POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903.

WHY NOT HAVE AN OLD HOME WEEK

For the Sons and Daughters of the

For the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces Next Year?

An interesting Article on This important Subject—This important Subject—

and so on. All the States mentioned above have been enthusiastic about the Old Home Week, and the fact that it has now become an established event there would seem to indicate that the idea has been followed by success. Every year, generally in August, hundreds of thousands of these wanderers return home for a week and statistics compiled by those interested in promoting the scheme, show that many of them have been induced to return permanently. But even if their stay is only of a week's duration, they bring a lot of money with them and are most likely on such an occasion to spend at freely.

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"Now there seems to be a great opportunity to inaugurate an Old Home Week for the Maritime Provinces. There must be at least a quarter of a million provincialists across the line, many of whom are not aware that Canada, today, is a very much more prosperous land than it was when they left it. The scarcity now is not of work, but of workmen; and with this state of affairs the Canadian is better, all things considered at home than abroad."

Nova ScotiaWeddings.

Digby, Oct. 29—A pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride yesterday morning, Granville, when Miss May Thorne was united in marriage to Lemuel Morrison in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Perry, pastor of the Methodist church. The bride, who was unattended, was dressed in pale green silk voile. The room was tastefully decorated with potted plants and ferns, the bridal party standing beneath an arch. The presents were many and costly. The happy couple left for New York and other American cities.

Meymouth yesterday, when Miss Laura, daughter of Captain Charles Leary, was married in St. Peter's church to William married in St. Peter's church to William Morse, son of the late James Morse, of Weymouth, and bookkeeper with the Rhodes, Curry Company at Amhenst. Rev. G. D. Harris officiated. The bride was prettily dressed in a traveling suit of dark blue cloth, and was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Leary, and the groom's sister, Miss Nellie Morse, who were also prettily attired. The best man was a brother of the groom, Norman Morse. The happy couple left on yesterday's express for their home in Amherst, where they will in future reside.

Justice Duffy Thought All Had Good In

pulses.

Ex-Sheriff Tom Dunn, of New York, at Ex-Sheriff Tom Dunn, of New York, at the Democratic Club a few evenings ago, told this story of the late Police Justice Duffy: Duffy, while visiting an up-state jail, saw a prisoner who had a rat in his possession. The magistrate said:—

"Ah, you have a rat, I see."

"Yes," said the convict; "I feed him very day. I think more of that rat than y other living creature."

That proves," said Duffy sentimentally, t in every man there's some good im-

it in every man there's some good imif you can only find it. How came take such a fancy to the rat?"
he bit the warden," said the con-

A LITTLE STEAMER'S

The Aid Returns to Halifax After a

in at Battle Harbor for coal, but Mr. Croucher, the manager there, had none to give him. The captain of the steamer said he had fifteen days steaming to do and had only coal enough for thirteen days. He proceeded on his way and was thought to have reached Ungava and put up there for the winter. Two Kousas men with a native went in 150 miles from Grand River, searching for minerals. In August they located some copper and seemed prenty well satisfied with their success so far.

Sydney Cruickshanks, the operator of the mill, and has fam'y have a splendid residence and grounds at the head of Mud Lake. Wells Bentley, storekeeper, had fine quarters prepared there for his family and Mrs. Bentley is on her way there to join him.

All were well when the Aid left, and in case of sickness there is now a doctor on hand. The men who spent last winter there found the weather not at all bad. There was no rain during the winter and snow to a depth of about four feet came gradually. The thermometer kept at 35 or 40 and there was not a thaw during the winter proper, though they did not find it extremely cold at any time.

"How about game, captain?" asked the reporter.

reporter.

"Very plentiful," replied Captain Blakeney. "Lots of ducks, geese, deer, rabbits, partridge, etc., and plenty of trout and salmon. These fish are taken in nets all the natives, I understand, fish and hunt only for food, and when there is no fish or game to be had, there is no dinner for the family. It has been suggested that the Grand River Company open stores and if this is done it will be of considerable advantage to the dwellers."—Halifax Echo.

OUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE

Suspend, Publication Because the Publish Cannot Get Printers.

The following announcement by the publishers of the Queens County Gazette, James A. Stewart, appears in this week's

with this issue the Queens County Gaz-ette will cease publication for the pres-

"We have been forced to take this step on account of being unable to secure help as it is impossible to get printers to come to work in Gagetown. During the past year we have had trouble in securing help and when we did so they could not be induced to spend the winter in the country. We have always found it impossible to secure local help as is found in most country newspapers, as in all small towns there are always boys and girls who are willing to get the chance to learn a trade. It is not so here, as you cannot get either a boy or a girl to work in an office or in fact anywhere else. fact anywhere else.
"We have always had to secure our help

from the city, and printers will not put in a winter in the country if they can secure work in the cities or towns.

"The Greatt has been called the cities or towns.

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seven years.

"Mr. Stewart will carry on the job department, and all kinds of job printing will be done as heretofore."

Mrs. F. H. J. Brigstocke, Mrs. D. D. Robertson and the Misses M. M. and M. S. Robertson, Mrs. Street, of England, (who is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Hansard, in Montreal), and Miss Coster, daughter of G. C. Coster, will sail from Montreal for England on the S. S. Ionian on November 7.

TRIP TO LABRADOR, Happy Events of October in City

The residence of James McCrea was the Herbert J. Pugsley, of Woodstock (N. B.) The marriage service was performed by Rev. C. B. Lewis in the presence of seventy or eighty invited guests. The esteem in which the bride was held was strongly in evidence by the numerous presents presented by friends. Included with the numerous presents was about \$50 in cash. The opinion very generally was that an unusually enjoyable and pleasant evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley will take their departure in the near future to take up their residence at Woodstock.

A very happy event took place early Tuesday morning in St. Andrew's church, Loggieville, (N. B.), when Miss Mary Blake and Aloysius Harriman were married. Nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. McRoy. The church was prettily trimmed. The wedding march was played by the McEarchn orchestra. The bride, who is one of Loggieville's most charming and popular young ladies, looked pretty in in a costume of blue broad-cloth

Harriman and Margaret Blake were flower girls. The groom was supported by James Whelan, of Newcastle.

After the ceremony the bridal party drove to P. Harriman's, father of the groom, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. Numerous handsome and costly gifts testified to the popularity of this young couple and the esteem in which they are held. The happy couple were driven to Chatham station where a number of their friends had gathered, and amid showers of congratulations, best

In St. Andrew's Anglican church, Gol-In St. Andrew's Anglican church, Golden Grove, Tuesday evening, James W. Moreland, son of James Moreland, and Miss Beatnice W. Green, daughter of Mrs. F. Green, Golden Grove, were married. Rev. Mr. Hoyt officiated, and the bride, who looked charming in a cloth suit, was attended by her little sister, Miss Reng Green. Harold Moreland was groomsman. Green. Harold Moreland was groomsmin.
After the ceremony a tempting repast was
served at the home of the bride's mother.
Mr. and Mrs. Moreland received many
fine gifts. The bridegroom's present was
a gold brooch, and to the bridesmaid a
ning. They will reside with Mr. and Mrs.
Moreland, sr., at Mount Aston Farm.

At Stanley on the 21st inst., Glen Belritt, who also supported the groom. Miss Annie Thomas, cousin of the bride, acted

Among the groom's prebride received many handsome and costly

The marriage took place in Yarmout on Monday morning at the Wesley par sonage, Milton, of Ernest Lorne Field of St. John (N. B.) and Miss Florence Hope Perry, daughter of the late Wm. T. Perry, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Eben Perry, of Milton. The caremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Heartz. The wedding

was a quiet one. The marriage of Miss Annie C. Wheat on daughter of the late Edward Whest-

on, formerly of Sackville, to Charles A. McDougall, som of John McDougall, of Amherst, took place on Monday, Rev. D. A. Steele tying the nuptial knot.

Gibbons-Byers.

The marriage of Charles Gibbons to Minnie L. Byers took place on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the residence of C. W. Akerley, St. Andrews street.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. David Long in the presence of a number of invited guests. The bride received a number of nice presents.

There Are About 300,000 More to Be Forwarded--Prices Are Good As Yet.

gone to London and the balance to other ting of the market, and a consequent drop

English market, in conversation with a Herald reporter, quoted the opinion prevalent in London on this subject:

"So far," he said, "the shipments for England this season have been about 155,000 barrels. The estimated crop available for export is, say, 450,000 barrels. There are, therefore, 295,000 barrels still wil libe obtained by continuing shipme to the middle of March, or during next twenty weeks."—Halifax Herald.

NOVA SCOTIA SCHOONER SUNK: CREW RESCUED.

Boston, Oct. 27.-With the erew of five were almost exhausted when the Fighthank saw the distress signals and hastened to the rescue. Within half an hour after the Swanhilda went to the bottom, carrying all the belongings of the crew. The rescued men are Capt. J. W. McNamara, Mate Joseph Anderson, Cook Andrew Faulkner and Seamen Ross Graham and Houvard Graham.

Andrew Faulkner and Seamen Ross Graham and Howard Graham.

The Swanhilda was bound from Edgewater (N. Y.), to Windsor (N. S.) with 201 tons of coal. On Sunday afternoon on account of the gale, the schooner began to leak and she was gradually sinking when sighted by the Fish Hawk.

The Swanhilda lies in deep water and is no obstruction to pastigation.

(N. S.), in 1892 and re-built six years later. She was 120 tons net and 136 grossboro. Her value is essimated at about \$4,000 with insurance of two-thirds. Her cargo was valued at \$1,000 and is said to have been insured.

brother, Henry James, the novelist. Professor James, too, is noted for the many during his Harvard lectures.

Professor James was talking to a class upon the subject of beauty. A student

a stupid question.
"Why," said this student, "is everybody fond of beauty?"

Professor James smeered a little. Ther he gave the young man the best possible answer. "Yours," he said, "is a blind

Vesta.

By Lucy Van Tress.

The stars looked down on a cold white | white lily she looked, as she softly touched world; some sorrowfully into the homes of the strings of her ivory cased mandolin, and joy into little cottage homes which held and tenderness in her heart all found vent more pure heart happiness than many a in her song, and as she sang on in that low,

One star particularly bright and sparkling in a garden of fragrant flowers, pure and looked boldly into the window of a humble cottage home where the feeble wailing cry of a new born baby was heard. All through the night it would be not relief to the countries of the night winged birds flitted round me, the night it watched protectingly like a and there was a sound of scftly rippling bright sentinel the cottage and the new life water; then the song ceased and Vesta stood bright sentinel the cottage and the new life that had just entered the home circle, and when the early morning dawnod it turned reluctantly away as if regretting to leave dreamlike beauty of that white garden, the

sparkling light into the window where the baby lay sleeping, all unconscious of the slumbers. But the pale mother saw the bright star watching over her child, and in

full of disappointment, and weariness and heartache. I hoped that little Vesta's life would be a happy one, and out of the bright coals in my grate I built a castle for her, where I hoped she might reign, happy in her own little kingdom, that of her husskies of France, and along the blossoming

ened with a seal of undying remorse, and then I thought, I with the star will watch ture gallery of her memory. this new life as each petal unfolds, until it

right star still watched her, and she grew o love it, even more than she did her young friends. She found in its silent com-

joys and sorrows. And now seven times more the spring it into cold and tonaz, and ruby; then came the bolidays. She was very weal-the and she begged to take Vesta home goddess of the Romans whose name she voice culture. Her mother hesitated to she had always felt a little troubled because her child's religious views were not in

She believed in a God whose nature was a strange mixture of love and vengeance, while Vesta's God was all love and tender pity. She was very reticent on the subject of her religion, but lived it every day in a quiet, womanly way, and in the fair faced flowers, in the little running brooks, in the "footprints of the Creator."

Three years slipped by and Vesta was still with her aunt, and I began to feel that she had gone out of my life forever, when a she had gone out of my life forever, when a voice seemed to say to me, "why not go to the city?" and so one day I found myself as if by magic cosily established in the city Then she told me what I already knew, that she was singing in public. She had some it being a very select company with which she wished to engage, she at last gave a re-"why did God put in my threat a little singing bird if He did not intend it to awaken glad echoes," and so she shared this Heaven sent gift with others.

Every day she visited the Hospital of St. Luke, and many a weary life drifted down voice low and divinely sweet, she hushed the pale sufferers into refreshing, life giving

her sing. Shall I ever forget the fair pic ture that greeted my eyes as she came upon the stage, fair and pure as the white gown

and rounded arms was thrown a lace shawl of sil very whiteness, of a pattern as delicate as the tracery of frost we find on our win' dow panes in winter. Round her whit throat was a fine silver chain from which was suspended a mandolin. Like a pure

amiling in a shower of roses.

I had hardly awakened from the pure

next day, when Vesta came to me and told suffering generally, and the need of the poor in particular. They were engaged and would wed in the early autumn. How hapher heart she christened the tiny girl Vesta, py they were, drifting on a fair sea in the I sat alone by my fire in the evening the cloud appeared in the blue of their sky, thinking of my own life. So quiet and un- and a wave drove their boat ashore, The Manager of the Goncert Company had planand even to my own people who could not see the "hidden springs" it seemed very sample and common place; but to me it was turn in the autumn and her voice would make sweet music in the home of the young

band's heart and home.

I wondered if all the leaves of her life fair dreams under Italy's blue sky, and out his fruit for the market. As we would clean not pages that all might would clean, pure pages that all might read, or if there would be soiled edges, and the sunshine, of flowering edgerow and the sunshine, of flowering edgerow and down and fast-card with a seal of undring senerge and return that are the sunshine of flowering edgerow and down and barrow, she would blend a fair mapolis Valley get a fair return picture that would hang forever in the pic-fruit. The result was that the apple

When the preparations for her journey oursts into full bloom.

Vesta's babyhood was much like that of ceived a letter from her mother begging her to come home. A letter full of pathos, and heart hunger and longing her child. Then I saw that she was very pretty and that she had a little "singing bird" in her throat. She played and romped as all children to she had serious moods not often found in one so young. Her eyes were large and dreamy, and had a far away look

Vesta had been accustomed to making sacritics.

Uesta had been accustomed to making sacritics.

Under the was charmed. So were the bers of his family, who saw unling pleasure in the near future, in the sumption of the fruit. But after he had some the must put aside the hat of the must put aside the hat of the was charmed. So were the bers of his family, who saw unling pleasure in the near future, in the sumption of the fruit. But after he su

> At night when the stars came out in the blue she sought her own particular star and hip something that suited all her so clear, and bright and glittering; when noods and it became the sharer of all her down from its sparkling height shot a ray of dazzling light, and the soft voice of the night wind whispered, "keep your eyes fixed on the stars, but do not forget to light took the emerald wreath from the brow of summer and with her magical touch changed so the dream was ended, and Vesta went back to the humble home of her childhood. She put aside her own sorrow, and lived robes, and brought to Vesta her seventeenth only to make her mether happy, and as I birthday. I watched her as she hung the looked at her sweet, fair face, and listened Christmas wreaths and thought I had sel- to her tender voice I thought, 'Is this to dom seen a fairer picture. A soul, pure be the end of the young life I have watch- and guileless, looked out from the deep blue ed?" and then voice asked "what nobler, of her eyes, golden lights were in the soft grander life could you ask, than one bright of her eyes, golden lights were in the soit plaits of her abundant hair; the white of the lily was on her low, broad brow, the pink of the wild rose on her cheeks, and her mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother, and this, that you call the end, is mother abundant hair; the white of the wild rose on her cheeks, and her every movement was full of willowy grace only the beginning; the tender, perfect only the beginning; the tender, perfect beauty of her life you have not yet seen, a

goddess of the Romans whose name she he was brought here from he was brought here from of Oregon, after his tribe heart of her child, Vesta's mother read States, Yellow Hammer segondary. consent. She knew the allurements of life and understood. With her own heart she in the city, and although Vests had been held communion and of herself, she asked, ket and feathers, and took held communion and of herself, she asked,
"if my child could willingly lay down all
the bright threads of her life for my sake,
joined the Quakers at fir weave them inro a chain of happiness that shall bind three lives in perfect love? What is my fondness for my home compared with my love for the child I have watched and my love for the child I have watched and tends I will go with my child to the life she has chosen, and she shall have her fair Christian, a good me

golden sunshine, everywhere, she found lover and whispered a secret, and then

tuitively that I should never hear her voice again in song. The song she chose was a forth in that voice of pure, inexpressible known sea, and upward to its home in the ever watchful star, and the body that imprisoned that soul for a little time, the orm of Vesta, the beautiful, the pure, drop-

ped dead at my feet and with a long dering cry—I awoke. My maple woo had died down to white ashes, it w into the night; baby Vesta was asleep crib, and the soft silvery light of the st fell on her fair little face like a sweet has

His faith was almost pathetic in tensity, and it may be that man smiled were also disposed to envy
But he went down to the Market to purchase a barrel of apples. The of a barrel was taken off, and three layers of fruit arroad.

Recently the Journal gave of the in

versity, Lafayette (Ind.) This the stations established to inve

