POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

. . . . Around the Town . . . .

Bright Little Bits Which Illustrate the Many Sides of Human Life in St. John.

Children are oftimes amusing for their literal application of current phrases. A little lady aged three surprised her mother the other morning on awakening by demanding that her parent pull that "frog" out of her throat. Her mother, after coaxing, got the wee tot to allow her to look down her throat and of course discovered a swelling of the tonsils. "It's nothing but a little touch of sore throat, and a little sulphur will soon cure it," remarked the mother. "Please don't give it sulphur," replied the child, "there's a frog there, 'cause I can feel it plain, and it'll only make it sick and die there." And it took some little persuasion and the aid of a looking glass to prove to the child that "frog in the throat" was not a live reality, but merely a figurative description.

Everyone in St. John has noticed that for the past two or three years the icy sidewalks have been practically neglected by the sand man who, in former years, kept the citizens safe from this peril. Not everyone knows the why of the wherefore. It is said that for many years there was a laborer in the city employ who seemed to be a supernumerary. He was a silent man and new aldermen, when they at last discovered his name on the civic pay roll, wanted to know you know what his job was. They were assured that it was a mystery which none had fathomed, and it was supposed by many that this laborer in the city iceyard had been given a sinecure under the union act as a quid pro quo for some other body's appointment. That he really earned his weekly stipend nobody ever imagined. And so by common consent, the story runs, the pensioner was allowed to draw his civic pension undisturbed. But he finally died. And that winter icy sidewalks became a civic peril and everybody wondered why. After several years it was discovered that the "pensioner" was the city's "sand man" and that he had simply held down his job so satisfactorily that none knew he had a job. It was a case of a man finding it necessary to die to be recognized as a potent factor in his community. There are a few more of us left but, unfortunately, we are none of us the sand man.

Did it ever occur to you that a lecturer who could make an audience laugh—as did Dr. Lindsay Parker the other night—who by his wit and brightness could make toiling humanity forget its cares and trials and strivings in a breeze of merriment for even two hours, has a mission in life. More sacred and elevating is this calling than the man who tears the surface of the earth apart to analyze its composition, who dissects the fairest flowers and then springs his knowledge thus gained upon an unoffending public in terms that nobody understands and doesn't want to understand even, though they pretend an intimate acquaintance with everything above the earth—and the regions below it. Sparkling with witty retorts, bright anecdotes and cleverly told stories was Doctor Parker's lecture, and the audience laughed till it almost grew hysterical. He told tales of the English, the Irish and the Scotch—chiefly though of Patrick and Sandy—and the best of it all was that the stories left no rankling bitterness behind. Sometimes that does happen even though the speaker has the best intentions in the world. Perhaps its because he doesn't get hold of the right kind of stories or tries to play off one country against another—or perhaps there are other reasons, but anyway it does occur frequently, and trying his best to please everybody the lecturer finds he isn't en rapport with any of his auditors. But that isn't Doctor Parker. Woven in with his tale of a trip through the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland was a fund of stories and the success of the lecture it may be said depended upon Doctor Parker's ability as a story teller. Here is one as told by him: In describing a bit of scenery Doctor Parker said a portion of rock bore the impress of a hoof mark which is said to be the devil's footprint. "And that reminds me," said Doctor Parker, "of the Englishman traveling through Ireland who had the scenery pointed out to him by his car driver.

"Now that's the devil's bootjack, yer honor"—a little further along, "and they do be callin' that the divil's armchair"—and still further along the road—"And that's the divil's fryin' pan."

"It strikes me, Patrick," said the traveler, "that the devil owns considerable property in Ireland. Is quite an extensive landowner, in fact."

"'Tis thrue for ye," said Patrick, with an innocent smile and a sluelong glance out of his guileless looking blue eyes. "That's a rale cliver remark of yer honor's, but like so many of the landlords hereabouts, he spends all his time over in London wid ye."

Charity is all very well and it covers a multitude of sins and that sort of thing and while like virtue it hath its own reward that's about the only reward it frequently receives, as the following incident illustrates:—

One morning, when the wind was chilly, a little maiden hastened to school and on arrival gave evidence of having suffered much. The good teacher removed the garments from off her sweet young pupil and was mightily distressed to find she had been frost-bitten. The girl's clothes were extremely scant considering the outside temperature, and the teacher at noon told a certain lady who had called for her daughter about the other's lack of proper raiment. The tale was soon on fruitful soil, for the samaritan hurried home and returned with an armful of clothing which the girl donned in a spirit of seeming thankfulness. She expressed her gratitude—then romped homeward—and they haven't seen her since in the temple of instruction, although there's an inclination to believe it's because her mother objects.

An auction room has a deadly attraction for me. Of course you know the auction habit is a habit distinct and recognizable just as the opium or absinthe habit is, and almost equally deadly if allowed to grow upon you. Whether it is hereditary or not I am not sure, but most women have it at some stage of their life. Lots of happy homes have been broken up by it, likewise lots of antique furniture. Whenever I feel the habit coming on me I think of an old lady friend of my mother's and her experience and refrain from indulging myself.

The lady in question had the habit so bad that her house was like the wareroom of a dealer in antiques. Her parlor was furnished in every style of furniture from the age of Noah down to Louis XVI. Her husband despaired as he found the happy home turned into a curiosity shop. Finally he decided to feed his wife's habit to a surfeit. He attended every auction sale and bought the worst looking specimens available, but it was only when he landed home one day with a parrot, a music box and a monkey that his wife cried quits and agreed to live a peaceful life and leave the strenuous auction sales to others.

But it was a nasty rainy night so I turned in at the sound of the bell under pretence of getting out of the rain. When I saw the bargains going dirt cheap the old fever waxed in my blood to get something for nothing and I wondered how any one could resist the eloquent appeal of the orator on the counter. But with many of the audience as with me, no doubt, pay day was yet to come and I had to take it out in longing.

What a peculiar mass of flotsam and jetsam the crowd of foreign immigrants seem as they are cast upon our shores here at this port of entry to the new world. Whither have they come and whither are they drifting in their struggle for the existence denied them in the crowded centres of the older civilization. What sad stories do their members carry beneath that look of utter resignation. It is a study in humanity to watch them as they land on the west side from an incoming steamer. Without interest or curiosity, they seem to have retained but one idea and that is to keep moving to their western destination.

Their individuality even seems to have been lost from the moment they left the village, town or city in the old land, and they are but waifs of fortune drifting westward, their only impelling force the transportation companies who have them in charge. Their experience in the past has apparently deadened any fear of the unknown future which can scarce be feared in comparison.

Singling out a little family group the other day in the immigration building I was able with the aid of an interpreter to get an insight into that buried past. They were Nestorians, a Christian sect who have endured the persecution of the "unspeakable Turk" for centuries, and were coming to this land of liberty in search of the right to worship as their conscience dictated.

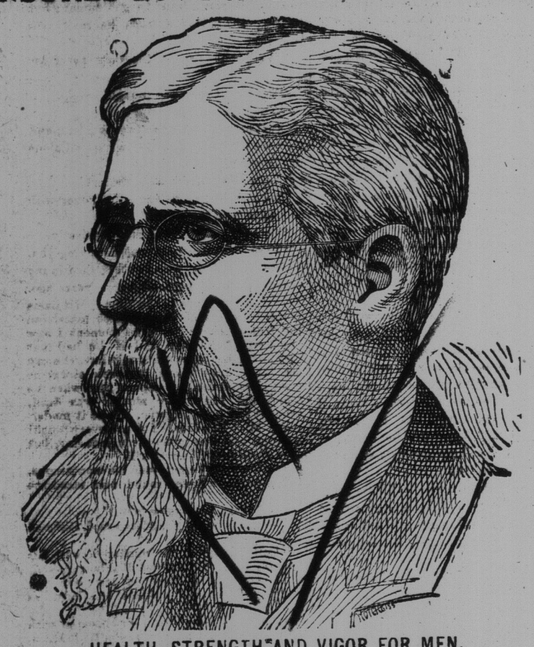
The patriarch of the party poured out a pitiful tale of persecution which had broken up his family circle and well nigh denuded him of all worldly belongings. In his eyes was that look of fear which a lifelong tyranny had produced. He could scarce believe that even yet he was beyond the reach of the Mohammedan oppressors, and that the edict which had permitted him and his people to depart might not even now be revoked and the new born hope of liberty prove but a phantasy. I questioned him on his religion, and he became at once fearful of speaking on so dangerous a subject. Little by little however, the interpreter dragged from him the acknowledgement of his primitive Christianity, the belief in God and of His son Jesus of Nazareth, who was sent to save an erring world. He explained their belief in the dual nature of the Divine Son, which permitted him to suffer even though a God. His birth and suffering—His miracles and ascension, these to the Nestorian illustrated the human and divine nature of the Saviour. A simple religion and withal harmless, even to us unorthodox, and yet for 15 centuries its followers have been tried in the furnace of persecution. But the light of a brighter day is dawning, and when I left the patriarch he thanked me in the soft native tongue for the first kind word to a pilgrim in a strange land.

CHATTERER.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 834 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs,—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am.

"Dear Sirs,—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs,—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

SPORTING EVENTS OF A DAY.

CURLING.

Hampton Defeats I. C. R. Curlers.

Hampton, Feb. 1—(Special)—Two rinks of curlers from the Intercolonial general offices, Moncton, played at Hampton Saturday, Hampton winning by six, as follows:

Moncton.	Hampton.
J Pearson,	H J Humphrey,
C B Trites,	J H Sproul,
F Henderson,	R H Smith,
Geo C Allen, skip....13	A E Barton, skip...12
J Malcolm,	J M Scovil,
J H Corcoran,	Rev C D Schofield,
E D Allen,	W H March,
A E Barton, skip....12	T McA Stewart, skip 12

The Hampton Curling Club will play St. Andrew's Club in St. John on Tuesday evening at 7.30 sharp. The Hampton club will play the Carleton club Wednesday afternoon and evening at 2 p. m., and 7 p. m.

FAMOUS OARSMAN DEAD.

Charles Ward, of the Once Champion Ward Brothers, Passes Away, Aged 71 Years.

New York, Feb. 1—Charles Ward, famous as one of the Ward Brothers, the most noted oarsmen of their day, died at his home in Park avenue, Rockaway Beach (L. I.) late last Thursday night, after four days' illness. Pneumonia was the cause of death. He was 71 years old. He is survived by a widow, two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Ward was born at Newburg (N. Y.) where he received his education. In 1852 he married Miss Sarah Penny, who was a daughter of one of the first settlers of Orange county (N. Y.) Mr. Ward was one of five athletic sons, four of whom became internationally famous as oarsmen on Saratoga Lake in 1871, when they won the world's championship for four oared barges.

Traffic Congestion Has Serious Results.

Chicago, Feb. 2—Because of inability of eastern roads to handle all the traffic offered to them, western roads have issued blockade notices that affect several of the necessaries of life. Among the latter is flour which the Northwestern roads will not receive for delivery to eastern roads until further notice.

The condition of congestion of eastern roads is very much worse than on western roads.

It is proposed to erect a public memorial in Bury, Lancashire, to the late John Kay, the inventor of the fly shuttle, who was a native of that town.

THAT MAINE SCHEME TO LESSEN WATER OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

A Stiff Opposition to Be Made by Lumbermen of Aroostook County.

Proposal is to Divert the Waters of the Allegash, a Feeder of the St John River, Into the Penobscot--An American View of the Situation.

There seems to be great excitement in Aroostook county (Me.), over the bill before the Maine legislature to divert the waters of the Allegash from the St. John to the Penobscot river, of which The Telegraph in recent editions has pretty fully explained.

The Portland Press, in a recent issue, has the following remarks, in part, from its Augusta correspondent:—

The bill is one to incorporate the East Branch Improvement Company, and the aim and object of the new corporation is to be the improvement of conditions along the east branch of the Penobscot river, so that logs might be driven with greater facility. Now, the east branch folks have in their bill a provision which allows them to acquire the rights and property of the Telos Canal Company and the Grand Lake Dam Company. It is along that canal that the opponents of the bill say they have located the wood pile in which is the nigger. It was back in the year 1846 that the Telos Canal Company was chartered by the legislature, so long ago that the statesmen of the present knew little or nothing about it, but it was not long after the introduction of the present bill that there was a great overhauling of the printed records of the doings of past and gone legislatures. It was as the result of this inspection of the records that the discovery was made of what might be the effect of the passage of the east branch bill.

A lesson in geography is necessary as a prelude to the consideration of the main question. Telos Lake is in Piscataquis county and is hardly large enough for all the fame which has suddenly been thrust upon it. Telos Lake communicates with Chamberlain, Eagle and Churchill lakes, which are the headwaters of the Allegash river. The Allegash flows north through Aroostook county and empties into the St. John. The St. John forms a part of the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. More than that, it is used by the Aroostook lumbermen in their business operations, and so they look with apprehension upon anything which would diminish the flow of its waters. Now, going back to Telos Lake, we find by another glance at the map that this little sheet of water lies between Chamberlain Lake, which is a part of the Allegash system, and Webster pond, which is a part of the source of the east branch of the Penobscot. The old Telos dam connects these two lakes and so it also connects the waters of the Allegash and the waters of the east branch of the Penobscot. The legislature was generous in 1846. It not only gave the right to dig the Telos canal, but it also gave to the parties who were the canal diggers authority to maintain a dam on the Allegash waters. In section four of the bill of 1903, there is a provision which would allow the new east branch company to rebuild and raise this dam. The Aroostook people declare that under this provision the east branch people might by raising a dam force the water of Churchill Lake from the Allegash to the Penobscot, which would naturally hurt the lumber business of the Aroostook people, while tending to help out the east branch folks. In fact, they declare that under the bill the east branch corporation might reduce the flow of the Allegash by one-half. Therefore, they are disposed to make as much trouble for the bill as they can and kill it provided that old Telos canal is not left to lie chocked with dead wood and forgotten by the present generation. The bill, by the way, in addition to the raising of dams, permits the deepening of canals.

The Aroostook people would not be averse to aid in their fight, and if the government of his Britannic majesty cares to take a hand, well that would make things interesting and would not hurt the cause of the Allegash. In 1842, Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster made a treaty which has since been known as the Ashburton treaty. The Aroostook war, whose veterans are still being pensioned by the Maine legislature, was one of the things which led to the framing of the Ashburton treaty, for the main purpose of that convention was the settlement of the boundary dispute. In doing this, after it had delimited the boundary, it went on to say that the St. John river, in certain portions, should be free to navigation and use by the people on both sides and border, and that more than that neither party would do anything which would obstruct it or interfere with such use. Now, say the opponents of the east branch bill, if you are going to divert a large volume of water from the Allegash, which is a tributary of the St. John, to the Penobscot, you are certainly going to interfere with the free use of the St. John, for there is none too much water there now at certain times of the year.

And so there is a buzzing of the hornets around Telos Lake, and they may even sting the government of King Edward to take a hand in the game being played at Augusta this winter.

It Lubricates the Throat and is a Tonic to the Vocal Chords and Allays All Coughs and Irritation Promptly.

The Baird Company's Wine of Tar, Honey and Wild Cherry is a most agreeable remedy for affections of the Throat and Lungs, it is always safe and will not make you sick.

A good way to prevent buttons coming off boots is to make a hole in the kid large enough for the eye of each button, then take a sound shoestring and pass it through every button, fastening the string at each end.

FITS CURED

Liebig's Secure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidential. It cures quickly and permanently. Sufferers should write for a trial bottle and treatise. Mention your name and address and receive free. Liebig's Secure for Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid, registered, everywhere. Nothing else has failed.

When writing mention this paper, and give full address.

THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King street west, Toronto, Ont.

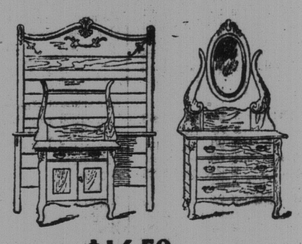
TWO SPECIALS:

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.

$13.50

Bedroom Suit, golden finish, mirror 14x24 ins.



$14.50

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

WRITE FOR PHOTOS OF BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Manchester Robertson Allison, Limited.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOWLING BROS. The largest retail distributors of Ladies' Jackets, Coats, Capes and Blouse Waists in the Maritime Provinces.

More Bargains--Ladies' Winter Jacket

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 Fawn Beaver Jackets,
21 to 23 inches long, sizes 32, 34 and 36, with satin and silk linings, worth $10.00, 12,00 and 15.00, now.....$3 00, 4.00 and 5.00.

Heavy Black Beaver Cloth Jackets,
21 to 23 inches long, sizes 32, 34, 36 and 3[illegible] silk and satin linings, worth $10.00, 12 00 a[illegible] 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 [illegible] silk and satin linings, worth $7.00, 10.00 and 12 00, now.....$2.00, 3.00 and 4.00

DOWLING BROTHERS, - 95 King Street

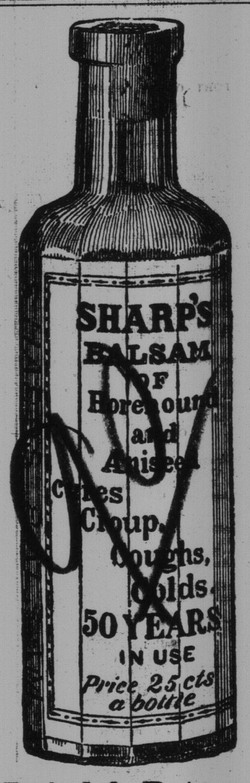
New Year's Greetings in Chinese.

New Year's greetings in Chinese neatly printed in gold and black on red cards have been issued by E. V. Skinner, the New York representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and make a unique reminder of the far-reaching work of Canada's great national highway. When translated into English the hieroglyphics read:—

"Speedy vessels and fast trains unite the four seas and promote commerce that benefits us all. Having enjoyed the prosperity of the past, we wish the same to you on this New Year, and that eternal happiness be with you all.

"With congratulations and compliments of the New Year—

"The Canadian Pacific Railway Company."



Baird & Peters
Selling Agents. - St. John

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

"Ladies' Favorite,
Is the only safe, reliable regulator to which woman can depend "in the hour and time of need."

Prepared in two degrees of strength, No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases by far the best dollar medicine known.

No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per box.

Ladies—ask your druggist for **Cook's Cotton Root Compound.** Take no other as all pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

Nos. 1 and 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible druggists.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Sept. 28, 1895, says:

"If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally used, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
Is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep, WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the nervous system when exhausted.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
Rapidly cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy Spasms, Colic, Palpitation, Hysteria.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.
THE IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe trade mark. Of all Chemists, 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 1d.S. and 4s. 6.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS
J. T. Davenport, Ltd., London

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
—DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and as the composition of CHLORODYNE cannot possibly be discovered by analysis (organic substances defying elimination) and since his formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false. This caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
—Vice Chancellor SIR W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See The Times, July 13, 1864.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
Is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in Neuralgia, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Rheumatism.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in ½lb. tins, labeled JAS. EPPS & Co., Ld., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOUR.

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

Landing!

700 Bags Corn and Oats;
400 Bags Heavy Feed;
500 Bbls Flour — Ogilvie's, 5 Roses, Buffalo, Star, Peoples' and Royal Family;
3000 Bushel Oats;
15 Casks Choice Molasses.

JAMES COLLINS,
208 and 210 Union Street,
St. John, N. B.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

A large number of young men and women of the Maritime Provinces are coming to Fredericton Business College, and we are enlarging our already spacious and well equipped quarters to accommodate them. Hundreds of graduates of this institution are holding good positions throughout Canada and the United States. Your chances are as good as theirs. Send for catalogue. Address

W. J. OSBORNE, - Principal.
Fredericton, N. B.

Wanted: Good hustling Agents in every unrepresented district to sell **The Daily Telegraph.** Here is a chance for wide awake boys to make some money.

Write for particulars to

Telegraph Pub. Co.,
St. John, N. B.

The subscriber will, up to 21st February, receive offers from persons desirous of purchasing the John Smith farm, near Smithtown, Kings county, containing about 300 acres, part of which is now in the occupation of Annie Maria Smith. If satisfactory offers are not received up to that date the property will be disposed of by public auction.

Address offers to
JOHN B. M. BAXTER,
Barrister, P. O. Box 15.
1-31-3i St. John.

Bone Cutters

Portable Forges, Drilling Machines, Manufactured. Mill and Steamboat Repairs.

JOSEPH THOMPSON'S MACHINE WORKS
48-54 Smythe Street, St. John, N. B.