

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

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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 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 heartiest 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 sentiment 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 find 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 miraculous that the physical standard of Canada remains so high. At almost any hour of the night, if you go to any of the streets, or to any of 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 to sleep, and of selfish parents applying the entertainments. 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.

Of 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 those 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 Wither Byrner)
You have an eye warmer 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 lights 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 noble, 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 rubbed him I loved— There is no other havoc left to do. A little month ago I was a queen, And mothers held their babies up to see.

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

I still am beautiful, and yet what child would think of me as some high, heaven-sent thing, An angel, clad in gold and miniver? The world would run from me, and yet am I No different from the queen they used to love.

It water, flowing silver over stones, Is foisted, and beneath the horses' feet Grows turbid suddenly, it clears again, And men will drink it with no thought of harm.

Yet I am branded for a single fault, I was the flower amid a tolling world, Where people smiled to see one happy thing, And they were proud and glad to raise me high; They only asked that I should be right fair.

A little kind, and gowned wondrously, And surely it was little praise to me If I had done it well throughout my life.

I was a queen, the daughter of a king, The crown was never heavy on my head, And I was right, and was a part of me, The women thought me proud, the men were kind, And loved right gallantly to kiss my hand.

And watched me as I passed them calmly by, Along the halls I shall not tread again, What if, tonight, I should revisit them? The wardens at the gates, the kitchen-maids, The very beggars would stand off from me, And if, their queen, would climb the stairs alone, Pass thro' the banquet hall, a loathed thing, And seek my chambers for a hiding-place, And I should find them but a speicher, The very ruffians rotted on the floors, The fire in ashes on the freezing hearth.

I was queen, and he who loved me best Made me a woman for a night and day, And now I go unquenched 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 west, 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 arm, That adieu beneath his touch, and then I swayed, My head fell backward and I saw his face.

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. It would be necessary to sound a second alarm and the card was issued. The same apparatus that responds to box 132 should respond to it.

Several hose-hauling parties who went from Sussex this week had poor luck. A party including W. H. Culbert and W. H. Hayes is at Arnold Lake. Arthur Keith, Samuel Wortman and Judge McIntyre, with John Maloney as guide, were in the direction of Little Salmon River. E. Connelley, John Mills, A. E. Howes and George Sufferen are back from Four Mile Lake. They only saw one cow moose and did not get a shot—Sussex Record.

The blueberry season is about over and the shipments from Kings County have been the heaviest in years. At Sussex, the Dominion Express Company alone handled about 40,000 quarts, while shipments from other stations were also very heavy. One great drawback to the well meant enterprise of those engaged in the business was the scarcity of crates, and had it not been for this an even larger business would have been done. The profits were good and considerable money has been made by those engaged in catering to American tastes—Sussex Record.

FOOT WORRIES are unknown to those who use Regal Foot Powder. It keeps the feet cool, prevents chafing, checks excessive perspiration, makes the skin of the feet firm and healthy.

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Tiger TEA Drink it and Smile. DEATHS. AINOLD—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.

Exclusive Jewelry, Etc.

In new goods, and an endless variety from which to choose Remembrances. FERGUSON & PAGE, Diamond Dealers & Jewelers, 41 King Street.

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PLUM BROWN BREAD. McKiel's Excellent Quality. Ask for it Tomorrow Afternoon and Evening, to eat with your Pork and Beans. At all Grocers, and McKiel's Own Stores, on Main St., Wall St. and Metcalf 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., Chelvey 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.

A Wrapper Protects FROM Dirt and Germs.

Scenic Route. Between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Baywaters Steamer Maggie Miller leaves Millidgeville daily (except Sunday and Saturday) at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 5:30 p. m. Returning from Baywater at 7 and 10 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Sunday leaves Millidgeville at 9 and 10:30 a. m., and 2:30 and 5:15 p. m. Returning at 9:45 and 11:15 a. m. and 4:30 and 6 p. m.

JOHN MCGOLDRICK, Agent. The past summer has been an unusually severe one for the bee keepers. Wilmet Abell, who has one of the largest apiaries herabouts states that it is the worst of his experience. Two years ago his hives gave an average yield of 88 lbs. of honey, while this summer the production has only averaged 6 lbs., a remarkable falling off. The wet weather kept the bees in the hives and greatly hampered their usefulness as honey producers.—Sussex Record.

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 from 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 Funnfield, Lepreaux, 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 spend some time in this county to the 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.

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"THE KIND THAT CURES." Made and sold by W. J. McMILLIN, 625 Main Street. Phone 980.

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PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 Mill St. CAUGHT A MONSTER TROUT IN THE THAMES

The oldest inhabitant of Harrington, on the River Thames, is no more. That it belonged to the fish population would, in the ordinary way, detract considerably from the interest felt in its demise, but in this case all the neighborhood are talking about the affair, while Mr. James Brigg, a young man living in Wightman Road, Harrington, is the hero of the hour. The son of a keen sportsman, young Brigg is an ardent angler, and he effected a remarkable catch the other morning in the New river, which flows at the bottom of his garden. For over two years the mouths of all the professional and amateur anglers in the district have watered at the sight of a huge trout, which often nibbled at the tempting bait, but who evidently thought he was far too old in the tooth to be caught by such measures. It is, however, the old tale of the pitcher that went once too often to the well. He was captured at last.

Mr. James Brigg, in making the capture, used an ordinarily two-jointed sea rod, and baited his hook with a convenient worm dug up from the garden. After fishing for some little time he got a bite. Describing the affair, he said: "I could tell it was a big fish, but I managed to land it after about three-quarters of an hour's struggle. It turned out to be a trout weighing 18 lbs., and measuring 2 feet 6 inches in length, and 22 inches round the body. We have seen it in the water for over two years, and many anglers have had a try for it, but I little expected that I should be the one to catch it."

"BIG FISH TO BE CAUGHT." "Before this, I have caught a number of Jack in the river, but the biggest has not been more than 4 1/2 lbs." The fish has been sent to be stuffed, and it will occupy a place among a host of other stuffed animals and fish that are to be seen in Mr. Brigg's house. The taxidermist who has the fish to stuff says that it must be quite 100 years old, and in support of his theory he pointed out the horn-like growth, which comes with old age, many years to attain to any size. This growth which comes with old age, generally forces the mouth open so that the fish is unable to retain a small fish when caught for food. "But this trout has managed to wear away the bone above, so that the horn-like projection fits into it as in a groove. That accounts for the splendid condition of the captured fish, as it has been able to eat as well until recently as it probably did a century ago."

CHAMPION TROUT FOR LONDON. The 18th New River trout must be considered (says an angling expert) the champion trout for London's angling waters, though several Thames fish have run it closely. Below Kew, in the Jubilee year, a trout of 17 1/2 lbs. was captured by licensed netmen and taken alive to the late Mr. Alfred Nuthall of Kingston, the then chairman of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, who weighed and returned it to the Thames. The largest authenticated Thames trout taken on the rod is one of 16 lb. 9 oz., which was landed in the Reading district, and was forwarded for inspection to the late Queen Victoria at Windsor. Other authenticated Thames trout have weighed 14 lb. 7 oz., Chertsey; 14 lb. 4 oz., Sunbury; 12 lb. 8 oz., Shepperton; 12 lb. 11 oz. Hambleton. Last year's heaviest Thames trout sealed 9 lb. 1 oz., and this year's, up to the present, 8 lb. 3 oz.

Not a few anglers think there are trout up to 20 lbs. in the Thames. The New River near Ware once yielded a trout of over 12 lbs. A 13 lb. 3 oz. trout was caught on June 7 this year near Hertford by Mr. H. Curroll, Jr., and many years ago a trout of 12 1/2 lb. was taken in Broxbourne Weir Pool. The New River has always been famous for its large trout, and has yielded another specimen of between 8 lb. and 9 lb. this year, taken near Broxbourne. Large trout are also sometimes secured in the Colne.

(By William Winter) Snow and stars, the same as ever in the days when I was young; But their silver song, ah, never, Never now is sung! Cold the stars are, cold the earth is, Everything is grim and cold! Strange and drear the sound of mirth is— Life and I are old! ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE. "How did Faken, the hypnotist, get along on his last trip?" "First rate until he tried the impossible. He hypnotized a tramp one day and tried to make him saw wood."—Brooklyn Life.

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

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