

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 24, 1901.

DEATHS.

At St. Martin's, Aug. 9, Maggie...
At St. John's, Aug. 10, Mrs. J. H. ...
At St. John's, Aug. 11, Mrs. J. H. ...

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Wednesday, Aug. 21.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Thursday, Aug. 22.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Friday, Aug. 23.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Saturday, Aug. 24.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Sunday, Aug. 25.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Monday, Aug. 26.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Tuesday, Aug. 27.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Wednesday, Aug. 28.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Thursday, Aug. 29.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Friday, Aug. 30.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Saturday, Aug. 31.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Sunday, Sept. 1.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Monday, Sept. 2.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Tuesday, Sept. 3.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Wednesday, Sept. 4.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

Thursday, Sept. 5.
Lumberland, Allan, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...
W. Adams, from Boston via ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...
From River, N. S. Klondyke, from Parramore, ...

STOP! MOTHERS and consider the all-important Fact that your family is in danger. For at any moment your little children may be stricken down with that dread complaint, Diarrhoea. Dr. Briggs' BLACKBERRY SYRUP or Dysentery and Diarrhoea Cordial. Is a Sure Cure for Diarrhoea or Dysentery. It is the most certain and effectual remedy ever offered to the public for looseness of the bowels of whatever name or nature, chronic or acute, in man, woman or child. Having no alcohol whatever in its composition it is especially adapted for the cure of all summer complaints. In Infants and Children. It is moderate in its action, certain in its results, and does not produce any reaction or constipation so common to many medicines of this character, and which is always unpleasant and often dangerous. Price 25c. Per Bottle. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists. The CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

LAURIER SCORES RICHARDSON.

The Unseated M. P., Man of the Open Letter, Gets a Reply from the Premier—Short, But Oh, My!

Ottawa, Aug. 21.—(Special)—Some days ago R. L. Richardson, ex-M. P., Laszara, wrote an open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Premier has addressed to Mr. Richardson the following reply: Sir—Your open letter of the 14th inst. has just reached me. If the form of this attack was to draw my attention, I have no objection to express to you my appreciation of it, since it exposes in its true light, exactly as he is, the modern pharisee, who has long proclaimed to the world that he is not as other Liberals. You charge me for the hundredth time with having abandoned the principles of the Liberal party, since I became prime minister; and having deserted the cause of the settler of the west; with having allowed 'corruption, political immorality and debauchery' to 'flood the legislature,' and summing up the whole of my iniquity, you as my 'chief crime,' the blow struck at the moral standards of the people; you proclaim that it is within your right, to say nothing of your duty, to publicly protest, if the platform is completely ignored and repudiated. 'I leave the public to whom you appeal to judge of the sincerity of all this foam and froth and will place before them the facts, the last crime for which you arraign me, and I do so in the language of your indictment. This opens your eye to the moral standards of the people; you pronounce I find myself, so to speak, a statesman out of a job. It is possibly unnecessary for me to inform you of the decision in question, as you are doubtless fully apprised of it, and I am convinced from your disappointment at its point you certainly would have raised the hand to interfere and called off the political dogs of war, whom you knew well were pursuing me in parliament by your own admission. You were charged with having been elected by fraud and assistance from some of those public corporations, which you so often denounced with apparent indignation, it was a crime on my part to allow the law to take its course and to let it be proved that you were guilty as charged. If I were to enter into any defence I might urge that little did I suppose that the apostle of virtue would expect to be shielded from his own derelictions, by him whose chief crime he had often declared was the 'blow struck at the moral standards of the people.' 'From all this it appears that you were accused of having been elected through bribery, corruption and a violation of the law; that for this you were brought to account before the courts; that the charges were found to be true and that as a consequence you were deprived of your seat in parliament by sentence of the judicial authorities. From all this it likewise appears that, according to your construction of those principles of morality of which you have been the loud champion, it was my duty to 'raise my hand to interfere' in your behalf; to 'call off the political dogs of war, whom I know, were pursuing you,' and to allow the crime against the positive law of the land by which you had obtained your seat to remain unpunished and unrepented. 'I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant, (Signed) WILFRID LAURIER.' To R. L. Richardson Esq., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

SIFTON DISSATISFIED WITH CANADA'S EXHIBIT

In Matter of Quantity, Not Quality—His Explanation of the Harvesters' Trouble.

Toronto, Aug. 22.—(Special)—Hon. Clifford Sifton arrived here today from Buffalo, after spending two days at the Pan-American exposition and went on to Gananoque. He is not satisfied with the Canadian exhibit. What there is of it is good but there is not enough of it, and does not stand comparison with other exhibits. 'Manitoba's harvest will be \$25,000,000 into circulation,' said Mr. Sifton. Regarding the harvesters' complaints of no work, he said the whole trouble was that these men persisted in remaining along the main line instead of going to the back districts where work is plentiful. 'Stranded on Desert Island.'

Chatham, Mass., Aug. 22.—A bottle was picked up on the beach this morning by a patrolman of the Chatham life saving station containing the following message: 'I am alone, first mate, William Simpson, saved; stranded on a desert island off Cape Pinder. Notify someone who will come to my rescue, as I am dying for food.'

DECLARES CHINESE AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Interesting Court Decision—Plumbers' Strike Settled After a Year.

Honolulu, Aug. 14, via San Francisco, Aug. 22.—United States Judge Estes has rendered a decision in which he declares that all Chinese born in the Hawaiian islands are American citizens, no matter what government they were born under. Arrangements have been made by Territorial Treasurer Wright whereby the registered warrants that are outstanding will all be paid by borrowing \$150,000 from two local banks. A special meeting of the Plumbers' Association has been called to discuss the labor question. There is a shortage of labor throughout the group. No negroes are wanted, as they have not proved good workmen, and have been very troublesome.

The plumbers' strike which has been in progress for over a year, has been amicably settled. The plumbers demanded \$6 a day; a compromise was effected at \$3.50 a day. A deal is said to be on between the Wild Steamship Co. and the Inter-Island Steamship Navigation Co. to consolidate the two companies. They have control of nearly all the inter-island passengers and freight traffic, running about 25 steamers.

STACKPOLE'S STUMP FENCE.

'I don't see but what you will just have to submit, Cyrus,' said Col. Bowker. 'The law seems to be pretty clear on the subject. When the State grants a railroad charter, and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take, at a fair appraised value, any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price. You refuse to cover the facts of this case. You refuse to sell the company a strip on the south side of your orchard. The State says to the company, 'We give you the right to appropriate that land at our appraisal.' It's no use for the owner to protest. The law can do nothing for him. If there was a ghost of a chance to fight, Cyrus, I'd be glad to do what I could for you. But a lawyer can't do anything when there's no law on his side.'

Col. Bowker tipped his chair back, and threw one leg over the corner of his hip, as the old man, trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety arm-chair on the other side of the table. His chin quivered and his thin lips kept opening and shutting, as the senior village lawyer spoke. 'Then, of the law can't do anything for me, I'll do it for myself!' cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair. 'I'll see if a man can be robbed of what's his'n for fifty years, and be'n in the family for mor'n a hundred!'

'I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus,' said the Colonel, blandly. 'It's a case where the welfare of the many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see. The law provides no recourse for the individual in such a case.' 'I got done with the law, I tell ye!' shouted the old man, fiercely. 'I'm dependent on myself now. I said, if the law couldn't help me, I'd help myself. I'll see if they kin run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permission. A man's property's his own. The ain't no law that kin knock that fact out of the Ten Commandments.'

Col. Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door. 'Better be cautious, Cyrus,' said the old man, plunged down the steps. 'Don't do anything in a hurry. Take time to think it over. And remember that I am always ready to advise you on any point that may come up.'

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a blind rage. He was one of those old men who are as set as the everlasting hills, and the fact that everything seemed to be arrayed against his will, in this instance, only served to make his resolve the stronger. He was bound and determined that the new railroad should not pass through his orchard. There was no particular reason why it should be denied this right of way, except that Cyrus had taken a notion not to allow it. The trees in the orchard had been set out by his father's father, and their knotted and wrinkled trunks and limbs had long since passed the age of fruit-bearing. They only seemed to cumber the ground. But Cyrus would not cut them down and plant new ones. They were a part of the old order of things, and Cyrus was a conservative of the conservatives. A peck of litter, worn-out windfalls from the old trees were so to him like a bush of sound and toothsome fruit from younger and more vigorous stock. That the part modern railroads should denigrate his venerable orchard was not to be endured. It went against the old man's grain; and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened, however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Col. Bowker's law office, and about the time when the railroad men came to grade and prepare the roadbed across his orchard. The work was all done while the old man was groaning and fuming in bed, and he was unable to get up to see the rails and rails were laid through his orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly, and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple trees.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself, though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints. The regular passenger train schedule had been in operation just a day, when he began to do for himself what the law could not, or would not, do for him. At three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, his wife having driven to the village, Cyrus hatched up a yoke of oxen and began to drag stumps from the stump fence on the north side of the orchard to the railroad bed. He chose the largest and soundest and toughest stumps he could find, and by six o'clock had a formidable fence built across the railroad on the exact boundary he desired. The roots of the stumps and rails were laid through his orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly, and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple trees.

'What in thunder—why! father's old orchard!' he exclaimed. 'And here's mother!' He caught a tottering, gray-haired figure in his strong arms. Mrs. Stackpole, like all heroines, had first accomplished her deed, and then fainted away!

The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole. His big, black-bearded, healthy son may have had something to do with that, and he may not. Very likely, the unrestricted and undisputed right of way through the old man's orchard was an inducement. At any rate, the matter was dropped; and Cyrus Stackpole proved to be so subdued in spirit that two days after his stump fence disappeared from the track, he rode through his pear orchard on one of the detested trains, on his way to Wilmington with his son, to buy a brand new suit of clothes and 'see the sights.'

'OFFENSIVE TO MYSELF.—P. A. Eaton, drugist, Cookshill, Que., says: 'For twenty years I suffered from catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. I tried everything which promised me a cure. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it.'—43.

The czar of Russia, with 90,000,000 acres, is the biggest land owner in the world.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR RILINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Rheumatism. What is the use of telling the rheumatic that he feels as if his joints were being dislocated? He knows that his sufferings are very much like the tortures of the rack. What he wants to know is what will permanently cure his disease. That, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It promptly neutralizes the acid in the blood on which the disease depends, completely eliminates it, and strengthens the system against its return. Try Hood's.