

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 3 4

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. FRIDAY, JANUARY 15 1909

THREE

EXTRAORDINARY SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY OF MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHING'S

Men's Overcoats \$6.90, Friday and Saturday \$ 4.25
Men's Overcoats \$7.50, Friday and Saturday 5.39
Men's Overcoats \$10.50, Friday and Saturday 7.49
Men's Overcoats \$14.50, Friday and Saturday 10.79
Men's Suits \$3.98, 4.25, 4.50, 5.00 to 15.00
Boys' Overcoats \$2.75 to 5.00
Underwear 39c. to 1.75
Hose 19c.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street — Opposite City Market — Alex. Corbet, Manager

Classified Ads.

ONE CENT PER WORD per issue is all it costs to insert advertisements like those appearing below in the lively columns of THE SUN or STAR. This ensures them being read in 8,500 St. John's every evening, and by nearly 8,000 people during the day. SUN and Star Classified ads. are veritable little busybodies.

6 Insertions for the price of 4; Minimum charge 25

DOMESTICS WANTED

WANTED—General girl in a small family. Must have references. Apply morning, 275 Charlotte St.

WANTED—Cook and housemaid. Apply Mrs. J. Fraser Gregory, 277 Douglas Avenue. 14-12

WANTED a cook at 104 Union St. 12-11

WANTED—Girl who understands plain cooking, where housemaid is kept. Apply 125 King Street East. 12-11

WANTED—General girl. One who can cook. Apply at once, 75 King St. over Macaulay Bros. 12-11

WANTED—Girl for general work. MISS A. G. GILMOUR, 178 Duke St. 8-11

ROOMS AND BOARDING

ROOMS—Two large, well lighted, furnished rooms, with fireplace, suitable for two young men. Central location. Prices reasonable. Board if needed. Apply Box 397, Star Office. 14-11

LODGING—One large front room, unheated, suitable for two gentlemen. of water heating and electric light. Central location. Address Box 585, Star Office. 12-11

TO LET—One or more rooms, use of bath. DEDWIDROP RESTAURANT, Market Square. 14-11

WANTED—Boarders at 5 Dorchester St. 8-12

BOARDERS WANTED—Gentlemen can be accommodated at 10 and 12 Charles Street. 2-4

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two tenement freehold property situated at 41 Exmouth Street. Apply on Premises, J. B. Hopkins. 11-14

FOR SALE—Six books by Robert Louis Stevenson, six books by Jules Verne, illustrated. Price \$5.00. Address Star Box 253. 8-14

SITUATIONS VACANT—FEMALE

WANTED—Capable, experienced lady stenographer for good position. Box 188 Star Office. 14-11

WANTED—Experienced salesgirl. Apply to McLaughlin's, 107 Charlotte Street. 12-11

WANTED—Girls. Apply at D. P. Brown Paper Box Co. 7-11

BUSINESS CARDS

NOW LANDING Scotch Eli Coal, the best Soft Coal in the city, price low. James S. McGovern, agent, 5 Mill Street. Tel. 42

COAL—American Anthracite, Scotch Anthracite, all kinds of Soft Coal, Hard or Soft Woods. FRANCIS KERR CO., 281 Charlotte Street. Phone Main 1204.

EYES TESTED FREE—Difficult repairing solicited. C. STEWART PATTERSON, 45 Brunswick St. 12-11

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder, Stucco work in all its branches. 344 Union St. Estimates furnished. Only union men employed. Telephone 1619.

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 100 Prince Wm. Street. Telephone 281. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

J. D. McAVITY, dealer in hard and soft coal. Delivery promptly in the city. 59 Brunswick St. 12-11

W. L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Fien, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 119 and 112 Prince Street. Established 1872. Write for family price list.

P. C. WESLEY CO., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 59 Water Street. St. John, N. B. Telephone 281.

R. W. Watchmaker, 1 Colburn St.

PALMIST AND ASTROLOGER

Will give you best advice on health, business, love, marriage, or anything you wish to know. Will tell you, lucky days, months and years; also how to pick best LIFE PARTNER; the length of your life, etc. Take your opportunity before I leave town. PROP. A. S. GACKIOWICZ, 30 Carleton Place, corner Elliott Row, from 5 p. m. till 10 p. m., except Sunday. Fee 50 cents.

WANTED—Furnished house from three to six rooms. Give information about heating, lighting, also price. Address Box 600 Star Office. 15-12

WANTED TO RENT—Suit of two or three rooms, furnished, connecting together, private family preferred. Give details, heating, lighting, also state price per month. Box 589 Star Office. 15-12

WANTED—The Confederation Life Association want a suite of offices centrally located, vault, hot water heating, from May next. G. W. Parker, Pres. Manager, P. O. Box 71.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Gentlemen's cast-off clothing, footwear, furs, jewelry, diamonds, musical instruments, fire arms, tools, etc. Call or send postal. H. OILBERT, 24 Mill St. City.

To South African Veterans

We are open to buy South African land scrip and will pay \$400 per scrip, send papers to Manager of Union Bank, Calgary, with draft attached payable on demand. Write J. K. LEE & CO., 100 2nd Ave. W. Calgary, Alberta. 11-14

SITUATIONS VACANT—MALE

WANTED—Boys 14 to 15 to learn the dry goods business. Apply immediately M. R. A. Ltd. 15-12

TRY GRANT'S EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

MEN WANTED AT ONCE—On salary and expenses. One good man in each locality with rig or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Specimens. No experience necessary. We lay out your work for you. \$25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write W. A. JENKINS MANUFACTURING CO., London, Ontario. 8-11

MISCELLANEOUS

ANY ONE wishing to sell milk route apply Box 594 Star Office. 11-11

STABLE BOARD

I have board for two horses in my stable, 180 Duke Street. Warm stable, best care taken and reasonable rates. Apply A. W. Golding, board, back, and livery stable, 180 Duke Street. Phone 1120. 11-12

REVOLUTION PLANNED

WITH ORIGINAL METHODS

One Thousand Bands of Twenty Men, Each

Carrying Two Rifles and

Two Bombs.

BELGRADE, Jan. 15.—It is reported that some time this month one thousand men will begin operations in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Each man will carry two rifles and five bombs, the spare rifle being taken to aid a native insurance. The type of bomb is quite new. It is about the size of an egg and explodes by percussion.

Tests made here showed that the bombs could be thrown accurately more than thirty yards. One bomb made 245 bullet holes in a wooden target. A hundred thousand of these bombs will be ready immediately.

THE REASON.

Boy—Come quick! There's a man been fighting my father mo'n half hour.

Policeman—Why didn't you tell me before?

Boy—Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Great Bargains In Organs

During the past month I have exchanged several good organs on piano sales. Among these are Bell, Dominion, Thomas, Doherty, and other makes.

These organs have been put in good order and are now offered at very low prices, some as low as \$15.00.

Easy terms to pay, if you wish. Please call and examine them.

BELL'S PIANO STORE

79 Germain Street

THE MAGIC OF SOURNESS

By WM. CHESTER ESTABROOK.

(Continued.)

The lake lay mirrored among a maze of wooden hills and cottages and the most entrancing tents scattered all about. There was a big pavilion where concerts and various other entertainments were given almost every afternoon. A little steamer dickered lazily about the lake. Fritz had his mother often spent a whole day about it.

They were the greatest comrades, those two of afternoons when he was not playing. Spiegel sometimes went with them, but there was a lack of understanding between him and the boy.

No one knew better than Fritz where the trouble lay. It seemed to him that there was not a day when his musical meddler did not obtrude itself. There was the time for instance when Klug's son, stupid little Benny Klug, sat beside his father and played second with the nonchalance of the oldest performer. How Spiegel had talked of that, with what terrible sarcasm he had held it up to his boy!

"I wish I had learned to play," Fritz sometimes said to his mother, "but I couldn't. I'm simply not there when it comes to music, and papa and grandma use to say, 'I can't keep time, and I can't write the right notes, and when I start to practice, my mind goes clear away, and the first thing I know I'm piling up a bunch of errors. But I wish I could have just—just for papa.'"

His mother never failed him as such times. "Don't you worry, dear, it isn't your fault, but mine. It will come out all right," she would say, and put her arms about him.

One day Spiegel's chair in the pavilion was vacant. Spiegel took word to Klug that his father was sick. Klug was standing near when the band burst into the music. Across his face there flashed a look which the lad, in an instant of acute intuition, caught and interpreted.

He left the pavilion and sauntered down to the lake. He was worried by a vague portent of something which had no more foundation, he knew, than the fact that the manager had of late assumed a not altogether pleasant attitude toward his father. He had heard his parents speak often of it, and his quick eyes had not failed to note the look an anxiety that accompanied the discussion.

He idled about the beach for a while finally going home for his fishing-tackle. He came back immediately to the pier, and climbed into the supporting trellis-work directly under the band.

Such was Clayton's reward of merit! Well, he would see. Stoops waved his baton and the band burst into the prelude. The music, casting nonchalant black eyes over its audience, twiddled the keys of an instrument which cost many times more than Spiegel's beloved old affair.

And while the fiddles squeaked and the basses boomed and the bassoons rattled, Fritz sat tight and fixed with eagle eye the man whose debut he had planned to ruin.

There was an ominous change in the music which told him the prelude was soon to degenerate into the finale. His blue eyes lifted and fixed on the fingers faster than ever, and for an instant fitted the mouthpiece to his lips.

Now, the boy told him, was the time to act. He stood up and leaning slightly forward put his chin squarely on the edge of the platform.

He had planned carefully. He knew that Stoops would have his back to the audience, and that the bass section, sitting far in the rear, would not be disturbed by his operations. He knew too, that the springs, ranged at right angles to him, were not likely to see him. If they did, it mattered little. If they loved his father.

His blue eyes lifted and caught the black eyes of the soloist. Then he raised to his mouth a big lemon, bit savagely into the top of it, and administered a prodigious suck. The black eyes surveyed him in respectful surprise.

"Rummy-tum-tum, rummy-tum-tum," the prelude sounded anticipatively. A grand flourish the soloist put the instrument to his lips. Six beats more and he was to take high C, prolonged it to the astonishment of all ordinary lungs, and then cut capers in chromatics that would make a steam siren sound cheap.

Only five beats more of large tranquillo! He drew his cheeks in scowling, rolling them between his jaws. Fritz saw the peculiar movement, and redoubled his sucking. The magic of sourness was beginning to work.

Ernst tried to moisten his lips. The embouchure, that little comical bundle of muscles which forms the middle of the upper lip of all horn-players and wrapped himself about a brace and began to fish desultorily.

The concert came to an end, and the audience hurried from the pavilion, and dispersed over the grounds. Clayton and Stoops, talking earnestly, went down to the beach. Stoops was gesticulating emphatically. They took a seat remote from the rest of the pier listeners, and just above where Fritz was encochored.

At first the boy paid little heed to the voices. It was the protesting tones of Stoops which finally caught his attention.

"If you're going to do anything my dear old man, do it square," he growled. "He's old! So, but he's Chummy On Der Spot. He is no soloist, neppes, and who cares for der cornet solos, anyway? Bah! But if you don't want him any longer, tell him so, and give him plenty time."

"We need new blood in the band," came down to Fritz's eager ears. "Some of the old men will have to go. There's an Italian here now, the best of the defunct third regiment's men. He's stranded, and I can close with him for a year for almost nothing. He has great execution, and lots of catchy tricks; was up in my room for a while this morning. I want you to try him out at rehearsal tomorrow, and put him on for a solo in the afternoon. Since so many factory people have begun to come here, the crowd don't

want any more Wagner; we must give them ragtime and lots of fireworks. We might as well shunt some of the old boys right now and Spiegel's being sick gives me a good excuse. Besides, his contract ends with the month."

When they departed, Fritz hurried home, miserable. He found Klug talking to his father. The old second fiddle had got an inkling of the Italian's presence in Clayton's room that morning, and, with his usual obtuseness as to results, was pouring the news into the sick man's ears.

Spiegel lay back into his chair, pallid and distressed. "I know I'm getting old," Klug replied on volubly, "and I'll soon give already, anyhow. But there's my Benny; he plays chum so good a second fiddle as me."

"Yes, you had a son dot can stop your shoes," replied Spiegel bitterly. "but my son knows nothing but—"

"There now, Louis," interrupted the soloist, peremptorily, while Fritz slipped out the door. It seemed to him that he never hated anybody or anything as at that moment he hated Benny Klug.

The afternoon concert program was always posted at the door of the pavilion, and usually just after morning rehearsal.

The next morning Fritz hunk about the place expecting by some good stroke that the Italian's name was not to appear. But when the hastily printed poster was displayed, Stoops' name was prominently featured in the first act.

He felt then that, so far as his father was concerned, it was but the beginning of the end. All sorts of wild schemes hurried through his little brain. He thought of every preventive plan from the burning of the pavilion to the assassination of Clayton.

Suddenly his face brightened. Out of all the mass of reminiscence which he had heard his father relate, one story stood out with remarkable clearness—the story of how a first trumpet, dismissed from his Majesty's band, of which Spiegel in his youth had been a member, played even with his enemies.

"It's a lemon the dago 'll get sure enough," he declared, and straightly began his preparations to deal with the cornet virtuoso.

The Signor Ernani left his seat in the band and took his place beside the conductor.

He was a large man for an Italian, and there was a certain air of aggression about his mustache, his eyes, his nose, his mouth, his ears, his hair, his feet, his hands, his fingers, his toes, his nails, his skin, his bones, his muscles, his nerves, his blood, his sweat, his tears, his saliva, his urine, his feces, his hair, his skin, his bones, his muscles, his nerves, his blood, his sweat, his tears, his saliva, his urine, his feces.

Two One Stoops nodded him the cue, and desperately the Italian forced his dry embouchure into the mouthpiece.

In the quick dimming of the other instrument there sounded a noise like the fizzle of a bad fire-cracker.

Again it sounded and again. The signor was ghastly.

Stoops turned upon him in a fury. "Sitzen, you tam fool!" he hissed.

And, obeying, the signor tottered back and sat down.

The men were quietly directed to the next number, and almost before the audience had begun to wonder what had happened, the following program-fiasco was displayed, and the concert proceeded.

Fritz, pushing the remains of the lemon deep into his pocket, slipped along the aisle in the rear of the door.

Spiegel was feeling much better. On the table beside his chair was the signed contract for another year with the Alhambra. About him were Klug, Meyer, Stoops, and half a dozen other members of the band. Mrs. Spiegel, rosy and triumphant, was passing the wine.

Fritz was helping her.

"I chose told Clayton that if he hired a soloist my nerves like an old woman's dot go to pieces when a houseful of boozies is around, den he could let me go, too," explained Stoops for the twelfth time. "End Clayton he say it is not a case of nerves, but do some pay in der front row sucks a lemon and blays der toll mit der dago's lip. But I says, 'No. A little lemon do a thing like dot!' Then he says, 'All right; we won't quarrel already yet.' So he hires again Spiegel!"

The old conductor leaned back, winked at Fritz, and chuckled softly.

Everybody had been toasted except Fritz. Suddenly Spiegel admonished the boy to him, and pulling him down to his knee, lifted a glass.

"To mein little Yankee kit," he boomed, "mit a temperature like red hot, py chimmies!"

Fritz's glass still held high, he bent and kissed his son resoundingly.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE STAR THEATRE GETTING THE CROWDS.

It has already been proven beyond a doubt that the people of North End and the Carleton-Place locality appreciate a good picture show that is handy and well-conducted. The attendance is gradually increasing and last evening despite the adverse weather conditions Union Hall was crowded all the time. The snappy music, the startling real effects, the fine new pictures and catchy songs all made up a first-class show. There is to be a brand new run of pictures for this afternoon and evening, comedies, wholesome dramas and good songs.

ITALIANS' NEW BILL ANOTHER HIT.

Another very much pleased series of audiences listened to the Nickel's star attraction of the Porreoro Italian Opera Trio last evening, and if anything those who heard the new numbers were more delighted than with the programme of the earlier part of the week. The dainty Italian love-ditty Cribbibi was the favorite number and elicited rounds of the hearty applause. The Nightingale waltz song by Zellar was another fine selection, while for an encore the Dance of The Memory by Panchielli was repeated from the previous programme. The foreign singers are making a most profound impression on the minds of the musical people of St. John, and as their repertoire of songs proceeds the interest increases. Today there will be a brand new show of pictures, the chief feature of which will be the Edison success, Lord Featherston, an old-time fairy fantasy. Mr. Calma will sing and there will be the orchestra as usual.

THE AUTOMATIC HOTEL AT PRINCESS.

The Automatic Hotel is one of the funniest comedies ever shown here. It shows how a traveller arriving late at the hotel is greeted at the hotel and his every want is fulfilled automatically, even to turn him out of bed in the morning at the time he desires to awake. The Indo-Indo Actor and the Obdurate Tooth are two excellent pictures—the first a serio comedy, and the second a good, wholesome comedy, something that is unique.

New songs by Mrs. Jax. Tuffs and Wm. P. Adams today, which concludes the programme. Don't forget the "Special Matinee" Saturday afternoon, when Gibbs and Stevens the Juvenile Club Manipulators will perform. Matinee every afternoon at 2:15.

A PATHE PROGRAMME AT THE UNIQUE.

There is much with which to conjure in the matter of Pathe. It is now regarded a poor picture programme which contains not one subject from a great French firm. But the Unique offers for Friday and Saturday a series of subjects containing nothing but the Pathe make. These are, "Faithful Little Doggy," "Fairy of the Black Book," "The Rag Tag's Hair," and "The Mangle Book," a splendid intermingling of comedy, pathos and drama.

The hundreds who crowded the Unique last evening are enthusiastic in their praise of Miss Brewer's singing of "My Dear Heart," which she will repeat today and tomorrow, as will Mr. Dick his "Rag-time Melodias," which also made a hit last evening. There is no discounting the fact that the number who have acquired the Unique habit is increasing daily, and so it should.

DIDN'T KNOW YAW.

"And who is Yaw?" asked the old lady who had walked from North End expecting to see the Cameraphone at the opera last night. "And it costs two dollars to see him? My, but he must be a beauty; but I didn't bring that much change with me, so I'll miss him and see the Cameraphone tomorrow for five cents." And this lady was not the only disappointed one, for although it had been advertised that the Yaw concert would occupy the Opera House last night many gathered at the entrance and were disappointed to find that the next Cameraphone performance would be today at 2:30. There are six excellent numbers on today's programme, including Baby Casey, Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented for the children tomorrow afternoon.

CUCUMBER-ORANGE

IS NEWEST PRODUCT

In Producing a Cross Between Fruit and Vegetable.

New England Man Says He Has Succeeded

GARDINER, Mass., Jan. 14.—A New England man has produced a vegetable which is a cross between a cucumber and an orange. The new cucumber is the finest grained, delicious in taste and of a perfect yellow color; and it was produced by the crossing of the blossom of a cucumber and an orange by Howard S. Hill, of this town.

"I had an orange and a cucumber one day, and without thought mixed together some of the pulp of the two," tells Mr. Hill. "The product was most cucumber, but the orange gave it a most delectable flavor."

"Instantly the idea came to my mind to blend the two into one growth. Then I began my experiments. The third year the product took the perfectly round shape, the spine, or little prickles dropping off, and the cucumber had the unmistakable orange flavor."

HE TOOK NOTICE.

Mr. Flaherty surveyed the clear sky with a frown. "It'll sure be raining today," he announced gloomily. "Why makes you say that?" asked his friend.

"Because," said Mr. Flaherty, "I've taken notice that when I don't expect it to rain at all, that's the time it does, an' nobody could be expectin' it today with a sky like that."

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN SERVICE

WEST OF MONTREAL

Train No. 1 Leaving Montreal Dec. 31st, will run to Calgary only, and after that date will run between Winnipeg and Calgary only until about March 1st.

Train No. 2 Will leave Vancouver Dec. 31st, due Montreal Jan. 4th. Thereafter this Train will run between Calgary and Winnipeg only until about March 1st.

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N.B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Jan. 10th, 1909, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton (Leaves Island Yard) 6.30

No. 2—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point du Chene, and Pictou 7.00

No. 26—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.40

No. 4—Mixed for Moncton 12.15

No. 3—Express for Sussex 12.15

No. 148—Suburban for Hampton, 13.15

No. 14—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene 13.00

No. 10—Express for Moncton (arrives at Island Yard) 13.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 3—From Halifax and Moncton 6.30

No. 148—Suburban Express from Hampton 7.50

No. 7—Express from Sussex 9.00

No. 18—Express from Montreal, Quebec and Pt. du Chene 11.45

No. 5—Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard) 11.50

No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton 11.55

No. 3—Express from Moncton 11.55

No. 1—Express from Moncton and Truro 11.55

No. 11—Mixed from Moncton daily (arrives at Island Yard), 4.09

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24 o'clock midnight.

NOTICE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, at Twelve o'clock Noon, on FRIDAY, the twenty-ninth day of January next, all the rights, title and interest of Sarah Elizabeth Hanson in that lot of land on the West side of the north-western side line of Lot Number 117 in the Town of Carleton Place, running in a south-easterly direction along the south-western side line of front row 25, then a westerly parallel with front row aforesaid 25 feet, thence north-easterly 80 feet more or less to the place of beginning, being one-half part of said Lot Number 117.

The foregoing sale will be made in and by virtue of the Act 824 Victoria, Chapter 45, for the purpose of realizing \$5.75, \$5.75 and \$5.75, for three respective assessments for the respective years 1907, 1908 and 1909, assessed against the said Sarah Elizabeth Hanson on said land for ordinary City Taxes in the City of Saint John, and 80 cents, 80 cents and 80 cents, for three respective assessments against said Sarah Elizabeth Hanson on said land for Water Rates for the years 1907, 1908 and 1909 respectively in the City of Saint John, no part of which Taxes or Water Rates has been paid.

Dated the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D. 1908.