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ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 29, 1908.

THE MINISTRY IN GERMANY.

Germany has of late been giving some attention to the phenomenal decrease in the number of theological students in attendance at the universities in that country. In all other departments of German universities there has been during the past few years, a very marked increase in the enrollment and the church is lamenting the fact that within the past twenty years the number of Protestant theological students has fallen from a total of 4,572 to 2,106, or 54 per cent, this being all the more significant when it is noted that in the same period the total enrollment in all branches has increased only slightly less than 100 per cent. The cause of this undesirable state of affairs has been a subject of much discussion in synods, conferences and church papers, while even parliaments have given some time to the matter. Conservative papers and clergy of the older school are strongly of the opinion that advanced methods of teaching, the radical theology now favored at some universities, is the source of the trouble, and are appealing to the authorities to adopt views in harmony with the traditional faith of the church. These views are that the majority of the professors now in engagement are not in sympathy with the faith which candidates are expected to preach to the people. Many previously accepted points of doctrine and it is asserted that their principal aim in preparing young men for the university is to make the students doubt even the fundamental articles of faith as taught by the church in order that these students may of their own accord, work out their way towards a true belief in Christianity, and thereby become better men than if they accepted the church teaching from tradition alone. The advanced thinkers in reply to these attacks are undertaking to show that the decrease of theological students in Germany is not due to their presence. Statistics have been gathered from all Protestant universities giving theological courses and from these it is shown that the decrease in students for the ministry ranges from 23 per cent, to 79 per cent, and that the make up of the faculties has absolutely nothing to do with the rate of decrease. Indeed, in the three most conservative universities decreases of 58 per cent, in students during the past 20 years are shown while in the five institutions which are declared to be most advanced, or radical, the decrease has been only 38 per cent. They argue that through the tendency of the age all universities suffer more or less equally, that radical faculties do not draw large numbers of students. Nothing, it is maintained, will crowd lecture rooms excepting a revival of evangelical Christianity in the professors' chairs, and this when it makes itself felt will gain in strength irrespective of whether the teachers belong to the radical or conservative school.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

STEALING.

I had no idea there were so many thieves in the world until I began to leave things unattended and unlocked. There are so many umbrella, over-shoe, and rubber thieves that they are past counting. I caught my pastor taking off my umbrella and his deacon putting on my rubbers. As my pastor had never been known to steal anything of more value than a sermon before, I think he took my umbrella absent-mindedly. He is too good a man to be guilty of more than petty larceny, appropriating a sermon or some little thing like that. But the stealing I want to denounce and the thieves I want to see sent to penitentiary are not bank robbers, brigands, burglars and footpads, but the miserable thieves who steal my time. "I was just going by," he says, "and thought I would run in just a moment and see you." And then that miserable thief who would be in Dorchester for three years for stealing something not half as valuable, steals from ten to twenty minutes of my time, my business, my pleasure, my peace of mind. I have no doubt but what many a business failure—unwarranted failure—could be traced to the thief who stole away the business man's time when it was worth many dollars a minute. Many a dull editor would have been brilliant, but for the thief who stole away the editor's minutes and diverted his thoughts by just running into his office for a "moment" and stayed ten minutes. Politicians have lost elections because from one to a hundred of their constituents have stolen away the time that should have been given to the rest of the electors. A Cabinet Minister (or a would-be Cabinet Minister) goes to his hotel and hopes while there to meet many of his political friends. Fifteen minutes after the papers announce he is in town, thieves begin to call upon him. If they were not thieves he would be glad to see them, but these thieves stay on and on and the politician leaves town with a feeling of disappointment he hoped to have met and talked for a few minutes with hundreds of his friends, and he has only seen dozens of them. The others are disappointed, and a little bored and some drop away from him and the rest only work him ill-heartedly and he loses his election. There are those that have been spoiled by thieves who have stolen away the poor preacher's time as well as his own. If it were not considered unministerial to kick a boot out of the study and down stairs, there would be a great deal better sermons preached than there are, and it is the same with the poor girl. Many of them would have been happily married who are lonely spinners, but for the fact that some selfish thief stole away her opportunity by monopolizing her time and keeping away one who would have been her lover. There are other girls who suffer untold agonies because he lingers and will not say good night. Well she knows of what her father is thinking as he and her mother go up to bed. She lives in dread of the time when she will hear her father ask from the head of the stairs, "If that young man there is well she knows how she will be chaffed by his sister and little brother who calls him "The stay too late young man." I am not irreverent when I say from my heart. From thieves who steal my sermon, editorial and business and friend making time "Good Lord deliver us."

INFERNAL REGION OF NEW ZEALAND

Geysers, Boiling Lakes, Volcanoes and Steam.

A Bewildering Display of Hidden Force Seesby Man of the Battle Fleet.

If you would see the earth used as a cooking stove and snift saucers upon the world's most unique outdoor kitchen, you have only to journey to Rotorua, where two hundred of the geysers of the American battle-ship fleet went last Wednesday. Here you will find Dame Nature in the role of a cook, making light the duties of the housewife, and providing one of the most unusual wonders of the globe. In this thermal wonderland, away down in the charming dominion of New Zealand they even have "the frying pan." Within a few rods of what was until recently the world's greatest geyser, is a silicious crust covered with sulfurous clouds of steam and so perforated that the bubbling hot water beneath are strikingly suggestive of a pan of frying fat. Here in this strange belt of steaming mountains, colored lakes and springs and buried villages, the Maori daily draws his food from the ground, thoroughly cooked and never burnt to a crisp nor scorched in the slightest degree. Here the Maori lads do not have to carry firewood to their mothers, and so escape a task that occasionally makes grumbling in many other lands. Where nature's subterranean fires are always burning and constantly supplying hot water and steam, stoves are not needed and fuel men are scarce. Even white people follow the example of the natives of "Aotearoa," and cook their food in steaming holes and boiling pools. In the native village of Ohinemutu, hard by the world-renowned resort of Rotorua, we first saw the famous steam-cooking holes, and watched men and women, both brown and white, place in them utensils containing pork, chicken and potatoes. Then they covered the holes with boards and gunny sacks and returned to their other duties, leaving obliging nature to do the rest. We saw the Maori woman place a pot containing a chicken in a hot pool and sit comfortably by, stolid and uncommunicative, while we looked on in amazement. Not far away a white woman struggled to a steaming pool carrying a large section of pork, and within a few yards of the public road a middle-aged white man put a pot of potatoes in a hole, covered it, and returned to his house. KITCHEN ALWAYS READY. Hot water and steam so underlie Ohinemutu and its neighborhood and Whakarewareware, two miles distant, that these kettles and ovens of the earth's crust can be obtained at almost any place, any time, by just a little digging. All around Ohinemutu—part of which was sunk in an earthquake twenty years ago—near the carved public meeting house and away over in the manuka swamp, with its labyrinthine paths, are scattered ponds, mud volcanoes, and kitchen crust, clouds and columns of steam, and within a few yards of the public road a middle-aged white man put a pot of potatoes in a hole, covered it, and returned to his house. But these are only patches in the cooking valley of Rotorua. Passing through Whakarewareware, where cooking holes and pools and native chiefs are plentiful, one may reach after a long and somewhat uninteresting drive to the "inferno" spot, where the exhibition of hidden power is striking, in fact, bewildering. Really terrifying, however, is White Island, a few miles off the coast. This bit of land is being demolished quickly by the action of internal forces, and its only inhabitants, crabs and rats, may eventually find themselves cooking in the acidulous lake into which the island is crumbling. Hardly less forbidding and certainly nauseating, is Titikake, where the guide leads you from "Hell's Gate" to the "inferno" and—near the carved public meeting house and away over in the manuka swamp, with its labyrinthine paths, are scattered ponds, mud volcanoes, and kitchen crust, clouds and columns of steam, and within a few yards of the public road a middle-aged white man put a pot of potatoes in a hole, covered it, and returned to his house. A WORLD RESORT. In this region, extending for 150 miles north and south and for several leagues east and west, are numerous geysers, steaming mountains and plains, volcanic craters, curative baths, colored lakes, and weird phenomena of subterranean fires. The hot lakes district of New Zealand is most easily reached from Auckland.

WEAK EYES!

Strong eyes are a blessing, but if your eyes are not strong, and you need assistance, you should go to D. BOYANER, the OPTICIAN, for GLASSES. He always uses the dark room method of examination with modern scientific instruments.

Store Open Till 11.30 p. m. Saturday, August 29, 1908.

Is It Children's Boots?

We want to show you where we can save you money on this line of goods, many people say pointing to the child, it costs more to keep him, or her, in boots than it does myself. We have had some special lines of children's boots made strong where they usually are weak just to suit your trade. INFANTS 4 to 7, tan or black, \$1.00 CHILDREN 8 to 10, dogskin or box calf, \$1.10 BOYS 11 to 13, box calf and other leathers, \$1.10 to \$1.88 GIRLS 11 to 12, our special, \$1.00 to \$1.50 BOYS 13 to 15, our special, \$1.50 to \$2.00 THESE BOOTS ARE WEAR RESISTERS.

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BOY GAVE HIS BLOOD TO SAVE MOTHER'S LIFE

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 28.—An operation of a delicate and interesting nature was successfully performed at the Hartford Hospital today, according to the physicians at the hospital, involving the transfer of a considerable quantity of blood from the veins of the buried white and a sixteen year old youth, to those of his mother, Mrs. John H. McFarland.

JUST A DREAM

Now and then I take a journey To a lovely land afar, Mingling in a mighty tourney With a costly motor car. Now I spin and now I speed; Now I struggle with the brakes; Then I wake.

Dr. John G. Leonard, Dentist

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Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST.

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TIGER TIGER TIGER

BIRTHS BAIRD—At River De Chute, N. B., Aug. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Baird, a son.

DEATHS MOORE—In Carleton, on the 27th inst., Frank Wilson, infant child of W. Bayard and Eleanor A. Moore, aged five months.

Funeral from the father's residence at 2.30 p. m. Saturday afternoon.

ANOTHER "MARY ANN" PROBLEM (American Grocer). A London paper, which is far enough away to be safe, started a Mary Ann problem thus: In the United States the Mexican dollar has exchange value of ninety cents. In Mexico the American dollar has the same value. On the frontier of the United States where Texas joins Mexico there are two saloons, one on each side of the frontier. A man buys a ten cent drink of whiskey at the American saloon and pays for it with an American dollar, receiving a Mexican dollar as change. With this he crosses the border, goes into the Mexican saloon, hands over

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TONIGHT! ONE HOUR SALE!

8 to 9 o'clock. 12c. Salad Dishes, blue and pink, for 5c. each. Only two allowed to each customer. Sale stops at 9 o'clock sharp.

McLEAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Phone 1924-41. 142 MILL STREET.

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The Mexican dollar for a ten-cent drink, and receives an American dollar as change. It is evident that the limit of his purchasing power is the length of time he can stand. He finally wakes up with a bad headache and the American dollar with which he started. Who paid for the whiskey? The largest sponge ever found from the Mediterranean. It weighs three feet across and ten feet circumference. All animals ruminate water, horns and cloven feet.