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

TELEPHONES:
BUSINESS OFFICE, 23.
EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT., 1127.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEB. 24, 1910.

SHOULD TALK LESS.

A number of members of the House of Commons are promoting a movement having as its object the shortening of the federal legislative session. There could be no more laudable ambition. A great deal of the time at Ottawa is wasted in talk, in useless repetition of ideas, in an overflow of patriotic sentimentality on the part of members who believe their duty to their constituents demands that they say something once in a while. The present debate is a fair example of what is found in every session. Scores of members on either side, who in reality when their words are condensed, do absolutely nothing, then endorse the opinions of their leaders, feel it incumbent upon them to dilate for hours at a time, chiefly for their own entertainment, and to the suffering of their colleagues in the House. As a matter of fact everybody talks too much, just the same as everybody eats too much and drinks too much, and in truth temperance of speech might be classed as one of the great evils of modern civilization. It is a human failing to which legislators, or those in public office, are perhaps more liable than others, and on this account men in high places should be particularly careful in guarding against over-indulgence in the unfortunate habit. All that is to be said could be said in a quarter of the time and with a quarter of the number of words that are frequently employed. If a legislator full of his own importance were wasting only his own time, the thing might not be so bad, but he should try to remember that he is at least demanding, if not enjoying, the attention of some hundreds of others, that the whole country is waiting for him to dry up, and that every minute he holds the poor means dollars to the country. The parliamentary representative who, when noticed by the Speaker, merely agrees with what previous speakers have said, is a far more valuable representative than the one who repeats the identical sentiments previously expressed. The Western men are right. There is too much talk at Ottawa, and the fact that this is a condition common to every legislative assembly is no reason why the Canadian parliament should not endeavor to bring about its own cure. If a couple of hundred members of commonsense were to make a motion that it is no matter about the senate, for the senate has plenty of time for talk; to resolve that hereafter they would say nothing more than is absolutely necessary, and that every member endeavor to acquire a correct impression of what the word "necessary" means, the length of the parliamentary session could be cut in two. Business would be put through more expeditiously, and above all the taxpayers would be saved thousands of dollars in telegraph tolls on reports of monotonous debates.

A GOOD START.

A week or two ago the Star, in response to numerous requests from parents, offered the suggestion that the superintendent of city schools should arrange some method by which information might be conveyed to the public as to whether one or two sessions would be held on doubtful days. It was pointed out that in a great many homes inconveniently, about the uncertainty as to whether children were to come home at one o'clock and remain for the rest of the day, or whether they were to have their dinners at twelve and go back to school. The Star suggested that at a fixed hour in the forenoon, the time being arranged so that plans for dinner might not be disturbed, the fire bells should be rung, this ringing to convey the knowledge that only one session of the schools would be held. It is gratifying to note that the trustees, or other officials have taken up this matter and have arranged a plan whereby at least a small proportion of mothers may ascertain for themselves when to expect their children home. The New Brunswick Telephone Co. has kindly consented to add to the list of duties of the information department that of giving information on the school question. Hereafter householders with telephones who desire to know whether one or two sessions will be held need merely ask information. This plan does not fill the bill, and the Star is still of the opinion that the fire bells, ringing at half-past ten or a quarter eleven would be more satisfactory than any other scheme that could be adopted. There is objection that only one stroke can be conveniently sounded on these bells, and that householders would have to have their windows open, be listening at the exact moment to ascertain whether the bells sounded or not. This may be true, but in a few days the people would get into the habit of listening, and the long necks into the open for one o'clock pong. The plan might be tried.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE

"THE MADDING CROWD."

If you don't know what a "madding" crowd is, then you have never seen an election crowd, or a crowd on strike. That is the kind of crowd that does not reason, and seldom thinks.

It is the crowd that on the slightest provocation gets murderous, and if you do not belong to it get as "far" from that mad crowd as you can.

I don't know how many it takes to make a crowd—it depends. If you are two young persons of the opposite sex, just married or just going to be, and some one comes along, even such insignificant atoms as "her" little brother or sister, then there is a large crowd for a little while. If "he" had the "resources of civilization," or "she" had diplomacy, brother, not necessarily corruption, soon dissolved the crowd into its original elements.

There are crowds you can study with profit. I have studied with interest crowds of crows. Most people would call them flocks, but I prefer crows. If you are a naturalist, in taste if not in training, and have fortunately been born in the country, you have noticed the crows assembling in convention for conference in the late autumn. How human they seem, how much like a caucus (caucus) was their meeting. They would sit quietly in some open field in a seclusion spot and talk and talk and seem to agree on some question and disagree on others, and quarrel and get mad and call names, and some would go off and join another section. Twenty or a hundred would try to catch the "speakers" eye at once and it was "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker." I have the floor, or the stump, or land, whatever it was. "I move in amendment," or "I move for the third reading of my bill."

Generally after the second day's session they prorogued the house, and the crowd under the direction of the appointed leader dispersed. A few committees remained until winter, and a few guards or scouts remained all winter.

The man or woman who has not watched in some quiet nook a conference of the crows has missed a delightful educational hour. The conference was so much like a woman—I mean man's conversation that you laughed sometimes and blushed the rest of the time at the unflattering parallel, and wished all the time that you had learned how (not to say) but talk, crow.

There are crowds that must be watching and listening to look at. The crowd at a dog fight or a dog-man fight is a beautiful sight. The crowd of the men who have been kind beaten out of all semblance to humanity.

There are crowds that are beautiful to look upon. Crowds of bright-faced people at a picnic or convention.

There are beautiful things to see—more beautiful ever hung in gallery—at Centenary Church the other day when the crowd of the "aged" gathered.

The halo of glorified white hair women whose heads will soon wear crowns. The "crown of glory" on the heads of the few men who have been kind beaten out of all semblance to humanity.

Beautiful are the crowds you look down upon from the platforms of the city churches these days—or rather nights. To see them is an inspiration, and dullards (although none are there) might preach and sing to such beautiful crowds and enthusiasm and inspire them to do better work than they have ever done before.

To see as well as hear the "grace service" at Centenary tonight will be something that will never be forgotten. Although this is not an entertainment the people who have eyes to see ought to see it, and the people who have ears to hear ought to hear it.

So ought eyes and ears to see and hear what can be seen and heard and experienced in the city churches tomorrow.

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THE STAR ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1910.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

One of my readers has asked me to give my ideas of beauty, so I have tried to formulate my thoughts on that subject.

Beauty, it has always seemed to me, if you stop to analyze it, is a kind of triangle. That is, three elements go to make up the perfect beauty.

And these are, beauty of line, beauty of coloring, and beauty of expression.

Any woman in whom all three elements were united would be truly beautiful, but they are so seldom all found in one face, that we usually call anyone beautiful who possesses two or even one of them.

Most of the girls who have the reputation of being pretty usually get it, it seems to me, on account of beauty of coloring.

Think over the pretty girls of your acquaintance and see if it isn't so. See if in nine out of ten cases a clear, prettily colored skin, bright eyes, and perhaps a certain vivacity of expression does not constitute the "pretty girls" claim to her adjective.

Beauty of line—that is, perfect profile, correctly modelled face—rarely wins the reputation of prettiness for its possessor. It is not a thing most people notice on the street. It is a charm that grows on one.

Artists always notice it, and rave even when the skin that covers the perfect features is dull and colorless.

And the expression behind them is not particularly attractive. But other people are not often apt to notice perfection of line unless one of the other elements of beauty are combined with it.

The third element of beauty—charm of expression—is at once the most desirable— from my way of judging, at least— and the most attainable.

For intelligence and character undoubtedly affect the expression of the face and give it a charm which to many people is infinitely more attractive than the most perfect Grecian nose or the most exquisite pink and white complexion.

You hear a great deal of the woman who, although homely, is fascinating. If you examine her, I think you will always find that she possesses this third element of beauty.

Real, genuine love-thy-neighbor-as-thyself goodness also transforms a face.

Now I am not preaching. I am not uttering a hackneyed formula. I am speaking facts. I am actually thinking this very moment of two women whom I know whose faces are neither fair skinned nor correctly modelled, and yet are very good to look upon simply because their sweet souls and lives shine right out through them.

Every girl wants to be pretty.

It is a woman's natural heritage.

The beauty of color and of line are special gifts that are not given to everyone, of course, but the beauty of expression that comes from a fine face and a noble character anyone may have who will cultivate these things.

And do not think it will be just old people, just good people, who will appreciate that beauty. All the world will admire it and be attracted by it just as much as they are by pink-cheeked charm or a perfect profile.

If you don't believe me, try it and see.

I don't believe you'll regret it.

The Lighter Side of Life

The little girl had a portfolio under her arm.

"Going to take your drawing lesson, Miss Phillips?" asked her matronly friend.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose you are taking fresh-air drawing?"

"No, indeed!" indignantly answered the little girl. "I have to pay \$5 for 12 lessons."

Occasionally little four year old John is allowed to say grace at the Sunday dinner. He usually does very well for he is a droll lad and intensely interested in anything he likes to do.

One Sunday mother called upon John to say grace and with great earnestness and dignity he responded with the following:

"O God, we thank Thee for this dinner, and for Christ's sake help us to eat it all up."

"Oh dear," sighed small Elmer. "I wish I had another pocket."

"You had better wait," rejoined his mother. "Why do you want another?"

"I've looked through all of them for my knife," exclaimed Elmer, "but couldn't find it. If I had another pocket it might be in that."

YOUR STOMACH IS TO BLAME

Misery Disappears and Stomach Comfort Comes in Five Minutes

"Take good care of the stomach!" is good advice that all sensible people should heed. If your blood is bad and pimples and sores break out on your body in 90 per cent. of the cases the stomach is to blame.

If you are nervous, irritable, feel dull, are depressed mentally, and feel disinclined to exert yourself, make up your mind the stomach is at fault and treat it as promptly and intelligently as possible.

MI-O-NA, the universal stomach remedy, will cure any abnormal condition of the stomach, promptly and surely. The action of MI-O-NA on the delicate membrane of the stomach is so prompt that the most painful distress vanishes in a few minutes.

But MI-O-NA (small tablets easily swallowed) is more a relief-giver. It is a prescription used by a most learned and sensible physician and its ingredients are so cleverly compounded that while it gives instant relief it also affects a permanent cure.

Stomach misery and dyspepsia usually arise from over-eating and drinking, but there are thousands of cases where worry, grief and neglect to take food the proper intervals are the cause.

A large box of MI-O-NA tablets costs 50 cents at Chas. R. Watson's, 100 King street and 24 Dock St., who guarantee them to cure all stomach misery, or money back. For sale by leading druggists everywhere.

In order to get the stomach into perfect condition in a few weeks, and while it is building up and strengthening the walls it will aid digestion to such an extent that there will be no distress, belching or other symptoms after eating.

You Don't Have to Cough

and surely you don't want to, because a cough is a nuisance to you and everyone around you.

Peerless Cough Syrup

will give you relief in three doses and your cough can be cured with two bottles. Keep a bottle handy all the time.

Big Bottle 25c.

Frank E. Porter

Prescription Druggist,
Cor. Union & St. Patrick Sts.

Had Given Up All Hope of Living.

Heart Trouble Cured by Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Quebec, N.E., writes:—"In the year 1905, I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors, but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no sleep, but was so weak nobody in the world could believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law."

"One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Listen, if I were you I would try a dose of Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good. I was able to say, 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will try another box and see how you get on.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been since then."

"I will never be without them in my home for God knows if I had not been for Miller's Heart and Nerve Pills, I might not have been alive now."

Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM'S Quick and Easy SHAVING POWDER

25c.

The newest thing in Shaving Soaps.

E. CLINTON BROWN DRUGGIST

CORNER UNION AND WATERLOO STS.

In "Abe" Lincoln style

Some bread is VERY good some of the time, other bread is fairly good ALL of the time, but BUTTER-NUT bread is VERY good ALL of the time.

Butter-Nut Bread is a favorite of mine because it is a flavor-rich bread.

Beware of imitations. Examine the label.

DEATHS

DELVEA—At Weston, Ont., Feb. 25, 1910, Lewis H. Delvea, aged 21 years, son of the late David A. Delvea, leaving two sisters and two brothers to mourn their loss.

PURCELL—At Weston, Ont., Feb. 25, 1910, Edward C. Purcell, aged 19 years, son of the late David A. Purcell, leaving two sisters and two brothers to mourn their loss.

DOWNING—At his residence, Mill street, Fairville, on Feb. 21st, James Downing, son of the late Michael and Catherine Downing, leaving a wife, six sons and two daughters, one brother and sister to mourn their loss.

NOTICE of funeral hereafter. (Boston, Sydney and Oregon papers please copy.)

WOODWARD—In this city, on Feb. 25th, Ada, wife of Harry H. Woodward of Sackville, in the 48th year of her age.

Funeral on Sunday, 27th, at 3 o'clock, service at 2:30, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. H. H. Dunham, 14 Adelaide street.

HICKSON—In Montreal, on Feb. 23rd, Edward C. Hickson, leaving a wife and son to mourn.

Funeral on Saturday from the residence of J. Alfred Clark, 89 Queen street. Service at 2:30 p. m.

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