

FOUR

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1907

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 10, 1907.

NOTHING DOING.

Peculiar place, this harbor of St. John, isn't it? Always it is in perfect condition according to the aldermen and their employes, but every little while, after strenuous attempts to hide the truth, things turn up which tell for the expenditure of very large sums of money.

Seated one night at the organ, idly thumping the keys, I heard a buzzing approaching, astride of the soft night breeze— A hum that I realized quickly was that of the skeeter brigade.

And the door, I know, was wide open, as usual whenever I played. Dreaming a dream that was foolish, I thought "I am surely proof against the assaults of these insects, while sitting beneath my roof."

And then, like a great inspiration, there came to my mind the bold claim Of the man who said music was fatal to skeeters—I haven't his name, so frankly I stuck to my playing, and put the loud pedal down hard.

And the neighbors sent over a message, Oh, what is the cause of this, please? But I played till the last mad mosquito had passed in his checks. Then I stopped.

And, filled with emotions distracting, my tired head in my hands drooped. The chords that I'd mangled had saved me—but, oh (the thought now gives me pain)!

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families, they would naturally feel bitterly towards aliens who had usurped their rights. And this enmity would be the more marked if the newcomers were not of such a type as could be developed into good citizens.

Under such conditions sentiment regarding the solidarity of the empire would probably be forgotten; the treaty rights of the aliens, granted by the far-off motherland, would be regarded as of less importance than the daily bread and butter; and the natural outcome, falling prompt relief, would be just what has already occurred in Vancouver.

Mob violence is always unfortunate, but there are times when, urged on by real or fancied wrongs, passions break bounds, and evidently the Vancouver mob had reached that stage.

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THE TRUTH--ONE DAY

Sad Experience of the Man Who Barred White Lies.

Made an Enemy Every Time He Met a Friend—Didn't Think One's Child Was Bright or That Another's Had a Good Voice.

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sure brief and right to the point. Don't like it, hey—just like that. Well, out with it then! What the dickens is the matter with the mess o' toes, according to you old feller?"

"Well, dang my eyes!" broke out the old friend, his face crimsoning. "If that isn't a wallow! Say, d'ye mean to tell me that I'm going around trying to look young and gaudy and out-of-date, hey?"

"No, sir," firmly replied the truth teller, "I shall not pardon you, I do not feel in the least inclined to pardon you. I resent your clumsiness—resent it keenly. I should be expressing an untruth if I told you that I pardoned you."

"Why, you infernal palput of a dried up emerald-green!" angrily said the truth teller, "I shall not pardon you, I do not feel in the least inclined to pardon you. I resent your clumsiness—resent it keenly. I should be expressing an untruth if I told you that I pardoned you."

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Exclusive Jewelry, Etc.

In new goods, and an endless variety from which to choose Remembrances.

FERGUSON & PAGE, Diamond Dealers & Jewelers, 41 King Street.

It's All Over—They Have Come We Are Here With The Goods. Beets, Carrots, Celery, Lettuce, Turnips, Tomatoes, Eggplants, Cabbage, Corned Beef, Lamb, Pears, Apples, Groceries.

PLUM BROWN BREAD. McKiel's Excellent Quality. Ask for it Tomorrow Afternoon and Evening, to eat with your Pork and Beans.

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

STILL IN BUSINESS. We deliver dry, heavy Soft Wood and Kindling out in stove lengths, at \$1.00 per load. McNAMARA, BRONX, Chelsea St. Phone 733.

ROBINSON'S. Please Excuse unexpected delay in distributing Butter-Nut Bread souvenirs. Something has gone wrong in shipment from Chicago.

Scenic Route. Between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Baywater. Steamer Maggie Miller leaves Millidgeville daily (except Sunday and Saturday) at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 5:30 p. m.

If the tiger gets you it has a Royal Breakfast. If you Get the Tiger you Have a Royal Breakfast Tea.

TIGER TEA. MARRIAGES. GORIE-CAMPBELL—By Rev. G. F. Scoville, at St. Jude's church, William Gore of Lancaster, St. John county, to Clara M. Campbell of Westfield.

CEATHS. WALKER—In this city Sept. 9th instant, at 2 City Road, Dorothy D. Walker, daughter of the late Samuel H. Walker, in the nineteenth year of her age.

MONTRÉAL, Sept. 9.—Through a mistake in proof reading the city treasury loses \$25,000 in taxes, collected from life insurance companies.

PERCY H. STEEL FURNISHER. 519-521 Main St. A.C. SUCCESSOR TO MR. WAT YOUNG.

Going Hunting This Season?

If so, let us fit you out with a pair of Hunting Boots or Shoes. Shooting Boots and Creedmore's are here. Some splendid values and some splendid work of the shoemaker to show you.

We have exactly what you need if you are a hunter. Don't see how you can get along without a pair of our Hunting Boots or Shoes. Come in and take a look, for you will be interested if you are fond of hunting.

Prices none too high—\$3.50 to \$5.00. D. MONAHAN, 32 Charlotte Street.

IF YOU WANT CAPS

We have them of every description and for every purpose. Best in Quality, Finish and Style. An extensive assortment of Cloth Tam O'Shanter Caps, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Do You Want To Be Cured? To Enjoy Life? To Have That Bouyant Feeling that Comes Only With Health? If so try McMillin's DYSPEPSIA CURE.

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

Bargains in School Books! PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 MAIN ST. Eddy's "Telegraph" Matches.

SCHOFIELD PAPER CO. LTD. SELLING AGENTS - ST. JOHN, N. B. THE EQUITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE COURTSHIP OF J. J. HILL. How James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway gained his present wife is told by The Catholic Tribune in the following interesting account.

Mary McEgan has fulfilled the promise of her youth. From the day she entered the modest little frame cottage in which the Hills began their married life, at 34 Canada street, until today, when she is mistress of the greatest house in St. Paul, she has always been the same sweet, gentle, refined woman.

After three years' service Mary McEgan one day disappeared. The guests at the bachelors' "round table" were tremendously disturbed, and fell almost in a body on the manager. "I don't know where she's gone," declared that functionary; "she's simply not to be seen."

MARRIED.—Yesterday morning, in this city, by the Rev. Father Oster, a member of an old Minnesota family,