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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 8, 1907.

HARBOR FEES.

A delegation from the common council leaves this week for Montreal to meet Mr. McNicoll of the C. P. R. and members of the shipping Federation, for the purpose of discussing the proposed readjustment of wharfage charges in St. John harbor. When the city, two years ago, decided to repay to the C. P. R. the \$50,000 loaned towards the construction of Sand Point, and to adopt a scale of fees, the policy was accepted by transportation companies as an entirely reasonable one. Shipping men recognized that a city like St. John could not carry such an enormous debt as was contracted by the building of wharves, and maintain the harbor in a satisfactory condition, without receiving something in return. The charges imposed were ridiculously low, but it was not then, nor is it now, the desire of the city to acquire wealth by forcing from the companies any amounts which might be regarded as extortionate. But since the schedule was first introduced St. John has entered upon another stage of development, and is now constructing a new wharf which will necessitate an outlay of upwards of half a million dollars. In view of the fact that this is being paid for by the residents, who for the most part benefit only indirectly, it is nothing more than fair that the wharfage fees should be increased to such an extent that the revenue will prove sufficient to meet the interest on the debt, provided, of course, that the fees when so increased are no higher than are paid elsewhere. Some return must be made to the city treasury, and no steamship company can justly refuse to comply with reasonable demands. Hence the visit of the delegation to Montreal will be of value in making clear the course to be followed by the city, and in arranging a friendly agreement.

In line with this there is the suggestion that a fee be charged on all lumber loaded over the side, whether steamers are at berth or in the stream. Since the institution of the winter port traffic, many steamers have taken deals as filling. A result which is partly due to such heavy shipments, which are made chiefly on account of the low freight rates offered, is that the English lumber market is glutted at a time when prices are lowest, and shippers very frequently miss the opportunity of realizing as much as might otherwise be the case. Hence a charge, as is proposed, may lessen the lumber export in winter, may induce the transportation companies to strive even harder than in the past for better paying cargoes, and may make St. John harbor during the summer months as busy a place as it was before the winter port became a reality.

THE STAR AND THE LONGSHOREMEN.

Judging from letters published in The Globe and The Telegraph there has been a regrettable misunderstanding of an article which appeared in these columns a few days ago. In pointing to the number of loafers on the streets of St. John, while work at good pay goes begging, The Star had no intention of coupling these conditions disparagingly with the Longshoremen's Association. It simply warned the hard-working Longshoremen of the injury done to them by this loafing element which makes its business with hard luck moans and general discontent and makes itself a fruitful source of labor troubles, to the detriment of better men.

HIS UNDOING.

To find a more ingenious chap. You'd have to search the town; Why, he could set the stovepipes up. As fast as they fell down! Among the minor stunts he did. All with the utmost ease, To mention only just a few, His friends remember these: He mended all the faucets. For several blocks around. He fixed the bells and buzzers. When they refused to sound, He regulated watches and he

Tinkered up the clocks; He soldered leaking coffee pots. And set to rights the locks. The bicycles he doctored, From broken back to rim; To start a balky motor car Was only play for him; But one day his wife's eggbeater Went badly out of whack— They took him to a hughouse. And he never has come back.

THE VIOLET.

O, faint, delicious springtime violet! Thine odor, like a key, Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let A thought of sorrow free. The breath of distant fields upon my brow Blows through that open door, The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar from that beloved place, And that beloved hour, When life hung rippling in love's golden grace Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through the reeds grassy, The lark sings o'er my head, Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass! I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door From which I ever flee? A vanished joy! O love, that art no more, Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet, thy odor through my brain Hath searched and stung to grief. The sunny day, as if a curse did stain Thy velvet leaf.

William W. Storr.

The late Theodore Tilton, who boasted that he had never had a pipe, cigar or cigarette in his mouth, used to declare that the most inveterate smoker he ever knew was Sojourner Truth, the famous freedwoman reformer and lecturer. He was wont to tell how one day when the venerable dame, then about ninety years old, was on a visit to the house, she sat smoking her pipe by the chimney corner, when George W. Bungay, the author of several elegant anti-tobacco tracts, called to see her. "Aunt Sojourner," he said, "I revere your character, but I deplore your smoking, for it will keep you forever out of heaven."

"Lawks, honey, how so?" she asked. "Because, Auntie," he rejoined, "you know that, according to the Good Book, nothing entereth there that defileth. Now, how do you expect to get into heaven with your breath defiled by tobacco?"

"Lawks, honey," answered the old negress, "when I go to heaven I spect to leave my breff behind me!"

"You call me a thief," "And you called me a liar," "Well?" "Well?" "I've been thinking."

"What about?" "Pause."

"I've been thinking that it might be a good thing for us to form a partnership and open a life insurance and trust company."

Redd-Out in my car with a party yesterday. Greene—Yes. "Came to a wide, deep stream which we could not ford."

"No bridge you could run the machine over?" "No."

"What in the world did you do?" "Just sat there and thought it over."

First Professor—That man has been equally honored by many colleges. Second Professor—I should say so. He has been given enough degrees to qualify him for a first-class thermometer.

The Guest (after a dinner)—Your wife is such a beautiful woman it's a wonder you're not jealous of her. The Host—Oh, I am! I never invite any man here that any sane woman would take a fancy to.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the kind old lady to the beggar, "are they the best shoes you've got?" "Why, lady," replied the candid beggar, "could you imagine better ones for the business. Every one of 'em holes means nickles and dimes for me."

Enfant Terrible—"And did they go into the ark two by two?" Mamma—"Yes, dearest."

Enfant Terrible—"Well, who went with auntie?"

Hairdresser—"Tremendous 'bad of air, sir! Better let me cut the 'ole of it for!"

Eminent Violinist—"Why?" Hairdresser—"Well, you'll excuse my sayin' so, but it makes you look like one of them fiddler chaps, you know!"

"Dus Driver (to carman of van in front, which is blocking the way): "Jyer, get on, get on! You've bin keepin' us waitin' five minutes."

Van Driver (turning round): "Five minutes? Well, that ain't so long. You ad to wait five years once, 'adn't yet?"

"Horatius" said the professor's wife, "I don't believe you've heard of what I've said, and here I've been talking for half an hour!"

"Well," said the pondering professor, "who could believe it? You seem just as fresh as when you started."

"What do you consider the greatest object of interest in England?" asked the interviewer. "Well," answered the great lecturer from abroad, "I arrived here yesterday and—"

"Of course," exclaimed the interviewer, apologetically, "I meant the greatest object of interest next to yourself!"

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot."

"She was until our baby was born, six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shall not like."

"BUCKEYE DAISIES" ARRIVE IN PARIS Tourists Have to Pay Beer Prices for Water While on Road.

None of Them is Engaged, at Least Colonel Wilson Has Not Heard of It if Any are to Wed.

PARIS, Aug. 8.—The famous "Buckeye Daisies" arrived in Paris about midnight of Monday and took charge of the fifth floor of the Hotel du Louvre.

These twenty-five young women, chosen as the most popular in Ohio, have thus entered on the final stage of their sight-seeing tour, which was through Scotland, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Switzerland.

They left Interlaken at eleven o'clock Monday morning, and upon entering France found nothing but beautiful country and bright sunshine, which they think augurs well for their short sojourn in Paris before leaving for home August 10 on the Ryndam.

It should be explained that these young ladies gave their names to the result of a popularity contest run by the Columbus Dispatch, in which more than 10,000,000 votes were cast. Each of the twenty-five young women received more than 300,000 votes.

"No one is engaged as I know of," said Colonel Edward S. Wilson, who is in charge and is the only man in the party, "and I have rounded them up in Paris safely, no one being ill. Every one is deeply appreciative of the kind attentions that are being showered on them throughout the Continent."

CANT FIND ANY ICE WATER. An unusual incident happened to the party soon after leaving Interlaken. All during the trip they had been short of ice water. In fact, in parts of beer-drinking Germany it was difficult to get any water at all. But they hoped to get it in Paris.

To their dismay on searching the train after leaving Interlaken there was not a drop of water aboard to drink. After many inquiries they found that after the first stop across the frontier there was a well. When they begged at the station for a simple drink of water the man charged them the same as for beer, and the water was not cold either.

"Wasn't it a shame?" said one of the girls. An effort was made last night to keep the ice water famine.

One of the young "Buckeyes," Miss Ida March, whose home is in London, says that she liked London very much, even if it was bigger than her town. She added:—"But everywhere we have been well treated. There was so many to see us off that we could scarcely get on the train."

"Berlin I like best of all," said Miss Almada Denny. "Of course, we have not seen Paris yet, but in the German capital there are so many great parks. In America such green spots would be considered waste ground."

"And when we get home," said Miss Margaret Naddy, of Columbus, who was popular enough to get \$2,400 votes, we will miss the promenades and parks of Berlin, as there is nothing of the kind at home."

At every point the "Buckeye Daisies" stopped the postal clerks were forced to work overtime. There has been a craze to send home postal cards. Colonel Wilson estimated that to date more than ten thousand have been posted. One "Buckeye" alone posted seven hundred.

LOST IN STRANGE CITY. Lost in a strange city was the fate of two Buckeye Daisies yesterday. Immediately after dinner two of the most daring, armed with map and compass, started out to find the Bon Marche to shop. This store is not the easiest in Paris for a stranger to find, but the young women said they had had experience in Cincinnati and feared nothing.

First they got mixed up in the edge of Luxembourg Garden. Afterward they wandered up and down a strange street, but at last were put on the right track by an Englishman and reached the Bon Marche just as it was closing and the shutters were being pulled down. The Latin quarter without knowing it.

That such accidents will not happen again is guaranteed by a society known as "Les Petites Messagères," which yesterday sent a messenger boy, who will act as a guide during the rest of the Paris visit.

Some one said that the "Buckeyes" were guests at a champagne breakfast yesterday morning about eleven o'clock. There may have been champagne within speaking distance, but any one who even hints that the "Buckeyes" did more to fix than ignore it, simply doesn't understand the "Buckeyes," that's all.

Last night the young women remained at the Hotel du Louvre resting for this morning, when they begin a whirlwind tour of Paris under the leadership of "the man from Cook's."

While struck with the beauty of Paris, all the "Buckeyes" prefer waiting until after today before giving their impressions. The ice water famine is broken. The management of the Hotel du Louvre yesterday laid in a supply of 2,000 kilometres of ice for the girls. Never in the history of a Paris hotel, it is said, has there been such a demand for ice water.

HAD WOMAN'S BODY IN THEIR BAGGAGE Arrest of Couple in Marseilles Reveals Grossest Murder at Monte Carlo.

MARSEILLES, France, Aug. 8.—A trunk belonging to a man and woman who arrived here today from Monte Carlo attracted the attention of the baggage master, who caused it to be opened. It was found to contain the body of a woman, cut to pieces. The man and woman owning the trunk were arrested. They had said that it was forwarded to London.

The couple, who are middle aged, and gave the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, residents of Monte Carlo, denied that they committed the crimes and informed the examining magistrate that they only knew the victim slightly.

While the latter was at their home, the Villa Menestry, on Sunday last, Mr. and Mrs. Gold added, the woman's fiance arrived there and blew out her brains. The Golds, fearing they would be compromised, tried to get rid of the corpse. The head and feet were in the Golds' valise and the rest of the body was in the trunk.

The autopsy seemed to upset the story told by the Golds. It was shown that the murdered woman was seized from behind and held while she was stabbed to death. A commission has been sent to Monte Carlo to investigate the crime.

The murdered woman was Theresa Williams, a Swede, thirty-seven years old. A man named Barker is under arrest at Monte Carlo charged with having killed her.

HERPICIDE, Germicide, A Non-Irritant For the Scalp. At S. McARDMID'S, King Street. 50c., \$1.00 Bottle.

How's Your Scalp? If it is covered with dandruff, itches and burns, you'll derive much comfort from the use of ADONIS SHAMPOO.

This is not a hair tonic, but it promotes growth of hair by keeping the scalp clean and healthy. 25c. a Jar. E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST, Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST, 24 Wellington Row. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 129.

"The Cry of Labor." And other Essays. Price 75c. "Presents high ideals as to life and citizenship, and calls upon Canadians to seek to realize them. The author expresses large sympathy with laboring men. He rejoices that labor is now winning a larger share than formerly in the result of its sweat and toil, and advises laboring men that the path of wisdom for them lies in making their influence on legislation felt through the ballot rather than by strikes and other arbitrary interference with the course of industry."—Maritime Baptist.

BIRTHS. BLAKENEY—At St. John, August 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Blakney, of Cambridge, Mass., a daughter, WIGGINS—To the wife of W. S. Wiggins, a son.

DEATHS. CUNNINGHAM—At Skiff Lake, at her brother's, Charles Cunningham, Margaret Jane, aged 31 years, daughter of the late James Cunningham. She was taken ill in Saco, Maine, returned to the old homestead about four weeks ago, and died there, leaving an aged mother and several brothers and sisters to mourn their loss.

Store Closes at 9.00 p. m. Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1907.

Canvas Goods! Sizes 3, 4 and 5. - 65 Cents a Pair.

I have a lot of White Canvas Tennis, Rubber Sole with leather Innersoles, Oxford, I am selling, for 65 Cents a pair.

A nice Outing Shoe.

Percy J. Steel, Furnisher, 519-521 Main St. N.E.

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