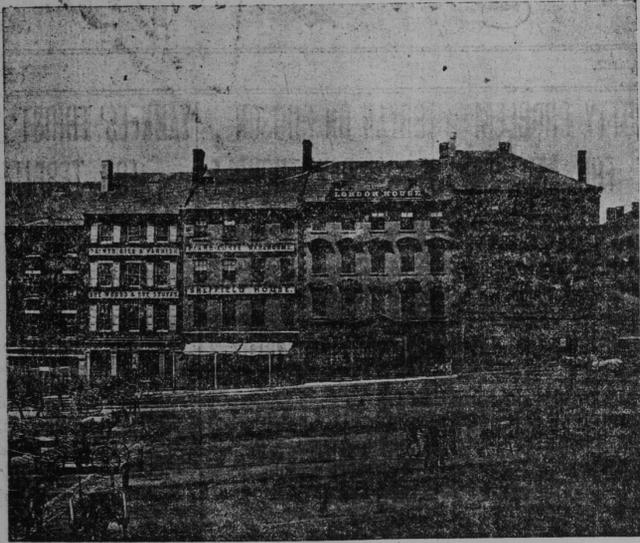


GLIMPSES AT OLD ST. JOHN--NO. 2.



Market Square Just Before the Big Fire of '77.

Here's a picture giving you an idea of how Market Square looked before the disastrous June day back in '77 and for its use The Telegraph is indebted to Major J. Macgregor Grant, its owner. Old citizens who, with ease, can recall the city's squares and streets prior to the great fire, look on the picture with pleasure. Moreover they speak of the dignified old buildings and those broad, substantial looking sidewalks in a way calculated to make a younger man suddenly conscious of the fact that his father happens to know as much as he does and possibly a good deal more. "Do you notice that 'bus up by W. O. Smith's corner?" observed a life long resident, as he regarded the picture the other day--regarded it so closely that his white eye brows almost brushed the cart-bag, "Geo. Belyea used to run those, and a good business he carried on, for the town was a busy place to live in those days. George is living yet, but he's getting on in years. "People sat facing each other in the 'busses' it wasn't unlike riding in an Irish jaunting car. "In the foreground of the picture note the line of hand carts. They went out of fashion with the fire, but in their day a good many men managed to make a living through their use. "Just as the teamsters take up position on the square and await work today, so

did the owners of the carts compete for a similar line of work thirty years ago and more. They took the place of the horse-faded their calling was something akin to the gin-rickshaw men of the East. If you wanted moved a barrel of flour, a barrel of apples, bale of merchandise--any commodity too heavy to carry, why all it was necessary to do was to engage the services of a cartman, and he would haul wherever specified. "It so happened that one day the owner of a cart was pulling a load of mail to the office and a consequential individual remonstrated with him for hauling on the sidewalk. The proprietor of the cart was of Milesian origin and it was not for him to possibly submit to unkind criticism when he bore upon his vehicle such important goods as the contents of mail bags. "He bristled with irritation and turning upon the other roared out his parturient view of the situation, which was to the effect that he was hauling Her Majesty's mail and had a lawful right to haul them through the others parlor if he felt it to be his duty. "Then do you see the bricks and saws in back of the carts," went on the man who was well on in life before the present generation was born. "They came to the square with those implements, and were engaged to saw wood. They'd pick up buck and saw and move off to wherever

the wood pile might happen to be located. You don't see that these days. People burn coal. The sawyers, whenever a load of wood passed by, would follow it and solicit the job of sawing, cutting and piling it. "Of the buildings represented none are now standing. They represent a type heeded to a by gone age, when the electric car, telephone, electric light were contrivances St. John had yet to know. The signs speak for themselves and some recall men who, prominent in the commercial life of St. John in those days, have since passed away to join the great majority. Column of Four. "There was a general in one of the Ohio regiments in the civil war," said General Groves, at an old soldier's symposium, "who was the most magnificent thing, physically, you ever saw--and about the weakest." "He rode out on his horse one morning to review his brigade. After the parade he thought he would give some orders himself. "Are these your ideal homesteaders?" "I don't know," said the general, "but I'll tell you for you. Co-1-1-0-m-c-0-l-l-0-m-n-0-w do you understand?"

Herewith is a cut of the proposed memorial statue of Robert Burns, to be erected by the Scotchmen of New Brunswick, in Parliament Square Fredericton. The statue itself is a replica of one executed by W. Grant Stephenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, from an original oil painting by Naysmith, and is pronounced by competent judges to be a very superior likeness.

The figure is of bronze and stands ten feet in height and while it is felt that nothing better can be bought for the proposed sum, the pedestal will be decided on later. The one in the cut is a reproduction of that in Toronto.

When the project was first broached, at a meeting of the St. Andrews Society in Fredericton it was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and ten pledges of \$100 were received from so many gentlemen. A committee was also appointed to take the preliminary steps in the matter, the committee comprising O. S. Crockett (president), Donald Fraser, Sr., I. W. Johnston, James F. McMurray, John A. Edwards, James D. McKay, A. S. Murray, Prof. E. Brydson-Jack, and A. Shirling Macdaniell, secretary. The committee is in a position to state that one-half of the proposed \$5,000 will be raised in Fredericton. O. S. Crockett and A. S. Murray were in this city at the beginning of the week interviewing the representative Scotchmen of St. John, and they report that everywhere the project is meeting with warm encouragement.

The idea is to make an appeal to Scotchmen all over New Brunswick, and other parts of the province, and the committee feels that all these will estimate it a privilege to contribute towards the memory of their national poet. There is no doubt also that many who do not owe their birth to the land of Burns will contribute because of the noble manliness of the man and because these qualities appeal to humanity in all lands alike. In view of the proposed Burns monument the following lines may be of interest to readers of The Telegraph. They are copied from a note by George Macdaniell, Esq., of St. John, N. B., published by J. & A. McMillan, St. John, 1872.

(Written for the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, celebrated at St. John, N. B., Jan. 25th, 1893.)
Trough Mr. President, it gladdens my sight,
To see this cause could trophy January night,
Sae many chiefs, leal, honest, frank an' manly,
Assembled here on "hannely fare" to dine,
To sing and sing an' sing an' sing,
In honor of our Scotland's minstrel--Burns.

Around this board, as fact I can't say view,
Joy lights ilk an' mantle o'er ilk brow;
As common as the memory of our native plains;
Our bond of union may't see be forgot;
All men are men but there's a Scot's a Scot,
Lang may we cooik oor bonness at the foot o' the
Long may we glory in gude Scotland's name;
Long may we be oor gude Scotland's name;
That time first saw us on its rook coast.
Hail Scotland! hail on how these names
I'll to my soul and rapture to my heart,
He shouted: "Column of four; column forward!"
The soldiers didn't understand, for they
did not execute the movement. The general
stood up in his stirrups and shouted again:
"Column of four; column forward!"
"I'll tell you for you. Co-1-1-0-m-n-0-w do you
understand?"

Strove with her legions but essayed in vain
To bend thy prowess to the service of
Land of my heart where Wallace swayed his
sword,
Broad as a thunderbolt 'gainst England's
lord,
Land where a Bruce reared till latest time
Sweet stars oppression from his natal clime;
Land where old Ocean stirred o'er with
years,
First woke his lyre and shed his parting
tears,
Land where a Knox, bold as the eagle's flight,
Dispel'd the shades of superstition's night;
Land of the patriot's tears, and martyr's
urn,
Land where Ramsay, Ferguson and Burns,
Thou muse of Scotia o'er my numbers beam
Land strength and mine to my falling
theme,
Sing of the rustic bard whose mighty soul
Died into space and soared beyond the pole,
Sweet, like a comet through the realms
of heaven,
To hold communion with his Highland love,
Hail glorious Burns! this night the songs of
death
Give to the past the century of thy birth,
Still might'st thou do the human kind
Weep o'er the pathos of thy living mind;
Still do we grieve to think that we turn
Man's inhumanity makes thousands mourn."
And still we joy to find wide o'er the
land,
To the big Bible's yet the cotter's bride,
The modest daisy yet betwixt the field,
When the wreck of man's ruin'd
braid
Thy "hannely fare" still pours its food
along
Sweet as the echo of his minstrel's song,
And winding air still laves his pebbled
shore
"I know of no investment more certain
Than when Mary trod thy banks of yore.
Beloved bard! to every clime and land
Lake morning beams thy gorgeous strains
Born through that vast within an auld clang
of battle."
Where restless rations squeaked about the
right
This night are met throughout the realms
of earth
Thy fellow men to glory in thy birth,
And neither Art herself will make thee gloe,
Still in the memory of thy living mind;
An you "wa brig" which she takes such
pleasure in
This night shake hands an stop their tank
drum
And near the scene where honest "Tam
O'Shanter"
On a said Magg's hameyard used to
cant
This night are met, instead of troops of
war
The wale o' men for learning, wit and
deed
Sweet be their joy ilk chieftain shall
draw
In honoring him--"The Bard that's noo
awa."
Deposited shade! ere yet the tide of time
Has swept another century from our clime
Thy name shall live as long as human
kind
But who like thee, amidst their countless
throng
Will shine on in the march of soe?
Light be the turf that laps thy hallowed
grave
And sweet the dreams of thy eternal rest

How to Hold a Position.

By holding a position, says H. J. Hapgood, the well known authority on the employment of men, we mean constantly increasing your employe's satisfaction by steadily developing his ability and greatly advancing to larger salary and greater responsibility. There are certain valuable hints to be gained by studying the careers of men who have succeeded. Although the paths by which these men have won success are widely different, there are certain features which stand out prominently in all of them. These are: 1. Promptness, courtesy, loyalty, hard work. 2. Promptness is the keynote in this age of hurry. Opportunity waits for nobody, and the man who is always a little behind in his work is sure to be left behind in the race. 3. Courtesy is a business asset. Business hours should be rigidly observed. Five or ten minutes in the morning, trivial as it may



Statue of Robert Burns, proposed for Parliament Square, Fredericton.

be itself, is a pretty sure indication of the degree of promptness you will show in more important matters. 4. Associated promptness or less with all those requisites and overhauling them all is hard work. "For this," said President Hapgood, "there is no substitute." You may be lacking in ability, in personality or some other way and still succeed; but if you have not the capacity for hard work you are doomed to failure. William E. Corey, the new president of the United States Steel Corporation, attributes his first success to "not being afraid to do 82 words of work for \$1." When a laborer is wheeled so much more iron than the other workmen that he was soon made foreman over them. The words "hard work" come nearer to holding the key to success than do volumes of advice.

BRITISHER WRITES WELL OF WHAT HE LEARNED IN CANADA.

Most Entertaining Series of Articles Written by Neil Munroe About Visit of the British Chambers of Commerce Delegates Here.

Neil Munroe, who was in Canada with the Chambers of Commerce delegates in their tour has written a series of good articles for the Glasgow News, recounting the British visitors' trip and their impressions of the country, in all a valuable and interesting series of sketches. The first is here reproduced: "That he has sailed three thousand miles from home to find another Edinburgh--this time an Edinburgh--by-the-Sea--must be every Scotsman's first reflection as his ship comes round the bend of the broad St. Lawrence, and Quebec is revealed, her feet in drummy waters, her head as arrogant as that of the ancient citadel that looks on North and the distant shores of the Gulf. The illusion is dispelled on landing. For round him are buildings foreign in their architecture; the men who struggle for his baggage speak English brokenly; French names mix oddly with Highland ones on the sign-boards; the green external shutters of the windows recall Normandy; and the people on the streets converse for the most part in a patois of French. Impressions of Quebec. It was a French journalist, with a frock suit and a silk hat, the button on an order in his coat lapelle, who welcomed me first to Canada. He might have newly stepped out of Maxim's Cafe in the Rue Royale. We drove in caeleches to the Chateau Frontenac, an hotel whose revenue from the sale of cocktails and Collinses must suffer from the arresting nature of the scene below it, for the

muster practically every dialect of the Old World. Having spent some cents in the immigrants' restaurant at the wharf, to judge from the bill of fare, everything edible seems to be on sale at cut rates, from Abernethy biscuits to dishes that have names like the choice items of a Hungarian band's dance programme, the exiles live on the cars as they transfer to the great trans-continental train that daily scuttles on its five days' run to the Pacific Coast.

We Treat Immigrants Well. It'll reach his destination in the northwest, the exile lives on the cars as it might be in a ship at sea. Before I saw them I had an impression that the Colonist cars were certain to be shabby and uncomfortable, whereas I found them superior to any third-class carriages we have at home, with seats and shelves that can at night be transformed into beds.

It was Friday afternoon when we got into Quebec; 2,000 settlers for the West were poured upon the quay--from the Lake Manitoba, the Tunisian and the Dominion. Forty thousand emigrants have passed through the immigration sheds during the present season; the stream of them swells steadily and almost every race in Europe has joined in the rush for Regina, Yorkton, Prince Albert, Alameda and Edmonton, those lands west and northwest of Winnipeg that are destined to supply the bread basket of Britain in the years to come. We saw them in the immigration sheds, these pioneers--the Doukhobor standing lamb-like to have his costume badly drawn by a newspaper's lady artist, his household round him, patient and cheerful to be on hand again with no necessity for thinking. That is the supreme privilege of the colonist at this stage at all events--the dominion government does his thinking for him so that he may pass west in a kind of blissful trance, guided by officials who between them can

that abounds in the lakes refused my lures, but it did not matter, I sat in my first canoe and felt the sting of my first mosquito; heard the grunt of the bull-frog, and saw the fiery flash among the trees. "Above all," said my friend, himself the child of settlement, and the most unassuming representative of a people who, so far as I have seen them yet, are frank and manly, and unassuming themselves. In many external aspects the Eastern Canadian will appear to the British visitor to be little different from the citizen of the United States. He has, though he hates to be told it--a good deal of the accent of Uncle Sam; his whole domestic life, his amusements (except Lacrosse and the winter sports), his business terminology, his slang, his hotels, his newspapers, his hats, and his exhilarating liquor are no different from those of the United States. He has the greatest faith in himself, and in the greatness of his country, but the fact is not shrieked at you through a megaphone, as it might be in Chicago.

No Annexation. This United States influence on Canadian life is inevitable so long as it is a valley that splits the Appalachian mountains from the Laurentians, and no barrier breaks the wind that blows over the plains and prairies that were once the floor of one great inland sea which swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. But sentiment makes her own barriers, even among people who speak the same tongue, and I have gone gunning in vain for the man who has any hope or desire for ultimate annexation to the United States.

At present, at all events, the ideal of Goldwin Smith is as dead as a stuffed "old country" (oh! lovely phrase, so sweet to hear on gulf and prairie, the settlers' wagon and in the laborer's shack, the shibboleth of a people in a land whose lakes alone would far more than hold our British islands)--the "old country" still claims the hearts of Canada. And Canada is only discovering herself; the east now looks to the great Northwest Territories with hope and pride. Men in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa made me giddy with geographical and wheat figures. With pencil stubs or the most recent fraction of this mighty area is tilled, and yet confounded me with evidence that from this cultivated fraction there will be this year taken thirty million bushels of the finest crops in the world, grown on soil that little more than a decade ago was looked upon as no more fertile than a pig-pung table, whose possibilities, indeed, in such places as at the fork of the two Saskatchewanes were less than five years ago so little valued that countless acres of them were acquired by land speculators at from fifty cents to less than a couple of dolars an acre.

The Effect of the C. P. R.

It is now worth anything from eight to twenty dollars, and has appreciated 80 to 100 per cent in the past twelve months alone. Of these things the eastern Canadian talked with as much enthusiasm

Quebec, Montreal, Our Immigration Work, and the Great Possibilities of the Northwest Told Of With a Graceful Pen.

as if they were in the next street instead of being as far away as Greece in the business world, Eastman and loyalty go hand in hand; a man cannot succeed unless he has an employer to whom he is loyal. The man of the hour is the faithful man. The man who makes his

golden rod that flourish rankly on the railway banks, and is an indication of what Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan will be perhaps in less than another decade. It was hard to believe that snows ever fell here, or that frosts would ever enter these gorgeous prairie forests. There was shower as well as sunshine accompanying our progress; the air was the air of the Scottish Lowlands in July, not a degree warmer. As if to make us fancy, further, that we were not far after all from our island home, fog hid Superior as our train crept round the bold promontories of Heron Bay and but half revealed the countless islands of the Lake of the Woods.

WHEN BABY CRIBS

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that there is something the matter with its stomach or bowels, and the mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which soothe the sour little stomach, promote digestion and gently relax the bowels. Mrs. Fred McIntosh, of St. John, N. B., writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry and kept it up almost continually day and night for several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to do him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but I saw in the paper that they were good for babies, and I bought a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FIVE FIREMEN BURIED UNDER FALLEN WALL.

Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 21--Five firemen were injured in a \$175,000 fire in the Donner Furniture Company's building in this city today. The four-story brick building, at the corner of Grove and William streets, was burned to the ground. Five men were buried under a wall of stone street. The firemen turned streets on the burning wreckage and could not sufficiently to allow the bodies to be dug out.

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