

FOUR

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1937

THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (LTD.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$2.00 a year.

TELEPHONE:—
BUSINESS OFFICE, 25.
EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT. 112.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 11, 1937.

THE BOISE TRIAL.

The sensational charges made by Harry Orchard in the murder trial now in progress in Idaho have been read with something like horror by all, yet too hasty judgments should not be formed. It must be remembered that Orchard is a self-confessed murderer and is probably a liar as well, and that while there may be a certain amount of truth in what he says his story may easily be so distorted as to place the prisoner in an entirely false position. It should be noted as well that Haywood's conviction or acquittal will not depend upon the sworn statements made by Orchard or by Adams his companion, but on the corroborative evidence. That is the law.

There are peculiar features in connection with this trial, some of which are merely interesting while they tend to further discredit the already somewhat ludicrous administration of justice—or law—in the United States. Boise City, Idaho, in which the trial is being held, furnishes neither the victim, the prisoner, the witnesses nor the counsel. It contributes nothing excepting the jury and has evidently found difficulty in doing this. There is no excitement in Boise. That is found in all the rest of America where labor unions of every description are contributing towards the fund for the defense of the officers of the Western Federation, are carrying on a bitter campaign against the supreme court, and are engaged in holding mass meetings, parades and other demonstrations in favor of the accused.

Following the murder of ex-Governor Rueschburg at his home in Caldwell a close watch was kept on all persons in the town and Harry Orchard and Steve Adams, who could not give satisfactory accounts of themselves, were arrested. A third man, their associate in a long series of murders, who is unknown to the police, escaped and has never been taken. For six months Orchard was kept in solitary confinement, no person being allowed to see or speak with him. This course was ordered by James McPartland, a skilful detective who assumed charge of the prosecution for the police. When Orchard had become almost insane through loneliness, McPartland one day surprised him with the query "What would your poor old mother say, if she knew of this escape?"

Orchard broke down and the confession which he then made is the story he is now telling on the witness stand. As the result of his confession which, it will be noted, was made in Idaho, and describing crimes committed in Idaho, it was deemed advisable to arrest three officers of the Western Federation of Miners, Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, all residents of Denver, Colorado. Under interstate extradition, persons may be arrested who are fugitives from justice which these men were not, as they were living in their own homes, and immediately upon arrest must be given the opportunity to seek relief under habeas corpus proceedings. The police went to Denver on a Tuesday but took no action until late on the following Saturday. Then they secretly arrested the three men, placed them in prison, and early on Sunday morning, having secured a special car, had them quietly conveyed to Idaho. Some days later, or as soon as they were permitted by the police to do so, the three prisoners began proceedings to fight extradition. Their contention that the Idaho police committed a criminal act in abducting them has been admitted in every court, but because of technical irregularities the case has always gone against them. The United States Supreme court has thus contented the crime of kidnapping, and for this decision is being made the object of a socialistic attack.

Another incident which has added to the interest in this case was the publication of Roosevelt's letter in which he denounced the prisoners, Eugene V. Debs and E. H. Harrison as undesirable citizens. This expression of opinion from the president must of necessity prove prejudicial to the accused men, and Roosevelt cannot be said to have acted with good judgment. These circumstances have added to the excitement aroused by the story of the crimes, and the legal battle which is now being waged in the little Idaho town promises to be one of the most bitterly dramatic in the history of United States justice.

This discussion at the fire investigation about putting protectors on the hose, is really not at all important. The main object in having a fire department is to protect property by promptly extinguishing fires which occur, not to look after the hose. Any delays such as might take place by this excess of zeal may have serious results. But in the matter of respirators, the men might easily be given those, for they should really be regarded as belonging to the departmental equipment.

Alexander Warden denies that his father invested Knox College funds without the knowledge and consent of the board of governors. It makes no difference who did it. Money contributed for purposes of the church ought not to be sunk in speculation. It is given for the promotion of education and religion, and the temptation to secure large dividends which seem to have led to the shortage reported, is the same temptation that makes possible the existence of bucket shops.

The board of school trustees have wisely decided not to do away with the twelfth grade. This class is not by

any means too advanced for public requirements and its abolition would be a step in the wrong direction. What should be done now, is to bring the remainder of the grades to an equal standard of efficiency. Those boys and girls who are to devote their lives to business or trades should, during the limited period they remain at school, be permitted to acquire as much practical knowledge as those whose future lies among the professions are able to acquire scholarship. Subjects of practical value must be introduced; manual training is coming and a business course is next in order.

According to reports from the Presbyterian General Assembly, the church union movement is coming along nicely. But there are indications that it would progress much more satisfactorily if the Lord in His goodness should see fit to call home some of those who fear it will never be a success. A man who feels that a divided church can do more effective work than a united one deserves a long rest.

Thomas McPartland who passed away so suddenly last evening, was a man who gave the greater part of his life to the service of Canada. He has been a faithful servant, and in the position of chief analyst has done much valuable work.

THE CAGED SOUL.

Oh! to escape for one swift, pulsing day,
This weary grubbing in the listless earth.
This passionless expanse of brown and gray,
This empty dreaming by a voiceless hearth!

In the tense noon beneath some other sky,
To hear the warning drum, the battle-cry,
Across the smoke-pellied field; in stemless flight—
To sweep the legions up the belching height;

And feel the hellish whip of shock and scar
In the mad rush of crimson-steaming war!
Or, wrapped in midnight, front the stinging lash,
Of briny winds, amid the vibrant crash!

Or frantic timbers battling with the host
Of armored fangs upon an iron coast;
While heedless heaven leered above the grave
In the fierce sweeps of the tumultuous wave!

Then in the long, long days, when tasks are done,
And down the west has trailed the unvarying sun,
In the blue dusk that veils the furrowed plain
To see those valiant moments lived again!

Or, when in foamy billows round us flow,
Hemming our island huts, the tides of snow,
And the rude blast tears boisterously by,
To huddle by the fire, my dog and I,
With half-closed eyes, and picture in the light
The flaming hills, the black, insensate night.

The wild battalions in the flying charge,
The mangled wreckage on the murderous marge!

And though the impressive years exact their toll,
One burning hour should free the caged soul.

PIT.

Mr. Sharpe—if there were no women men would have nothing to laugh at.
Mrs. Sharpe—if there were no women men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

Whenever little Johnny fell down, bumped his head, or had the smallest sort of a mishap he would cry. One day his mother was passing the window and the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at; they wouldn't feel like laughing.

Two men were talking together, and the question of Rockefeller's wealth came up. One of them said, to show the enormous income of the man:
"Say, do you know whenever that clock pointing to a grandfather's clock in the room goes tick, Rockefeller makes a thousand dollars?"
"Is that so?"
"That's a fact."
"Then stop the clock."

AUTOS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

(By S. F. Edge.)

That the automobile will play a very important part in the next great European war, I, in common with all who have watched its steady progress along the path to perfection, have not the slightest doubt. The subject has long engaged the close attention of military experts and heads of armies and there is no room for speculation in the matter. Indeed, the only doubtful element in the whole question of motor-car employment in time of war is the exact limit to be assigned to the possibilities mapped out for the car by sanguine enthusiasts.

Personally, I could name off-hand at least half a dozen important uses to which the car might be put in time of war, and I could, of course, considerably extend my list if I took into consideration the many subsidiary services for which the motor is peculiarly adapted.

TRIALS IN FRANCE.

In the first place, for the quick and safe transport of food and materials, the motor-wagon both of the light and heavy type would score tremendously over the slow and cumbersome horse-drawn vehicle in use. On humanitarian grounds alone, the general introduction of these motor-wagons by the Army Service Corps would be widely welcomed, but in an article such as this I prefer to place utility before sentiment, and so I beg the reader to direct his attention chiefly to the question of relative working expenses. He will, I think, observe at once the vast economy in space and weight which petrol possesses over hay and oats.

Recently there has been in progress an exhaustive trial of motor transport wagons in France. The trial was organized at the instigation of the Minister for War, whose interest in all that pertains to the vast military machine which he controls might well be limited in Britain.

The test took the form of a run from Paris to Marseilles and back, a distance of nearly 1,100 miles, and was accompanied by a motor-wagon, a motor-cyclist, and a motor-car. But it is in the transport of troops from one part of the field to another that the automobile will achieve its greatest purpose. The type of vehicle best adapted for this work is the long-bodied car on the chassis of a truck, which, accompanied by a motor-wagon, can transport from thirty to forty men. For rapid transport of infantry along a widely-extended front, it can be used with great effect. It can be used for the transport of wounded men, and for the transport of supplies.

In half an hour or less, from five to ten thousand men could be brought from a distance of even twenty miles. Without the motor-car, such a feat would be impossible. The motor-car can give nothing like the same service, for it is an independent unit, able to run almost everywhere. The service could thus be maintained, and the army being pushed back and communications cut.

Then there is the question of the armored car, which makes the latest development of military automobilism. Vehicles of this kind have already been adopted extensively by the French, German, Austrian and Russian armies, and, to a lesser extent, by the British army.

The ideal war car is completely armored, and carries a quick-firing machine gun mounted in a revolving turret. It is geared to travel over broken ground and to tackle even the steepest hills. It is, in fact, a sort of miniature travelling fort, with deadly possibilities.

PROOF AGAINST RIFLE FIRE.

In France, where everything pertaining to the art of motoring is carried to such perfection, the latest type of war-car is fitted with a sort of telescopic bridge, which can, at a moment's notice, be brought into use to enable the car to cross a ditch or small stream.

It is, of course, proof against rifle fire, and it provides one of the worst methods of attack for it would be extremely difficult even for expert gunners to make a hit, even if the car were going no faster than ten miles an hour. An engine of from 45 to 60 horsepower would yield a speed of at least thirty miles an hour, so that the car would be regarded as being exceedingly remote.

For use against cavalry, I firmly believe in the efficacy of the war-car. Of considerable weight, it is not easily overturned, and would very soon throw mounted troops into disorder. In adopting it we are reverting to the method of our ancestors, whose war-chariots brought such havoc in days gone by among the Roman invaders of our island.

There are, of course, many other uses for which self-propelled vehicles may be effectively employed when the "dogs of war" are abroad. I have said nothing about the potential values of the smaller and lighter types of vehicles, which, however, though in a somewhat humbler way, are anything but negligible quantities in time of war.

FOR DISPATCH BEARERS.

In conveying dispatches from one

quarter to another the motor-bicycle can do yeoman service, while for reconnaissance purposes a low-power automobile would be of immense profit. A high-speed car could be usefully employed for both these purposes, and would be invaluable for conveying officers at lightning speed from point to point of the field. This would put within the power of the commander a far greater scope for carrying out strategic movements, for he could keep in perfect touch with the constantly varying issues of battle, disposing his troops to the best advantage and taking such precautions as would be impossible without the facilities afforded by the motor-car.

Mobility is, of course, of supreme importance in modern warfare, and commanders cannot afford to neglect a single facility for enabling them to sweep up and down the tremendous stretches of country which form the distinguishing feature of the twentieth century battlefield. For this purpose the high-speed motor-car, in the hands of an expert driver, possesses a value which is almost incalculable.

Of the other uses to which the motor may be put, I think the most important are as ambulance wagons, and as searchlight wagons. In fact, there is no military service on which horse-drawn vehicles are at present employed which could not be better and more quickly performed by a motor vehicle of some kind.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

HAILEY STATION, June 10.—A thunder storm passed over this section of the country on Saturday afternoon. The house of Samuel McLaughlin at Acton, was struck by lightning and his wife and daughter, Mrs. McLaughlin, were quite badly injured. The lightning entered by the chimney and the two who were sitting by the stove were rendered unconscious.

Mrs. McLaughlin's foot and ankle were fractured and Mrs. McLaughlin suffered a severe shock. A cat which was sitting near the ladies was instantly killed.

DIED AT THE AGE OF 104.

NORTH SYDNEY, June 10.—Michael McNeil, aged 104 years, died at his home at Beldale yesterday. He was born at Barra, Scotland.

Don't let another day go by without purchasing one of these big 25 cent bottles of Dr. Scott's White Liniment, for tomorrow one of the children may be hurt, you may have a twinge of rheumatism yourself or somebody in the house may be suffering with a neuralgic headache.

Every night since the reduction of the admission fee at the Nickel Roller Rink the attendance has been a record. Last night there was a very large crowd in attendance among which were a number of new beginners who are learning the art of roller skating. This is one of the rink's strong points as they guarantee to teach everybody how to whirl around on the rollers.

Pond's Extract SOAP.

Contains in a highly concentrated degree properties which have made Pond's Extract so famous as a healing and soothing agent. 25c the cake.

E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST.

Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts. Phone 1092.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST.

24 Wellington Row. Porcelain Work a Specialty. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 12.

GOOD, PURE, STRONG, TIGER TEA.

DEATHS.

BYRNE.—In this city on June 11th, Mary, widow of the late Felix Byrne, aged 75 years.

Funeral Thursday at 2.30 o'clock from her late residence, 230 Union street. Phone 12.

Monumental Works.

SAMUEL FOX, Manufacturer and Dealer in Red, Grey and Black Granites.

109 Rodney St. (West), St. John, N. B. Lettering and Repairing Strictly attended to.

PORTLAND TEACHERS WANT HIGHER SALARY.

PORTLAND, Me., June 10.—At a meeting of the Portland School Committee today, teachers for the several schools were generally re-elected for the ensuing year. The matter of electing teachers for the high school was postponed until tomorrow afternoon, owing to the fact that the teachers ask for an advance of from \$100 to \$200 per year. The school committee have no available funds to guarantee the increase and will confer with the city government on the matter. Several of the teachers have offers from Massachusetts schools and threaten to resign if the increase is not granted.

Exclusive Jewelry, Etc.

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

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

Everything Electrical

Construction Work and Supplies.

The VAUGHAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD. 94 Germain Street.

When You Go to the Country for summer send in your orders and we will have them at the train in time. Pineapples, oranges, bananas, halibut, salmon, shad, groceries, meats of all kinds, etc.

OWAS, A. CLARK, Telephone 808 Main 73-77 Sydney Street.

Plumbers Wanted

Must be first class and reliable. APPLY A. E. HAMILTON, Contractor, Russell Street.

McKIEL'S PLUM BROWN BREAD

The delectable morsel on Bean night. Ask for it.

McKIEL'S BAKERY.

108 Westport Street. Branch 66 Wall Street. Also at 565 Main St. Phone 1255.

Buy Your Coal From THE GARSON COAL CO.

Best quality, good weight, satisfactory delivery, lowest prices. We have a five hundred ton schooner on the way from mines with guaranteed best quality Housay-brook Lehigh American hard coal. "Phone 1605."

WOOD—When you are

Wood—Hard, Soft or Kindling—call up 468.

City Fuel Co., City Road.

Why Not Eat? WHITE CLOVER BREAD.

Contains in a highly concentrated degree properties which have made Pond's Extract so famous as a healing and soothing agent. 25c the cake.

E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST.

Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts. Phone 1092.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST.

24 Wellington Row. Porcelain Work a Specialty. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 12.

GOOD, PURE, STRONG, TIGER TEA.

DEATHS.

BYRNE.—In this city on June 11th, Mary, widow of the late Felix Byrne, aged 75 years.

Funeral Thursday at 2.30 o'clock from her late residence, 230 Union street. Phone 12.

Monumental Works.

SAMUEL FOX, Manufacturer and Dealer in Red, Grey and Black Granites.

109 Rodney St. (West), St. John, N. B. Lettering and Repairing Strictly attended to.

PORTLAND TEACHERS WANT HIGHER SALARY.

PORTLAND, Me., June 10.—At a meeting of the Portland School Committee today, teachers for the several schools were generally re-elected for the ensuing year. The matter of electing teachers for the high school was postponed until tomorrow afternoon, owing to the fact that the teachers ask for an advance of from \$100 to \$200 per year. The school committee have no available funds to guarantee the increase and will confer with the city government on the matter. Several of the teachers have offers from Massachusetts schools and threaten to resign if the increase is not granted.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Bankers, Professional Men and Business Men.

Like our Hart Shoes. There are no Men's Shoes made that fit so many feet perfectly. These Shoes are made on the same principle as if we had taken a mould of your foot and fitted it. HART SHOES are the perfection of shoemaking. The harder you are to fit—the more sensitive you are—and the more particular you are, the better you will like these shoes. That's the reason so many professional men and business men come here for their Shoes.

But this is only part of our Shoe Story. Come in and let us finish it. Spring styles are now in and we have Shoes for everybody, at very pleasing prices. A man well satisfied is not a standing ad, but a walking and a talking one. We have many such.

D. MONAHAN, The Shoe Man.

32 Charlotte Street.

MEN'S AND BOYS' STRAW HATS!

THE LATEST STYLES. Boater Telescope, Curled brim, New York shape; Panama, in fine and medium qualities; Outing Hats—Best goods. Lowest prices.

THORNE BROS., HATMAKERS AND FURRIERS, 98 King Street

Special Prices to Barbers!

I am now prepared to supply the following line of preparations at Lowest Figures:

"ADONIS" HED-RUB, "ADONIS" MASSAGE, "ADONIS" SHAMPOO, "ADONIS" TALCUM.

A line of tonorial requisites that is very much in demand. Having supplied my store with a large stock I will promptly fill all orders.

W. J. McMILLIN, 625 Main Street. Phone 980.

HOUSEKEEPERS, WASHBOARD that will last?

Do you want a Washboard that will last? Ask for Eddy's 2 in ONE or 3 in ONE. They are Durable, and make washing easier.

SCHOFIELD PAPER CO. LTD.

SELLING AGENTS - ST. JOHN, N. B. June 12th.

On Sale Tomorrow! 200 Lots of Wall Paper

ranging from 8c. to 15c. Roll. Goods as high as 18c. per Roll—Tomorrow, all 5c. per Roll.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 Mill St.

BIG CUT ON WALL PAPER!

We Must Reduce Our Stock.

20 Bales—10,000 Rolls received this week at 50% off regular prices.

10c Papers, wide border.....40 25c.....12 1-20, 150

Special discounts, 20%, to property holders, 20 p. c.

Our large assortment of Canadian and American Wall Papers, including the productions of five factories, gives the buyer an excellent selection of papers at moderate rates suitable for parlors, dining rooms, halls, etc., etc., at 5c to 50c and 75c per roll.