

FOR DOCUMENT NO. 2934

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13 1906.

CURE YOUR CHILDREN

Whooping Cough

Before the cold weather sets in.

McDiarmid's Whooping Cough Cure will do it.

ROYAL PHARMACY,
47 King Street.

Stylish Clothing.

The two necessary points for good clothes is quality of goods and style. I give you both.

W. H. TURNER.

Merchant Tailor, 440 Main Street.



Permit us to offer you assistance. We know how hard it is for the average buyer to find something that suits the taste and the purse at the same time, therefore we never tire of showing the different lines in Rings, Watches, Brooches, Brooches, Hat Pins, Lockets or Chains, which we carry in stock.

Special. We call attention to our Watch and Jewelry repairing, also Engraving done on the premises.

A. & J. HAY, -- 79 King St.

Bustin & French,
Solicitors, Etc.

CRUISE OF THE "ST. JOHN" N. B.

Steamer Maggie Miller

leaves Millville for Somerville, Kennebec Island and Baywater daily, except Saturday and Sunday at 8 a. m., 8 and 5 p. m., returning from Baywater at 7 and 10 a. m. and 3.45 p. m. Saturday at 7.15 a. m. and 9 a. m. and 3 and 5 p. m., returning at 6.30, 8 and 10 a. m. and 3.45 and 5 p. m. Sunday at 9 and 10.30 a. m. and 3 p. m., returning at 9.45 a. m. and 5 p. m.

JOHN MCGILVER, Agent.

WILSON'S BREAD MOULDER

Capacity 4000 Loaves per hour.

SOLD TO

Q. ROBINSON,

St. John, N. B.

The above Moulder, the latest up-to-date machine, exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition last month, is now installed in Robinson's Bakery to facilitate the large production of Butter-Nut Bread, now demanded by the public.

N. B.—Announcement to Boys and Girls shortly.

For \$1.00 Per Load

We will deliver kindling and heavy soft wood, cut in stove lengths. Send post card or call.

McNAMARA BROS.,
60 Chesley Street.

WOOD—When you are thinking of Wood—Hard, Soft or Kindling—call up 468.

City Fuel Co.,
City Road.

SPECIAL! Broad Cove Coal

\$8.75 per Chaldron, on orders of one chaldron or over.

Cash with order.

JOHN WATTERS,

Phone 612 Walker's Wharf

\$50 REWARD!

A Reward of \$50.00 will be paid by the undersigned for the recovery of the body of Harry Richards, drowned off Partridge Island, Monday, Oct. 3th.

H. R. McLELLAN.

The very best advertisement is the method in which business is conducted and it should never be forgotten that courtesy is a great element of success.

—J. Henry Townsend, Knickerbocker Trust Co. N. Y.

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCT. 13, 1906.

MR. SCAMMELL'S JUSTIFICATION.

J. Kimball Scammell, assistant engineer for the department of public works, is an energetic, enterprising, and independent young man, who for some time past has taken an active interest in the works of this port. In an effort to induce the council to improve the berths at Sand Point, Mr. Scammell, having taken soundings, placed his statement before the public. His report was not credited. The board of works laughed at the idea of there not being a proper depth of water for the big steamers, but did not think it necessary to take steps in the direction of finding out the truth for themselves. Later an independent engineer, Mr. Murdoch, took soundings and fully verified the report made by Mr. Scammell. Then the aldermen were half awakened and sent a couple of men, under the direction of the harbor master, to measure the depths. These soundings as submitted to the council showed that a certain small amount of dredging was required, and the declaration was made by officials in the employ of the city, that the corporation dredge could easily do the necessary work. But for weeks no action was taken to have it done. Time passed, and as the winter port season is almost at hand and the dredging scarcely begun several of the aldermen have shown faint signs of life. They have for weeks listened to the assertions of their own employees that the city dredge can do all that is required, and that but very little cleaning up remains to be performed in order that the proper depth may be provided. But now comes an announcement which they are pleased to regard as a surprise. Soundings recently taken show that while a little mud has been removed conditions as the west side berths are almost as bad as when Mr. Scammell made his first report, that comparatively nothing has been done, that the city dredge cannot attempt to do the work, that the officials have either wilfully or through absolute ignorance misled the council, and that Mr. Scammell's first report was correct in every detail.

It has taken the council nine months to find this out, and the winter port season will begin in five weeks.

HOLLAND TO THE FRONT.

The little country of Holland is the latest to introduce advanced legislation for the benefit of her people. A bill will be passed in the near future providing for compulsory insurance of workmen against sickness and death. Under this bill any employee may insure himself either with the state or with a company under state supervision. In the latter case the employee assumes liability in the event of failure of the company. The policies provide that in time of illness of more than one day's duration the insured shall receive free medical attendance and medicines for six months. It totally incapacitated, he shall receive seventy per cent. of his wages, and half of this amount if partially disabled. Women who engage in work are given the same conditions, an extra provision being made for their support during periods of child bearing.

This insurance is to be paid for by the employers and employees, the latter contributing one-third of the amount. The bill does not apply to soldiers or sailors, or to those earning over five hundred dollars per annum.

These old fashioned European countries are a little more up to date than Canada in some ways.

BRUTALITY.

A nine year old child spent all Thursday night alone in a potter cell, crying his eyes out, frightened half to death, and altogether miserable. Such an occurrence is nothing more nor less than a disgrace to St. John. The little lad was charged with entering a store, the Hebrew who owned it insisted that he should be locked up because it looked like burglary. As a matter of fact the boy had crawled through a window to find his knife which a companion had thrown into the shop. He had no more intention of stealing than had the policeman who arrested him, but if he had been in the shop for no other purpose than to rob the till, he should never have been locked up for the night.

The many individual who insisted that he should be taken in charge is one Gordon, and he is perhaps proud of his conduct in this affair. He may never have been a boy himself, and perhaps those thoughtless acts of no-fault children in that way?

Thaddeus has in the past written splendid sermons for the Star. The Maple Leaf which appears today is one of the best. It is a short narrative, a story of the African war, but the best thing about it is that it is true.

"L'ENVOI"

When Earth's last ball game is finished and the crowd has passed from the stand,

When the youngest Fan has hushed and gone to the Promised Land,

We shall rest, and Gosh! but we'll need it, knock off for a season or two

Till the greatest of all the Series shall set us to root anew.

Then all of the fans shall be happy, they shall sit in a shady stand,

They shall smoke their clear Havanas and list to the Heavenly Band,

They shall cheer for an ace at a diamond and watch them sweat the ball.

They shall cheer for an ace at a sitting and never grow tired at all.

And no one shall be a Knocker, and none of the Fans shall blame;

For no one shall make an error, and no one shall call out "Shame!"

"You thief! you robber! you lobster!" But each in his cushioned seat

Shall call it a just decision and know that his team will beat.

Gerald Smith in the Bohemian for October.

WHAT SHE WOULD MISS.

The late Henry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, was fond of children and delighted in incidents that illustrated the originality of the child mind.

At the Mercantile library, the haunt of Philadelphia's chess players, Mr. Pillsbury said one day:

"I cultivate children because they teach me new ways of looking at things. They bring me new points of view."

"I showed a little girl an aquarium of Japanese goldfish the other day."

"How would you like to be a little fish?" said I.

"Not much," said the little girl.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "if you were a little fish your mamma would have any fun."

SOUND ARGUMENT.

A Parson, visiting London for the first time, dined one night with the bishop, who tried to convert him.

Now, the Parsones are sun worshippers, and did not occur to the bishop when he took up his line of argument that the London winter season is one long, cold, wet fog, in which the sun never shows himself.

"Here you are, my friend, a man of culture, widely travelled, generous, brave, wise and yet you worship the sun. How can you do it? I can't understand how any sensible person should worship a created object, such as the sun."

"Ah, you should see it once," cried the Parson, warmly. "You have no idea what a splendid thing it is."

FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

A Columbia scientist was praising the city of New York and its astronomical and literary work of Percival Lowell, says the New York Globe.

"One day just before an eclipse of the sun," said the scientist, Mr. Lowell told his darky, George, that if he would watch the children the following morning about 11 o'clock he would see them all go to rest."

"How long," laughed George, "ill, hi, good joke."

"When on the following morning the sun darkened, and the children went to their rooms, George was amazed and horrified. He found Mr. Lowell with a gun, and said, 'Did you know 'bout these chickens?'"

"Oh, a long time."

"Yes, more than a year ago."

"Well, dat beats all," said the astounded darky, saying Mr. Lowell with awe. "Dem chickens wasn't hatched a year ago."

WHERE IT WENT.

Father: It is incredible what a lot of money you need.

Son:—I don't need any, father, it's the other people who are always wanting some from me!

SPRIGHTLY MUSIC.

Miss Gushley (to professor who has just played Chopin's "Funeral March")—"That's awfully jolly! Now play one of Lohengrin's things."

NEARLY RIGHT.

"Know anything about golf?"

"Why?"

"What's a bunker, do you know?"

"I suppose it's one of those cranks that simply live and sleep on the links."

MAKE IT EVEN.

Ding—Shadblot, I've borrowed a good many little sums from you, at one time and another. Do you know just how much I owe you?

Shadblot (with alacrity)—Yes; it's exactly \$5.

Ding—Then let me have \$5, will you? That will make it an even hundred, and it will be easier for me to remember.

COLOR BLIND.

Customer—I won't take this photograph; it makes me look as if I hadn't any nose.

Photographer—That is because the photographic plate is not sensitive to red.

NATURAL QUERY.

Editor—Have you ever shown this article to an editor before?

Artist—Er—no.

Editor—Then how did you get that black eye?

WELL DESCRIBED.

Hicks—Does she take in boarders?

Wicks—Sh-h-h! Don't speak so loud. But between you and me, "take in" is just the phrase.

WHY NOT?

Father (to his two-year-old son beside him in the dogcart, cutting the whip sharply through the air)—See, Jack, how I made the horse go faster without striking him at all.

Jack (in eager tone of happy discovery)—Father, why don't you punish us children in that way?

"I tried that," responded his fellow clerk, "and it didn't work. I had an easy time for a month, and then the boss failed."

SATURDAY SERMONETTE.

A MAPLE LEAF.

The maple was planted the day he brought home his bride. She held it as he carefully put the earth about it and all that hot thirsty summer she watered and watched it as though it were a child, and she was afraid the child might die. But the tree lived and grew and the next summer a robin brought his bride to it and for many a summer they made it their home and there they brought up their children and sent them out into the world to find other trees for their homes.

When then baby was old enough to go out to play the playground was beneath the maple her father and mother had planted. She would play there content for hours talking with the leaves for their letters, and beg for a crumb of news from home. As one soldier opened his letter a crimson maple leaf fluttered out from its folds and she would see to one whose heart would thrill at the sight of the emblem of his "Own Canadian Home." If she pressed it to her lips before she sent it on its long journey that was her secret and "that is another story."

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