

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 12, 1902.

Around the town.

"Talking about time," remarked a busy manager of one of our large business houses, "I thought I knew the time."

To the majority the very funniest thing—the most intensely amusing—is the way one little woman whose height I am told is just four feet six inches put to flight the courage and good common sense of some of the heavy-weight meddles in the city.

Last week I recorded a story of a youthful Mrs. Malaprop, which was put in the shade by an experience I had a few days ago with an adult of the same type, and also of the sterner sex.

Sombody suggested the other day that there were not enough churoch societies in St. John, whereupon a wrothy looking clergyman who had not caught the sarcasm in the speaker's remark, but merely of the words, turned as near an approach to a religious glare as a ministerial face could assume and enquired: "How many more would you like to have? Don't be backward, for if there is some sentimental name floating round looking for a permanent place that it can call its home, send it round to my church. I heard a vague rumor of some new organization among the ladies but there is some difficulty about a name I just thought I'd mention it to you, for one society more or less doesn't matter in the general aggregation—oh yes, send the name along, by all means and get it settled at once."

And that got me on the subject of conventions and annual meetings. Perhaps you have attended one, and perhaps again you haven't. It is an awful nice thing to go to, though you mightn't think so. I've reported both kinds—the real thing and the funny kind that nobody takes seriously. There are lots of distinguishing features between the genuine convention and the other kind. The first is composed of men, and isn't funny. They go through enough business in one afternoon to drive one to distraction. Hard facts and figures follow each other in quick succession and though occasionally there is a little war of words it comes rather as a relief—and gives you time to get the last thing down. Then if there is a breathing space isn't it a good deal more elevating to hear somebody read a carefully written paper on "The Effect of United Garbage Men's Collective Union Upon the Social Life of St. John," than listen to a horribly practical talk on "ordinary everyday affairs." Then besides there is no fun in doing a meeting where everybody isn't trying to make the other fellow see how inferior he is in intellect, and that he couldn't say any thing worth listening to anyway. There are no snuff, little jealousies, at least not on the surface, and when a man is nominated to an office he doesn't protest that somebody else ought to have it, but of course if they frequently attend the general convention of organization does it differently and in a more palpable mirth-producing way, which of course lends an element of variety to an election wholly wanting in the genuine convention or annual meeting. On the men's convention is too much in earnest; they do too much work to make them popular. The other kind consists of men with generalities, all kinds of fancy filled projects, nice to listen to, and you come away feeling for all the world as if you'd been listening to the very funniest farce ever written. Try a dose of both and see if I'm not right.

"It might not be a bad idea to found a Provincial Association for Improving Societies." Out of all the president's proposals "and others" on my list, I know only about two people who would be eligible as members—one is a minister, who would make an ideal leader. The second is a woman connected with a dozen or so societies, but just because she is bright and clever. She, too, is kept among the "others." It isn't the ones who hold the leading positions in these societies who are the cleverest, but somehow they get there to stay, and they hold on like grim death. It's hard to understand but it is true, nevertheless.

They were talking about law and order, of distant battles, riotous rowdies, bad run, roads, throtling, guzzling and the rest of it, when a veteran, raising a finger impressively, said: "I've spent my best days on the force. The most of you know that without being told, I've figured in a few shindies, but all the fights of years ago were with me. Did I ever get the man in jail? Well, not that I can remember exactly," and then was told a tale of prowess in the strife, flavored with bits of reticence and studied with snore of a moralizing. It told of Lower Cove and a crowd. The policeman wanted his man, who happened to entertain views that were exactly opposite to those held by the policeman.

There have been a number of social events this week, in fact the week has been unusually gay, a sort of final flutter before Lent shows the gloomy pall over dancing and other worldly amusements. The final dance in the assembly series last Thursday evening proved most enjoyable. The committee brought music from Montreal and the dancers were delighted with it. An unusually elaborate supper was served.

The Tremblay-Hospital Commission controversy has aroused a mingled feeling of curiosity and popular indignation. As the Germans say, it is to laugh. Out of the storm of Thursday evening's mixture of tragedy and farce, Chatterer has rescued one piece of unmingled fun. The lady who represented the alternate party of proponent and prisoner was entertaining to show the commission that her counsel might play the dual role of man and lawyer, and that she would extinguish the legal light and leave the man to prosecute her. One of the commissioners suggested that if Mr. Trueman were her brother, for example, no objection would be made to his presence in the sacred precincts. Quick as a flash came the reply from the lady, "Well then, we'll say he is my brother for tonight." "Yes," remarked Mr. Trueman gravely, "I am his brother-in-law." "I am," replied the commissioners were preparing too freely to appreciate the joke, but Chatterer prescribes it. Again it is to laugh.

There were not among the fortunate few who heard Rev. J. G. Shearer deliver his address on The Battle for the Sabbath in Canada last Wednesday evening in the Y. M. C. A., then you have something to regret. Previous to that I was among those who were rather inclined to take the Alliance as a good joke, but Mr. Shearer's many, forceful way of handling Sunday observance was a revelation. This a "satiric" by a man in a fixture in St. John, for if he were I am sure there would be no pretence of harmony among the different denominations. In a brief chat after the lecture Mr. Shearer emphatically repeated "I'm heartily sick of this bogged narrow-minded talk of the superiority of one denomination over another in the matter of Sunday observance—and it's an absolutely false impression."

Miss Ella Murray, a native of Missouri, who is eight feet one inch tall and weighs about 400 pounds, will wed Edward Bearup, a cowboy of Helena, Mont., who is just eight feet tall. They are probably the tallest persons in the United States. Bearup wears No. 22 shoes.

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FREDRICKTON EXPERIENCES ONE OF THE WORST FIRES FOR YEARS.

Fickler Department Store Stock Damaged \$35,000, Says Proprietor—Witty Fireman Escapes from Tight Place—Another Taken from Burning Building Unconscious.

Fredrickton, Feb. 9.—(Special)—One of the worst fires which has occurred here in years broke out at 1 o'clock this morning in M. Fickler & Co.'s large departmental store on Queen street, resulting in the loss of the extent of many thousands of dollars. Thomas Howe, of base ball fame, was passing the establishment shortly before 2 o'clock and noticing flames inside the building, he immediately called attention to the alarm. The firemen responded with commendable promptness and were soon hard at work fighting the flames. The store is a double one and the fire originated in the rear of the department section where ready made clothing and men's furnishings are kept. E. had made surprising headway before being discovered, having been contacted by the firemen through the newspapers, the alleged state of affairs on the hill has been common talk everywhere for years.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities like flour, sugar, and other goods.

business and made collections slow at St. John, though some improvement is reported in dry goods and shoes. Hard frosts have improved prospects for lumbering at Halifax and the outlook is bright. Hard frosts have improved prospects for lumbering at Halifax and the outlook is bright.

CLEWIS REPORT. New York, Feb. 8.—Another week has passed, but it has increased clique activity, hence more fluctuations. The market displayed a fair undercurrent of strength, but trading has been outside public still evinces timidity in the taking hold.

STEAMER GRECIAN MEETS DISASTER AT HALIFAX HARBOR ENTRANCE

Went on the Rocks at Sandwich Point and Is in a Bad Position—Cargo Being Removed—Struck in a Snow Storm—Much Water in Hold.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 9.—(Special)—The Allan-Furness liner Greician, Captain J. Harrison, from Liverpool Jan. 25, via St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 6, for Halifax, while entering port about 3 o'clock this morning, during a thick snow squall, went ashore at Sandwich Point, near setting Cove, on the western side of the harbor, and is in a dangerous position.

The country market has been characterized by fair business this week, but lumber is not so plentiful, but forewoodmen are getting obtained at 8 cents and kind legs at 14 cents. Creamery butter is very scarce and there are no case offerings.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities like flour, sugar, and other goods.

Bradstreets on Trade. Favorable Conditions Ruling—Lumber Strong—Failures for the Week Fewer—Canadian Business.

By reason of the present situation in the market, the Bradstreets on Trade is becoming more favorable to upward movement. The market is becoming more active and the price of lumber is showing a decided advance.

DONATIONS TO NURSES, MORE THAN SIX MILLION DOLLARS.

Hospital Commissioners' Recognition of Their Work in the Small-pox Time. Canada's Surplus for Seven Months, a Good Showing.

Ottawa, Feb. 7.—(Special)—The revenue of Canada for seven months of the current fiscal year, up to the end of January, was \$22,545,480, and expenditure \$26,272,153, leaving a surplus on ordinary expenditure of \$6,727,300. The receipts are greater than their respective expenditures in each of the previous years.

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Memorial Service at Tabernacle Church. The sending capacity of the Tabernacle church, Sunday night, was insufficient for the demand, and in fact, it was hard to find standing room, so great was the multitude who flocked out to hear the special service in memory of a number of the victims of the cholera epidemic.

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CHAPEL. Miss Ella Murray, a native of Missouri, who is eight feet one inch tall and weighs about 400 pounds, will wed Edward Bearup, a cowboy of Helena, Mont., who is just eight feet tall.

Country goods are bad, which has curtailed business and made collections slow at St. John, though some improvement is reported in dry goods and shoes.

Fredrickton Business College. The only school in the province in affiliation with the Business Educators' Association of Canada. Write for Catalogue and Address.