

POLICE STABBED BOYS AND WOMEN.

Terrible Story of Jewish Massacres at Bielostok as Heard by London Correspondent.

London, July 16.—A correspondent of the London Daily Mail writing from Warsaw on June 29th says: I had arrived in gay, radiant Warsaw Varshava, as the Poles call it, on Friday night from Bielostok. After the tales and sights of that stricken town and St. Petersburg with its gloomy inhabitants and more venerable of Western culture, it was pleasant to be in a European town. I sat for a little while in a cafe open to the street on the splendid Krakowsky Boulevard watching the people, vivacious as Parisians, and with a peculiar fascination of manner and appearance. Warsaw is like some beautiful woman whom one sees in drawing-rooms, always laughing and gay, except when a moment she thinks she is unobserved, and in that moment one knows that there is some terrible grief which is so constant that she has almost learnt to disregard it. This is the gayest and saddest city in the world.

But my object is to write of the victims of Bielostok, in the hospital, and not of the Poles, whose miseries are always with us. Saturday was visiting day at the Jewish hospital, and the house surgeon took me to see the patients from Bielostok. Some could speak Russian, but almost all the mixture of German and Russian which is always termed the jargon. The first sufferer visited was Josef Shams, a young man of twenty-nine, whose aunt had come to sit with him. "Thinking it safer to get out of the house," he said, "I was running down the street, and met a policeman, who stabbed me in the stomach. I managed to gain shelter in the house of a Russian Christian, and a compress was applied to the wound. I begged the man to take me to the hospital, but he was afraid of peasants to take me. In the street they hit me on the jaw and took my watch and money. I saw an officer, and asked him to give me shelter. 'That is not my business,' he replied. Then I saw soldiers approaching, and a boy of fifteen or sixteen, a Christian, seeing my state, employed them to help me. They were kind hearted men, and took me to the Jewish hospital."

In the same ward was a boy of fifteen, Abraham Feinermann, a bright looking, blue eyed lad. "I was leaning out of a window," he said, "when I saw a policeman with a pistol leading a band of hooligans. I jumped out of the window at the other side of the house. Then I saw the hooligans were coming the other way too, so I hid myself in a dark corner behind a door in the house. The mob broke in, and I heard them say, 'There is a Jew here; get hold of him.' They found me, and gashed my head with stones, giving me four wounds. The police dragged me into the street, where soldiers were waiting, and we started to go to the police station with other wounded. Suddenly the police told me to go through a file of soldiers, and shouted to them, 'Hit the Jew now you have him.' They refused to do so, but I ran, and a policeman, followed and gave me a fearful gash on the head and one soldier kicked me in the side. I fell down, and people went on hitting me. Then I felt them feeling my pulse, and someone said, 'Shall we throw water over him and see if it will bring him to life?' Finally they took hold of my feet, and dragged me to a shed where someone else was lying, who had been battered. I lay there all night. I was given a glass of water, and some Christians came to prevent them beating us any more. And oh! he added, "I kept thinking death would be better than this. I was taken to the hospital, and now I am here."

This boy was a clerk in a flour store. He told his story in a

This is characteristic of all the sufferers. I have not detected the slightest suspicion of pose in any of them. They have a story, terrible, heart-piercing, true, and they tell it simply, artlessly. In the woman's ward I saw Bluma Mullen, a woman of forty, a good, motherly looking soul. Her head and foot were bandaged, for she had been gashed by stones thrown by the hooligans. This word has to be often repeated, for it is invariably used by the sufferers to describe their assailants when they did not belong to the police, gendarmes, or army, and it is important, as it shows that many of them have told me, that the respectable Christian inhabitants took no part in massacring the Jews.

The case of Sheina Kochan is far worse than the last. "I am forty," she began, "and I was at home with my husband when the mob came. He and my little girl ran out of the house, and six or seven hooligans got in and began to knife me. They wounded me several times in the shoulders, but I managed to rush into the street. A soldier shot at me and smashed my elbow, and I ran into a stable, my husband and the neighbors were looking for me everywhere. Then an officer came and helped me into a wagon, and I was taken to the hospital. On a bed near was Motel Shitzren, a mite of four, with curly black hair. He had been wounded in the leg. Someone lifted the coverlet to show me the little bandaged limb. The baby gave a frightened yell, thinking, no doubt, his wound was to be dressed."

A finely built man of twenty, Kaiman Lunskey, got ten wounds in the head, "I was so bad," he said, "that I could do nothing, and the police brought me onto a yard, then they threw me on a dray piled up with corpses of the murdered. I was on the top, but others, still living, were underneath the dead bodies, and I could hear voices crying: 'I cannot breathe!' They were suffocated. I asked a soldier to let me go in a cab. He replied 'As all the Jews are being killed there will be nobody to pay for it.' So I was taken, with the dead to the hospital yard."

In the last room of the hospital I visited I heard haunting cry. Bring me a knife. It came from the lips of Joseph Vart, a mere boy of sixteen. He had been shot through the neck. Nothing can save him; he must die. How can one forget that lad, with throat and head swathed in bandages, not wounded in glorious fight for country and for freedom, but shot down like a dog in the streets of his native town?

"Give me a knife!" he cried. "Give me a knife!"

"Why, why?" asked the nurse. "Only to cut my nails," he said. But the woman knew what use he had for a knife, and she quietly laid the tortured boy back on the pillow. I went out and talked to a young Pole, a friend of mine.

"I have seen so much of this," he said, "that I pay little attention to it." He is not callous, but acclimatized Russian rule in Poland. Almost by chance he mentioned that his brother had been in prison for five months. "Was he well treated in the city?" I asked. "Oh, fairly," he said. "There were only twenty people in the room, and, of course, at first he was almost eaten by vermin. There was no trial; he goes in for politics, and they thought it better to keep him quiet for a time."

It was good to wander afterwards in the fields beside the head Vistula, to watch the sun sinking behind the distant church of St. Florian, to be reminded that there is something holy and beautiful in the world.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Information that Will be Found Useful to Busy Housewives.

During the canning season the housewife will often have syrup left over from her jars of fruit. Almost any of these can be used for cooling drinks. A little strawberry mixed with the water, with just a little taste of lemon, to give it character and take from the sweetness, make a good drink. Grape juice also can be used in the same way and will be found quite as good as any one can buy and much less expensive.

One of the most delicious drinks is made from the syrup of red cherries. This will not need the addition of lemon. The mixture should be kept near the ice for some time before using possible. The secret, however, of all these drinks is to have chipped ice in them. One large piece of ice does not answer the same purpose as chipped ice in each case. The very sparkle and crackle of the ice against the glass as one raises it to the lips have a cooling influence.

To make a delicious summer salad wash the small leaves of a head of lettuce and place directly on the ice (not in a dish) in the refrigerator, leaving until the leaves are not only crisp, but almost brittle. Just before serving take the stones from some white cherries, replace them with hazel nuts and heap on the lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. This

makes a pretty addition to any table as the colors blend beautifully. In the autumn a delicious salad is made with boiled chestnuts. French chestnuts may be used and are much easier to prepare.

It is a great mistake to think that camphor or any other moth preventives are only required in the height of the summer when the insects may be seen flying about. The chief danger to be feared is during the period in which the moth lays her eggs, these being so small that their discovery is almost impossible until the larvae are hatched, by which time the damage to wool or fur is done. Every garment should be thoroughly examined inch by inch before it is put away.

Raspberry Pie.—Line a pie plate with richpaste and fill with ripe raspberries. Scatter the sugar over dredge on about one tablespoonful of flour, and dot with a few bits of butter. Gash the top crust in several places, then wet the undercrust, lay on the top one and pinch closely around the edge. Bake about half an hour. Serve when nearly cold with a spoonful of whipped cream on each piece.

Potato Salad.—While warm, chop freshly boiled new potatoes rather fine or so that no pieces are so large as a pea. Mix with a generous amount of French dressing and let stand an hour to absorb the seasoning. Add a tablespoonful of minced parsley to each four medium sized potatoes used and as much lettuce shredded fine as can be heaped on a tablespoon. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves or of shredded lettuce.

Pineapple Jelly.—Choose perfectly ripe pineapples, pare them and remove the eyes. Now grate the pines and to every cupful of the grated fruit add one quarter of a pound of white sugar, allowing them to stand together for three hours. Place on stove in a preserving pan and let it come slowly to a boil. Continue boiling very slowly until the fruit is quite soft, then pour into a jelly bag and have the syrup drain through without squeezing it into an earthenware basin, leaving it in the bag until the syrup has all dripped out. To each breakfast cupful of syrup, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar and boil slowly, skimming at frequent intervals. After it has been boiling for about a quarter of an hour place a small quantity of it in a saucer to cool. If it is stiff the jelly is done; if not continue the boiling process for a time longer. When done let cool until it is lukewarm and pour into glasses. Cover with rounds of paper dipped in brandy so that no air can possibly get to them.

Cherry marmalade.—Remove the stems and stones from the amount of cherries to be used. Crush the stones place them in a saucepan with a small quantity of water and boil until the flavor is extracted. Fill the fruit into a preserving pan, adding two or three cupfuls of water and boil until all is reduced to a pulp. With a wooden spoon stir frequently to prevent sticking to the bottom. To each pound of fruit, measure out three quarters of a pound of log sugar and add to the strained water in which the stones have been cooked. Allow the sugar to dissolve and boil until transparent bubbles appear on the top. Now pour the melted sugar in with the fruit and continue stirring until thick and smooth. Turn the marmalade into small glasses and when cold cover the top with tissue paper and stand away until ready for use.

A little sperm oil or gum arabic added to boiled starch will be found to effect a great improvement. When starched pieces come to be ironed, a little salt should always be put into the starch. GREEN SWEETMEATS. Carefully peel with a very sharp knife the green outer rind from a watermelon, leaving just about a quarter of an inch of the firm white rind. Cut into any shape desired, then put into the preserving kettle with alternate layers of grape leaves and tiny bits of alum. Pour on hot water and simmer gently for two hours; drain, put into weak ginger Hater and simmer three hours longer. Drain again. Make a syrup, allowing to every pound of fruit a pound and a quarter of sugar and a pint of water. Skim often, and rind and simmer until tender. Take out the rind and pack in jars, boil the syrup until quite thick and pour over rind. Put in jars and cover closely.

Cherry Sherbet.—Four cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of sugar, four cupfuls of pitted cherries and one-half cupful of cherry pits. Process.—Prepare a syrup by boiling water and sugar together ten minutes; pit the cherries, reserving all the juice, crack the pits and add both to syrup and boil ten minutes; rub through a strainer and strain liquor through double cheese cloth. Cool and freeze. White corn gems.—This recipe will fill two sets of iron gem pans, which should be heated and greased well. Pour two cups of boiling water on two cups of white corn meal in a bowl. Add two rounding tablespoons of butter and one of sugar; also level teaspoon of salt. Add two cups of cold milk and the yolks of three eggs, beaten well. Sift one cup of flour with four level teaspoons of baking powder, add to the first mixture, then fold in last the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs.

Nut cake.—Cream one cup of butter with two cups of granulated sugar; beat four eggs yolks and whites separately, add the yolks with a half cup of milk to the creamed butter and sugar. Add a cup of chopped and seeded raisins and a cupful of chopped hickory nut meats, two cups of flour and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Flavor with the grated rind of lemon and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. This makes one large or two small loaves of a delicious cake that frosted, will keep for weeks without deterioration. No soda or baking powder is used.

"That new farm hand of yours used to be a bookkeeper." "How do you know?" "Every time that he stops work for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear."



A CHARMING NEGLIGEE FOR THE REST PERIOD.

How grateful is millady after a day's shopping, business or social duties to divest herself of her dust laden skirts and formal waist, whose high collar has perhaps caused her some discomfort. With a sigh of relief she slips into the cosy folds of an immaculate dressing saque and then is half rested. These most useful and becoming garments are so much in demand that new designs are always hailed with delight. Here is one whose cut is a decided departure from the usual modes. The fronts are in cut away effect and disclose a full front, attached to an open neck yoke which is always becoming. A charming mode of developing this unique negligee will be the use of a delicately figured lavender lawn with frillings of gauze ribbon. As a belt to confine the fullness in the back, black velvet ribbon with tiny rosettes at the sides would add a pleasing note of contrast. Or made of sheer white lawn this model would be dainty and simple. Innumerable materials however suggest themselves, pongee, china silk, crepe de chene, and a host of others—the chief being softness and daintiness. For the medium size 33 yards of 36 inch material are required. 6319—sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust.

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Mr. Robert Scott was a passenger to St. John by this morning's train.



Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Thursday, August 16, 1906, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specifications and forms of tender can be obtained on application at this office.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of amount of the tender which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 5, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. July 12—d31.

TALKS FOR 317 COLUMNS.

Premier Balfour the Most Loquacious Man in Parliament.

Who are the greatest Parliamentary talkers in England is shown by a booklet compiled in the press gallery of the House of Commons. Prime Minister Balfour heads the list at present.

In the whole Parliament there are only a half dozen men who have talked half as much as Balfour. He spoke 317 newspaper columns during the last session. Austin Chamberlain filled 237, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, 200, the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, 180, and Arnold-Forster, 169. D. Lloyd George's record was 166 columns, and T. Gibson Bowles was nearly as talkative, filling four columns less.

Next in order come Sir Charles Dilke with 157 columns, Winston Churchill with 143, and the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith with 125. Only three others spoke more than 100 columns, even Lord Hugh Cecil contributing but fifty-two columns of talk.

Then there are many members of the House of Commons whose voices are never heard at all. Henry James Tollermeade of Eddisbury declared the other day that he has not spoken once in twenty-four years, and there are others whose voices are heard so seldom that they are not recognised when they do speak.

"Mrs. Elderly seems to be a person of advanced ideas."

"Well, why not? In these days an old woman may be a new woman and a new woman may be an old woman."

Exceptions. Jobson—Friends are the greatest consolations one can have in this world. Bobson—You've evidently never met any of the candid variety.—Detroit Free Press.

A Critic and His Friend. Whipple—I'm no connoisseur in music, but I know what I like. Bardell—But, surely, you don't mean to say you like what you know?—Boston Transcript.

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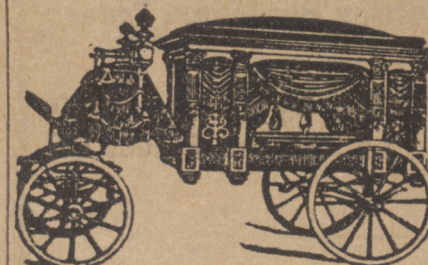
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On and after Sunday, June 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed train for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax	5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	17.00
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 321—Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	15.00
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville	12.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville	16.80
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	18.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, June 20th, 1906.

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