

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908

FIVE

"Yachting" Footwear

Ladies White Rubber Sole Oxfords \$1.40
Men's White Rubber Sole Oxfords \$1.50 and Boots \$1.75
Men's White Welt Sole Oxfords \$2.00

Waterbury & Rising

King St. -:- Union St.

A Snap in Long White Gloves.

Only a few dozen pairs to go. Worth 50c. pair. Selling at 39c.
Long Black Gloves at 45c. pair.

A. B. WETMORE, Try the IGA Summer Dress 50 Cents. 59 Garden St.

FOR THE HOLIDAY!

Fancy Vests—Washable. All price \$1.50 and over \$1.50 at 25 per cent. discount.
Outing Suits—\$12 values for \$8. \$15 values for \$10. Others \$12, 13.50 to 18.00.
Summer Suits, Brown and Greys, \$12 to 25.
Summer Overcoats, \$10 to 25.
Showerproof O. Coats, \$12 to 24.
Rubber Coats, \$8, 10, 11.

Gilmour's, 68 King St.

ESTABLISHED 1941.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Arabian Dagger at the Unique

Some bright interesting pictures and instructive pictures at the Unique today. The leading film is called the Arabian Dagger, and the story told by it is very pathetic. An old couple buy a dagger from a peddler, his son, who is a worthless scamp, watches where he put it and that night steals it. He and one of his companions waylay a traveler. They murder him with the dagger and divide the spoils. Two farmers find the body and the dagger and knowing who owns it, they go to the old gentleman's home and are about to accuse him of murder when the son arrives on the scene and confesses that he is the guilty party. The old man infuriated at the disgrace which has been brought upon him plunges the dagger into his son's heart. Three other pictures—two of them, Uncle's Picnic and Mr. Travel, are first class comedies and should be seen by all the children this afternoon; the other one is a comedy drama called Tracked by a Police Dog. This picture is an exceptionally strong one. Hear Mr. Wm. Lanyon, St. John's leading tenor, sing, "The Best Thing in Life," Mr. Robert Butler will sing "While the Old Millwheel is Turning." Matinee every day at 2 o'clock.

Great Children's Show at Nickel

A regular bumper summer crowd attended the Nickel last evening and saw one of the best programmes of motion pictures ever shown on a St. John curtain. The premier film was the lovely story of Salvation Army work in the slums of Chicago—"Blue Bonnets," or the rescue of two golden-haired children from the clutches of a drunken father. There were two very funny comedies, Miss Pimpernel's Gown and The Frightened Neighbor. Mr. Cairns' new song, Childhood, was

a late New York issue and Miss Wren's number, "Don't You Be My Baby Boy" was encored several times. Today Miss Wren will sing (by special request) the great baseball song, "Take Me Down to the Ball Game," the slides for which have been recalled from Montreal. An excellent entertainment for the children.

Happy Half Hour

"The best picture I have ever seen." This remark was made by a guest who is an inveterate picture goer, last evening after seeing The Music Master at the Happy Half Hour, and he but voiced the opinion of 81 per cent. of those who were present yesterday. It is certainly a most beautiful story picture, the old music master sitting by the grate fire, playing his violin and by the aid of a smaller picture, for The Music Master really two pictures in one, the sympathy of the audience goes out to the dreamer. To show how this picture was appreciated by the audience, it might be mentioned that a whisper could have been heard while the picture was being shown, and as the tones of the violin (especially engaged for this picture) died away at the conclusion of the picture hearty applause was given. Those who appreciate a good story picture should see The Music Master. Comedy lovers had a good laugh at The Hunted Cheese and My Cabbie Wife. Another beautiful story picture full of good scenery is Half Moon Tavern. Prof. Titus sings in Dear Old Dixie Land, and Harry LeRoy sings Tell Me With Your Eyes. An ideal programme for the children's matinee today. Last night tonight.

The Cool Princess.

Although these nights are very warm and it makes one uncomfortable to walk, the Princess Theatre is as cool as could be wished for. Eighteen large windows afford the most perfect system of ventilation of any house in the city. For the balance of this week the best comedy bill ever produced in this city will be put on. The Novice Tight Rope Walker is one of the best comedies ever photographed. It shows the experience of a woman who, after attending a circus, endeavors to walk the tight rope. If you have not laughed for years you will laugh when you see this picture, Mediocre Buttons. This tells us the trouble that the inventor of a doctor got himself into. The doctor leaves to attend a patient and the servant endeavors to take his place. The Electric Bathing. This is another of those high class comedies. A Trip To The Year 2000 is a wonder. Do not fail to see it. Those who have not yet heard A. Monroe Dorr, the famous New England balladist, should not neglect the opportunity now offered. Remember the candy matinee on Saturday afternoon at 2:15.

FREE ASTROLOGICAL READING

Do you want to know About your Business, Love Affairs, Journeys, Speculation, Marriage, Legacies, Changes, your lucky or unlucky days, etc. For 25 years I have been guiding people to SUCCESS and HAPPINESS. Send for free Reading. Give your name, address, birth date (hour if possible), state sex and whether married or single. If you wish you can enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay for postage, etc. Address, ALBERT H. POSTEL, Room 137, No. 126 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL SALE PRICES ON Men's and Boys' Suits for Saturday

...At Oak Hall Branch Store...

At our early season's prices these Suits were cheaper by 25 per cent. than as good could be bought anywhere else. We have had a fairly busy season thus far, consequently patterns are somewhat broken, and having many patterns gives us enough to group together for a one day lively sale. We've cut prices almost a third, which means a saving of a half or more, based on what others charge.

Men's single and double breasted Tweed Suits, regular prices \$6.00, 7.00, Saturday sale price\$4.15
Men's single and double breasted Tweed Suits, regular prices \$8.00, 9.00, Saturday sale price\$6.40
Boys' Two-piece Suits, regular prices \$2.50, 3.00, Saturday sale price1.98
Boys' Two-piece Suits, regular prices \$3.25, 3.50, Saturday sale price2.48
Boys' 3-piece Suits, regular prices \$4 to 6, Saturday sale prices \$2.65, 3.65
About 75 pairs Men's Pants, regular prices \$1.25, 1.50, Saturday sale price.....98c

Oak Hall Branch Store,

695 Main Street.

LEADING THE SIMPLE LIFE IN THE LABRADOR

In a recent issue of the New York Evening Post, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell writing under date of St. Anthony, April 5, gives some additional details of his experience in the Labrador country. He tells of a "spring" trip taken among the natives early in March with dog-drawn sleighs. Perhaps our best record was nineteen miles, over sea ice of the open bay in two hours, he writes. The ice had just enough snow to give the dogs footing and not enough to prevent the whistles from gliding over the hard surface. The wind was fair, and, of course a straight compass course. As we started out northeast between islands, the horizon was level ice. The dogs had gone only a moderate trip the previous day and had had fresh seal meat for supper. They maintained a gallow almost the whole way, only breaking into a trot when he ran along side to keep our trail from freezing. Slowly and surely the high slide rose up as we drew nearer and nearer to the opposite coast. The clear March sun shone full down out of a blue sky on spotless white and glittering ice. It was an experience which we could not feel sorry for those who lived in the big cities, and got all their pleasure out of artificial circumstances and no doubt they pined us for living "so far away."

A SIXTY MILE DAY.

One day of sixty miles will also long be remembered. We had three teams and crossed the country from the west to the east coast. The track over the first thirty miles was largely over a series of immense ponds. We left before dawn and the first snow over the snow-covered forests as we took the first expense of water. Our joy could be imagined when we found a small pond and we were able to catch a mackerel as they couldn't catch a mackerel on a "glare" ice surface. We covered the first thirty miles to the top of the country in six hours. Here there was an excellent tilt in beautiful green woods. The view included the far off snowy hills of Labrador, the long white streak of the ice of the Baffin and away to the east of the jagged coastline of the Atlantic ice, and here and there a patch of deep blue water. In the foreground again were the evergreen groves and the white marshes, relieved by the bluer surface of the ice-covered lakes.

The sun shone hot in the shelter of the trees as we bolted the kettle. A couple of chickadees and an inquisitive Canada Jay kept hopping about with an indifference to our presence that was only equalled by the animals on Robinson's Crusoe's island, "whores happened to see." It happened that none of us knew the right direction to follow to the village where we were heading for, and there were twenty miles of rivers, thickets, marshes and lakes. My leading dog was the only member of the party who had ever been before, and he had been with once a year before, had weather, with Dr. Stewart and a pilot. He seemed so confident, however, that I decided to trust him.

DOG AS A GUIDE.

There was no cut path through some of the drogues of woods, not a single mark on the ponds, not a pole on the marshes. The dog was a large, rather short-haired animal, striped gray and brown, like a tiger, with an intelligent face, that always appeared to wear a grin. We called him "Brin." As we covered the first few miles we were delighted to find that my dog was following a path that we could drive along, while here and there we found a stray black, showing we were in the track. The dog would sometimes cross a pond at right angles to track through the trees, and as it grew late we sometimes feared that he would not find the track again. At last we brought up short. We

had crossed a large double pond, turned sharp round an island, and come to an impenetrable hedge of virgin forest on the steep side of a range of hills which faced the lakes, still the leader went confidently on, right into the trees, till all were tangled up. But it seemed as if he had no doubt. We halted to let the dogs back on the open, and we felt we had better camp there than go further and fare worse. Our implicit confidence in the dog at that moment looked like sheer folly, and I confess to getting off and conferring with Dr. Little as to what to do. He had done next. It ended in my doing my snow-shoes and starting for a tour round the lake, to see if the dog was even on a lake with any outlet at all. Tying up the team I started (but on passing the very first big tree, I found the path, narrow, clear-cut, and taking the hillside at a sharp angle backward, so that actually the dog had only made the wrong side of one tree and made a short cut, which hid the narrow path from us. Naturally we felt we had our own way after that, and once we took the bay ice, he brought us to the houses at a full stretch gallop.

One reads many stories of animal intelligence, but none of us could name the sense that brought our bridge dog across that country. It could not be smell. Not a soul had crossed the year to leave a foot scent. It could scarcely be sight, for the snow and weather had been so bad the only other time the dog had done the journey that it had taken three days to cover. But as I look back on the journey, I think it is less than twelve hours. It couldn't be hearing. The silence of the woods is absolute. The dog does not suggest the idea of much brain matter, anyhow. No man's memory, at any rate, would carry all the details of those twists and turns for twelve months especially when so many other similar tracks of country were being travelled daily. The dog seemed to show a little pardonable pride as he stood up and put his forepaw on my chest. But as I looked down into his intelligent face, still wearing the everlasting grin, I hardly knew whether to laugh over the new experience he had afforded us, or finally settled the conundrum by giving him a double portion of whale for supper.

FAIR FROM HOME.

Our first night had been spent some thirty miles from home. Our host, a Dorsetshire laborer once, has a large hospitable kitchen, one of the charms of this coast in winter. Of the neighbors, only one was missing, that evening, and he lived actually next door. An excuse was made for him that it was "his fashion." He was so shocking homely. It was full moonlight, and the ice on the great bay on the shore of which our host's house stood, was so tempting I left for a flying visit on skates to a neighboring settlement, riding along in the absolute silence and isolation. It was a nerve tonic that even a palatial sanatorium cannot supply. A lesson one learns in those homes,

The Ontario FIRE INSURANCE CO. LOWEST RATES. NON-TARIFF. ALFRED BURLEY, Gen. Agt. Office—43 Princess St. Phone 890. AGENTS WANTED.

at any rate, where actual want is absent, is that happiness is independent of abundance, and a second is that food is intended to enable us to do work, not an end to live for. One man to whom I ventured to suggest he could afford a more varied diet, merely looked down at his muscular limbs and said: "I know, doctor, only half the food I use now does me any good." A ruddy kept tally of 440 ducks that had fallen to the guns of the family during the fall meant simply to him so much more for all hands who come along.

The simplicity of the life leaves a capacity for enjoyment which superfluity of goods seems, out of revenge, to inevitably rob the self-indulgent of. A boy of six to whom I gave a string of raisins from our wallet went first dancing into his grandfather, shouting, "Daddy, I've got a treasure." Here are a people not demoralized with the mania of owning things. One reads many stories of animal intelligence, but none of us could name the sense that brought our bridge dog across that country. It could not be smell. Not a soul had crossed the year to leave a foot scent. It could scarcely be sight, for the snow and weather had been so bad the only other time the dog had done the journey that it had taken three days to cover. But as I look back on the journey, I think it is less than twelve hours. It couldn't be hearing. The silence of the woods is absolute. The dog does not suggest the idea of much brain matter, anyhow. No man's memory, at any rate, would carry all the details of those twists and turns for twelve months especially when so many other similar tracks of country were being travelled daily. The dog seemed to show a little pardonable pride as he stood up and put his forepaw on my chest. But as I looked down into his intelligent face, still wearing the everlasting grin, I hardly knew whether to laugh over the new experience he had afforded us, or finally settled the conundrum by giving him a double portion of whale for supper.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Most delicious tempting biscuits—A wave cream and fruit—PATERSON'S Cambridge Wafers—Made from cream of wheat. A perfect dairy for afternoon tea. In tin only from grocers. Buy by name.

THE AUNT AND THE BURGLAR.

Miss Rattle—Yes, there's a photo of my maiden aunt. Perhaps you saw her name in the papers last winter. She frightened away a burglar. Mr. Winkler (cleansing his throat)—Did she? Well, I don't wonder at it—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saturday Specials.

Here is a Special for Saturday Only that will Interest Men and Boys

98 CENTS

For a \$1.25 or \$1.50 Crush Hat

Fawn and Grey Colors

This is for Saturday Only

D. MAGEE'S SONS,

63 King Street.



"Health" Mattresses

—the good Mattresses that are low in price.

Three grades—all to suit the pocket of the wage-earner.



Genuine "Health" Mattresses have a red cross label sewn into end band, like the one shown above; as well as this trade mark, the sign of absolute satisfaction in Mattresses, Springs and Pillows. Look for it whenever you buy, and buy nothing that does not bear it.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. FACTORIES AT MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG. WHOLESALE ONLY.

WILL GO TO HALIFAX

Mike (Twin) Sullivan Decides

to Take on Foley—Praises Flaherty

Mike (Twin) Sullivan has about decided to take on Fred Foley at Halifax the first week in July. Final arrangements will be made in a day or two. On his return from Nova Scotia, Sullivan would like to take on McLeod and Littlejohn. It is believed that both are willing, and it now only remains with the mayor to grant a license.

If the bout comes off preliminaries will be fought between Johnny Taylor and Dan Murphy, and Fred Flaherty and Jack Watts.

Mr. Sullivan considers Flaherty a corner. In fact the young St. John boxer was a revelation to him. Mr. Sullivan regards him as the cleverest youngster at his age he has boxed with for some time.

If Sullivan goes to Halifax Flaherty will likely accompany him.

MORE EVIDENCE RE

CENTRAL RAILWAY

FREDERICTON, June 26.—The railway commissioners continued their enquiry this morning. J. H. Dixon was recalled and laid before the board copies of all orders in council. Mr. McVey, of the Provincial Engineering Department, the next witness, produced the plans of the road. He showed the length proposed to be 591-1/2 miles. The chief engineer will be examined later. Deputy Receiver Rabbit's testimony was then continued on the money paid, the investigation this morning being on the \$245,992.22 paid by the government from the time the road was taken over down to March last, exclusive of the \$450,000 bond guarantee and subsidies. The first interest on bond issued amounting to \$18,000 was made in 1905 and has continued since. The money expended on the road so far as shown to date is as follows: To Central, \$147,000; to New Brunswick Railway Company, \$77,000; amount paid by province under legislation, \$245,992.22; provincial bond guarantee, \$450,000, making a grand total of \$1,619,992.22.

No artificial "flavor" is needed to make

KORN-KINKS

the most delicious of all the corn foods. It contains all the nutriment in the choicest white, hulled corn, malted, flaked and toasted, making it crisp, tasty and easily digested. The more you eat of it the more you want. Ready-to-serve hot or cold. Your grocer sells it for 5 cents.

The only Malted Corn Flakes