

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 4

FOUR

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907

THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY, (LTD.) at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$1.00 a year.

TELEPHONE:—
BUSINESS OFFICE, 11.
EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT. 1157.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 20, 1907.

CHURCH UNION.

R. V. George Steel and Judge Forbes, who are members of the church union committee, returning to St. John, have expressed their opinion that the success of the proposed union is only a matter of time, and their satisfaction with the progress made at the meeting of the committee, just closed. Their opinion on this matter is warmly supported by the many other energetic workers for the cause. A unanimous vote in favor of union was taken at this recent meeting and in addition numbers of the members of the committee added personal expressions to the general decision.

The impression seems to be that there is no need of any undue haste. The desire is to go as far as possible at the present time, but it is felt that if any effort were made to rush matters many individual churches might raise objections and this would undoubtedly result in a weakness. The feeling in the west, it is found, is very pronounced in favor of union, and this is explained naturally enough by the fact that such church reorganization would particularly suit the needs and conditions of that country. The newer sections of Canada would receive the greatest benefit in the economy of men and money.

Members of the three denominations all over Canada now want information. While reports of the committee meetings have from time to time been given out, there has not been any sort of an educational campaign carried on by which the ordinary newspaper reader can gain a comprehensive idea of the proposed scheme of union. If all church members had been privileged to attend the meetings of the joint committee and of the various governing bodies of the churches during the past three or four years they would be, of course, well qualified to express decided opinions one way or the other. If they saw how conservative old clergymen and elders who at first were strongly opposed to the movement are now numbered among its warmest advocates, they would not hesitate in pronouncing a verdict. But before a general vote can be taken, a more thorough understanding of the terms so far agreed upon must be had. It was anticipated that there would be some difficulty in the choice of names for the church and its courts, but oddly enough this has been overcome with practically no discussion, the three bodies having exhibited a desire to give way to the wishes of the whole. It has been decided that the highest governing body of the church will be the general council, which is the Congregational term for district government, the annual conference, which is the name of the present Methodist body, will be retained; and for the lowest courts the word Presbytery will still prevail.

The committee workers find that in some sections there is a sort of apathy among people that they are leaving the church of their fathers and turning into a new channel and that, if union were brought about, the Anglican church would profit by it, for a number of Presbyterians would rather go into the Anglican church than into the united church. Still, it is hoped that this feeling will be overcome in time. Certainly the progress up till today has been all that could be desired.

CRUELTY TO BABIES.

St. John ought to have a society for the prevention of cruelty to babies, and if such were formed it could not more work than is now being done by all other organizations combined. Men and women of this city are perhaps no worse than those of other places, but if babies are everywhere treated so inhumanly as many of them are here it is a disgrace to the city. The physical standard of Canada remains so high. At almost any hour of the night, to say nothing of the day, babies of all ages, from a month to three or four years, are to be seen on the streets, dragged about town by pleasure-seeking parents. Helpless little ones, too young to really appreciate their sufferings, are carried or wheeled through the crowded streets night after night; are taken by their fathers or mothers on Saturday evening shopping expeditions, are bundled into popular amusement halls, where they cry themselves hoarse and are selfish parents amuse the entertainers. They are to be seen in all public places, forced to sit for hours staring at something of which they have absolutely no understanding, are urged to keep quiet, and are ill-treated when they cry. There are some mothers—a good many of them in this city—who give no more thought to the needs of their babies, than if the little ones were rag dolls; who as a matter of course drag the children around wherever they themselves may happen to go; and who in later years wonder why their sons and daughters are not strong and healthy.

Or course it is hard to be tied down. Many women who must do shopping have no one with whom the babies can be left while they go out. But these same mothers, having the Saturday

night habit, never dream that their shopping should be done in the early afternoon. Some of them are selfish, others are only thoughtless, but the effect on the constitution of the baby is the same in the end. A little more care would put an end to the present reprehensible custom of dragging helpless infants who should be in bed, about the streets at night.

"SO KIND YOU ARE."

(By Walter Byrner.)
You have an eye more warmly brown Than autumn days away from town, But will not let me speak my mind, So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a cheek as white and red As apple blossoms overhead, Just where the sunshine strikes me blind, So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods Of twilight and of solitude, But light to leave me as the wind, So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, however far I be, A trick of coming near to me— Tho' out of sight, not out of mind, So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon To reach your heart as reach the moon, Yet it's a way I'll surely find— So kind you are and so unkind.

THE FIRST KISS.

(After Sappho, by John Myers O'Hara.)
And down I set the cushion Upon the couch that she, Relaxed supine upon it, Might give her lips to me.

As some enamored priestess At Aphrodite's shrine, Entranced I bent above her With sense of the divine.

She had, by nature nubile, In years a child, no hint Of any secret knowledge Of passion's least intent.

Her mouth for immolation Was ripe, and mine the art; And one long kiss of passion Deflowered her virgin heart.

GENEVEVE.

(By Sara Teasdale.)
I was a queen, and I have lost my crown, A wife, and I have broken all my vows, A lover, and I ruined him I loved: There is no other havoc left to do. A little month a girl was queen, And mothers held their babies up to see.

When I came out of Camelot, By the sword, and all the world smiled too, And now, what woman's eyes would smile down at me?

I still am beautiful, and yet what child Would think of me as some high, heaven-sent thing, or that I was an angel, clad in gold and miniver? The world would run from me, and yet am I every time alarm is sounded something in the shape of fire apparatus should respond.

I am yours etc, JOHN M. JENKINS.

RUNNING CARD OF HOSE WAGONS AND ENGINES.

1st. 2nd. 3rd. General Box No. Alarm Alarm Alarm Alarm

2 1-2-3 ... 4 All 3 1-2-3 ... 4 " 4 1-2-3 ... 4 " 5 1-2-3 ... 4 " 6 1-2-3 ... 4 " 7 1-2-3 ... 4 " 8 1-2-3 ... 4 " 9 1-2-3 ... 4 " 10 1-2-3 ... 4 " 11 1-2-3 ... 4 " 12 1-2-3 ... 4 " 13 1-2-3 ... 4 " 14 1-2-3 ... 4 " 15 1-2-3 ... 4 " 16 1-2-3 ... 4 " 17 1-2-3 ... 4 " 18 1-2-3 ... 4 " 19 1-2-3 ... 4 " 20 1-2-3 ... 4 " 21 1-2-3 ... 4 " 22 1-2-3 ... 4 " 23 1-2-3 ... 4 " 24 1-2-3 ... 4 " 25 1-2-3 ... 4 " 26 1-2-3 ... 4 " 27 1-2-3 ... 4 " 28 1-2-3 ... 4 " 29 1-2-3 ... 4 " 30 1-2-3 ... 4 " 31 1-2-3 ... 4 " 32 1-2-3 ... 4 " 33 1-2-3 ... 4 " 34 1-2-3 ... 4 " 35 1-2-3 ... 4 " 36 1-2-3 ... 4 " 37 1-2-3 ... 4 " 38 1-2-3 ... 4 " 39 1-2-3 ... 4 " 40 1-2-3 ... 4 " 41 1-2-3 ... 4 " 42 1-2-3 ... 4 " 43 1-2-3 ... 4 " 44 1-2-3 ... 4 " 45 1-2-3 ... 4 " 46 1-2-3 ... 4 " 47 1-2-3 ... 4 " 48 1-2-3 ... 4 " 49 1-2-3 ... 4 " 50 1-2-3 ... 4 " 51 1-2-3 ... 4 " 52 1-2-3 ... 4 " 53 1-2-3 ... 4 " 54 1-2-3 ... 4 " 55 1-2-3 ... 4 " 56 1-2-3 ... 4 " 57 1-2-3 ... 4 " 58 1-2-3 ... 4 " 59 1-2-3 ... 4 " 60 1-2-3 ... 4 " 61 1-2-3 ... 4 " 62 1-2-3 ... 4 " 63 1-2-3 ... 4 " 64 1-2-3 ... 4 " 65 1-2-3 ... 4 " 66 1-2-3 ... 4 " 67 1-2-3 ... 4 " 68 1-2-3 ... 4 " 69 1-2-3 ... 4 " 70 1-2-3 ... 4 " 71 1-2-3 ... 4 " 72 1-2-3 ... 4 " 73 1-2-3 ... 4 " 74 1-2-3 ... 4 " 75 1-2-3 ... 4 " 76 1-2-3 ... 4 " 77 1-2-3 ... 4 " 78 1-2-3 ... 4 " 79 1-2-3 ... 4 " 80 1-2-3 ... 4 " 81 1-2-3 ... 4 " 82 1-2-3 ... 4 " 83 1-2-3 ... 4 " 84 1-2-3 ... 4 " 85 1-2-3 ... 4 " 86 1-2-3 ... 4 " 87 1-2-3 ... 4 " 88 1-2-3 ... 4 " 89 1-2-3 ... 4 " 90 1-2-3 ... 4 " 91 1-2-3 ... 4 " 92 1-2-3 ... 4 " 93 1-2-3 ... 4 " 94 1-2-3 ... 4 " 95 1-2-3 ... 4 " 96 1-2-3 ... 4 " 97 1-2-3 ... 4 " 98 1-2-3 ... 4 " 99 1-2-3 ... 4 " 100 1-2-3 ... 4 "

I was a queen, the daughter of a king. The crown was never heavy on my head, And now I go unqueened forevermore. A queen should never dream on summer eves, When hovering spells are heavy in the dusk: I think no night was ever quite so still.

So smoothly lit with red along the vest, So deeply hushed with quiet thro' and thro', And strangely clear, and deeply dyed with light, The trees stood straight against a paling sky, With Venus burning lamp-like in the west.

I walked alone amid a thousand flowers, That drooped their heads and drowsed beneath the dew. And all my thoughts were quieted to sleep.

Behind me, on the walk, I heard a step. I did not know my heart could tell his tread, I did not know I loved him till that hour.

Within my heart I felt a wild, sick pain, The garden reeled a little, I was weak, And quick he came behind me, caught my arms.

That day beneath his touch, and then I swayed, My head fell backward and I saw his face.

All this grows bitter that was once so sweet, And many mouths must drain the dregs of it, And none will pity me, nor pity him Whom Love so lashed, and with such cruel thongs.

CRITICIZES RUNNING CARD OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of The Star:

Dear Sir—I herewith enclose a copy of the running card of the St. John fire department, or at least that part of it having to do with the hose wagons and steam fire engines. In all cases a H. and L. truck and a chemical engine respond on all first alarms.

Box 126 is a new box installed since the card was issued. The same apparatus that responds to box 122 should respond to it.

I want to call your attention particularly to the number of boxes (31 in all) to which if a second alarm is sounded from any of them, not any of the apparatus still at quarters would respond and if another engine and hose wagon should be required, it would be necessary to sound a second alarm and then a third alarm.

There are also five (5) boxes from which, if assistance was required after the first alarm, it would be necessary by the running card to sound a general alarm, as there is no apparatus down to respond to them, either on second or third alarms.

There are also 23 boxes to which if a third alarm was sounded there would be no apparatus respond.

A first alarm from box 4, cor. Sewell and Coburg streets (a residential district) brings the apparatus from Nos. 1, 2 and 3 and a second alarm brings the apparatus from No. 4.

From box 45, cor. of Britain and Charlotte streets, in which territory are situated large factories and mills, and always with a good breeze from the water front, a first alarm brings only Nos. 1 and 2, and a second alarm brings only No. 5. No apparatus responds on a third alarm.

Box 27, situated at Breeze's corner would be sounded for a fire on the north side of King Square (always considered a dangerous district). I find that on a first alarm being sounded no apparatus at quarters would respond, but it would be necessary to sound a second alarm, and then a third alarm to secure the assistance of the apparatus at No. 4 station.

Some might say that the telephone could be used to call an additional engine and hose wagon, which would be quite easy during the day, but difficult at night, but we must remember that the necessary men to work the additional hose could not be reached by telephone, and would only respond on the alarm as per the running card.

I have probably taken up sufficient space with a subject that will only receive passing notice by the business men of this city, but we should not lose sight of the fact that in case of a large fire, the fire department and a good water supply is our only salvation, and it seems reasonable that every time an alarm is sounded something in the shape of fire apparatus should respond.

I am yours etc, JOHN M. JENKINS.

Running Card of the Fire Department.

1st. 2nd. 3rd. General Box No. Alarm Alarm Alarm Alarm

2 1-2-3 ... 4 All 3 1-2-3 ... 4 " 4 1-2-3 ... 4 " 5 1-2-3 ... 4 " 6 1-2-3 ... 4 " 7 1-2-3 ... 4 " 8 1-2-3 ... 4 " 9 1-2-3 ... 4 " 10 1-2-3 ... 4 " 11 1-2-3 ... 4 " 12 1-2-3 ... 4 " 13 1-2-3 ... 4 " 14 1-2-3 ... 4 " 15 1-2-3 ... 4 " 16 1-2-3 ... 4 " 17 1-2-3 ... 4 " 18 1-2-3 ... 4 " 19 1-2-3 ... 4 " 20 1-2-3 ... 4 " 21 1-2-3 ... 4 " 22 1-2-3 ... 4 " 23 1-2-3 ... 4 " 24 1-2-3 ... 4 " 25 1-2-3 ... 4 " 26 1-2-3 ... 4 " 27 1-2-3 ... 4 " 28 1-2-3 ... 4 " 29 1-2-3 ... 4 " 30 1-2-3 ... 4 " 31 1-2-3 ... 4 " 32 1-2-3 ... 4 " 33 1-2-3 ... 4 " 34 1-2-3 ... 4 " 35 1-2-3 ... 4 " 36 1-2-3 ... 4 " 37 1-2-3 ... 4 " 38 1-2-3 ... 4 " 39 1-2-3 ... 4 " 40 1-2-3 ... 4 " 41 1-2-3 ... 4 " 42 1-2-3 ... 4 " 43 1-2-3 ... 4 " 44 1-2-3 ... 4 " 45 1-2-3 ... 4 " 46 1-2-3 ... 4 " 47 1-2-3 ... 4 " 48 1-2-3 ... 4 " 49 1-2-3 ... 4 " 50 1-2-3 ... 4 " 51 1-2-3 ... 4 " 52 1-2-3 ... 4 " 53 1-2-3 ... 4 " 54 1-2-3 ... 4 " 55 1-2-3 ... 4 " 56 1-2-3 ... 4 " 57 1-2-3 ... 4 " 58 1-2-3 ... 4 " 59 1-2-3 ... 4 " 60 1-2-3 ... 4 " 61 1-2-3 ... 4 " 62 1-2-3 ... 4 " 63 1-2-3 ... 4 " 64 1-2-3 ... 4 " 65 1-2-3 ... 4 " 66 1-2-3 ... 4 " 67 1-2-3 ... 4 " 68 1-2-3 ... 4 " 69 1-2-3 ... 4 " 70 1-2-3 ... 4 " 71 1-2-3 ... 4 " 72 1-2-3 ... 4 " 73 1-2-3 ... 4 " 74 1-2-3 ... 4 " 75 1-2-3 ... 4 " 76 1-2-3 ... 4 " 77 1-2-3 ... 4 " 78 1-2-3 ... 4 " 79 1-2-3 ... 4 " 80 1-2-3 ... 4 " 81 1-2-3 ... 4 " 82 1-2-3 ... 4 " 83 1-2-3 ... 4 " 84 1-2-3 ... 4 " 85 1-2-3 ... 4 " 86 1-2-3 ... 4 " 87 1-2-3 ... 4 " 88 1-2-3 ... 4 " 89 1-2-3 ... 4 " 90 1-2-3 ... 4 " 91 1-2-3 ... 4 " 92 1-2-3 ... 4 " 93 1-2-3 ... 4 " 94 1-2-3 ... 4 " 95 1-2-3 ... 4 " 96 1-2-3 ... 4 " 97 1-2-3 ... 4 " 98 1-2-3 ... 4 " 99 1-2-3 ... 4 " 100 1-2-3 ... 4 "

I was a queen, the daughter of a king. The crown was never heavy on my head, And now I go unqueened forevermore. A queen should never dream on summer eves, When hovering spells are heavy in the dusk: I think no night was ever quite so still.

So smoothly lit with red along the vest, So deeply hushed with quiet thro' and thro', And strangely clear, and deeply dyed with light, The trees stood straight against a paling sky, With Venus burning lamp-like in the west.

I walked alone amid a thousand flowers, That drooped their heads and drowsed beneath the dew. And all my thoughts were quieted to sleep.

Behind me, on the walk, I heard a step. I did not know my heart could tell his tread, I did not know I loved him till that hour.

Within my heart I felt a wild, sick pain, The garden reeled a little, I was weak, And quick he came behind me, caught my arms.

That day beneath his touch, and then I swayed, My head fell backward and I saw his face.

All this grows bitter that was once so sweet, And many mouths must drain the dregs of it, And none will pity me, nor pity him Whom Love so lashed, and with such cruel thongs.

I was a queen, the daughter of a king. The crown was never heavy on my head, And now I go unqueened forevermore. A queen should never dream on summer eves, When hovering spells are heavy in the dusk: I think no night was ever quite so still.

So smoothly lit with red along the vest, So deeply hushed with quiet thro' and thro', And strangely clear, and deeply dyed with light, The trees stood straight against a paling sky, With Venus burning lamp-like in the west.

I walked alone amid a thousand flowers, That drooped their heads and drowsed beneath the dew. And all my thoughts were quieted to sleep.

Behind me, on the walk, I heard a step. I did not know my heart could tell his tread, I did not know I loved him till that hour.

Within my heart I felt a wild, sick pain, The garden reeled a little, I was weak, And quick he came behind me, caught my arms.

That day beneath his touch, and then I swayed, My head fell backward and I saw his face.

All this grows bitter that was once so sweet, And many mouths must drain the dregs of it, And none will pity me, nor pity him Whom Love so lashed, and with such cruel thongs.

I was a queen, the daughter of a king. The crown was never heavy on my head, And now I go unqueened forevermore. A queen should never dream on summer eves, When hovering spells are heavy in the dusk: I think no night was ever quite so still.

So smoothly lit with red along the vest, So deeply hushed with quiet thro' and thro', And strangely clear, and deeply dyed with light, The trees stood straight against a paling sky, With Venus burning lamp-like in the west.

I walked alone amid a thousand flowers, That drooped their heads and drowsed beneath the dew. And all my thoughts were quieted to sleep.

Behind me, on the walk, I heard a step. I did not know my heart could tell his tread, I did not know I loved him till that hour.

Within my heart I felt a wild, sick pain, The garden reeled a little, I was weak, And quick he came behind me, caught my arms.

That day beneath his touch, and then I swayed, My head fell backward and I saw his face.

All this grows bitter that was once so sweet, And many mouths must drain the dregs of it, And none will pity me, nor pity him Whom Love so lashed, and with such cruel thongs.

Exclusive Jewelry, Etc.

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

Remembrances.

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

You Also I suppose, have returned from your Summer Outing.

Corned Beef and Cabbage, Beef, Lamb, Lettuce, Carrots, Beets, Turnips, Cranberries, Celery, Groceries all kinds, CHARLES A. CLARK, The "Grocer," Main Phone 802-77. Sydney St.

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

Pork and Beans. At all Grocers, and McKel's Own Stores, on Main St., Wall St. and Metcalfe St.

WOOD—When you are thinking of Wood—Hard, Soft or Kindling—call up 465.

City Fuel Co., City Road.

STILL IN BUSINESS. We deliver dry, heavy Soft Wood and kindling cut in stove lengths, at \$1.00 per load.

McNAMARA BROS., Chesley St. Phone 733.

WHITE CLOVER BREAD. SWEET AS JUNE MEADOWS.

A MILK BREAD—digestible, nourishing, good in every respect. Keeps fresh longer and tastes better than any other. Try a loaf.

Genuine Imported BAY RUM, In original bottles, —AT THE—

Royal Pharmacy, King Street.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST, 34 Wellington Row.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 129.

Tiger TEA. Drink it and Smile

DEATHS.

ARNOLD—In this city on the 18th inst., in the 40th year of her age, Jennie, beloved wife of Wm. H. Arnold, leaving a sorrowing husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted wife and mother.

Funeral will take place from her husband's residence, No. 9 Hospital street, Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

McCarthy—In this city on the 18th inst., Margaret, widow of the late Jeremiah McCarthy, aged 70 years, leaving four sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

Funeral from her late residence, No. 36 Pond street, on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited to attend.

Herbert Norrey Salisbury, was in town this week, and reports shipments of 46,600 quarts of blueberries to the Sussex Packing Company. Mr. Norrey has been in the business for 15 years, and claims that this has been the best season for the standpoint of crops and prices in his experience. The blueberries were all handled in barrels and forty pickers were engaged in the work. The dead weight of the shipments was 35 tons. The berries came from Turtle Creek near Salisbury, where the barrens were simply carpeted with the fruit—Sussex Record.

Postal regulations as applied to Charlotte county are fearful and wonderful things to contemplate. With trains passing the doors of the post offices several times each day, Lawrence Station and Dumbarton Station are only supplied with mails three times per week, but the depth of mystery is reached in postal regulations affecting the Shore Line service. Trains bound east are not allowed to deliver mail at Pottsville, Lepreau, or other stations east of St. George. All mail matter from St. Stephen must first be sent to St. John, and delivered at its destination from trains bound west the following day, thereby causing a delay of one day. Inspector Coulter could send some time in this county to this profit of the people—Courier.

Store Open till 9 p. m. Ladies' Low Heel Slippers.

We have two very nice lines of low heel Slippers for young ladies wearing sizes 2½ to 7. These shoes also show up to good advantage for house slippers, as they are made on easy fitting lasts.

Ladies' Dongola, 3-button 7-bar Slipper, \$1.50 Ladies' Kid, one strap Slipper, 1.35

Percy J. Steel Foot-shiner, 519-521 Main St. A.C.

SUCCESSOR TO MR. WM. YOUNG.

Exclusive Jewelry, Etc.

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

Remembrances.

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

You Also I suppose, have returned from your Summer Outing.

Corned Beef and Cabbage, Beef, Lamb, Lettuce, Carrots, Beets, Turnips, Cranberries, Celery, Groceries all kinds, CHARLES A. CLARK, The "Grocer," Main Phone 802-77. Sydney St.

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

Pork and Beans. At all Grocers, and McKel's Own Stores, on Main St., Wall St. and Metcalfe St.

WOOD—When you are thinking of Wood—Hard, Soft or Kindling—call up 465.

City Fuel Co., City Road.

STILL IN BUSINESS. We deliver dry, heavy Soft Wood and kindling cut in stove lengths, at \$1.00 per load.

McNAMARA BROS., Chesley St. Phone 733.

WHITE CLOVER BREAD. SWEET AS JUNE MEADOWS.

A MILK BREAD—digestible, nourishing, good in every respect. Keeps fresh longer and tastes better than any other. Try a loaf.

Genuine Imported BAY RUM, In original bottles, —AT THE—

Royal Pharmacy, King Street.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson, DENTIST, 34 Wellington Row.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 129.

Tiger TEA. Drink it and Smile

DEATHS.

ARNOLD—In this city on the 18th inst., in the 40th year of her age, Jennie, beloved wife of Wm. H. Arnold, leaving a sorrowing husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted wife and mother.

Funeral will take place from her husband's residence, No. 9 Hospital street, Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

McCarthy—In this city on the 18th inst., Margaret, widow of the late Jeremiah McCarthy, aged 70 years, leaving four sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

Funeral from her late residence, No. 36 Pond street, on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited to attend.

Herbert Norrey Salisbury, was in town this week, and reports shipments of 46,600 quarts of blueberries to the Sussex Packing Company. Mr. Norrey has been in the business for 15 years, and claims that this has been the best season for the standpoint of crops and prices in his experience. The blueberries were all handled in barrels and forty pickers were engaged in the work. The dead weight of the shipments was 35 tons. The berries came from Turtle Creek near Salisbury, where the barrens were simply carpeted with the fruit—Sussex Record.

Postal regulations as applied to Charlotte county are fearful and wonderful things to contemplate. With trains passing the doors of the post offices several times each day, Lawrence Station and Dumbarton Station are only supplied with mails three times per week, but the depth of mystery is reached in postal regulations affecting the Shore Line service. Trains bound east are not allowed to deliver mail at Pottsville, Lepreau, or other stations east of St. George. All mail matter from St. Stephen must first be sent to St. John, and delivered at its destination from trains bound west the following day, thereby causing a delay of one day. Inspector Coulter could send some time in this county to this profit of the people—Courier.

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.