POOR DOCUMENT

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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 $3.00 a year.

TELEPHONES:—

BUSINESS OFFICE, 25.

EDITORIAL and NEWS DEPT. 1127.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 22, 1907.

MRS. EDDY'S CASE.

The action which for some time has been before the courts over the disposition of the estate of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy is not merely an examination into the mental condition of a feeble old woman, the phase which is most apparent, but of late has been developing into a trial of the Christian Science belief. As such it promised to create wide interest and to become a bitterly fought contest. Briefly Mrs. Eddy's wealth accumulated by her writings and by other means, chiefly from adherents to that belief of which she is regarded as the founder, was for many years administered personally. But advancing age rendered this impracticable and the estate has for some time been in the hands of trustees. Mrs. Eddy has publicly intimated that her entire fortune, amounting to millions of dollars and still rapidly increasing is to be given to Christian Science, that no part of it is bequeathed to relatives, for she could not be a consistent leader and leave her money to persons other than those who are instructed to administer it in the interests of the denomination. This is not wholly agreeable to Mrs. Eddy's son, George W. Glover, and other relatives, who naturally do not desire to see the millions slip through their fingers. They, accordingly, brought action as next friends, claiming among other things that Mrs. Eddy is not in a condition to manage her estate or to direct its management, that the so-called trustees, are self-appointed, or that if chosen by Mrs. Eddy she was not at that time in a proper state mentally, to make a wise selection. The question resolved itself into this, was Mrs. Eddy mentally sound when she made the appointment, and if she is now afflicted have the trustees any right to remain in office? The first part of this question opened up a wide range, for the contention of the "next friend" is that at no time has Mrs. Eddy been wholly sane. This was supported by the argument that from the beginning of her career Mrs. Eddy has been mentally afflicted. The Christian Science doctrines propounded by her, that the supposedly material universe is an imaginative delusion, that man has no substance and that disease is mental rather than physical could not, it was claimed emanate from a healthy brain. Hence from the time when she first preached her religion Mrs. Eddy, according to her relatives, has been of unsound mind. This declaration was an open defiance of the whole Christian Science belief; the denomination was placed on trial, and by opening up such a range counsel for the next friends prepared for themselves a stupendous task. Mrs. Eddy's fortune is the prize, and it is large enough to warrant a hard fight, but the opposing counsel have evidently come to the conclusion that the task is too great, and have applied for dismissal. As yet there has been no report from the court officials as to Mrs. Eddy's mental condition and the plaintiffs in the present case by withdrawing reserve the right to enter action in the future along a different line.

KEEP AT IT.

In every public or private undertaking it is the follow-up policy that brings success. The platform must of course be carefully planned, but no matter how substantial it is, the desired results cannot be achieved unless those who profess an interest bend their energies to the work. Hence all these academic and economic discussions by the maritime board of trade and other bodies unless the resolutions are supported by active committee work. No one in authority pays any attention to resolutions. They are passed chiefly for the purpose of obtaining expressions of opinion from representative assemblies, but when those who are responsible go to the trouble of backing their ideas by well directed and continued effort, the powers that be are compelled to sit up and take notice. The Maritime Board of Trade yesterday expressed itself on several of the most important questions now confronting the people of Canada. Technical education on some general system suited to the needs of the provinces is a subject to which too much thought cannot be given. While it is well to know that such a body as the board of trade, representative of the industrial and commercial interests of eastern Canada heartily endorses this proposal, it would be of far greater benefit to learn that this same body contemplates active effort looking towards the introduction of the system.

The same is true when applied to the other matters under discussion, the pulpwood industry, railroad affairs and all those subjects touched upon. The follow-up policy is what brings results.

BALLAD OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

The following verses were written for the Victoria Colonist by Harold Begbie, a member of the staff of the Daily Chronicle, London. Mr. Begbie is with the visiting British journalists:—

So good to the ears of the wind and sea was the speech which our fathers used
That its notes with the farthest breeze were mixed, with the uttermost tide were fused,
And better than sight of Britain's flag from a thousand bastions flung
Is the sound in the gates on her quay-linked coasts of the conquering English tongue.

For many a year, on many a sea, and in many an alien land,
Wherever the need of a feerless brain and a happening hefty hand,
Valley and mountain, prairie and plain, forest and shore have rung
With the pluck which mounts in our British blood and sings in the English tongue.

The Mother may chide with the Daughter Lands, and the Daughter Lands rebel
But peace shall be made n the golden speech that Shakespeare used as a spell,
And the strife shall be who can boldest sing the song that our race has sung
Since it learned to quarrel and fight and build and love in the English tongue.

Surely it is to this English song that India's morning breaks,
Surely it is to this English song that Egypt's soul awakes;
And these, with the younger peoples, grow vigorous, glad and young
As they learn to speak with the fact of things in the strength of the English tongue.

We shall go down to the great white dead, down from the light of the sun,
When our wives have kissed us our last good-night and our work for the weans is done,
But forever our souls shall hear the song of a nation with fibres strung
Who march to the God of the English heart, to the hymn of the English tongue.

PLATE GLASS.

The first plate glass was made in 1688 at St. Picary, France, where the process was found out by accident.

THE WORLD'S WATER.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles.

HIGHEST AVERAGE OF LIFE.

Statistics show that the highest average of life is found among agricultural workers.

FREE LANCES.

After the crusades a great many knights and their esquires found themselves out of employment. Wandering from state to state, selling their services to any lord who was willing to pay them their price, they were given the very appropriate name of "free lances"—men who were at liberty to fight for any one who wanted them.

LAKE ISLANDS.

Lake Huron contains 3,000 islands. Loch Erne, in Ireland, has 365. The Lake of the Thousand Isles is only an expansion of the St. Lawrence River and has 1,760.

AIR CLEANSED PAINTINGS.

In some of the European art galleries the dust is removed from the paintings and statuary by means of an air pump, a jet of air being thrown with great force against the article which needs dusting.

Two men were out, the bases were full, and the pinch hitter of the team was at bat.

The umpire had called three balls and two strikes.

The excitement was intense, but too deep for words, and when the pitcher began to wind himself up, preparatory to delivering the ball, the silence was painful.

It was broken by a loud, penetrating voice in the grand stand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the owner of the voice, "who wants another bag of this justly celebrated popcorn?"

Charles M. Schwab, speaking of forgotten fame, said:

"I am reminded of a story about Westminster Abbey.

"An antiquary one day visited the abbey and found a stonecutter at work in the little cloisters, recutting the name of Wilson, the great tenor of Shakespeare's day.

"The antiquary began to tell the stonecutter about Wilson, how he had been Shakespeare's friend, and Ben Jonson's, and Kit Marlowe's, and how all these men loved and honored him.

"The stonecutter, looking up from his work, frowned and shook his head.

"'I wish, sir,' he said, 'we'd knowed he was such a swell afore we run that drain pipe through him.'"

THERE WILL BE TOO MUCH WATER ON THE BEANS

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 21.—Dr. H. F. Scharff, of Dublin, a deleate to the International Zoological congress, now in session here, who explained to the congress the new theory of ascertaining the former position and extent of continents by studying forms of present animal life, in an interview with a local newspaper reporter tonight, gave it as his opinion that indications point to the gradual submergence of the eastern coast of North America and the gradual upheaval of the Pacific Coast. "Yes," he said, "your Boston will ultimately sink into the sea. It will not happen in your life time or mine. We cannot speak of zoological changes in hundreds or thousands of years; they are very gradual, yet they do take place."

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

English Writer Finds in Him a Dual Personality.

Weak and Unstable, Yet Maintaining the Grand Manner—Starts Modern Reforms and Then Relapses Into the Moor.

ABD EL AZIZ.—"The Beloved"—In his spotless garments, with the hood of his sulham over his head, is not so much like the Sultan of Morocco as the living embodiment of one of the Apostles—which one would be difficult to say. Abd el Aziz is such a strangely dual personality, such a contradiction in temperaments and tempers, writes Frances Campbell in the London Daily Mail.

Personally his appearance is very striking, yet he is not a tall man, but rather short, short necked and approaching dangerously near to embonpoint. But he has such dignity and distinction, such an air of imperial yet genial pride, such instinctive command, that he would be recognized in a crowd as one born in the purple and accustomed to homage.

Moreover, in spite of his monastic retirement and seclusion and the fewness of those he meets from outside he never descends to familiarity with his inmates, never allows them to forget that he is "My Lord the Sultan" and they his servants or subjects; Abd el Aziz never doffs the grand manner. But for it all the duality of him is most striking. Thus there is one of him that is a great scholar, learned in all the abstruse questions that distinguish Arabic literature and Persian thought. For instance, the German Ambassador to his court quoted wrongly in a conversation a line from one of the rare old Arabic boks he had brought the Sultan from his master William II. of Germany. Abd el Aziz unconsciously, almost, repeated the line as it is written, in that beautiful classical Arabic that hardly any one in Morocco speaks save perhaps one or two of the Ministers, the Sultan and Dr. Rosen.. It is quite possible that the Ambassador's slip was with intent—no one knows better the subtle flattery contained in such a mistake, and no one less likely to make it, save for a purpose, than Dr. Rosen, philosopher, scholar and diplomat.

The Beloved covers his head in the Moorish fashion, but the concealing folds that encircle his head do not hide away the beautiful modelling of his brows or the delicate outline of the eyebrows and nose. The eyes are large, long and luminous, filled with that melancholy anticipation we see in Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles—the foreknowledge of suffering, and who knows what else? The upper portion of his face is wholly poetical, scholarly, and artistocratic. The falling off comes with the mouth, lose lipped and thick, with a weak, vacillating chin and a feeble jaw with a forward droop.

A man weak and unstable, who depends for his impressions on another stronger than himself, too weak to resist, too indolent to resent. Shut off as he is by his advisers from all contact save what they carefully choose in the world, how can he be otherwise than a succession of reflections, mirrorlike in the transcience? At once foolish and determined, strong and feeble, good and bad, and withal a very brave man, who has had the courage to fight against the instincts of his race and family and attempt to rule in an enlightened modern fashion over those subjects of his, who belong to the age of Genesis.

"Yes," says Abd el Aziz now, when the Nazrini talk of reform, "but the time is not yet. Haste is of the devil!" Yet he is the same man who was persuaded into a new system of taxation that left the Moors in a condition of absolute want, and who by the same influence was urged to drag forth an assassin from the shrine of Mulai Idrees, the hitherto inviolable sanctuary of Morocco and the holiest mosque, and put him forthwith to death. The man deserved death, but not according to his lights and those of Abd el Aziz; and it is that fact, and not all the other things in him offensive to his people, that has turned them against the Sultan.

The dancing girls, the motor cars, the bicycles and photography, the audience to a woman of evil character, the receiving of all and sundry who might choose to travel to his court—all these things and mony others that gave offence have been set right. True, the electric light installation and the telephone wires still disfigure his palace courtyards, but the Moors have grown accustomed to these, perhaps they might condone them in time—if they could forget the man who was dragged out of the sanctuary and put to death for killing a Christian. And they might, had England kept faith with Morocco. The Sultan never receives Chirstian women now, not even the Bashadaw ladies. He sends them gifts when they come with the mission, but he does not see them. He is wise when it is too late.

I wonder if the Sultan is dull in his great palace, in the great gardens that surround it; I wonder if the poet and scholar in him recognize in the wild, picturesque, unkept medley some likeness to himself; the inharmonious growth of weed and flower, of corn and thistle, poppy and fig, of orange and devil's apple—good and bad hopelessly mixed beyond all assortment.

Yet, despite all, Abd el Aziz is the most charming, the most polished and delightful of romantic personalities. His voice and speech are very beautiful, and remain with one long. Even when and remain with onel ong. Even when he is bored to death he is still courteout and well bred, and thoughtful of others' feelings. Those who love him best are those who have known him longest. He never fails to inspire affection and respect, but never awe or gratitude—and seldom faithfulness. He is before his day—and after it. He is a brave coward, a devoted follower of a religion he has flouted; his subjects love him, and long for his death or his abdication.

I asked a Moorish gentleman who knows him well what would happen if the Sultan should fall. "Allah!" he cried, "what but a little shouting—a noise in the streets. Yet I hope it will not happen—Allah Akhbar! Were I the friend of Abd el Aziz I would give him advice. Wash out the streets of Fez with blood, banish the Christians, burn all the blasphemous toys of the Nazrini that make people curse. Allah, yes! and if not that, it will be the poisoned cup. The Roghi is not his cousin—no! But Mulai Hummet is. Aye, Mulai Hummet will rule as did his great ancestor Idrees! It is written. Abd el Aziz cannot avert his destiny."

Last evening Miss Dora Stevens, of Metcalf street, who is in the employ of T. H. Hall, was tendered a tin shower by a large party of friends who surprised her at her home. The event was in anticipation of Miss Steven's marriage to Mr. Frank A. MacDonald, of the St. John street railway staff, during the second week in September.

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MARRIAGES

HILLS-FLAGLER—On Aug. 19th, at Smith's Cove, N. S., by the Rev. Mr. Glendenning, Robert Edgar Hills of West Newton, Mass., to Winnifred Wells, daughter of James S. Flagler of St. John, N. B.

BETTS-FULLERTON—On Aug. 20th, at the home of the bride, by the Rev. Thomas Hicks, Fred M. Betts of Albert to Edna E. Fullerton of Brookton, Albert county.

DEATHS.

CAMPLING—At Tacoma, Wash., on July 26th, Capt. Henry W. Campling. (New York papers please copy).

HARDING—At St. John, Aug. 21st., Jane, wife of W. Stenning Harding of Welsford.

Funeral from St. Luke's church, Welsford Friday at 11 a. m.

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SATURDAY

Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m.; 2.30 and 7 p. m.

JOHN McGOLDRICK, Agent

Ephraim Dorant, a carpenter of Antigonish, N. S., was probably fatally injured at Fall River Tuesday by falling from a bridge on which he was at work to some rocks, twenty feet below. He has a wife and five children in Nova Scotia.

Miss Ida Newcombe, a returned missionary from India, will speak in the Ludlow St. Baptist church tomorrow evening. This will probably be one of the last opportunities to hear Miss Newcombe before she returns to India in the fall. The public are invited.

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THE STAR

If you would enjoy the Star-light of business success, a space in St. John's big evening paper, commensurate with the strength of your business, will give you that. It pays to advertise in the STAR.....

TRY STAR-LIGHT

The members of the British Press Association, who are touring the Maritime Provinces, together with the rest of Canada, are after all to be given an opportunity to see the winter port. The members leave Montreal at 12 o'clock noon on Monday on their way to Halifax. They again leave Halifax on Wednesday on No. 9 train, arriving in St. John at 6.25 a. m. Thursday, leaving the same evening for Levis to connect with the Atlantic steamer. The Common Council and the local newspaper men will arrange a programme for Thursday.

Yesterday afternoon Mary Degan was committed for trial on the charge of perjury by Magistrate Ritchie. In the morning the evidence of Officers Scott and Belyea was taken. They repeated the testimony previously given that Mary Degan had made statements to the effect that Mrs. John Brady (nee Mamie Ferrish) had taken Lounsbury's $400 and had given it to another woman. They also swore that they had heard Mary Degan deny making such statements. When the charge was read to the prisoner she repeated the statement that she had not made the statements or anything like them.