POOR DOCUMENT

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THE STAR, ST. JOHN N B. SATURDAY, AUGUT 28 1909

THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (IAd.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at 98.00 a year.

Business Office, 25. EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT. 1127.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 28, 1909.

THE OLD SCHOOL BOOKS. When a man gets along in years, his mind at times turns back to the days at school, and in recalling the incidents and impressions of those years he is apt to make comparisons with more modern conditions. To many the lessons of boyhood, the subjects taken up in classes, are still vivid remembrances, and subtle memory, which has often failed in matters seemingly of greater with the ser importance, frequently reproduces in detail the happenings of long ago.

boys of today are using, there is seen in them little that is familiar, and we wonder whether the lessons provided for the lads of this generation are as attractive to them as those of the last generation now prove to have been to ourselves. Take the readers, for example. How many men and women can —from the standpoint of school days—really appreciate the classic genes pro-Looking over the books which the eally appreciate the classic gems provided, by educationists, for their own letter own children? How few forget the homely life.

The rest of the story, with its childish repetitions and its quaint descriptions of nature are familiar to all. Then there was The Inchcape Rock, with its harrowing story of shipwreck and death, and its moral—all these pleces had morals—of the disaster which follows evil deeds.

"Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair And cursed himself in his despair. But the waves rush in from every

And the vessel sinks beneath the tide."

Of course she does. Ruin is the pun-shment of all wrong-doing, but a good ny of us were sorry for Sir Ralph,

a dutiful little girl whe, on going to neet her mother, was lost, and perishd in the storm. She appears to have ocen if a temperament somewhat unsurren a child, for read:

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray, And when I crossed the wild, chanced to see at break of day That melancholy child.

"No mate, no comrade Lucy knew, She dwelt on a wide moor, The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a cottage door."

Yet her ready acquiescence in the suggestion that she should "take a lantern, child, to light your mother through the snow," endears her to all as a model of childish obedience. Poor Lucy!
There are woebegone selections in the readers of today, but they cannot compare with those of the old Royal series. Do you remember "Little Jim"?

"The cottage was a thatched one, etc."
And later—

"A little worn out pilgrim,
this once bright eyes grown dim,
the was a collier's only child,
They called him little Jim."

Jimmy died, no doubt, for the tendency of the day was to kill off all about whom verses were written, but that little worn out pilgrim still lives in the minds of those who had to recite

his sad fate at the Friday afternoon

Still it was not all sadness and sol nity in the old books. The Assyrian used to come down very frequently like a wolf on the fold; Ben Adhem's tribe is still increasing, for aught that is known, and the warrior who bowed his crested head and tamed his heart of fire will never be forgotten. Deeds of bravery, bold adventures and his-

toric anacdotes were retailed for the benefit of Bruce. The English Exile. Marmion and Pouglas. Boadicea, ile, Marmion and Pouglas, and a host of others. Are the selections in today's books as attractive? Will the boys and girls now reading them be able to repeat the verses thirty or forty or fifty years hence? Perhaps, but they will not find in Tenayson or Whittier anything like the satisfaction achieved by the eight year old of bygone days who the eight year old of bygone days who had successfully committed to mem-

"The boy stood on the burning deck, And right on to the finish-But the noblest thing that perished

Was that young faithful heart."

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

"I FOTGOT."

The odor of something burning, as in my wanderings the other day, I neared a kitchen, told me that the cook had forgotten something on the stove, and her exasperated expression as she said, "Burned to a crisp," told me that somebody had lost their din-

me that somebody had fost their dinner.

If any of my readers have ever had
the suspicion that I have not always
treated my subjects with seriousness,
I want them to believe me when I say
that if they will think of the most
serious persons and subjects, as frivolous as compared with my treatment of
this theme "I forgot," they will have
a right conception of the solemnity of
my mind as I sit down to write.

Think of an undertaker as frivolous
about his work. Think of a bashful
young man making his first proposal
with his heart, in his throat, and his
hand on the spot his heart has jut
left. "Think of "Punch." Think of
Euclid and Mark Twain, think of all
these solemn things as frivolous, but
think of me writing this poem today
with the seriousness of Dr. Johnson
writing his dictionary.

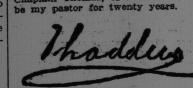
I know of no words that have led to
greater loss and suffering than."

If it were only letters forgotten to

The lives that have been estranged because somebody forgot to mail a letter, go to make up the tragedles of I was "husy and forgot" to write

many of us were sorry for Sir Halph, for we would have been inclined to cut away that bell ourselves if only for the sake of hearing that "gurgling sound" and seeing "bubbles arise and burst ground."

There was another too. of a sadder strain, which told the sorrowful fate a dutiful dittle girl who, on going to neet her mother, was lost, and perish-



PERSONAL MENTION.

(Toronto News.)

We have raked the earth from West
to West,
From North to North again,
To find a subject wherewith to feed
Our ravenous fountain pen.
A "human" subject to interest all,
That is our chiefest need,

And, oh, what stormy and purple The terrible search doth breed.

We thought of Wellman, the Aeron-Of Taft and of Eddie Foy,
Of Asquith, Churchill and Bleriot,
Brodeur and The Country Boy.
But none of them brought a song to

Not one was a bit poetic. We could not rise and take up the With a countenance prophetic.

Nor was there poetry in The Fair, For Angeline hath said That when our cousins arrive, The Bard Must slumber within the shed.
To lisp in numbers is passing hard
When we think of the disgrace
Of curling up on the hardwood steps
Of the kitten's dwelling place.

The Politician? He does not count With the ordinary man. He's a sleeping beauty in summer

So, we don't see how we can Describe his failings in deathless

We might consider the modern

That crystals into rhyme.

They only give us a weary yawn, The bores of summer time.

And so we turned to the antics queer, The convolutions gay Of the Editor's who's suppose to write A Poem every deu

But none of these can arouse the rage

EAST INDIAN WANTS NO RULE OF ALIENS

Schoolboys Enter Into Conspir- Notorious Woman Appears in acy to Overfhrow Supremacy of England.

Instructions for Manufacture of Bombs Found by the Police-"Sedition"

children? How few forget the homely selections in the old Royal Readers? The man of today skips over the quotation from Browning, dodges even the haunting soliloquy from Macbeth, and in his dreaming reverts to Aytoun's ballads, Mrs. Heman's verses, or rhymes by writers happily unknown. Who does not remember Liewellyn's Hound, Edinburgh After Flodden, Lord Ullin's Daughter, and the rest? There were scores of them, and even the grandfathers and grandmothers of today find themselves repeating over and over, the more crude unfinished verses of their early years.

A fair little girl sat under a tree, Sewing as long as her eyes could see. She closed her work and folded it right, And said: Dear work, Good Night! Good Night! The rest of the story, with its child—The rest of the story of the rest of the story, with its child—The rest of the story of the story of the rest of the st

suggestions as to the attitude of Formare proved to be the principle of no control, no co-operation. A policy of self-help and passive resistance and happy thing. If they were not born every year, they would soon die off, for they forget their rubbers, overcoats, umbrellas and get cold, and because they forget to take their medicine, die.

There should be schools to teach children not to forget. The little boy who saye he forgot where he put the hammer he was using when asked for it, ought to be made to find it before the eats or sleeps. The man who forgets to mail his wife's letter ought not to have a wife.

If you say that an orderly well trained mind will not be forgetful, what about presidents of colleges who are proverblally forgetful? No you cannot depend upon college training alone for the cure of forgetfulness. There must be teaching along this line in the home and in the school. Emphatic distinct teaching.

These for its cure punish the sinner.

BOYS ON TRIAL.

Another document proved to be the notorious "Jugantur" leaflet, giving directions for the preparation of bombs and other explosives.

The guard handed the matter over to the police, who arrested the eight signatories and sent them up for trial before the district magistrate of Rangpur. An inspector of explosives said the directions contained in the leaflet for the making of bombs were capable of being used for the manufacture of explosives by any educated and intelligent person. The senior pleader for the defense, in his cross-examination of the witness, displayed such an intimate knowledge of the explosives as to provide comment from the magistrate. The headmaster of the Nilphamari School said the boys were his pupils and were conspiring to take his life.

MME. DIS DE BAR TURNS UP AGAIN

New York

Has Been Lost to Sight Since She Fled From Windsor, Ont., in April of 1907.

Spreading.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 28 — Arabindo Ghose has issued an "open letter" to his countrymen, in which he lays down rules for the guidance of Indian Nationalists. The position of a public man who does his duty in India today, he says, is too precarious to permit of his being sure of the morrow.

A rumor is strong that a case for his deportation has been submitted to the government by the Calcutta police, and, consequently, he desires that his open letter shall stand as his last political will and testament to his countrymen. He asserts that the strength of the agitators' position is moral. "The whole meral strength of the country is with us, but the law must be scrupulously observed, and advantage must be taken of the protection it affords and the latitude it gives of pushing forward the cause and the propaganda of the congress."

AGAINST THE ALIEN.

In plain English, Mr. Ghose's ideal is that of Swaraj, or "absolute auton—

NEW YORK, Aug. 27 — About a month ago a tall, good-looking young woman named Mrs. Lillian Hopart, French, who had been living at the woman named Mrs. Lillian Hopart, French, who had been living at the woman named Mrs. Lillian Hopart, French, who had been living at the woman named Mrs. Lillian Hopart, French, who had been living at the woman named Mrs. Lillian Hopart, French, who had been living at the Julian Hopart, French on house at 32 East Thirty-third St., and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the plate glass of the street doors, and fastened two gilt tinsel stars to the



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C. L. JENKINS, 37 Waterios St. THRILLING NIGHT RIDE

OF HEROIC MISSIONARY Rushes by Horse and Cycle Through Tornado

to Aid His Countrymen.

LENOX, Aug. 27—"Why, there is my

LENOX, Aug. 27—"Why, there is my little brother."

It was a child's voice heard all over the Congregational church during the service last Sunday morning, and for a minute Rev. Leon D. Bliss had to suspend preaching.

Mary Anderson, 9 years old, could hardly wait for the benediction before she rushed to John Anderson, 6 years of age. She hugged and kissed him. It was more than a year since they had been together and neither knew where the other was.

Rev. and Mrs. Edward Sedgwick of Lenoxdale, took Mary from an orphan home in Boston and brought her to Lenoxdale. John stayed at the home to send her a bright, entertaining boy. They sent her John Anderson.

The children both went to the Lenox Congregational church on Sunday morning and in the midst of the sermon the little girl saw her brother. It was hard to control her the rest of the service.

Asked the superintendent of the home to send her a bright, entertaining boy. They sent her John Anderson.

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Jinks—I called on your friend, Miss Sweetlips, last night and could hardly Miss Charming Was she so delightful as that?

Jinks—Oh. it wasn't she I had to tear myself away from, it was the big

"There are times when I envy my hair," remarked the man who had failed in seventeen different business enterprises.

"Because why?" queried his wife.

"Because it is coming out on top,"
explained he of the many failures.

FUNERAL ABSENCE

Old Folks' Home, Beneficiary, to Gare for

NEW YORK, Aug. 27—The will of Henry Karutz, who died at Walker Valley, this state, on August 3, leaves \$5,000 to the German Evangelical Aid Society, of Brooklyn, for the Home for the Aged, conducted by the society, with this provision:

"In consideration for which said society shall give a home to any or all my direct relatives who may be compelled by circumstances to seek a home there. This is to apply only to the children and grandchildren of my brothers and sisters."

dren and grandchildren of my brothers and sisters."

The will makes bequests to relatives, and contains this paragraph:

"In case any of the heirs or next of kin who live within twenty-five miles of the city of New York do not attend my funeral, I revoke any and all bequests to them unless such absence was caused by sickness or physical incapacity."

BLIND MAN OFFERS \$5 FEE FOR A WIFE

Describes Himself to Agency as Young,

The control of the print and spirit bready are the control of the

Young Wife—My husband knows absolutely nothing about cooking. Whatever dish I prepare he takes for something else.

E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST, Cor. Union and Waterloo Streets. 'Phone 1006.

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To assure absolute correctness, both in the examination and fitting of glasses, consult D. BOYANER, Scientific Optician, 38 Dock St.

Funeral on Saturday.

CLARK.—At his residence, Brookland Farm, Simonds, St. John Co., Aug. 27th, 1909, Thomas Clark, in his 83rd, year, leaving one daughter to mourn. Funeral Sunday, at 3.15 o'clock. Coaches leave King Square, north, side, at 2.30.

Carvell Hall

Is now Open for guests, at the usual rates. Apply to

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can't get it. ' A "STAR WANT" AD.

will find help, and

that quickly foryou **Best Silver Plate** Known for over sixty years as the world's best, 1847 ROGERS BROS.

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DEATHS.

"I've got a garden," said little Miriam, proudly.
"Have you really?" asked Helen.
"What do you raise in it?"
"Nothing but pebbles, so far; but papa says maybe there'll be some sliced tomatoes there before the summer's over."

DOWNING.—On the 27th inst., at 375
Princess street, Charles Leo, son of E. J. Dunphy Downing and Allee Maud Downing, aged 14 months.
Funeral Saturday at 2,30 p. m., from 315 Princess street.

MORRIS—In the

Main street, on Saturday morning at 8.30 to St. Peter's Church. Requiem Figh Mass at 3 o'clock. 26th inst., Maria A., widow of the late Sydney Smith, Esq., leaving five sons and one daughter to mourn their

Do Your Eyes Tire Easily? | loss, Funeral on Saturday.

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