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ST. JOHN STAR.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 24, 1908.

SEPTEMBER.

To many, September is the pleasantest month of the year. In St. John our autumn weather is the finest of all, with clear, sunny days, cool and exhilarating, and with beautiful long evenings still untouched by the frosty sharpness which heralds the snow. We mortals are a restless lot of beings, always seeking something new and never satisfied for long with the respect of change. In the spring we look forward to the first real warmth which denotes that the time for fitting to the country has arrived, and this custom, rapidly becoming a general habit, is only a proof of man's inherent tendency to get new to nature. But even love for the country, the green fields, the woods and the shore, becomes satisfied in a few months, and September finds all eyes turned back to the city, and in everyone the longing to be once again settled down for the winter. September is the month in which the people come home after their summer's outing, and if there is pleasure in moving away in the early summer from the dusty old town, there is equal satisfaction when, rejuvenated and strengthened by open air life, suburbanites turn again in the autumn to their deserted city homes. There is the anticipation of renewed social intercourse which has been suspended by the scattering of friends during the warm weather; there is a general resumption of activity about the streets; a disappearance of strangers who throng here in July and August and a re-appearance of the familiar faces which indicate that the city is itself again. The churches seem to take on a different atmosphere, there is an awakening in all their associated societies; the theatres become more popular, and in the homes quiet social gatherings grow frequent. It is very nice to go away, it is fine to be able to enjoy a summer in the country, but it is best of all to come home.

NO BETTER MEN IN POWER.

"Put better men in power" is the cry of the conservative press throughout Canada. Certainly it is the duty of every voter to support the ablest and most trustworthy men available. This country needs the very best government it can get, and those who are most highly qualified to conduct affairs are the ones to be sent to Ottawa. But the first thing necessary is to catch the men. It is all very well to advise the electors to vote for better government, but when Mr. Borden and his coterie of friends are held up as the ones in whom trust should be placed, Canadian voters may readily be pardoned for declining the proffered advice. If there are better men than those who for the past twelve years have conducted the affairs of the Dominion; if there are some who can produce results more satisfactory than those the remnants of the Liberal party; if the unexampled prosperity of the past decade is to be increased hereafter by the efforts of whoever may be in power, then for the sake of the country let us have the men who are able to perform these things. But what are we offered? In place of Laurier—without exception the greatest leader in the history of Canada—we have Borden. Mr. Borden is a nice man—that's all. In place of Fielding who has created a tariff which has produced general prosperity, we have Foster, and the less said about him the better. He is a financier all right, as the Foresters can testify. The remainder of the Borden cabinet has not been constructed—this is still premature—but there are H. B. Ames, W. P. McLean, our own George W. Fowler, and indeed many others in Upper Canada and the west who cast longing glances at the front desks. As opposed to these are Hon. Rudolph Lemieux, whose reorganization of the postal service has been remarkable; Hon. Frank Oliver, under whose administration the west has advanced as never before; Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, Dr. Pugsley, Hon. Geo. P. Graham, and the older men, all thoroughly capable in their departments, and all worthy of the confidence of the people of Canada. They are energetic and progressive. Mr. Borden and his followers are stand-patters. In the last general campaign they declared that if elected the G. T. P. Bill would be killed. Had Borden been chosen premier in 1904 the west would now be standing still; St. John would be as it was then, without prospect of further development, and we would have a tariff under which our manufacturers would find no home market for their products. Let us have better men, when we find them; but none have yet been found who are capable of doing what Premier Laurier and his cabinet have done in the past twelve years or what they will continue to do during the next four years.

The iron men of St. John appear to be, as a class, rather more active than others in politics. On the conservative side we have Mr. W.H. Thorne, Mr. W. S. Fisher, Mr. R. B. Emerson, Mr. John E. Wilson, Mr. Miles E. Agar, and Mr. Phillip Grannan. On the liberal working list are Mr. Thomas McAvity, Mr. James Pender, Mr. John Keefe, Mr. Charles McDonald, and several others.

Mr. H. A. Powell, K. C., has not yet gone on the stump in the interests of his dear friend Dr. A. W. Macrae. Perhaps Mr. Powell who promised to perform in Dr. Macrae's behalf only what was due his party does not include active assistance among his duties. But perhaps on the other hand Dr. Macrae remembers what St. Patrick did for Ireland and having been rather unkindly described, looks upon Mr. Powell as another saint.

Dr. Pugsley, Mr. Pender and Mr. Charles McDonald will be among the speakers at the meeting in North End this evening. The issues of the campaign will be clearly placed before the electors.

Even Mr. Hazen would never recognize the pictures of himself that are being printed in cartoons in upper Canadian journals. The artists have caught on to Mr. Hazen's peculiar style and show him a different attitude every day. They know how readily he changes.

New feature at the Unhappy Half Hour—See Macrae in the serpentine dance, playing his own accompaniment.

Borden and Bryan will be rubbing thumbs in sympathy for each other early in November.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "there's an item in this paper that tells you how to know a mad dog when you see one."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson, "I've no desire to know any mad dogs."

Gargle—Er t' missus don't get better by next Tuesday fortnight I'll sen' fer t' doctor.

Farmer—Why not before, Gerge?

Gargle—Well, it'll be forty year next Tuesday fortnight since we 'ad t' doctor, and I'll like t' make it even forty.

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision. The captain replied:

"The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened," and the old lady seemed greatly relieved.

"Well, Brown, I see that your son has got his shingle out at last. I suppose he gets much enjoyment out of his practice?"

Brown (grimly)—I hope so; that's all he does get out of it.

Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money.

Brown—Oh, come now! Comparatively little?

Towne—I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh! yes, sah. I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"

SEEK A MESSAGE FROM DEAD MEMBER

London Ghost Club Will Make a Serious Test.

Unknown to Any But a Few Members of Deceased's Family—Dead Man Was a Scoundrel.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—Believing that it is possible to communicate with the dead and encouraged by the recent announcement of the result of tests made by members of the Physical Research Society, another body of occultists, known as The Ghost Club, is going to try to get into communication with the late Mr. Collins, an eminent professor, who was a member of the club, and who had when he died a compact with a score of his fellow members to try to communicate with the survivors after death. Mr. Collins did not share the confidence of Sir Oliver Lodge and other members of the Physical Research Society in the possibility of communicating with the dead. Indeed, he was frankly sceptical on the subject. Nevertheless he was deeply and reverently interested in the idea, and was very willing to attempt communication if after death he found himself consciously existent. The members of the club who will make the test are gravely in earnest. They propose to use certain passages in Mr. Collins' diary as messages to him. These passages are unknown to anybody except intimate friends of the Collins family and the experimenters say they will be able to tell immediately whether the medium whom they will employ has actually established communication. If they are convinced the medium has done so, they will try to obtain more particulars of Mr. Collins' death than are now known. Arrangements are now being made for a meeting of select members of the club to carry out the test. The members include some well known persons.

NEWS COMEDIES IN THE EAST.

Japanese Typesetters at the News and Native Translators Distort It—How Manila Paper Had the Laugh on an Englishman.

Getting out a newspaper for foreigners in Japan and the open ports of China is as difficult a task and attended with as much embarrassment as journalism is said by Mark Twain to have been in the course of his early experience. Were it not for the saving grace of humor the Englishmen, Americans and Germans who try to give their compatriots in exile the news of the world with appropriate editorial comment would die of nostalgia before it is set up by Ceylons.

Throughout the treaty ports of Japan which means Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki the journals of the foreigners, English, American and German, are entirely in the hands of Japanese printers. Chinese printers get out the papers, and in Seoul, Corea, the single sheet published by a foreigner is set up by Koreans.

In every instance a native foreman divides the copy from the editorial room among native typesetters, and they, with no more knowledge of English than enables them to pick out the type from the cases which corresponds with the letters in the script of the copy before them, proceed to turn out what they think in their untutored minds is the news of the day, correctly portrayed in black and white.

The results of this happy system, even though checked by a tedious reading of proof by the hard worked white men in the editorial offices, are weird and productive of unending joy to the readers. The wildest misstatements and statements lacking all sense stare saucily from the columns of the morning's news.

Often there will be headlines of news articles that mean nothing or proper names that sound like the pet name of a mountain in Wales. On one occasion an afternoon paper in Yokohama appeared with the following cryptic head: RYESTVOINKKKT IMATSWERT.

Says He Will Do So If Let Alone. A wagish contemporary, knowing not the day nor the hour when his pages would be similarly headed, quoted this head on the following day with the comment: "We don't blame him if he does."

Not in the typographical department do the most ludicrous mistakes occur, rather it is through the translations made from vernacular papers by native newspapers of the day previous and Japan and China furnish their readers with unending pleasure. Each paper employs one or more such translators, whose duty it is to go through the native newspapers of the day previous and comb out what they consider to be worth reprinting.

Since the editors, knowing not a jot of Japanese or Chinese, have to depend upon their translators to determine what is news, the result is that the pages of the foreign newspapers contain news of the most startling order. A few years ago a paper from Japan reported that the Japanese authorities were paying one-half sen apiece for the carcasses of the Japanese Advertiser of Yokohama appeared with the following paragraph:

RAT IS FOUND.

The police of a certain district in Kobe yesterday found a certain rat in a locality which they keep secret, who was infested with the plague. The police killed the offending animal.

(Editor's Note.—The name of this particular rat is also withheld by the police.)

A paper published in Kobe, a small English Journal with a well founded reputation for conservatism and prejudice against all things not English, including what its editor termed American yellow journalism, now fell into a pitfall of its own digging, and its mortification was painful. One day it printed a brief telegraphic despatch from Seoul to the effect that while Marquis Ito, the Resident-General of the land, was travelling by train from Seoul to Chemulpo rebels "rolled a huge rock down the hillside on the train and the carriage in which the Marquis was riding was well nigh demolished."

The next day this grave English paper had to devote a portion of its editorial columns to an abject explanation and apology to its readers. A new translator, who had been discharged, the editor hastened to say, had been careless in his rendition of the Seoul despatch. What really happened was that some Japanese noble, from the window of the Marquis Ito's railway carriage, breaking the glass, the paper promised that no more distortion of the facts would appear again.

Among the Englishmen who get out papers in Japan and China the press of Manila is scoffing and a byword. It is

Have McPartland, the Tailor, to tone up your overcoat. Cleaning, repairing, pressing, 22 Princess street, Clifton Block. Phone 101-11.

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OTHERWISE CORRECT.

Mr. Oldbach—"So this is your wedding anniversary, and you and your good wife have for twenty years fought life's battles side by side?"

Mr. Knag—"No, face to face."

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It can be gradually heightened as the condition of the foot improves. Unlike the ordinary rigid steel insole, it does not occupy the entire inner-sole of the shoe, but extends only to the ball of the foot, being held in place by the pressure of the heel.

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Tiger Tea

Tiger Tea

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DEATHS

JOHNSON—At the General Public Hospital, on Sept. 22nd, John Johnson, leaving a wife and three young children to mourn their sad loss. Funeral from his late residence, 52 St. James street, West End, on Friday, 25th inst., at 2.30 o'clock. Friends invited to attend.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

The Board of Health yesterday at a special meeting decided that they would drain the stagnant pond at the foot of Broad street. It was also decided to prepare a list of places where patent closets are not installed and press the work to be done.

After some discussion it was thought that there was need of a garbage incinerator in the city.

The secretary of the board has notified all physicians that the board will discontinue all premises within the city and county in which infectious and contagious diseases have existed.

LIFE SAVED BY CHANCE.

"It was a shock to me when I saw Fegan move, but I stuck to him and helped him all I could. I really believe that taking the pillow from underneath his head was the means of saving his life. It enabled him to breathe a little better, and there is no doubt Fegan owes his life to this fact."

"Before I left him I jokingly told him so and invited him the first time."

A Few Remarks on Boys' Shoes

The Boy and his Shoes! A strenuous Boy and poor Shoes are a bad combination. Bad for the Boy—bad for the Shoes—and bad on the family pocketbook.

Our good Shoes are the cheapest in the end. There's no line of Shoes in our store that receives greater attention than our Boys' Shoes.

GUN METAL AND VALOUR CALF—OR WINTER TANS. HEAVY VISCOLIZED WATERPROOF SOLES. LACE OR BLUCHER CUT. FORMED TO FIT THE BOYS' GROWING FEET. INSIDE AND OUTSIDE STAYS TO PREVENT RIPPING. \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50.

According to size. BOYS' PATENT COIT DRESS SHOES. TRIM, SHAPELY AND HANDSOME. NARROW TOES BUT PLENTY OF ROOM. LACE, BUTTON OR BLUCHER STYLE. \$2.00, \$2.50, to \$5.00.

Bring the Boys here for their Fall and Winter Shoes, and then watch the result.

D. MONAHAN, 32 Charlotte St.

The Home of Good Shoes.

SPECIAL—Captain Dreyfus got a new trial so does Carter, adding you to come in and see the bargains for five days only, in the line of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, that will satisfy you, style and price. Remember the place, opposite Estabrook's Tea Factory, 6 Mill St. Everything is guaranteed or money refunded.

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Church of England Prayer Books, with Church Hymns, A. M. Hymns and Hymnal Companions, prices.....35c, 40c, 45c, to \$1.25. Also Prayer Books only and Hymn Books only. Church of England Prayers and Hymns in Cases, different colored bindings, per set.....35c to \$3.00. Presbyterian Books of Praise.....30c, 60c, 90c, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Gospel Hymns, No. 1, 2, 3, also No. 1 to 4 and No. 1 to 6.....50c.

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R. C. Prayer Books in Cases, Black, a two White Bindings. Prices.....15c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

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CAT SAVES MISTRESS FROM DEATH ON RAIL

Animal Pulls at Hem of Skirt as Woman Steps on Crossing.

SUNBURY, Pa., Sept. 23.—To the timely intervention of her pet cat does Mrs. Mary Longenderfer owe her life. She attempted to cross the tracks of the Reading Railway, and the rumbling of a freight train prevented her from hearing a locomotive on the other track.

As the caboose passed she was about to step in front of the engine, when her pet cat, that had followed her from

home, pulled at the hem of her skirt. The woman turned her head to learn what impeded her progress, and the locomotive dashed past, so close to her and with such momentum that she was thrown to the pavement.

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