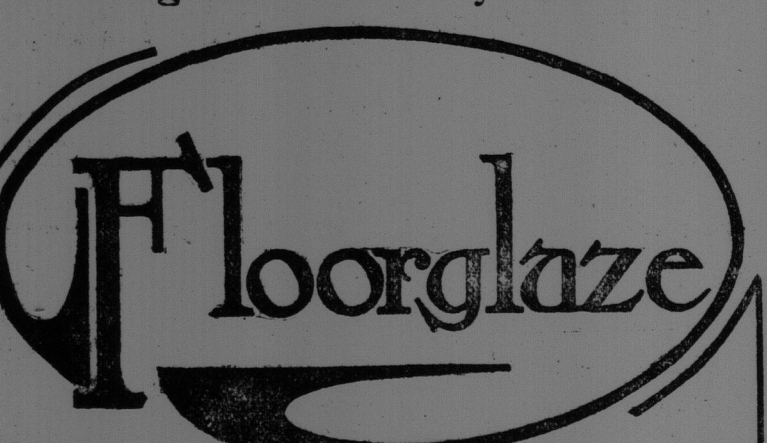


SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. MONDAY, MAY 17 1909

EVERY painted floor catches dust—because paint's oil soaks into the wood—and leaves a porous film on top that must absorb dust—make work—and endanger health. Nothing like that if you use this:

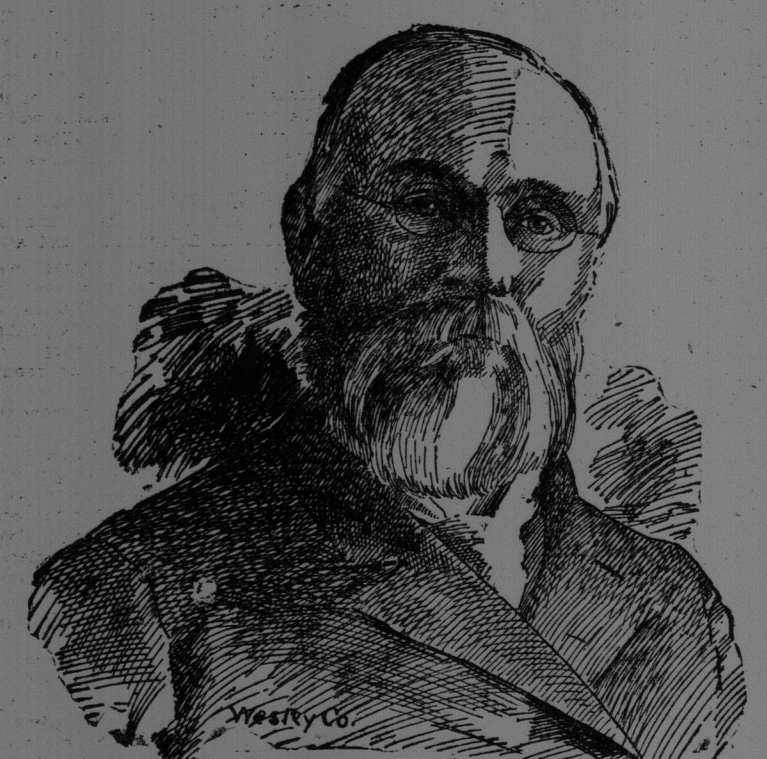


It makes the floor surface glossy—dust-proof—saves much work—and lasts amazingly—good for outdoor floors and steps as well as indoors—ask at the dealers. Will you read our interesting little free book? It tells lots about the right kind and right use of paints, varnishes, enamels, etc. Sent on request by

Imperial Varnish & Color Co.
Limited, of Toronto.

Recommended and Sold by:
A. M. ROWAN, St. John
W. H. THORNE & Co. Ltd. St. John

DEATH REMOVES ONE OF CITY'S FOREMOST CITIZENS



THE LATE CHARLES A. EVERETT

In the death of C. A. Everett, which occurred at an early hour yesterday morning, there passed from the business and social life of the city a figure that has long been prominently identified with its growth.

Mr. Everett came from a distinguished family which settled in this province shortly after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. For many years he has conducted a successful business and his death at the ripe old age of eighty-one will be mourned by a large circle of relatives and by a host of acquaintances and friends.

Prominent in Politics
Mr. Everett was for some time a member of the Common Council. He represented the city in the federal house for a term of years, and played throughout his life a prominent part in all that went to make for the progress of the city. For some months Mr. Everett has found it impossible to engage in his business and his death at 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning was not unexpected.

Charles Arthur Everett was born 24th March, 1828, a son of Charles Duncan Everett, and a grandson of Lieutenant George Everett of the De Lancy Regiment, which disbanded in this city.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linen and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.

ON FIRST SCHOOL BOARD.
He was also a member of the first

at the close of the American war. His mother, Mrs. E. Peters, a daughter of Hon. Wm. Peters, M.L.A., and an aunt of Sir Leonard Tilley and of Judge Harrington.

FAMILY OF FIFTEEN.
Mr. Everett was of a family of fifteen and the resultant family consisted of six sons and nine daughters. A notable instance of this it may be noted that two years ago there were living in Germain street, from Prince to Duke, twenty-seven descendants of William Peters.

Mr. Everett received his early education from the schools of the city and later was a student of the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton. In 1848 he entered the business of his father under the firm name of C. D. Everett & Son, and on the retirement of his father he admitted his brother into partnership, the new house styling itself C. & E. Everett.

As a young man he represented Kings ward in the Common Council. It will be remembered that for some years the city suspended payment and its affairs were in the hands of a receiver. Mr. Everett was a member of the council at the time the city resumed payment and it was largely through his management of the finance that this result was brought about. He was also instrumental in having the first complete assessment of the city properties made and resigned his seat at the council board to become chief assessor.

SIMILARLY SUCCESSFUL.
As an incumbent of this office he was similarly successful, instituting as he did a work that has been of lasting benefit to the city. He was appointed liquidator of the old Street Railway Company and conducted its affairs until disposed of at the instance of the government. He was also an administrator of the estate of the late Judge Chipman, with William Miller and Alex. McT. Seeley, M. L. A.

At the time of the union of St. John and Portland, Mr. Everett represented the city on the commission appointed to arrange the terms of the scheme, the other commissioners being Judge Wilson of Fredericton and John A. Chesley, now of South Africa.

A Wife and a Favorite; A Story of a Tragedy, of a Rich Man's Riches, Enduring and Unending



EMILIE GRIGSBY.

NEW YORK, May 17.—This is a story of a tragedy, a living, soul-searing tragedy of life—a tragedy that will live until death mercifully seals it.

It concerns two women—a wife and a favorite. The man—he is dead. Mrs. Chas. T. Yerkes, nearly 50 now, widow of the famous Chicago-London traction multi-millionaire, also ex-wife of one Wilson Mizner, eccentric young society swell—is one of these women. Emilie Grigsby, 30-beautiful Emilie Grigsby, whom Yerkes introduced to the world as his ward—is the other.

This story of their life is told in a book, in both cases, from one day's page in last week's books.

A physician comes up in his automobile and enters Mrs. Yerkes' beautiful Fifth-av. mansion. The butler sends him straight up to his mistress's apartments. The medical man is admitted by a maid and enters, close to her, finding for weeks, that his patient has passed a restless night.

Her temperature is high, her pulse fast. The waning of her face is heightened by the dark rings under her eyes. Thin beads of perspiration show along her forehead, close to her mass of hair, now fast growing white. His patient is a sick woman, and sickness is fast robbing her of the beauty with which she so long defied age.

The doctor prescribes for Mrs. Yerkes, speaks a few words of encouragement and bows his way out. As he leaves, the butler sends up another man, a daily caller. He has been making ably her mansion. The tempest which

a daily caller. He has been making a daily report that runs something like this:

The situation looks darker. A petition has been filed in the United States Circuit Court in behalf of the Bank of America, to intervene in the suit against your husband's estate brought by the Underground Electric Railway of London. The London people, you know, Mrs. Yerkes, are admitted creditors to the amount of \$800,000. This Bank of America holds a claim for \$128,000, which the courts at Chicago has admitted.

"It is all very unfortunate, my dear Mrs. Yerkes. We are hoping against hope, your husband's estate it seems is hopelessly involved. We are putting up a hard fight, but you may be pessimistic still."

The lawyer departs. The next man who climbs the stone steps isn't admitted. He is told that Mrs. Yerkes is too ill to see him, even if that were not out of the question. The suave butler refers him to Mrs. Yerkes' lawyers.

"Another one of them collectors," the butler explains to the second maid. "Lord, how they do come! There's somebody after every stick of furniture in the place. The taxes have not been paid in five years. If the misuses ever get well enough to go out, she won't dare. These fellows will look her out if she does. I hear tell that she's only living here by sufferance of them that she owes."

"Now, gentle reader, let's go over to the beautiful marble palace at Park-av. and 67th-st. Emilie Grigsby lives here; she'll continue to live here, come what may. It's her mansion, unsalable, a daily caller. He has been making ably her mansion. The tempest which

MRS. CHAS. T. YERKES.

rages around the Fifth-av. pile does not blow here.

Emilie Grigsby is better off now than she was during Yerkes' life. At his end, when his wife was becoming poorer with each day, and the other woman was daily coming nearer and nearer to the zenith of her young beauty, Yerkes provided that the happiness of Miss Grigsby should be of the kind that endures. She alone of those who enjoyed his riches is protected in them after his death.

Miss Grigsby is giving a dinner to-night. Her house is ablaze with light. She receives her guests in the magnificent fourth floor saloon. Costly draperies depend from the immense oak beams of the dining hall and oriental rugs worth a king's ransom cover the polished floors. The guests sit in gold Louis XIV. chairs.

The doors are thrown open. Miss Grigsby and her guests are going to another entertainment. Two loushous are drawn up at the curb. A negro footman, resplendent in livery, appears and then comes Miss Grigsby. An evening cloak covers her Parisian costume. Her golden red hair is fastened into an elaborate coiffure.

You steal close to her. Through the open portals you can see that the high central hall furnishes a wonderful background for her tall figure. The walls of the great room are half-concealed by Arabian hangings, and medieval ecclesiastical tapestries. In the light of the great light you see reflected the glitter of semi-precious stones woven into their fabric.

Then hark, hark, cry the autos, and the party is whisked away. The doors close. There—you have the story.

PAWKY SAYINGS OF CARNEGIE

(Jotted Down by W. T. Stead.)

Mr. Andrew Carnegie as a conversationalist is racy, pawky, and good-natured. He speaks in a purring, low voice, which is seldom raised in anger and is often interrupted by a laugh. He is fond of a jest at the expense of his companions, as the following history shows.

I was with him at the Langham Hotel in London one morning when our talk was interrupted by a deputation which attended to thank him for one of his innumerable benefactions.

Mr. Carnegie listened for a time to the flow of complimentary remarks, but getting bored at last he suddenly interrupted the astonished speaker by saying, "Stead's telegraphic address is 'Vatican London.' Now, sir, can you tell me the difference between 'Vatican London' and 'Vatican Rome'?"

The civic orator, nonplussed, gave it up.

"I will tell you," said Carnegie, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Vatican Rome" knows that sometimes it may be mistaken, but "Vatican London" never does!"

The deputation went away somewhat puzzled at the Carnegie method of terminating an interview with a joke.

IN REMINISCENT VEIN.
Mr. Carnegie is often in the reminiscent vein, and when he gets started, even Mr. Roosevelt finds it difficult to get a word in edgewise. As for me, I never try. I remember once being kept at the Langham listening to Mr. Carnegie for nearly an hour past the time he had declared the talk must stop.

When he looked at his watch he exclaimed, "Dear me, I shall hardly have time to dress. It's all your fault, Stead. Your conversation is so fascinating, the time slips away so fast, I never noticed the clock."

I do not shrink from quoting this compliment, because I am prepared to make an affidavit that during that hour I had hardly spoken two words. But then I am a good listener, and that Mr. Carnegie says is always worth hearing.

Mr. Carnegie is an admirer and a student of Benjamin Franklin. From his voluminous writings may be extracted many pregnant sayings and pithy apophthegms. The most famous of all these is his dictum:

The man who dies rich dies disgraced.

WORTH REMEMBERING.
But there are many other sayings well worth remembering. Here are a few—

Ninety per cent. of the money given in charity is wasted. This is an un-pleasant fact, but it is a fact.

War without offer of arbitration is the most hideous nightmare of civilization.

Whenever I speak of a king or of hereditary privileges my blood tingles, and I sometimes feel that to shoot them all would be congenial work.

The desire to succeed develops the qualities necessary to success.

Every workman should consider the works as his own property.

Great Britain's destiny is to be the fittest seat of the race supporting possibly a population of 15 millions, not more.

India is a millstone hung round the neck of Britain.

When the white man governs himself that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is not self-government, that is despotism.

In all other English-speaking countries the people work the land; in Britain the landlords work the people.

The United States is the most conservative country in the world because its citizens own the soil.

LABOR GETS LEFT.
You can do anything with workmen if you will only treat them like men in a frank straightforward way.

Labor in cases of industrial disputes gets left every time. This is in the nature of things.

Organized capital can always beat

organized labor.

Whatever experience shows that the State can do best I am in favor of the State doing. Whatever is well done without State interference, of course is better so done.

No man is a true gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants.

The greatest of all advantages which man can begin life is that of being poor. The man who wishes to make millions must not be born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Steady work is also the best preservative of the virtues. No substitute for it has yet been found.

It is a low and vulgar ambition to amass money, which should always be the slave, never master of the man.

Millions honestly made in useful occupation give evidence of ability, foresight and assiduity above the common average.

SILENT PARTNERS.
Where wealth accrues honorably, the people are always silent partners.

Without great and increasing population there could be no great wealth.

When there was no wealth there was no civilization; none was possible.

The millionaire is the least expensive being in the industrial hierarchy.

Socialism versus individualism is the race between the hare and the tortoise over again.

Only competence is desirable, almost necessary, wealth non-essential, and when it does come it is only a sacred trust to be administered for the general good.

The holy of holies is the pure and happy home.

Not "Heaven our Home" our motto so much as "Home our Heaven."

Franklin was right when he proclaimed that "The highest worship of God is service to man."

The wisest policy that an employer can pursue towards his men is to show by his actions that he has a heart.

Business is neither sacred nor science. The study of human nature is, I think, the best education for any business man.

Inherited wealth is often a curse that is a blessing.

We know of no substitute for the magic of ownership. Give a man a little bit of ground and he will make it a garden.

I do not believe any man reaches the full stature of manhood until he owns his own home or his farm.

FOOLS TO LEAVE.
If a man can make thirty shillings a week in his native land, he is very foolish to leave it, unless he is impelled by an uncontrollable ambition, and has no ties to bind him.

There is no comparison, in my opinion, between the lot of the skilled workman and the lot of an hereditary title, who is very likely to lead an unhappy, wicked life.

Inherited wealth is often a curse that is a blessing.

The difference between me and the Socialists is just this: I know the human animal must be taught one trick at a time.

You cannot name the great artist who did not rise from poverty.

Rich people, kings and queens, princes and dukes, give up nothing.

All our treasures come from the ranks of the poor.

What reward is there that any man receives in this life that is not as dust in the balance compared to his own self-consciousness of having performed his duty.

If a man wants his heart filled with the sharpest arrows, just let him set out to win popular applause as an end.

EDUCATE WORKING MAN.
Educate the working man, and give him a truer conception of the relations of capital and labor than he could otherwise form.

No wise employer will lightly lose his old employee.

Idleness should be detested and industry crowned in her stead.

A working man is a more useful citizen, and ought to be more respected than an idle Prince.

I had rather my niece married an honest working man than a worthless duke.

Opportunity for advancement is better than higher wages.

Pleasuring does not pay a new concern. Wait till the process develops.

Speculation is the counterfeit of business. It is a parasite which feeds upon value and creates none.

Big contracts are always more likely to be made over nuts and wine than across the desk.

There is an unwritten law among the best workmen. "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job."

I never found my business anything more than mere play. Making one hundred thousand dollars is nothing to the sport of landing an immense pickpocket.

If I had my life to live over again I would prefer to be a librarian.

I would give all the millions I own and all I could get credit for if only I could be a boy again.

To discover the exceptional man ought to be the great object of educational institutions.

Modern writers should deal with facts and realities, not with neat phrases.

A man had better begin business at eighteen than spend three or four years in Universities, studying old authors who lived three thousand years ago.

He might as well learn Cicero.

An epitaph which he suggested as appropriate for his tombstone was, "Here lies one who knew how to get around him men who were cleverer than himself."

VAST ICE-FIELDS IN THE PATH OF OCEAN LINERS

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., May 16.—Great fields of ice extend out from the shore of nearly every section of Newfoundland, constituting an active menace to the ocean navigation. Within ten days nearly a dozen ocean liners have put in here or at nearby ports badly damaged and reporting narrow escapes.

Coastwise shipping is subjected to a shift. This spring his ill health compelled him to retire from the presidency of that body, in which he had succeeded his life long friend, James Reynolds.

He had charge of taking the census of the province about 1899. He was also one of the commissioners for this province at the time of taking the first Dominion census and was one of the council that met at Ottawa to arrange how that census should be taken. He represented the city and county of St. John in the Dominion parliament in 1896-6, having been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. Isaac Burpee.

He was a life long temperance man and was one of the first members of the Sons of Temperance in this province. He was charter member of Gurney Division, No. 5, and rose to the position of most worthy patriarch of North America, that being the highest position in that order.

MARRIED IN 1859.
In 1859 he married Elizabeth Ann Eagles of this city, who died eight years ago. He is survived by four children, eighteen grandchildren, and three great grandchildren. His eldest son, Wm. C. Everett, died about twenty years ago, being at the time city editor of the Daily Telegraph. The sons and daughters survive him age:

ed States ports have reported sighting large fields of ice, and many icebergs, the steamer Lake Champlain, bound from Liverpool for Montreal, was the first in collision with one of the great masses of ice. That big liner, with 1,000 passengers aboard, crashed on May 6, and is now repairing here.

The Tunisian last Thursday sailed on her trip from Liverpool to Montreal, and a dozen persons aboard, including badly in her forehold, after encountering heavy icebergs off Cape Race. Followed temporary repairs here it is expected the Tunisian will be able to proceed with her passengers.

Other steamers which have been put in elsewhere with the ice during the past week, the Stigstad, from Tyne to North Sydney, C. B., a new vessel, which was so badly damaged as to be ordered to dry dock at Liverpool, England, which is now unloading at Sydney, prior to undergoing repairs necessary on account of damage by ice.

First in Collision
Although many of the transatlantic liners arriving in maritime and United

Santa Barbara, Cal., May 17.—At a cost of nearly \$2 a mile in fines and more than \$1 a minute, Huntley L. Gordon, in a 60-horsepower automobile, lowered "Wild Bill" Russ' record from Los Angeles to this city, making the distance in 3 hours and 10 minutes. The time would have been better had he not been twice arrested en route. He beat Russ' record 30 minutes.

Gordon passed through Ventura at a terrific pace, paying no attention to demands to stop. He beat a telephone message to this city and fell into the

Edward A. Herbert D. Mrs. Emily B. Redding, all of this city, and Mrs. S. L. T. Burnham of Malden, Mass.

His brothers were Geo. F. Everett of Ottawa and late superintendent of the money order branch of the post office department; Thos. E. Edgerly, J. Francis A. J. of Quince, Ill. A deceased brother was the late Ross Wm. P. Everett, at one time pastor of the Brussels street church, and late of Elsin, Ill.

In religion Mr. Everett was a Baptist and he has been a lifelong member of the Gormin street church.

The funeral will be held at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon from his late residence, 11 Orange street, Rev. W. W. McMaster officiating.

Sealing Fleet Suffered
The Newfoundland sealing fleet suffered from the ice. One sealer, the steamer Virginia Lake, was abandoned in the ice, and a vain effort by her crew to save the vessel, together with their catch of 9,000 seals. Two others had their main masts broken and reached—ports—under—consort.

The steamer Prospero, engaged in sealing service, was abandoned during the past week in the ice floes off Bellefleur Strait. The American and Canadian trawl fishing vessels have been obliged to seek shelter in Newfoundland harbors, owing to the fishing grounds being covered with ice. That the conditions to the south vary little from those to the north is shown in the report of the steamer Rosalind, which arrived Friday night from New York.

Capt. Smith, of that steamer, reported 132 bergs of Cape Race on Friday. The steamer and her crew from Cadiz, arrived here last night with a cargo of salt after a nineteen-days voyage. Much of the cargo was due to forced deviation of 500 miles to the south, so that the steamer might skirt the floes.

GORDON'S CHOOFFING PROVES COSTLY, BUT WHAT OF THAT? HE MADE RECORD

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HE DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE.
The great volume of uncollected testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has gruffed thousands to health free of charge.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way, until I was discouraged, and I thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. WILL YOUNG, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has gruffed thousands to health free of charge.

WED YOUNG OUT THERE
ADDIS ABABA, Abyssinia, May 16.—Prince Lidi Jassou, aged 15 years, grandson of King Menelik and heir apparent to the throne, was married today to Princess Romanie, aged 17, the granddaughter of the late Emperor and niece of Empress Taitou. The marriage is of great importance politically, as it unites the two dynasties and the families of powerful