

SEE HEARD AROUND THE TOWN.

A tale has come, gentlemen, from placid Halifax—the city beautiful—the delight of idealists. It was in a place of amusement where heavenly music and ecstatic witticisms were wont to produce delicate applause and stately smiles from the deliberate folk of the dress circles. The curtain had not gone up—it was yet a wee bit early—the people were thronging in; there was a blending of the drone of small talk; the clanking of seats, and the whine and sobbing and hysterical merriment of the orchestra.

The baby was in no danger of strangulation, and was informed by a voice at the other end that it was Blank, the son of the family which lived next door, and would I kindly tell his mother he had been detained and would not be able to get home that night? That moment there arose in me a wild desire to slay, and if that youth had been in reaching distance I fear he would have gone home—unless on a stretcher.

Another midnight experience comes to me as I brood over the telephone troubles of the past. On this occasion a sick relative was in the bedroom nearest the phone, and its wild changing drove her almost beside herself as she realized that no one but her could hear it. What message of danger or disaster, of business import or family bereavement was behind that wild changing bell, and yet she was unable to reach the phone to receive it. Finally by pounding on the wall she attracted my attention in a near by room, and I rushed to the phone. This time it was a reporter who wanted to inform me of a bereavement and get an obituary notice for the paper. I gave the wrong connection and it wasn't 301 he wanted but 81. He was cross and so was I, but Central was quite cool as he whispered, "Did you get him?" The next day I ordered the phone out of the house, but the family was so lonesome without it that inside of a month it was back again in its accustomed niche in the wall.

CHATTERER. She was of the type that would rejoice in being the subject of fond attention on the part of her escort—and she chafed with a frantic and fanatical fervor. The couple took their seats in a fashionable part of the house and having looked at each other she explained, for with the passing of a few minutes appeared a party of claimants—high class diamonds—who elevated their eye-brows and sniffed disapprovingly at her dress and the disagreeable discovery that their seats were already occupied by two wretched plebeians.

There was a leveling of foregates and shrugs of dainty opera cloak covered shoulders. Clearly, the situation was most distasteful. Rarely had they been so embarrassed. Truly, it was quite unbearable. But now there bore down to the rescue a tall noble-looking man who, being an officer in the military service of his most gracious majesty, must needs dispose of the difficulty with little more ceremony than a wave of the hand. He interested the wretched plebeians what they had best do. A mistake had been made, the seats belonged to him by virtue of previous purchase—they had no particular right in the dress circle any way—it were well that they kindly withdraw.

Slowly silence. The martial gear seemed to swell with aristocratic indignation—undoubtedly he was irritated; he hinted darkly at a certain drastic measure; Britain's darling was aroused. But now the young man of brassy proclivities turned a threatening face toward the warrior and pointing to the dame said: "The lady will sit where she sees fit." And she sat. The improvement in the telephone service has made the people of St. John comparatively happy in the midst of their other troubles. At the same time it recalls to my mind some of the funny "telephone" incidents which have been my own experience during the time that the users of the service endured the torture of the worst service ever experienced by a civilized community. We can laugh at it all, now that the service has been so greatly improved, and my experiences will seem strangely familiar to many of my readers. I was anxious one day to catch a man before he left his office, so I rang him up on the telephone. My usual luck. After spending five minutes at the phone ringing up Central, the reply came "Line busy." By that time I was hot under the collar and sat down to cool off and wait for the line. In a minute or two I tried again and found the line clear. I hailed Central with a loud but found it wasn't him but his stenographer was at the other end of the line. "Is Mr. Smith in?" I queried in polite tones. The dame replied she thought so, but would see. Again I waited. After a five minute wait she told me in her sweetest tones that Mr. Smith had just gone home, in fact had waited for me on the line. I was furious. Just then Central broke in with an inquiry whether I was busy, and for fear of inquiring whether my bested reply, I fed in silence.

BUNGO GAME, THEN SUICIDE.

Paul Grey, the Germain Street Palmist, Victimized Victor Dykeman, Skips, and Cuts His Throat When Arrested.

Professor Paul Grey, the palmist and clairvoyant, who had a suite of rooms in Elliott's Hotel, left the city hurriedly on the Saturday evening Boston express after buncing Victor Dykeman, of 186 Sydney street, out of \$400. Grey was captured on the train from a telegraphic description given by Chief of Police Clark. The most of the stolen money was turned up by Grey and, finding he was under arrest at Vancouver by L. B. Robinson, United States immigration agent, the prisoner caused a sensation by committing suicide, cutting his throat from ear to ear.

Did Thriving Business. His business in this city, since New Year's day has been most successful. His last scheme was apparently cleverly executed, but on being caught he preferred death to standing trial. His plans to leave the country were well laid out. If Victor Dykeman had not discovered his loss when he did, and the police and officers were not alerted so promptly as they did, Grey might now have been safe from at least arrest by St. John officials and his whereabouts a mystery.

HOW DYKEMAN WAS VICTIMIZED.

Induced to Draw \$450 from the Bank—Then an Interesting But Nonsensical Programme Began. Victor W. Dykeman, a pattern maker in T. McAvity & Sons' brass foundry, Water street, was the victim of Paul Grey in a cleverly arranged swindle. Grey told Dykeman, a pattern maker in T. McAvity & Sons' brass foundry, Water street, was the victim of Paul Grey in a cleverly arranged swindle. Grey told Dykeman, a pattern maker in T. McAvity & Sons' brass foundry, Water street, was the victim of Paul Grey in a cleverly arranged swindle.

The Bureau Process. Thursday afternoon after receiving the money from the bank he again visited Grey, to get the money. Grey, producing an ordinary looking hole in the wall, said he had a hole in the wall, and he would like to see the minister given autocratic powers. One of the delegates suggested that the commissioners be increased from three to five, and that there should be only an appeal to one court and that only on points of law. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that the bill would be introduced this session, and their views would get consideration.

CROSS BABIES.

How to Make them Bright, Good Natured and Well. A crying baby is an unwell baby. The little chap is not cross for the fun of it. He cries because that is the only way he has of expressing the fact that he is either in pain or discomfort. Most of his little troubles arise from some disorder of the stomach and bowels, and if Baby's Own Tablets are given both the trouble and resulting distress will disappear. You can talk to the doctor for it, and Mrs. John S. Blaisdell, of Blaisdell, N. B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine the world for little children, very cross and used to be very ill. I gave them half the night before I got the Tablets. Now she sleeps soundly, is not fretful and is growing splendid. Assistance has been given Tablets to bed without any apprehension of chill or rheumatism. To detect dampness first have the bed well warmed with a warm pan, then the moment the pan is taken out, introduce between the sheets an inverted glass tumbler. After it has remained there a few minutes withdraw it. If the glass is found dry you may go to bed without any apprehension of chill or rheumatism. In Germany when the vote of the jury stands six against six, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against six is a decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted. From the Poutain Head—"Is your brother-in-law a well-informed man?" "I should say so. Why, he will tell him everything."

nine pieces of common brown wrapping paper. Dykeman had been easily duped, he had received the brown paper wrapped up in half a silk handkerchief while Grey pocketed the money in the other half of the handkerchief. Police Notified. Dykeman started on a run to the police station to tell of his loss. It was then about 7 o'clock when he was unable to find the chief or deputy, they being to their evening meal. He hastened to Deputy Chief Jenkins's home in Union street, and told his story. In company with the officer Dykeman went to Grey's apartments and, looking in the window, found Grey had departed. Deputy Jenkins then sent for Detective Killeen. They found the room unoccupied and the case was reported to the chief.

On the Track. Chief Clark had a good description of Grey as he saw the man in a barber shop only Saturday afternoon. The conductor in charge of the Boston express was J. C. Johnson, and as E. C. Hamilton had sold a ticket for Boston to a man answering Grey's description, Chief Clark sent a telegram to see if any one answering the description was on the train. Officer Robinson, the American immigration officer on the train. Conductor Johnson and Officer Robinson were not long in locating Grey and Conductor Johnson wired Chief Clark "O. K. Man on train. Del. ed message to Robinson."

Grey then placed some paper in a dish and got it on fire. As the smoke curled towards the ceiling, Grey holding the money between his fingers, allowed the smoke to blow over his face, and he was seen to bow his victim into the "operating room." The Final Process. "Now," said Grey, "is the time we have got to put the money in silk, and as I told you, your lucky color was pink, I have every thing all ready for placing the money in silk and I want you to tie the money in the silk with a piece of pink twine." Mr. Dykeman produced his hard earned \$400 and the ends drawn up, Grey held it up on the table a half of a blue silk handkerchief with a light border. The money was placed in the centre of the silk and the ends drawn up, Grey held it while Mr. Dykeman tied it with his "lucky pink twine."

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

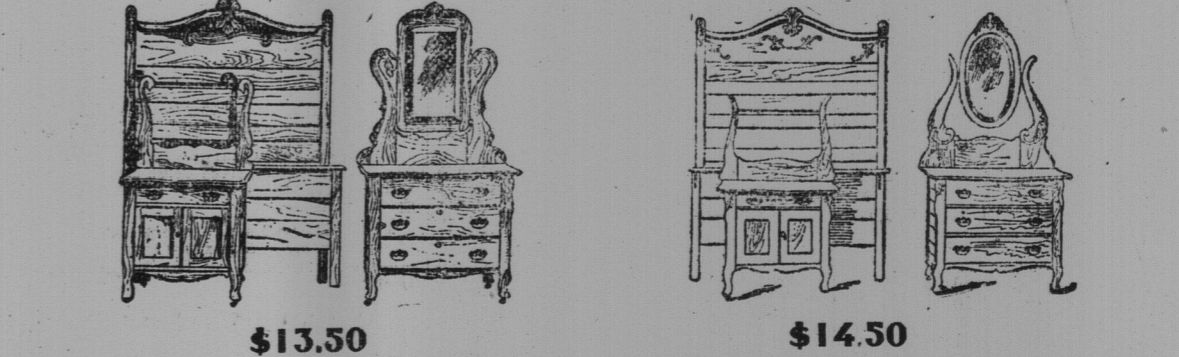
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NOTICE.

On January 13th we received an envelope containing Three Dollars from one of our subscribers at North Head, Grand Manan. Will the sender of this amount kindly let us know his or her name that we may be able to credit the same. TELEGRAPH PUB. CO., C. J. MILLIGAN, Manager. STAMMERS. THE ANNOUIT INSURANCE BERLIN, GERMANY, is the largest of all forms of SURETY BONDS. W. J. ARMOUR, Superintendent. We try the cause, not the person. We are therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars. 2-15-1211 sar 91-w

TWO SPECIALS: Low Price Bedroom Suits.

We illustrate below two Elm Bedroom Suits which we are selling at very special prices. These suits are grand value, well made in every way, finely finished, and have perfect mirror plates.



Bedroom Suit, golden finish, mirror 14x24 ins. | Elm Bedroom Suit, golden finish, mirror 14x24 ins

Manchester Robertson Allison, Limited.

ST. JOHN, N. B. The largest retail distributors of Ladies' Jackets, Coats, Capes and Blouse Waists in the Maritime Provinces. DOWLING BROS. More Bargains--Ladies' Winter Jackets. Heavy Fawn Beaver Jackets, 21 to 23 inches long, sizes 32, 34 and 36. 3 unlined and 7 with mercerized lining, worth \$7.50, for..... \$2.00. Heavy Black Beaver Cloth Jackets, 21 to 23 inches long, sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38, silk and satin linings, worth \$10.00, 12.00 and 15.00, now.....\$3.00, 4.00 and \$5.00. Heavy Black Rough Cheviot Jackets, 21 to 30 inches long, sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38, silk and satin linings, worth \$7.00, 10.00 and 12.00, now.....\$2.00, 3.00 and 4.00.

Sheriff's Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1903, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, all the right, title and interest of Elizabeth J. Dean in and to all that lot, piece and parcel of land situate on the south side of King street in the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, being lot number 425 fronting on King street (east) forty feet and running southward preserving the same width one hundred feet and lying between Westworth and Carmarthen streets, and the buildings thereon, the same being subject to a lease bearing date the twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1878, and made between Ann Howe of the one part and Thomas Wilson and William Dean of the other part, for the period of five years from the first day of June then next, reserving the annual rent of eighty dollars per year and containing a covenant for the renewal thereof. The same having been executed in and sealed by me under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick atread against the said Elizabeth J. Dean at the suit of Benjamin H. Dean, executor of the last will and testament of Sarah Howe deceased. Dated this twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1903. ROBERT R. RITCHIE, Sheriff of the City, County of Saint John.

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