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OFFERS VAST STOCK OF  
**HIGH-GRADE TEETH AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FIGURE**

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Gold Fillings, \$1.00 up  
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**WHILE WE ARE STILL MAKING A SPECIALTY OF OUR \$4.00 TEETH** we realize the fact that a great many people are looking for a Superior Article. In order to satisfy this demand we have closed a SNAAP TRANSACITION with the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Co., for 1,000 SETS OF THEIR BEST PLATINUM-PIN TEETH. This firm makes the BEST TEETH IN THE WORLD, making no cheap teeth whatever.

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FIT, FINISH AND DURABILITY ASSURED.

**KING DENTAL PARLORS,**  
57 Charlotte Street, Next City Market.  
DR. EDSON M. WILSON, Proprietor.

**KING'S COACHMAN**  
**SEEKS RETIREMENT**

Served Edward VII, as Prince and Ruler,  
About Thirty Years.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—A famous, dignified and respected figure is about to disappear from the life of his majesty's court in the person of William Blyth, who for no fewer than thirty years has been King Edward's service coachman.

After this long and faithful service Mr. Blyth has decided to retire, with King Edward's regretful permission. Though few would think it from his solidly, alert bearing and still handsome features, Mr. Blyth is now in his 71st year, and has held the ribbon over half a century. Altogether, indeed, he gives one the impression of being not only a fine old coachman, but a fine old gentleman.

In a talk yesterday at Buckingham Palace with a press representative, Mr. Blyth confessed to not a little pardonable pride in the fact that all through his service under King Edward he had never had an accident. "That is not to say, however," he added, "that my tenure of the reins has been without any driving incidents, some of which my majesty would remember well enough were I to recall them."

As for Mr. Blyth's reminiscences of royal and other notable folk, they would probably fill volumes. He began his career fifty-six years ago, as coachman to a prince minister, the late Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of the North." Since then he has been coachman to several distinguished noblemen of the passing generation, but never to a commoner.

At the time of Mr. Blyth's entry into King Edward's household, as stated in his obituary notice, he was in the service of the Duke of Devonshire, and it was under Mr. Blyth's entire control from the first, and King Edward's confidence in his management has been complete as it has been amply justified.

Many is the memorable ceremonial at which Mr. Blyth has played a conspicuous part. Naturally enough, the more joyous functions are the ones he likes to remember best. Such are the marriage of the Prince of Wales, of the Duke of Cornwall, of the Duke of York, and of the Queen of Norway; all of which he drove upon their wedding day.

As may be supposed, Mr. Blyth is a great favorite with the members of the royal family themselves, many of whom he has watched grow up from boyhood. He has innumerable souvenirs which he prizes intensely, including several gifts from King Edward himself.

**CHICAGO GETS EXCITED OVER A HAUNTED HOUSE**

CHICAGO, July 31.—Five thousand men, women and children pushed and crowded each other Thursday night to get a glimpse of a "haunted house" at 181 West 21st street. Automobiles and wagons lined the streets for blocks and street car traffic in Leavitt street was tied up until the police opened a passage.

Thirty patrolmen fought the curious crowd. Eight arrests were made and the prisoners were locked up on charges of disorderly conduct. At times the police were unable to cope with the crowd and a fire hose was brought into play. Streams of water were poured into the crowd which then fled in all directions.

The police consider the "ghost" story the work of a practical joker and are trying to run down the piker.

**CAROLINA VISITED BY WEST INDIA STORM**

RALPHIGH, N. C., July 31.—Two children drowned, traffic tied up on at least four lines of railroad and most of the navigable rivers, crops badly damaged and in large areas of lowlands entirely destroyed, is a partial record of the effects in eastern North Carolina of the West India storm that raged on the Pacific coast yesterday and moved inland today, accompanied by a rainstorm that was a record breaker in some localities and amounted to 8.05 at Newbern.

No trains from Wilmington or Goldsboro have been able to reach Newbern today because of washouts on the Atlantic coast line tracks, a space of ten miles in one place being reported unsafe. River traffic there is stopped.

Trains on the Washington and Vandalia R. R. are tied up by washouts and river traffic and fishing are at a standstill. The bridge of the Norfolk and Southern R. R. between Morehead City and Beaufort, recently built at a cost of a million dollars is reported unsafe and no trains are passing over it.

At Roper two children are reported drowned on account of the flood.

The chief damage in inland sections has been caused by the torrential rains. Reports from Wilmington, Morehead City and Beaufort are that the storm has passed and but little real damage has been effected.

**U. S. AND HONDURAS ARE UNFRIENDLY NOW**

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 1.—An unpleasant situation has developed between the U. S. and Honduras, growing out of the action of President Davila in cancelling the extradition of the foreign consul at Celba, Honduras, because of their alleged friendship to the revolutionists.

These officers include U. S. Consul Drew, Linard and Vice Consul Reynolds and Honduras, who have been charged by Honduras, but simply communicated the demand to the commandant. The incident has caused considerable annoyance to the U. S. Government which ever since the revolution in Honduras has been exerting its best efforts to prevent any breach of neutrality in Central America which might prove adverse to the interests of President Davila's government.

**THE JUDGE'S JOKE.**

Henry Keyes, of Vermont, was a life long Democrat. Governor MacEachron, a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a White. While holding court at St. Johnsbury, he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was dull. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it, except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks. "Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him," the landlord went up, rapped at the judge's door and told him his errand. "Henry Keyes," said the judge, half asleep—"Henry Keyes of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes; I've had it once. Let him in."

**LEFT ST. CATHARINE'S WIFE TO MURDER ANOTHER IN TOLEDO**

Crime of Former Toronto Man—After 16 Years' Mysterious Absence Attempts to Kill Daughter.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., July 31.—Louis Armour, who killed his wife and attempted to kill his daughter in Toledo on Sunday last, was formerly a resident of St. Catharines, having lived here about two years ago. Besides the wife he shot in Toledo he has two other sons still living, one in St. Catharines and another in Detroit.

The crime was the sequel of a mysterious life led by Armour, who is fifty-six years old. Sixteen years ago he deserted his wife, two daughters, and one son, without even bidding his family good-bye. No word was heard of him by his first wife until about a month ago, when he returned to Toledo and begged his wife to take him back. She refused.

Mrs. Armour was going to church and had opened the door, when her husband stepped in front of her. He again asked her to take him back. She refused. Without more words Armour whipped out a revolver and fired three shots at her. One struck her behind the ear as she turned to run.

As the dying woman fell to the floor of the vestibule, the eldest daughter, Mrs. D. Shea, rushed to the door. Armour fired one shot at her, but the bullet went wild. Armour then turned the weapon on himself, but it failed to take effect.

Throwing the revolver away Armour ran down an alley and has not been seen since.

The wife here says when she discovered that he had two other wives she left him and has resumed her maiden name.

Armour worked in Toronto for some time and used his wife so cruelly that his landlady was several times obliged to interfere and call in the police. From Toronto the couple came to St. Catharines. When she lived here he worked as a painter.

**JOHNSON WILL FIGHT SCHRECK OF CHICAGO**

For Heavyweight Championship of World Which the Negro Claims as Burns Refuses to Meet Him.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—A despatch to the Tribune from Cincinnati, O., says: Mike Schreck of this city, and Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, have been matched to box twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club in London on October 10. Frank Kelly, who is now managing Schreck received word yesterday from the club.

Schreck and Johnson will fight for the world's heavyweight championship. Johnson now claims the title, Tommy Burns having refused to meet him under reasonable conditions. They will receive a purse of \$5,000 and all expenses.

LOST.—Lady's Gold Brooch, July 31st A. M. by car from Douglas Ave. to M. R. A. LTD. Finder kindly leave at Star Office. 1-8-11

**CURB BROKERS WILL NOT PLAGE BETS**

New Betting Law Will Put a Stop to Laying Election Wagers Publicly—Millions Placed This Way.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—There will be no election betting on the curb market this year as has been the case in recent years. The curb provided a center where in some elections, as high as \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 was laid for principals by the curb brokers, but on account of the new betting law, brokers said today there would be no open betting this year, so far Wall Street was nothing to give in the matter of election odds.

**BATTLE OF FLOWERS ENDS IN A TRAGEDY**

PHOENIX, Aug. 1.—One person was killed, sixteen were seriously injured and at least sixty were slightly injured by runaway horses at a battle of flowers held in connection with the Fourth of July celebration yesterday.

The battle of flowers attracted thousands of persons to the exhibition grounds, and when it began the avenues were lined by dense crowds. Many persons in the front row were knocked over and trampled on, and long rows of chairs containing women were overturned.

Finally the carriage capsized, throwing out and injuring all the occupants. One of the horses broke away and continued its career through the crowd, injuring many more of the spectators and six policemen who tried to stop it.

Miss Henriette Slavinsky, once a leading actress at the Bohemian National Theater, was struck on the head by the horse of one of the horses and killed. Many other persons were taken to the hospitals in ambulances.

**THEY'RE NAMING BABIES AFTER TAIT ALREADY**

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., July 31.—William H. Tait was Friday entirely free from politics so far as conferences were concerned. A game of golf in the morning and a drive with Gen. Henry C. Corbin in the afternoon were the plans for recuperation and exercise.

Arrangements are being made for printing a second and larger edition of the notification speech to meet demands now being made for copies of that document. This speech also is to be printed by the national committee for general distribution in the campaign and several of the subjects treated in the speech are being discussed in letters for readers, in treating in particular subjects. Letters of congratulation to Mr. Tait are beginning to reach Hot Springs.

"The name 'William Howard Tait' already is becoming a favorite with mothers as indicated by the mail of the candidates. A thriving Hoosier youngster, born just as the notification speech was being delivered will answer to the three names of the candidate according to the advice received here.

**DOWN TO FACTS.**

Speaking of steady increase in business as a mark of public appreciation and taking the past three years as a comparison, the records of the Curtis Business University show an increase for the year 1907 over 1904 of exactly 258.5 per cent.

This increase is due to perfect organization and judicious and discriminating canvassing.

In proof of this appreciation the fees have steadily advanced and twice as much floor space is occupied now. A Curie graduate secures fifty in one hundred per cent more salary than the graduates of opposition schools. This institution fills three floors in one building and has a staff of many positions at the high figures and keeps every competent student earning money in its Public Service Offices.

**WILL DEVOTE HIS TIME TO TRADE AGREEMENTS**

John Mitchell Will Give His Entire Time in Future to This Department of the National Civic Federation.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Secretary Ralph M. Easley, of the National Civic Federation announced yesterday that John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, would, beginning today, devote his entire time to the interests of the trade agreement department of the Federation.

As a member of the executive council of the Federation, Mr. Mitchell has been chairman of the Trade Agreement committee, but far more aggressive work than hitherto has been possible because of this.

Mr. Mitchell has moved to this city and will make his headquarters in the offices of the National Civic Federation, No. 381 Fourth Avenue.

Rev. A. R. Cohen will address the temperance meeting at the Every Day Club tomorrow evening at 8.30.

The Artillery Band is requested to be at their rooms not later than five o'clock p. m.

Brunswick Street Baptist Church—Rev. A. R. Cohen, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mr. Robert Buchanan will sing at the evening service.

Zion Methodist Church, Pastor, Rev. James Crisp, morning service at 11 a. m. and evening service at 7 p. m. The Lord's supper at close of evening service. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m. At 4 p. m. Mr. Crisp will conduct an open air service in Rockwood Park, (weather permitting).

The Carleton Cornet Band have secured all the privileges at Seaside Park and are giving concerts there daily. They will give a concert this afternoon and evening, and a programme of fireworks will be given tonight.

New pictures and illustrated songs at the Cedar today. Professor J. W. J. Carden will appear both afternoon and evening performances in a new act. Matinee for children at 2.30. Admission 5 cents.

Rev. Mr. Dockrill, of the First Moncton Baptist Church will preach at both services in the Main Street Baptist Church tomorrow at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

**AN IMPORTANT FEATURE**  
For Exhibition.

Mr. S. C. Drury leaves for Boston this evening, where he will spend the next few days acquiring information regarding the building of a Myside Maze which will be the leading feature of the Pike at the Exhibition. Mr. Drury will get his ideas from the Maze in Wonderland Park, which was designed by a Japanese architect, who makes a feature of such constructions.

It is interesting to note that this will be the first Maze ever built for a Fair in Canada, as the expense is such that they are found usually only in established summer resorts. Doubtless many thousands however will patronize this decided novelty.

**REMARKABLE DENTAL OFFER.**

Elsewhere in this issue an announcement of remarkable interest is contained. It is the offer of the Dental Parlors, 57 Charlotte street, relative to a special purchase of one thousand sets of the famous Myside Dental Manufacturing Company teeth—the best in the world—which are to be sold for the sum of \$1.00 per set, \$6.50. These teeth are not of the cheap variety, but possess genuine platinum teeth, and are made of the finest quality of rubber is used in the making of the sets. The offer simply means that you can buy no better teeth for any price.

**TO RECT A PLANT.**

Tenders will be called shortly for the erection of a 250 Ton Asbestos Plant, to be utilized on the P. T. & A. Asbestos Company's Property situated near D'Issail, Quebec. 1-8-1.

**GLENCARNE NOT TO START TODAY**

The race of the R. K. Y. C. boats for the Beveridge Cup takes place this afternoon at 2 o'clock on the river. The race is in the race. The names and time allowances are as follows:

Charles Fleet, who is the captain of the Glencarne, and W. A. Vanwart of Fredericton, who is one of her crew, were in the city yesterday. J. P. McPeck and Mr. Ganong, the other members of the crew, will arrive this morning. The Glencarne, in spite of the fact that she is barred from the race, will go over the course with the other boats. Members of her crew last evening said they had understood that the Glencarne's entry had been accepted.

The Glencarne is known to be a very fast craft, and many of her admirers would like to see her race against the boats of the R. K. Y. C. squadron. It has been proposed that a free-for-all race be held to enable the Glencarne to show what she can do.

After today's race the Glencarne will sail up river to the Cedars, Mr. Ganong's home during the summer.

**A SLAVE OF HABIT.**

"Mr. Dutcher," said the patron with the infant in her arms, "will you please watch my baby?"

"Sure!" responded the busy butcher, depositing the little human bundle on the scales. "Just sixteen pounds and quarter, Mrs. Riley."

"But," commented the watching parent, "my scales register only sixteen pounds."

"Your right, madam," said the butcher, redoubling as he took another look. Then, turning to the bookkeeper behind the desk, he called out, "Annie, take off that quarter of a pound."

—Judge.

**PLAIN TALK TO THE CITIZENS!**

What are YOU doing to Help the Exhibition to be held in your city from September 12th to the 19th?

Are you doing ANYTHING to make it the success you want it to be?

There is no doubt you want the Exhibition to be a success—if it is not you will feel free to criticise it for months afterwards and state what MIGHT have been done.

Get to work NOW and do what you can.

A successful Exhibition this year means a great deal to St. John. If we can make this show better, bigger and more successful than any we have ever held the DOMINION GRANT and the DOMINION EXHIBITION will come to St. John next year.

That means business—money for every business house in the city. It is a prize worth winning—look ahead and see if we can't win it.

The best management in the world—the most lavish advertising—will not make a successful Exhibition if the people do not help.

Today some business men are spending valuable time in thinking how to make the Exhibition a good one—other business men are preparing exhibits—some manufacturers are going to do the best they can.

Are you included in the list?

If not, why not?

"You haven't the time?"

"You can't be bothered?"

Are there your excuses?

Does not your pride in your city, your enthusiasm for business demand your assistance?

There is no doubt an Exhibition does mean business—business of all kinds—to the dry goods merchants—to the grocers—in fact every man in trade.

Then why not help such a good thing along with all your might—advertise it—write your business and personal friends to make St. John their residence for that week? Why not do all this and more—do what you can to BOOM the EXHIBITION?

The Exhibition management wants the help of every one to make this a Banner Show—to impress visitors with the fact that St. John is awake and alive to its opportunities—ready with its welcome—eager for business—brimful of civic patriotism and pride.

You cannot show this by doing nothing—by holding back and watching the few workers toil.

Step forward and help and encourage the Exhibition.

**A. O. SKINNER, R. H. ARNOLD,**  
President. Manager.

**CAUSE OF HIS GRUDGE.**

"Why are you trying to shoot those young robins in our trees with your air gun, Archie?" was the father's mild admonishment. "Don't you know they are harmless, sweet voiced little things?"

"Well, I've got a grudge against one of 'em, an' I don't know just which one it is," was the boy's sullen retort, "no I'm goin' to kill 'em all an' get the right one."

"But what grudge have you against a poor robin?"

"Everything I do on the sly one of 'em flies an' whistles in mamma's ear. She says so."—Bohemian Magazine.

**PATIENT AND HOPEFUL.**

"Is your husband of a patient, hopeful disposition?"

"Yes, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "You just ought to see how hard it is to discourage him when he decides to win money on the race!"—Washington Star.

**BIG SHIP LOCKED IN ICY CAVERN IN SOUTHERN SEAS**

Strange Experience of the British Vessel Carraon Bay.

An account has been received of the British ship Carraon Bay, which collided head on with an iceberg in the southern seas and nevertheless reached her port of destination, Hamburg, sound in her hull.

The adventure of the ship, which was loaded with grain and making the passage around Cape Horn from Portland, Oregon, is one of the most remarkable and at the same time fortuitous accidents, in the course of not entailing real, downright bad luck, in the books of maritime mishaps.

Captain William Griffith shared his course along the arc of a great sweeping circle making more easting than nothing, until the ship was about a thousand miles or more to the eastward of Port Santa Cruz, Patagonia.

By the time he found the favoring winds he sought for sweeping him into the trades that would push the ship over the equator, a falling barometer to the eastward of the Falklands announced the near presence of ice-fields.

Day and night Captain Griffith, prudent skipper, kept a sharp lookout, often consulting his barometer, which showed no hopeful sign of escape. From the constant direction of the mercury it was plain the ship was all the while approaching the crowded area of floating frozen mountains from the south Polar circle. Then a dense fog added to the dangers of his situation.

The long night, before the dawn of St. Patrick's Day was an anxious vigil, during which lookouts were doubled and men stationed not only on the forecastle head, but along the rails and aloft for the loom of an ice pack or to detect the wash of a wave against a submerged base. Under only one forecastle and topside the Carraon Bay was allowed to log five miles an hour through the fog.

With the arrival of day, announced by the bell, rather than by the increasing light, Captain Griffith, worn from the uncertainties of the night, sought his bed and had been there but a short time when there came a mighty crash forward, followed at intervals of seconds by the falling of rigging and gear.

The ship shook and then stood stock still. Sails flapped over the steel plates crunched, spars groaned, the sounds of fear racing aft in frightened flight told Captain Griffith what had happened. When he reached the quarter deck he met a scene such as few mariners ever behold alive to tell of afterward.

**INTO A CAVERN.**

In the fog an iceberg at least 250 feet high hung over the ship, her trucks and all. The front of the object presented a cavern into which the Carraon Bay had thrust her jibboom bowsprit, part of her bow and forecastle head and her side.

Wreckage from aloft continued to fall and the crew, scared beyond the call of discipline, huddled aft, white with terror, and as they looked chunks from the mountain of crystal sloughed off and fell upon the deck, long by moving at an angle to the direction in which the ship had been sailing, and was dragging the vessel along with it, as a will beast drags its prey. The jibboom had been snapped off, involving in its destruction all the fore rigging and the foremast, which came down by the run.

As the vessel appeared to remain firm and showed no sign of sinking, the men began to regain nerve, and the first order was to the carpenter to sound the bell. To the joy of all hands he reported no water in the hold—save what caught to be there.

Working the ship clear of the embrace of the ice monster was a most delicate and trying series of maneuvers. The iron bowsprit had buckled in two places. The stem and the female figure head had become twisted, the anchor stock bent and even the planking on the fore deck sprung out of place.

Owing to the peril from tumbling ice, no day could work on the forecastle head upon which chunks continued to drop up thirty tons had fallen upon the deck.

The crew by putting the wheel hard over, braving the yards, so that the ship was able to get a bit of the main-sail and the mizzen, which were braced up, made the ship gradually work clear of the berg and out of the cavity in the side of the peak into which she had poked her nose.

After the fog lifted, still proceeding cautiously, the Carraon Bay, further to the north and east, in latitude south 43.0 and longitude 67, traded her course among an archipelago of ice-peaks three hundred miles in circumference.

The dazzling and prismatic effects, with the chilled atmosphere and peculiar pinkish sunlight and cloud haze of the southern latitudes, combined with the stillness and majesty of the horde of giant children of the great glacier of the south, produced an impression of indescribable grandeur upon Capt. Griffith, but as for the crew, they cared not for more icebergs. Her damage was repaired temporarily but skillfully at sea, and the Carraon Bay made haste to Hamburg.

**SO THOUGHTFUL.**

Nell-Yes, the count is very attentive to her. She admitted some once she saw in a florist's window they were passing yesterday, but had some sent up to her.

Felle—How thoughtful!

Nell-Yes; C. O. D.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**"Silver Plans that Wear"**  
**Sixty Years**  
of experience and skill result in the spoons, forks, knives, carving pieces, etc., stamped with the name of the maker.

**"BART ROGERS BROS."**  
Beautiful patterns, enduring quality, finish and style, make this brand of silver plate the choice of the majority.

Leading dealers carry up line of beautiful cream and blue bowls, vases, etc., made by the BART ROGERS BROS. CO.

**IF you are tired of porridge and other "Breakfast Foods"—Try**

**KINKS**

the only flaked corn food that is malted. The choicest white flint corn blended with life-giving barley malt. Delicious in flavor, crisp, tasty, nourishing. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream. Your grocer sells it.

**The only Malted Corn Flakes**