

POOR DOCUMENT M.C. 2034

THE STAR ST. JOHN N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 12 1909

THREE

THE RED TAG SALE

of men's and boys' clothing and furnishing goods now going on at the UNION CLOTHING STORE 26 and 28 Charlotte St. is growing more popular daily.

The GREAT BARGAINS is the reason, come and get your share

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte St.

Classified Advertisements.

BUSINESS CARDS

WHITEWASHING AND KALSO-MINING, or general cleaning done by a respectable colored man. Apply 3 City Road. (Rear). 7-4-6

WHITEWASHING and Kalsomining done to order. Callings from 40 cents upwards. Orders left at The People's Dairy, Union Alley, J. H. GRAVIER. 28-3-11

I HAVE 30 TONS GOOD NEW BRUNSWICK COAL I will sell for \$4.00 a ton, cash. The People's Dairy, Union Alley, J. H. GRAVIER. 28-3-11

EYES TESTED FREE—Without repeating. C. STEWART PATTERSON, 18 Brunswale St. 11-5-11

D. FITZGERALD, 35 Dock Street. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers repaired. Also a full line of Men's Boots and Shoes at reasonable prices. Rubber Heels attached free. 11-5-11

BLENDA S. THOMSON—Private Tuition in Voice Culture 168 Main Street, City. 28-3-11

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder, Stucco work in all its branches. 845 Union St. Estimates furnished. Only union men employed. Telephone 1613. 11-5-11

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 109 Prince Wm. Street, Telephone, 1011. All kinds of work promptly attended to. 11-5-11

J. D. MCALVITY, dealer in hard and soft coals. Delivery promptly in the city. 28 Brunswale Street. 11-5-11

W. M. L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Plan, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 119 and 113 Prince Wm. St. Established 1870. Write for family price list. 11-5-11

F. C. WESLEY CO., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 59 Water Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 982. 11-5-11

E. LAW, Watchmaker, 3 Coburg St. 11-5-11

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Invalid's chair. Apply 263 Germain St. 8-4-6

FOR SALE—New Scale Williams Piano. Beautiful Mahogany Case. Will be sold at a great bargain if applied for at once. THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., LTD., 7 Market Square. 6-4-6

FOR SALE—Buft. Orlington Egg for hatching. \$1.50 per 15. F. H. TIPPET, 65 Prince Wm. St. 6-4-6

FOR SALE—One express wagon. Apply 102 Union St. 6-4-6

FOR SALE—Covered wagon, phaeton and horse. Apply 223 Brunswale Street. 6-4-6

FOR SALE—A number of choice building lots for sale at Renforth. Apply C. M. HUMPHREYS, 307 Princess St. Telephone Main 2265. 28-3-11

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—If the parties who removed light coat and red skirt from the hall of 202 Rockland Road, as a number of neighbors in vicinity saw the roads removed, do not return same by Wednesday will be prosecuted. 12-4-1

LOST—On Charlotte street, between Princess and King St. Wednesday afternoon, gold plated umbrella handle. Nottly W. S. Potts, phone 281. 8-4-6

SITUATIONS VACANT—MALE

BOY WANTED—PATERSON & CO., CO., Germain streets. 12-4-1

Try Grant's Employment Agency for work of any kind. 73 St. James St., West. 12-4-1

WANTED—A drug clerk, one with three or four years' experience preferred. Address Box 655, Star Office. 12-4-1

MISCELLANEOUS

Anyone wishing to adopt baby boy 15 years old. Address Box 655, Star Office. 12-4-1

EVERYDAY

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

(Continued.)

"It's tragic," murmured Nell, in the womanly pity in her voice, "the poor, poor old man, stooping over his organ, holding out his hat—and yet so mild, so sweet-tempered, such an old gentleman. I love old men!"

The Dr. smiled and squeezed her hand.

"Well," he sighed—"It's a real world and a hard one—and some are happy and some are not! What can we do?"

Nell almost sobbed.

"Really, Morris—I can't stand the thought of his not coming around on Fridays! I'm so used to him! And that old broken-down organ—just like himself! And the tunes!—Sweet Radio O'Grady—'Mother, Dear, Come Bath Me Forehead!' They paused to laugh, tears in their eyes. 'And all out of tune!—But really, really, Morris!'"

They came to a corner, blotched green and red with the lighted jars of a drugstore. And then at once they were caught up in the wild wind and whirled into Henry street. The doctor clutched Nell by the arm, pushed back the spring-door of the pharmacy and helped her in on to the tiled floor.

"I'll hurry!" he exclaimed, and disappeared.

Nell was in a curious little place, almost too dim for a drugstore, and warm with the mingled smells of many drugs and the peculiar odor of the tiny dull soda-fountain. She stepped to the counter where a pale insomniac clerk, with black rings under his eyes, was rubbing his hands.

"Yes, ma'am!" His voice was flat. He talked and looked as if he had not slept for several nights.

"I just wanted to wait for my husband," Nell explained, "if you don't mind!"

"He seemed a trifle annoyed (and stepped back behind the prescription partition. Nell idly sauntered about the hushed shop, glancing now at a counter full of toilet articles and now at the little cigar stand, and now at the rubber goods—and now at the shelves on the walls which were lined with labeled jars. A woman came in, coughing and shuffling, and left her prescription. A boy hurried in for a bottle of castor oil. Otherwise there was an intense stillness, streaked with weirdness, uncanniness, by the roaring streets. Nell, however, noticed very little. She felt unutterably sad—her heart went out to the lonely world-broken organ-grinder—the odd

bit of human wreckage. It was blessed to have a husband who could step in and lend a hand. She loved Morris dearly.

And then suddenly the door opened, letting in a whirl of wind that dimmed the dim lights still further, and the doctor stepped in breathlessly. His face was animated and sparkling. "Nell—they want you to come up and see them!"

"Met" she cried, "I?"

"Yes, you—come on!"

"But it's impossible!"

"And why little obstinate?"

She looked at him horror-stricken. "Dressed as I am, Morris? No, never!"

He laughed.

"I knew you'd say that! But, really, dear—"

She shook her head.

"Now don't argue, Morris! It's just impossible!"

"But listen!" he whirled on. "They're not used to people dressed up. You'd be out of place there dressed up. So you'll come—old Sam asked especially. He's very fond of you; you won't deny him?"

"He faltered."

"He asked—'you're sure?'"

"Honest!"

"Remember, I didn't want to, Morris!"

The insomniac clerk came out and frowned upon them; but they stepped gaily into the wild night and went blowing across the street. They could say nothing until they were safe in heaven of a reeking hall.

"Is he sick?" asked Nell.

The doctor laughed.

"Oh, come up and see! It's mountain-climbing!"

"Ah, tell me, Morris!"

"Not a word!" he laughed.

"Aren't you mean?"

But she followed him up the carved stairs, through dim thick-smelling halls, past tiny flickering lights, past the sounds on each floor of human beings talking, playing and moving about. They were in a maze hives swarming with life. The climb seemed endless—flight after steep flight. Nell panted and puffed, and laughed and scolded. And then at last they landed on the top floor. A great gust of loud snob blew over them—a great clattering and wrangling and roar of laughter. Nell drew back.

"Here?" she cried. "The organ-grinder? I don't want to go, Morris! I don't know these people!"

He took her arm firmly, urged her a step and knocked on the thin rear door. There was a sudden hush within, and the organ-grinder, a small, well-dressed, sleek, well-shaved Jew, extended his hand.

Mrs. Dr. Rast! he exclaimed. "Welcome! Come in!"

They stepped into the quiet room. Morris, for the first time, looked embarrassed. In one quick glance he saw the lay-out. The small room, with its paper ornaments on the mantel and its old cypress on the ghastly-painted walls, was empty of all furniture save a long table that filled it from end to end. This table bore a gorgeous load of fruits and cakes and sliced cold meats, candy and flowers. At the upper end sat an enormous, sleek, well-dressed, sleek, well-shaved Jew, extended his hand.

Around the table sat a dozen glowing human beings, their faces red and golden in the lights, and to Nell's amazement, at the lower end of the table sat the old organ-grinder and an old woman. He looked the same as ever in back of the black candles—the red weather-beaten wrinkled face, the shrewd kindly bloodshot eyes, the dim humor lips, the gray frizzled hair on either side of a central baldness. The rest of the people there were either middle-aged or elderly, a sleek, happy, prosperous lot of Jewish people—save that old fifty, the old organ-grinder, sat next to old Sam.

As Nell stood dazed and bewildered and unable to believe her eyes, the door at the table stared at her in equal embarrassment. Then finally the sleek young man spoke:

"Just in time!" he cried, rubbing his hands. "There are your seats. Make yourself one of the family. The seats of two young men had to rise that they might pass. The two seats at the window end of the table had been saved for them. The Doctor helped Nell out of her coat and she and he sat down in silence. For a moment they felt as if they had spoiled the family feast. The natural unconscious stream of family wit and birth was turned off. But the sleek young man was evidently next-master. He stood at his seat, next the door, and waved his hand.

"Pardon me," he said pompously, showing the generous girth of his sporty vest, "if I seem to do the whole spiel—well you see, I'm a traveling salesman. I've got the gift of the gab, and the others ain't!"

Old Sam muttered his approval and Dr. Rast nodded.

The young man drank a swallow of water to clear his throat.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he burst out, "this is a glad occasion! None of our Mother and our Father—the happy Sins! A toast!"

"Prosti prosti," the cry ran around the table, and all save old Sam and his wife rose, held high tiny glasses of red wine, and sang:

"Hoch sollen Sie leben,
Hoch sollen Sie leben,
Drei mal hoch!"

(Literally: "May they live high! May they live high! Three times high!")

The warm fire of the German home-song poured through the room like the warming wine. It broke the gap between the family and the outsiders. Nell and the Doctor felt a burst of glow in their hearts that seldom came to them—the warm flame that has come steadily up the ages in the warm hearth of the Ghetto—the tremendous heart-flame of the Jewish home. They were swept into this one atom of family life; they were made one with these human beings; they felt that this people was their people; they felt as if, by birth-right, they belonged here. They felt the hotness of the human here, massed thick in a tament room.

SPECIAL LOW RATES

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