# POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 22, 1902

### JOHN GRAHAM GIVES SAGE ADVICE TO PIERREPONT ON CHOICE OF LIFE PARTNER.

Sees Symptoms That the Young Man is Contemplating the Step, and Finds an Example for Warning in the Case of Incorrigible Jack Carter.

vice, and that's when a man leaves its mactice to his wife.

An unmarried man is a good deal like you. But I want you to tell me the truth. How have you managed to keep this Curzon girl from announcing her engagement to you?" be sworth a whole lot of money, but he isn't of any particular use except to build on. The great trouble with a lot of these fellows is that they're "made land," and if you dig down a few feet you strike ooze and booze under the layer of dollars that their daddies dumped in on top. Of course, the only way to deal with a proposition of that serb is to drive forty-foot piles clear down to solid rock and then to lay railroid iron and cement till you've got something to build on. But a lot of women wil go right ahead without any prel minaries and wonder what's the matter when the wal's begin to crack and tumble about their ears.

The Case of Jack Carter.

I never come across a case of this sort

The Case of Jack Carter.

I never come across a case of this sort which thinking of Jack Carter, whose inter died about ten years ago and lett Jack a million dollars, and lett me ast trustee of both until Jack reached his twenty-fifth birthaday. I didn't reliab the job particularly, because Jack was one of these charlote-truste boys, all whipped forms and goonge cike and high priced flavoring extracts, without any special harm in lim, but there wasn't any special around the result of the content of the co

if the young scamp was a good deal more popular than the inets about him, as I lead to the letters dated from my knew them, warranted him in being.

I slipped out early, but next evening, when I was sitting in my little smoking room, Jack came charging in, and, without any sparring for an opening, burst out any sparring for an opening, burst out with:

Out with:

Output

Lid had the letters dated from my house, and I made Jack spend the night there. I reckoned it might be as well to keep him within reaching distance for the next day or two. He showed up at breakfast in the morning looking like a calf on the way to the killing pens, and I could see that his thoughts were mighty busy out any sparring for an opening burst out with:

"Isn't she a stunner, Mr. Graham!"

I allowed that Miss Curzon was something on the stun.

"Miss Curzon indeed," he shiffed. "She's well enough in a big, black way, but Miss Churchill—" and he began to paw the air for adjectives.

"But how was I to know that you meant Miss Churchill—" I answered "They must just about the showed to bluster, but I cut him short with:

"Go to the devil your own way," and walked out of the club. I reckon that Jack felt mighty disturbed for as much see that his thoughts were mighty busy following the postman who was delivering those letters. I tried to cheer him up by reading some little odds and ends from the morning paper about other people's troubles, but they didn't seem to interest him.

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him.

"They must just about have received them," he finally groaned into his coffee cup. "Why did I send them! What will those girls think of me! They'll cut me deed your Market and the service of the

ed.

"Like a sausage machine; and yet don't see how they can stand for you after that letter."

"Well, shall I go?"

same trough, and stock to it. I ase what you deserve. If they hold you up to the bull-ring, the only thing you can do is to propose to take the whole bunch to Utah, and let 'em share and share alike. I nat'll settle it. Be firm."

"As a rock, sir."

I made Jack come downtown and lunch with me, but when I started him off, about 2 o'clock, he looked so like a cat padding up the back stairs to where she knows there's a little canary meat—scared, but happy—that I said once more: "Now be firm, Jack."

"Firm's the word, sir," was the resolute answer.

"And unyielding."

"As the old guard." And Jack puffed himself out till he was as chesty as a pigeon on a bara roof, and swung off down the street looking mighty fine and manly from the rear.

I never really got the straight of it, but I pieced together these particulars later. At the corner there was a flower store. Jack stepped inside and sent a box of roses by special messenger to Miss Curzon, so there might be something to start conversation when he got there. Two b'ocks farther on he passed a second florist's, turned back and sent some lilies to Miss Moore, for fear she might think he'd forgotten her during the hour or more before he could work around to her house. Then he chased about and found a third florist, from whom he ordered some violets for Miss Churchill, to remind her that she had promised him the first dance at the Blairs' that night. Your Ma told me that Jack had nice instincts about these little things which women like, and always put a good deal of heavy thought into selecting his flowers for them. It's been my experience that a critter who has instincts instead of sense belongs in the bushes with the dicky-birds.

No one ever knew just what happened

bushes with the dicky-birds.

No one ever knew just what happened to Jack during the next three hours. He showed up, at his club about 5 o'clock with a mighty conceited set to his jaw; but it dropped as if the spring had broken when he caught sight of me waiting for him in the reading-room.

"You here?" he asked as he threw himself into a chair.

"You bet," I said. "I wanted to hear how you made out. You settled the

how you made out. You settled the whole business, I take it?" but I knew mighty well from his looks that he hadn't settled anything.
"Not—not exactly—that is to say, en-

beginning."
"Began it all over again, I suppose."
This hit so near the truth that Jack jumped in spite of himself, and then he burst out with a really swear. I couldn't have been more surprised if your Ma had

of your confounded meddling. Those let-ters were a piece of outrageous brutality. I'm breaking with the girls, but I've gone

I'm breaking with the girls, but I've gone about it in a gentler and, I hope, more dignified way."

"Jack. I don't believe any such stuff and guff. You're tied up to them harder and tighter than ever."

I could see I'd made a bull's-eye, for Jack began to bluster, but I cut him short

A Hopeless Case.

Jack took my hand sore of mechanically and looked at me without seeing me, for his grief-dimmed eyes, in straying along the deck, had lit on that pretty little Southern baggage, Fanny Fairfax. And as I started off he was leaning over her in the same old way, looking into her brown eyes as if he saw a full-course dinner there.

"Think of your being on board!" I heard him say. "I'm the luckiest fellow alive; by Jove, I an!"

I gave Jack up, and an ex-grass widow is keeping him in order now. I don't go much on grass widows, but I gave her credit for doing a pretty good job. She's got Jack so tame that he eats out of her hand, and so well trained that he don't allow strangers to pet him.

I inherited one Jack—I couldn't help that. But I don't propose to wake up and find another one in the family. So you write me what's what by return. Judging from what I saw of Helen Heath on the way home, and from what I've

I reckon I can turn you over to her to keep in order with a clear conscience. Your affectionate father, JOHN GRAHAM.

company as he undoubtedly would get all the birds. He said "Oh, no," in that way

# side of the room, nor Edith Curzon's sister, Mrs. Dick, a mighty capable young married woman, bearing down on him from the other, nor Miss Curzon, with one of his roses in her hair, watching him from a corner. There must have been a council of war between the sisters that afternoon, and a change of their plans for the averning. We are now offering some special values in Dining Room Suits, and quote be one of our leaders:

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## DOWLING BROTHERS, - 95 King Str

one.
"Or she his," said another.
"Oh," said the third, "Some men can't wait. What says the poet?

"If dt be pieasant to look on, stalled in
the packed serai
"Does not the Young Man try It's temper
and pace ere he buy?
"If She be pleasant to look on, what does
the Young Man say?
"Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her
to me today!"

It was the same wicked poet, by the way, who wrote the horrible libel:

"Does the woodpecker flit round the youn ferash?

"Does grass clothe a new built wall?

"Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her thrall?"

Which is almost as unjust as the terrible mot that both man and woman

And, while I am at it, I wonder if Mrs

"My son, if a maiden deny thee, and scuf-flingly bid thee give b'er ( )"Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward— "They are pecked on the ear and the

'By all I am misunderstood!" if the Matron shall say, or the maid:

'Alas! I do not understand!' my son, be thou no wise afraid.

The partridges were plentiful and the sport was good, but the Great Shot missed 'em right along.

"Tough luck, old man!" they said, and the sympathy angered him not all the shape of an eclipse.

ed 'em right along.

"Tough luck, old man!" they said, and the sympathy angered him not a little. Presently he tried both barrels and missed right and left.

"I'm away off, for sure," he said in disgust. "I'll go home." And he went. He told a friend of his ill-luck. "I can't understand it for the life of me," said the Great Shot.

"Have you examined your cartridges?" the other asked.

in the ordinary way; oh no! She had a protracted one with trimmings in the shape of an eclipse.

Scientific men—the kind who wear glasses and study things—tell us that at one time quite a while "before the fire" the moon was a part of the earth; but she was fired off into space, and traveled a quarter of a million miles or so before she could get the air brakes working and pull up. Then she humped herself, got onto her job and has been giving light by night ever since.

"Have you examined your cartridges?"
the other asked.
"No!" he shouted. "You don't suppose
"But that was it. The wicked two had removed the shot, and replaced it with extra wads and now they dodge when they see him coming. He doesn't like to talk yee him to be about it. But others do.

Speaking of retorts and that sort of thing. I was told the following recently: my scientific friend announced, after a casual survey of the heavens through glasses that the moon had entered the for adjectives.

"They must just about have received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the second them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, and the received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team of the symbol them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, and the received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, and the received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, and the received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, and the received them," he finally groaned into his coffee team, or like he duty as when he put in a speech came out. The orator listened to this introduction with a dangerous kind of smile, and when responding said:

"My esteemed friend, who presides, feels in incumbent on him to one place." My esteemed friend, who presides, the sum of a smile, and when responding said:

"My esteemed friend, who presides, feels in incumbent on him to one part of the butter team of a since them," he finally suits Schurchill."

"My esteemed friend, who presides, feels in incumbent on him to one part of the sum of a since them the puts in a speech, up comes, while it is incumbent on him to compare me dear. The chair manulation of smile, and when responding said:

"My esteemed friend, who presides, feels in incumbent on him too one part of a since them in the chair manulation of smile, and when resp

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Cou

Sept. 23, 1895, says:

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Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

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