

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH is published every Wednesday and Saturday at 11.00 a year, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES. Ordinary commercial advertisements taking the run of the paper, each insertion, 100 per line.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. All remittances must be sent by post office order or registered letter, and addressed to The Telegraph Publishing Company.

AUTHORIZED AGENT. The following agent is authorized to canvass and collect for The Semi-Weekly Telegraph, viz: Wm. Somerville.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 23, 1906

A CURIOUS BATTLE

The political confusion grows in New York. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, expresses the opinion that the organization favors Hearst rather than Jerome, which is interesting whether it be true or merely an indication that Murphy is going to work for the appearance of Hearst rather than the district attorney.

ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN

Many young men who find themselves in a strange town go to the local Y. M. C. A. in search of information, advice, assistance, instruction, amusement and friendship. What they find varies greatly in different cities.

JOY

The cruel war of extermination between the rival telephone companies is over. The threats and recriminations have ceased. The men who persistently and defiantly nailed the "no merger" flag to their mastheads and steamed forth to the fearful conflict have seen a great light.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

There was a "bargain sale" of dishpans in St. Joseph (Mo.), a few days ago, which led to riot and tragedy. The women of St. Joseph awoke one morning to the sudden realization that they were despoiled in need of dishpans and that the opportunity of a lifetime to secure a bargain in this line had potentialized itself.

A SHOCKING CRIME

Further reports from the scene of the murder in a remote section of Albert county tend to enhance the horror of the occurrence. Brutal murder from the most sordid motive appears to be the only explanation. Owing to several circumstances the province was not alarmed until the guilty man had had a long start and had left the neighborhood, every avenue of escape from which might have been carefully guarded had the news been sent out earlier.

WARNS THE CHILDREN

A correspondent of a morning paper states that a boy attempting to burn a house and is still doing much damage. No doubt many of the fires that are now raging in various parts of the province had their origin in thoughtlessness or indifference to results.

LIGHT FROM CANADA

President Roosevelt has announced that he is a stand-pat man in tariff matters. The tariff, he virtually says in the old phrase, must be revised by his friends, and very gingerly even by them, lest presently be checked by a dislocation of present conditions.

THE UNDESIRABLES

"Canada," the Anglo-Canadian weekly, joins many Canadian journals in protesting against the nature of English comment upon Canada's legislation regarding the exclusion of undesirable immigrants.

THE HARBOR

No doubt Director Cushing's newspaper critics will give prominence to the statements he made last evening concerning the steamship berths and the assurance given him by the shore captains of the principal steamship companies that their ships were not aground at any time last winter.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A correspondent writing over the signature "H. A. P." is requested to send his name and address to the editor, in confidence.

WHAT'S THE USE?

(Cleveland Leader.) "What did your mother whisper to you before she let you come out on the veranda with me?"

THE DARKNESS EXPLAINED

(Canadian Electrical News.) The following was innocently published in a recent issue of the Welland Telegram in explanation of a temporary shut-down of the electric light plant, due to a short circuit in the armature of the result of copper dust.

THE MODERN LOCHINVAR

When young Lochinvar rode out from the West, He claimed that his automobile was the best; It was painted dark red and it brilliantly shone.

CUBA NEXT?

The restoration and maintenance of order in Cuba and the growth of trade there have been a sad blow to all the merry gentlemen whose main business used to be revolution. Some of these, whose machetes have grown rusty, whose pockets are empty, and who regard work with horror undisciplined, have started a small revolution.

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Stores open Saturdays till 11 p. m. St. John, Aug. 25, 1906

SCHOOL SUIT SALE. Great Bargains for Boys.

We have always believed that one of the very best forms of advertising is to pay the people to do it—not to give it all to the newspapers; and we have decided to give the boys a chance this time and will sell them 3-PIECE SUITS—sizes 28 to 33—AT LESS THAN THE FACTORY PRICE.

BOYS' 3-PIECE SUITS For \$1.98, \$2.98 and \$3.98 Regular \$3.00 to \$5.50 Boys' 2-Piece Suits from \$1.85 Up.

J. N. HARVEY, Tailoring and Clothing, 199 and 207 Union Street

LANTERNS

Our stock is now complete and comprises Climax, Cold Blast, Plain, Mascot, Search Lights, Street Lamps, Driving Lamps, Dark Lanterns, Lantern Burners, Wicks, etc.

P. S.—COLD BLAST Lanterns do not blow out!

W. H. THORNE & CO., Limited Market Square, St. John, N. B.

The Fruitful Meadow

My bit of interval land is a source of delight to me at all seasons. In winter I trace the tracks of the mink as he wanders along the margin of the frozen stream. I follow the tunnel made by the field mouse as he journeys just below the surface of the snow to escape the watchful eyes of the gray owl. I see the few bunches of fur that tell of the tragedy that occurred when the rabbit ventured out from the shelter of the neighboring swamp.

In summer I love to sit and dream beneath the broad spreading elms, while the tall orange lilies nod in the wind and the heavy laden bees wing their slow flight homeward from the tangled masses of bloom. But it is with the advance of summer when the meadow becomes fruitful that I most love to wander through this fairy-land which to my boyish fancy seemed a bit of Eden. This strongest interest begins when I strive with the robins for the "first fruit" of the meadow—the fruits of the shad bush or June berry which here ripens early in July. The sully in my meadow is small and the robins have greatly to the advantage so I seldom secure a share of this first course.

When I find that the birds have been too watchful for me I pretend that I do not care, so I go and fill my pockets with green gooseberries—which the robins are sensible enough not to eat. My next clash over the meadow is with the blue jays. They are ripe about the end of July. Here again these active little fellows prove more than a match for me and get "the lion's share." By this time, however, the gooseberries are nearly ripe so my consolation prize is not quite so indigestible as before and I am often fortunate enough to find a few dewberries which make me forget my grievances, and I forgive the robins for their thefts.

By the middle of August the meadow is sufficiently fruitful to supply us all with the crimson fruit clusters of the choke cherry are hanging all about, the hazel nuts are turning brown, in brush here and there the bright red raspberries bear their juicy burdens, on the dry knolls grow well laden blueberry bushes and I have no need to contend with the little dwellers for a share in Nature's harvest. Nor does this flood tide of fruitage exhaust the resources of the meadow for the clusters of high bush cranberries are beginning to turn red, and even when the frosts and winds of October have swept the foliage from trees and shrub the bright scarlet haws will remain to once more bring the hungry one to the fruitful meadow.

But I must not neglect to mention other fruits which, though not edible, add much to the wealth of beauty of the meadow. There are first the large scarlet clusters of the rosan tree. In shady thickets I find the red and the white raspberries. The white juicy berries of the red aster dogwood are seen in every clump of bushes. The dim red raspberries are the trillium, the bright blue berries of the Clintonia, the dark blue fruits of the Solomon's seal—all these are found in my meadow or on its borders, and I have even after the edible fruits have disappeared, adorned these "happy hunting grounds" until the frosts have announced the arrival of the time when the plants of the meadow are to take their annual rest beneath the protecting mantle of "the beautiful snow."

H. A. P.

Kaiser and Press

(Toronto Star.) Kaiser William says that the news papers are brainless and irresponsible, from which we may infer that they have not treated him well. Still, there must be something wrong with the talking apparatus of a man who is so persistently mis-reported.

What's the Use?

(Cleveland Leader.) "What did your mother whisper to you before she let you come out on the veranda with me?" "To dream if you tried to kiss me." "Why, I wouldn't dream of such a rule." "Let's go back in." Portland (Me.) children ally themselves against their enemies, the policemen. One evening when the officers were to make a couple of raids, a gang of about 500 boys, who knew the purpose, but not the destination of the excursion, kept close to the liquor depots, all the time chanting the word, "blow," and thus warned all suspected places long before the officers came within striking distance. He stayed not at bridges, he stopped not at pranks. He calmly took all of the roasts as his own. Till he came to a crowd and snatched through a gate. And endeavor to bait through a trainload of freight. "They searched, and at last, lying under a heavy found a few chunks of the bold Lochinvar."