

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

New York Paper Prints Sketch and Portrait of Canadian Premier.

The New York Commercial of July 28 presents an excellent portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with the following sketch: A man of foreign race teaching loyalty to a British people beyond the seas, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a unique figure.

He is not fond of society or city life. He likes to get away to his home at Anse-au-Loup, a farm in the quietest way, and it is in her home that you see her best. Home is where she is.

There, among their own people, the Canadian premier and his wife and neighbors of French freedom of intercourse marks their life; and the woman whose name is greater wherever the flag flies looks up the village cobbler for a chat.

King's County Sunday School Convention Closed. Sussex, N. B., Aug. 3.—The third session of the Kings county S. S. Association was opened by a prayer service led by Gideon Malouin, of Penobscot.

Andrew Malouin, of St. John, delegated by the provincial executive, gave a business like address, commencing with a prayer and ending with a benediction.

The following are a standing finance committee for the year: H. A. White, J. E. Stipp, C. H. Perry. The session closed with prayer by Mr. Hubby of Montreal.

Correspondence from Limestone, Me. Limestone, Maine, Aug. 1.—Raymond, the three-year-old son of Alonzo Blake, was living at Houghtonville, five miles from the town, was almost instantly killed last Sunday afternoon.

... Around the Town ...

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

"They wrapped him up in his sailor's shroud so white. An' sank him in '400 lan's low." He sat on the railing near the Sailor's Home and kicked his spars-clasped heels against it as he sang in a low voice.

One of the newest boys singers in a local choir was asked by a lady member during the last practice how he got the air so well. The juvenile vocalist was evidently under the impression that his questioner referred to his reputation and explained proudly that "he took his breath in the middle of it."

King street corner at the uppermost end of that thoroughfare was crowded with the usual summer evening throng. Two men stood apart from the rest and conversed interestingly one with the other. As I approached them I found that they were my acquaintances. I greeted them and stopped to chat. I learned that they were swapping stories. They were two "drummers" just returned from extended trips.

The dentist had been entertaining his friend, the mining broker, at his country home on the I. C. Railway, not many miles from town—at the same time there is no suggestion that the latter gentleman was seeing double when he started to get into the car which would take him to the mine at 2:45 or to use an English translation of a railway dialect, at 3:45 p. m.

He was a harmless reporter, but since this incident he swells his chest and tries to get out of the way of a girl who is the typical Don Juan. He had an assignment on Howland street, and after making a call was proceeding to the east-end background for coal, clinging vines and bright blue blossoms, while the sloping green sward of the park was dotted with the mounds of big guns, tall pyramids of shrapnel shells, harmless enough as they lay stacked in the glistening sun.

Col. A. J. Armstrong's Valuable Collection. ARMS OF ALL AGES. Great Extent and Variety, Representing the Progress of the Centuries in Warlike Weapons—An Interesting Place is the Military Stores Department.

Valuable Letter Lost. Boston, Aug. 2.—The Boston postal authorities are much disturbed over the loss of a letter containing \$25,000 worth of notes which was mailed in this city for Lowell Wednesday morning. The notes in course of business had passed through the hands of H. B. Claffin & Co., and Blake Brothers, bankers, and the package was mailed as usual. The messenger picked up an ordinary special delivery stamp on the envelope and had the letter taken the usual course. It should have been delivered Wednesday afternoon. Investigation at Lowell showed that the letter had never reached the post office there.

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By arranged on the second floor, for every corner reveals a collection of ancient rifles, etc. Of these latter, Colonel Armstrong has more than 100, no two of which are alike. Sometimes it requires an expert eye to discern any difference, but in our five shots being put in at once, with a clip; Boer ammunition bolts, one of which is filled with cartridges, Boer water bottles covered with dirt, and numerous other memorabilia from the land of the veldt.

From the drawer of a big desk in Colonel Armstrong's office was turned out a strange collection of what a novice in such matters would designate overgrown pistols, but which are blunderbusses, and which bear the unmistakable imprint of age and crudity. They have flat locks, which were the first used. Those blunderbusses were worn alike by the cavalry and foot soldiers, and look as if they might be capable of some very deadly work. Following come the smaller pistols of a later age, all different, a curiosity among them being one with a flint lock and a small bayonet attachment let out by a spring, and which in its day has, no doubt, done its bloody work at close quarters. This last makes its age with the big blunderbuss. The arquebus, or tower gun is a miniature cannon and is a curious looking affair. It may be mentioned that the flint lock is of Spanish origin, and is seen on the old Queen Anne muskets, Brown Bess rifles, which date from 1630.

At either side of the artistically arranged display are two long pipes—called thrills—well calculated to send a thrill of horror through the mind of any military or naval aspirant. These, as their name implies, were used in odden days when ships of war got into close quarters that they might get in a shot of submarine contrivances for annihilating the enemy.

A curious little affair which would puzzle the ordinary mind is an enlightened rifle. This is a very old and peculiar instrument for testing the strength of powder. It would be necessary to be told before one could realize that a long, hollow piece of iron with a spike at one end, was an old French gun, but it is, and is not at all easy to get—a fact which indeed applies to everything in Colonel Armstrong's collection, from the old fashioned knapsack and ball bags to the famous show of swords and bayonets, of which the owner is especially proud.

A French Hussar sword bears date of 1781, another is of the kind worn by the artillery in 1783, bayonets of the Queen Anne and Brown Bess style, German bayonets and swords of ancient date are all there, together with the practically hammerless ball room sword which was worn in the old time soldier engaged in the pleasant duties of social life.

Colonel Armstrong does not confine his attention to death dealing instruments, but also has a special fancy for anything with a military flavor about it, especially if the flavor happens to be old English and curious enough to suit his fastidious taste.

On the wall are several cavalry pistols used in the American civil war, revolving side by side with ancient water buckets for dampening the sponge of a 32-pound cannon between shots; cartridge cases, Claffin's obsolete grape shot, the Queen Anne, powder horns of very early days, grumet wads, with a Brunswick rifle, one of the first used by the British army as a soldier's weapon, sometimes shows only give added dignity to its queer neighbors, trophies of every land and clime.

MAY YOHE AND HER P. B. STRONG

Thrilling Chapter in the Latest Sensational Serial News Story.

Paris, Aug. 3.—May Yohe reached Paris this morning and up to night she had not yet seen Prince Bradis Strong or learned where he is. She reached the railroad station here at 6 o'clock this morning in a painful condition, unable to walk or stand, having sprained her knee on the eye of her departure from London yesterday. This sprain occurred in the same place where she had previously broken her leg. The doctor called upon her three times today and ordered her to rest at least one week to permit the recovery of her injured knee.

Miss Yohe became calmer this evening and insisted upon taking a short drive in the Bois de Boulogne. A representative of the Associated Press saw her tonight. She was evidently greatly disappointed at not having heard from Bradis Strong, and said to think I am running after Mr. Strong through a friend that unless I come to meet him in Paris he would do away with himself in 48 hours, but I have not seen or heard anything of him yet, nor do I know where he is. He said he would telegraph me to the hotel here, but I have received nothing. It may be mentioned that the flint lock is of Spanish origin, and is seen on the old Queen Anne muskets, Brown Bess rifles, which date from 1630.

She then opened a gold locket which she wore at her throat and showed two photographs of Strong; she said she had three more photographs of him on the mantel piece in her bedroom. As soon as Miss Yohe is well enough to travel she is going to Genoa to get the jewels pawned there. She deposited the jewels she brought with her and her pawn tickets with the management of her hotel. When asked if she intended to reappear on the stage, Miss Yohe replied emphatically: "I do not; I received an offer in London from an American manager to appear in Paris, but I declined it." Miss Yohe said she and her mother had enough money to live on comfortably.

CALM IN COAL REGION.

TROUBLE AT RIOT VICTIMS FUNERAL DID NOT COME.

It Was Feared Sheriff Who Was Mourner Would Be Attacked—Rumors That Mines Are to Resume Are Not Substantiated—Trouble in Aid Distribution.

Shenandoah, Pa., Aug. 4.—While the situation in this region is calm the troops showed more activity today than on any day since ordered to Shenandoah. They displayed great vigilance, due to the fact that the funeral of Joseph Bedal, who died as a result of the rioting which occurred in Wednesday's riot, took place today. Bedal was a brother of Deputy Sheriff Bedal, who was one of the principal figures in the rioting. Rumors of a resumption of work in this territory are still in circulation, but there is nothing to indicate that these reports have any foundation. There are reports of trouble in aid distribution, but these are also unsubstantiated.

A BIRD'S BUMP OF LOCALITY.

On shore the penguin is an awkward creature, says Prof. C. E. Borghen, the Antarctic explorer, in an article in Leslie's Monthly for August. Water is its element. When landed on the ice floes the birds generally try to run away in the upright position, but just as the hunter thinks he has got them, the birds lie down on their white belly and paddled along over the snow very quickly, the hard, smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction. A remarkable characteristic of the penguin is his bump of locality. Both on shore and in the water he never loses his way. To human eyes an ice floe is precisely like another, but under that rug of shimmering ice floes I have seen a penguin of the larger species find its mate on a floe after diving and swimming for a full mile under water.

A LIMEJUICE THAT IS USEFUL.

For a variety of purposes and does the most for the family, is a genuine Family LIMEJUICE. It is this lime juice at hand when needed. This is Kendrick's White LIMEJUICE. All dealers sell it.

Vacation

may take you Camping, Fishing, Cycling, or Shooting. You'll never will be incomplete without that delicious thirst quencher.

At last he was downed by a core-cous ill, lay tossing with pain on his bed. The doctor declaring his one healthy brain had turned to brain mash in his head. And he would lie there, unable to move, and with glimmer of hope in his eye. He passed from the earth feebly sighing the joys he would find in the sweet by and by.

They led him to rest and the minister spoke of the reaper relentless and grim. Who, gathering in the ripe sheaves of the earth, had flashed the keen sickle on him. And just as a delicate tribute to John—and he never was seen—over with kept green. They sowed the last resting place over with grass. —Denver Post.

It is probable that the temperature of the moon's surface at its midday is 750 degrees Fahrenheit. The drop at night is probably 1,000 degrees to 250 degrees below.

Simon Bros. Co. Ltd., Halifax, N.S.

Nature's Remedy for Diarrhoea. and all Summer Complaints in Children and Adults. FULMER'S BLACKBERRY CORDIA. Price—10 cents. THE BARD COY., Limited, WOODSTOCK, N.B.

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