and intended to ridicule and belittle
the class of people to whom he large-
ly owes his political success. Strangle
him!

ST. JOHN MAN ESCAPED
DEATH IN BROCKTON

BOSTON, March 30.—The Brockton
police have stricken the name of Wil-
liam Armstrong, formerly of St. John,
from the list of those missing at the
R. B. Grover Co. shoe factory. This
errand reduced the list of persons
declared officially dead to 57. The
death of one of the injured, however,
has again brought the list to 58. It
appears that an aunt of Armstrong,
who came from St. John, reported that
he had been employed in the factory
and that he was missing. She further
said that Armstrong's father was ill
in St. John and was unable to look
after the case. Later the masters' union
officials found Armstrong alive and
well in Montello, near Brockton, where
he is employed in Gov. W. L. Douglas'
factory.

A Soldier
OF
Commerce,
By JOHN ROE GORDON.

Recounting the thrilling adventures of an Ameri-
can commercial traveller in

The Russian
Empire

Falling in love with the beautiful daughter of a high
Russian official, thereby incurring the enmity of her
father who had planned her marriage to a prince,
our American gets a taste of the methods of

The Russian Police.

You can learn how it all turned out by reading
the story which will be printed serially in the "ST.
JOHN STAR" beginning Saturday, 1st.
April.