

POOR DOCUMENT

MC 234

THE STAR, ST JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 19 1909

THREE

Classified Advertisements.

BUSINESS CARDS

JOHN M. CHRISTIE, Painter and Decorator. House painting done in all its branches. First-class workmanship guaranteed. Estimates furnished. 23 Dorchester street. Phone: Main 2175.

DAILY EXPECTED fresh, mixed Minut. Second-hand Coal, clean, no slack. Tel. 45. JAMES E. McIVER, agent. 6 Mill street. 24-4

EYES TESTED FREE—Difficult repairing solicited. C. STEWART PATTERSON, 15 Brussels St. 15-10-11

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder. Stucco work in all its branches. 244-2 Union Street. Estimates furnished. Only used men employed. Telephone 1012. 15-10-11

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 109 Prince Wm. street. Telephone 301. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

J. D. McAVITY, dealer in hard and soft coals. Delivery promptly in the city. 29 Brussels Street.

WM. L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Finn. Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 110 and 112 Prince Wm. St. Established 1879. Write for family price list.

F. C. WESLEY CO., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 19 Water Street. St. John. N. B. Telephone 822.

E. LAW, Watchmaker, 2 Coburg St.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One light express wagon. Price \$100. Apply 25 Dock St.

FOR SALE—Two light horses. WATSON BROS., Haymarket Square, City. 14-6

FOR SALE—Furniture at 39 Parlane St. Apply evenings, 2nd bell. 14-6

FOR SALE—A good express horse. Apply to JOHN WHITE, Charlotte St. 11-5-11

FOR SALE—A duplicate, new, with three trays. Also, a necessity good as new. Either will make multiple copies exactly like type written letter. Apply Sun Office. 50-4-11

Screen Doors, 850, 95, 5145; Window Screens, 180, 350; Screen Wires, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 36 in. wide, 14c. to 20c per yard. DUNN, 17 Waterloo St.

WANTED

WANTED TO HIRE—For a few days, a motor boat in good condition. Address Box 718 Star Office.

VEGETARIAN SCRIP WANTED—I will pay \$200 cash for South African scrip for immediate delivery. Write Box 702, Star Office.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Gentleman's cast of clothing, footwear, fur coats, ladies' furs, jewelry, diamonds, musical instruments, guns, revolvers, tools, stoves, etc. Call or send postal. H. GILBERT, 24 Mill St.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Gentlemen's left on clothing, jewelry, bicycles. Highest prices paid. Call or write. L. WILLIAMS, 15 Dock St. 23-4-11

ROOMS AND BOARDING

ROOMS AND BOARD for three gentlemen at 3 Elliott Row. 18-6-6

BOARDERS WANTED—Gentlemen or married couples, 15 Padlock St. 18-6-11

TO RENT—One large room in private family. Address K, Star Office. 17-6-11

PLEASANT FRONT ROOMS on car line. 48 Carmarthen street, near Duke. 16-4-6

TO LET—One furnished front room. Apply 18 Peters St. 16-4-6

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS—16 Queen St. 8-6-12

TO RENT with board, one room suitable for married couple, another for young man. Apply 178 Duke street. 17-6-11

ROOMS—With Board at a reasonable rate. 92 Princess St. MRS. CAREY. Also, meals given. 8-4-11

DESIRABLE FRONT ROOM TO LET in private family. Apply 205 Union St. 2-6-11

ROOMS AND BOARD—160 Princess Street. 23-5-11

TO LET—Large front room, with board. 15 Orange street. 23-1-11

THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.

Our small boy, Arthur, had long believed that a baby in the family was desirable, since most of his playmates came from homes provided with this adjunct. In good time his mother told him confidentially that his oft expressed wish for a family baby would probably be gratified. The news was too good to keep and Arthur was promptly boasting to his nearest chum.

"But when are you going to have it?" demanded the friend.

"Oh, I don't know—fore long, I guess," answered Arthur.

"Huh," snorted the other, "what's the use of waiting? What good's a baby if you can't have it when you want it? Why don't you get it right away?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Arthur, driven to his wit's end; "we've ordered the baby, but we haven't paid for it yet!"

STAR WANT ADS. BRING RESULTS

Every reader of this paper becomes a possible "finder" of your lost article when you use one of the "lost" ads.

The young man whose early education has been limited can improve himself by study in the evenings. A "want" ad. will get a good teacher.

1 Cent a Word, 6 insertions for the price of 4



The telephone will reach your man quickly. If you are sure just where he is in the telephone will do it quicker. But if it is good help you want and do not know just where to find it, our Want Ads. are quicker than either.

SITUATIONS VACANT—FEMALE

WANTED—At once, a young girl to assist with housework. Apply 202 St. James St. 18-6-11

WANTED—A good general girl to go to Saint Andrews for part of July and August. References required. Apply to MRS. GEORGE F. SMITH, 110 Union St. 17-4-11

WANTED—Kitchen and dining room girls. 45 Elliott Row. 18-6-6

WANTED—Experienced paint maker, also girls to learn. Good wages. Steady work. Apply to GOLDMAN BROS., Opera House Block, 3rd fl.

WANTED—A cook, also waitress at Scammell's restaurant. 6-11

WANTED—A good plain cook. Apply in the evenings to MRS. M. B. EDWARDS, 23 Queen Square. 18-6-6

WANTED—A good cook. Apply to MRS. CARLETON LEE, 73 Orange Street. 18-6-6

WANTED—Bright sales girl. Apply to ARNOLD'S DEPARTMENT STORE. 18-6-11

WANTED—A maid for general housework. Apply at 57 Union St. 18-6-11

WANTED—A few good machine sewers and learners on shirt waists. Paid while learning. Apply 101 Prince Wm. street. 18-6-11

WANTED—A vest and pant maker. A. GILMOUR, 35 King St. 14-6-6

GIRLS WANTED—For finishing pants; also work given outside. Apply to L. COHEN, 212 Union St. Entrance on Sydney. 18-6-6

WANTED—A cook; also dining room girl. HOTEL OTTAWA, King Square. 14-6-6

WANTED—A good plain cook. Apply to MRS. F. P. STARR, 43 Carleton Street, in the evenings. 6-11-11

WANTED—Either cook or general girl for small family. Apply 89 Duke St. 6-14-6

WANTED—Woman or girl for general housework at Westfield during summer and city in winter. Apply Box 800 Star Office. 18-6-11

SITUATIONS VACANT—MALE

WANTED—Two men to canvass for New Williams Sewing Machine. In city and suburbs. Liberal compensation to the right parties. Apply at No. 28 Dock street.

WANTED—50 men for peeling pulp wood and for railroad work. Apply Grant's Employment Agency, 205 Charlotte street, West.

WANTED AT ONCE—Boys 14 to 16 years to learn retail dry goods business; also juniors with 3 to 5 years' experience in city trade. Manchester Robertson Allison, Ltd. 14-6-11

SALESMEN \$50 PER WEEK selling newly patented Eggbeater. Sample and terms 25c. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Collingwood, Ont. 5-4-11

HELP! HELP!! It's a sad predicament to be in, when you need help and can't get it. A "STAR WANT" AD. will find help, and that quickly for you

WIND

(By Geoffrey Winthrop Young)

Wind of the morning, wind of the gloaming, wind of the night, What is it that you whisper to the moor

All the day long and every day and year; Breating and whispering, rustling and whispering hastening and whispering

And across, beneath The turfs and hollows of the listening heath, Sealed of a busy fury to reveal The fulness of your burden to each grey

And sun-bleached twigs, every purple shaft And win, black interval of peat and mire; What is it that you sing? No lonely moss-hag but must feel The stir of chilly uterances

The white hairs of the thur, the harsh, dry reed Are twisted to give heed To every shadow of your secret way; The very burn Checks for a moment in its spluttering

To wait you on the brown lip of the fall, While the precipitate spray-breaths pause and turn To hang the shilliness of your night.

Is it a tale of fives and of men, With I, you are always crying On the old moor and up the haggard glen; Tale of the little wars, the little schemes, The sorry jesting and the foolish sighing

The poet's or the painter's idle dreams, The folk that you haunts in the road, The folk that you put about the hall, The puppet prance or blame, The heart that breaks beneath its self-built load;

The trony of pomp that spreads its wings With death about its path, yet when death comes Falls in amaze, and dying clamors "Injustice," while once more the vain Procession shuffles on, again to greet Its unremembered ending with love

And so for ever; and ever it loves to wait, Wind from the stars, wind from the infinite, Known from the shoreless realms of space And vanish in illimitable years: One golden moment's grace Your voice is sweet with far, strange happiness

Your breath is quickening with unknown life, The very storms that dress Your passage with the panoply of sorrow

Seem like a mother's tears Who weeps a little anguish with her own, And smiles to think 'till all be gone tomorrow.

Do you not pole you pass Toiling our childish griefs on wings of laughter, Beneath dream-fancies on our tear-dimmed faces, With independent spindlers, who "bach" in merry bunches of three, It is in the Benedicite that Miss Anna Whitney was playing with light dreamy touch. "The Lay of the Red-Fumed Knight." As she sat, one foot on the soft pedal, her mood in mellow accord with the mellow-toned

ANEMONES. (By R. K. Munkittrick)

Upon the sunny stretches of the hill Their pale stars shimmer in the breeze keen That jolly sail the meadow gold and green

And spangle all the boom of the hill. They hear the robin on the alder trill, They see the lone dove on the cedar green—

A fairy carpet with a tinkling shawl, They ripple, blue and white, and never are still. Fair stars of May-time on the meads at play Before the roses round the field wall flame, Or the rich lilies flutter on the mere, They vanish—wind of spring they are— To crumble in the wind and disappear.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Pearl crescent in tie, between Adelaide street and General Public Hospital. Please return to Star Office. 17-6-11

COPYING

WANTED—By an experienced stenographer, copying to do at home. Box 881, Star Office. 11-6-11

FULL SET \$4.00

We have a scientific formula which renders the extraction of teeth absolutely without pain. We fit teeth with out plates and if you desire, we can, by a new method, do this work without resorting to the use of gold crowns or unsightly gold bands about the necks of the teeth. No cutting off the natural teeth or painful grinding.

Gold Crowns..... \$3 and \$5. Bridge Work..... \$3 and \$5. Teeth Without Plate..... \$3 and \$5. Gold Filling..... \$1 and \$2. Other Filling..... \$1 and \$2.

The King Dental Parlor, Cor. Charlotte and South Market Streets.

The Hat

(BY STUART B. STONE)

Mrs. Walters lifted the filmy, fragile hat from the epoch-span box and uttered a little ecstatic cry. She placed the expensive drama upon her head and stood in rapt silence before the mirror. She nodded the dangling, purple ostrich plume and coqueted with the other Mrs. Walters in the mirror. What artist the milliner were!

A thought flashed into her mind, causing her to smile. She would go upstairs and exhibit the new hat before Prof. Augustus. He didn't care greatly for crepe and ostrich plumes and heron feathers, it was true, but surely he would recognize the true beauty of this.

"The best preserved specimen of the stricter Tegan architecture was unearthed at Delphi by Schlegelwartz in 1889," read Prof. Augustus. Then he chuckled aloud and snapped his fingers.

"Augustus!" interrupted a soft voice from the doorway. "Augustus—look!" The professor blinked up at his pretty, young wife. "Yes, dear," he answered. "I was just reading from Schlegelwartz. His wonderful researches in Macedonia entitle him—"

"But, Augustus," persisted Mrs. Walters, pleadingly, waving the raking purple plume, "don't you notice anything? Haven't you something to say to me, dear?"

The professor blinked rapidly. "Have you brought me the book on Thessalian vestibules? Do you want me to read to you about Schlegelwartz, whose epoch-making work—"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear, Schlegelwartz!" mused Mrs. Walters, extending the drab book, "his new epoch-making work on the characteristics of Doric columns—for your birthday. That's what you meant, my dear—I know."

"But I don't want any Greek tombstone books—and why are you wearing my hat?"

The professor reached up and grasped the wonderful, purple-plume hat through the door, he sat in the half-dark hall and began reading about the temple of Janus on page 383. And Mrs. Walters, with a bubbling little sigh, nestled down in his lap.

"It was good of you to think it was my birthday, anyhow, dear," she whispered.

time of the air with both his pudgy hands. The girl, astonished, ceased to play; and then the stranger roused. "Play, play—do not stop der music!" he ordered, in sudden vexation.

The girl, half-amused, half-angry, resumed the Red Knight's plaint, and looking up she saw that her strange auditor had rapt time once more, his Teuton face a study of beautiful contemplation, until giving vent to a hearty chuckle he darted away from the window.

The next evening, as Miss Whitney sat dreaming out of the window, Herr Ludwig Wagner craned his plump neck out from the Benedicite once more.

"Please—please to play some—ding!" he begged. "So dot I work undt I tink undt make der inventions!"

"That you think—invent?" asked the girl, puzzled.

"Tah!" nodded Herr Wagner. "Ven der music playing iss, der tinkers' thoughts is fine—undt inventions."

Miss Whitney, smilingly indulgently, stepped to the piano and sang a song of moonlight in Venice. Herr Wagner gazed raptly at the stars and beat time with his pudgy fingers, until with a final triumphant cackle he disappeared as on the previous evening.

After that the special concert, for the benefit of Herr Wagner of the Benedicite, became a regular event.

But what is the invention? she asked one day.

Herr Wagner craned further out from the Benedicite, and placing his fat finger across his lips, whispered shrilly:

"Pickle!"

It was a month later that the girl, throwing a Mendelssohn song without words, was interrupted by a noisy demonstration from the Benedicite across the way.

"Play—play fast, like thunder!" bawled Herr Wagner, red-faced and panting. "Play cannon balls—gun-boom boom! Play of loudness!"

Then Miss Whitney veered to "The Battle of Blenheim" and pounded the bass clef unmercifully. She had reached the fiercest cannonading when something happened in the Benedicite. There was a rattle, a tinkle of glass,

outlandish tumult. Mrs. Walters arose and went to the front door. A tall, square figure was passing unhedgedly through the crowd. On the head of the figure was the dainty, extravagant, Parisian dream of a hat; under that arm was another great, drabbook. The figure was Prof. Augustus.

WITH A GESTURE OF DESPAIR MY BIRTHDAY THIS COSTLY HAT UOON THE TABLE.

"Why, Augustus!" she cried out. "What in the world are you doing wearing my new spring hat?"

"Schlegelwartz," he babbled, extending the drab book, "his new epoch-making work on the characteristics of Doric columns—for your birthday. That's what you meant, my dear—I know."

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Playtime Stories.

Once a little girl caught a fairy. He said if she would let him go she should have three wishes.

"Goody," cried the little girl. "Then I wish to be Blanche Brown. She has such stacks of pretty clothes."

And sure enough, she was Blanche Brown. But she found that the lovely clothes didn't make up for the care she had to take of them, the scoldings she had because of them, and the fun she missed while wearing them.

When the fairy came she said, "Please, I don't like this. Let me be Millie Burton. She is so very pretty."

And sure enough she was Millie Burton. But Millie's curls hurt more when they were combed than the little girl's own hair, and Millie's mother was away almost all the time and she hadn't any father.

"Please," said the little girl to the fairy, "I don't like being Millie Burton. Let me be Gladys St. Clair. She has such a beautiful name, and no brothers or sisters to tease her."

And sure enough she was Gladys St. Clair. But oh, dear, the name didn't count at all, and the little girl was so very, very lonesome. After the first day she longed for her sisters and her big, teasing brothers, so that the fairy found her crying her eyes out.

"Please," she said, "I don't like being anyone but just me. Let me be myself again."

"I shouldn't," said the fairy. "You've had all your wishes; but have you learned your lesson?"

"Oh, yes," cried the little girl. "I'll never be discontented any more."

And sure enough she was herself again.

Probably "naughty" and "bad" do not convey their true meaning to 2 and 3-year-olds. They simply stand for your disapproval.

Use tepid water which has been sterilized that is, boiled 15 minutes, to wash the baby's mouth. Wipe the gums gently, removing all fragments of milk curds which may decompose and develop germ life. Use a cloth which has been boiled, not the handy end of the towel after the bath; or use sterilized cotton, as the trained nurses do, being sure not to leave any of it in the mouth.

The best treatment of sprains and bruises is the application of water. The bruised or sprained parts may be immersed in a pail of water and gently pressed or manipulated with the hand, or soft cloth, for 10 or 15 minutes, or ever longer in severe cases. After which wrap the parts in cloth wet with cold water and keep quiet. This treatment keeps down inflammation, and in nine cases out of ten proves a speedy cure.

A careful mother believes in training children early in the conventional uses of the knife and fork. At the conclusion of a meal, her children never fail to leave these articles resting quietly on the table, with points touching the center and handles reaching to the edge.

Anemic children should be rubbed with olive oil after every bath. A daily salt bath in a warm room is said to invigorate a baby. Its clothing should be loose at all times to permit of free action of the pores of the skin.

and a puff of purple, smelly smoke issued from Herr Wagner's window. It was quickly followed by Herr Wagner, eyebrows slung, face blackened, with the light of triumph in his eyes.

"Come—come undt see, Miss Anna!" he commanded. "Der inventions!"

Half frightened, she hurried into the street and ascended into the unknown heights of the Benedicite. On the third landing she was met by Herr Wagner, who dragged her into his apartment.

"See—der pickles—inventions!" he exclaimed. "Mit der oder I vass too quick so it blows. But this—ah, see!"

He snatched a greenish cucumber from a shelf and dropped it into a liquid. Instantly, it changed to a somber pickle hue.

"Pickles—so quick," he explained. "Dollars, millions—fame."

Miss Whitney came nearer, glowing with excitement. Herr Wagner gazed tenderly at her. "If we marry undt you play der pieces, I invent everything," he declared, with a sweeping gesture. "Vat iss?"

"Yes," whispered Miss Whitney. Then she returned and played of moonlight in Venice again, while Herr Wagner beat rapacious time.

What the Next International Bad-Boy Race May Look Like