

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 8, 1902

ABUSE AND FLATTERY DANGEROUS; NEITHER SHOULD BE GIVEN ATTENTION.

The Self-made Man Continues His Pertinent Bits of Advice to His Son—The Creche Sounded Frisky, But It Was All Right—Horse Racing and Worrying Both Uncertain.

London, October 27, 1891. Dear Percipent—Yours of the 21st inst. to hand and I note the enclosed clippings. You needn't pay any special attention to this newspaper talk about the Creche crowd having caught me short a big line of November 1st. I never sell goods without knowing where I can find them when I want them, and if these fellows try to put their fingers in the trough, or start say showing and crowding, they're going to find me forgetting my table manners, too. For when it comes to funny business I'm something of a humorist myself. And while I'm too old to run, I'm young enough to stand and fight.

First and last, a good many men have gone running for me, but they've always planned the obsequies before they caught the deceased. I reckon there hasn't been a time in 20 years when there wasn't a nice "Gates Ajar" piece all made up and ready for me in some office near the board of trade. But the first essential of a quiet funeral is a willing corpse. And I'm still sitting up and taking nourishment.

There are two things you never want to pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you and the second can't help you. Some men are like yellow dogs—when you're coming toward them they'll jump up and try to lick your hands; and when you're walking away from them they'll sneak up behind and snap at your heels. Last year, when I was building the creche, the fellow who said that I was a kind-hearted old philanthropist, who was laying awake nights scheming to get the farmers a top price for their horses, and the shorts allowed that I was an infamous old robber, who was stealing the pork out of the working man's pot. As long as you can't please both sides in this world, there's nothing like pleasing your own side.

There are a number of people who can see any side to a thing except their own side. I remember once I had a vacant lot out on the avenue, and a lady came into my office and in a soothing way asked if I would lend it to her, as she wanted to build a creche on it. I hesitated a little, because I had never heard of a creche before, and she said she sounded as if she was a good, safe, reliable old fellow. But she explained that a creche was a baby farm, where old maids went to wash and feed, and stick pins in other people's clothes while their mothers were off at work. Of course, there was nothing in that to get our pastor or the police after me, so I told her to go ahead.

She went off happy, but about a week later she dropped in again, looking sort of distressed, to find out if I wouldn't build the creche itself. It seemed like a worthy object, and she was a good deal over to knock through a long frame partition. She was mighty grateful, you bet, and I didn't see her again for a fortnight. Then she called by to say that so long as I was in the business, and they didn't cost me anything special, would I mind giving her a few cows? She had a surprised and grieved expression on her face as she talked, and the way she put it made me feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having thought of the live stock. So I threw in half a dozen cows to provide the refreshment.

I thought that was pretty good measure, but the carpenter hadn't more than finished with the partition before the woman telegraphed a sharp message to ask why I hadn't bid it painted. I was too busy that morning to quarrel, so I sent word that I would fix it up; and when I was driving by there next day the painters were hard at work on it. There was a 90 foot frontage of that shed on the avenue, and I saw right off that it was just a natural signboard. So I called over the boss painter and between us we cooked up a nice little ad. that ran something like this:—

SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH'S PICTURE PUZZLE



WHERE IS THE MILKMAID'S DOG?

that neighborhood, sold him the lot cheap, and got out of the creche industry. I've put a good deal more than work into my business, and I've drawn a good deal more than money out of it; but the only thing I've ever put into it which didn't draw dividends in fun or dollars was worry. That is a branch of the trade which you want to leave to our competitors.

I've always found worrying a wretched sight more uncertain than horse racing—it's harder to pick a winner at it. You go home worrying because you're afraid that your foot next clerk forgot to look the safe after you, and during the night the red lantern burns down; you spend a year fretting because you think Bill Jones is going to cut you out with your best girl, and then you spend 10 worrying because he didn't; you worry over Charlie at college because he's a little wild, and he writes you that he's been elected president of the Y. M. C. A.; and you worry over William because he's so pious that you're afraid he's going to throw up everything and go to China as a missionary, and he draws on you for a hundred; you worry because you're afraid your business is going to smash, and your health busts up instead. Worrying is the one game in which, if you guess right, you don't get any satisfaction out of your smartness. A busy man has no time to bother with it. He can always find plenty of old women in skirts or trousers to spend their days worrying over their own troubles and to sit up nights weeping his.

Speaking of handing over your worries to others naturally calls to mind the Widow Williams and her son Bud, who was a p'ymate of mine when I was a boy. Bud was the youngest of the widow's troubles, and she was a woman whose troubles seldom came singly. Had 18 altogether, and four pairs of 'em were twins. Used to turn 'em loose in the morning, when she let out her cows and pigs to browse along the street, and then she'd shed all worry over them for the rest of the day. Allowed that if they got hurt the neighbors would bring them home; and that if they got hungry they'd come home. And some ways, the whole drove always showed up safe and dirty about noon-time.

I've no doubt she thought a lot of Bud, but when a woman has fourteen or sort of uncles her mind so that she can't focus her affections. And so when Bud's clothes were found at the swimming hole one day, and no Bud inside there, she didn't take on up to the expectations of the neighbors who had brought the news, and who were standing around waiting for her to go off into something special in the way of high strikes.

She allowed that they were Bud's clothes all right, but she wanted to know where the remains were. Hinted that there'd be no funeral, or such like extensive going-on, until some one produced the deceased. Take her by and large, she was a pretty cool, calm cucumber. But if she showed a little too much Christian resignation, the rest of the town was mighty stirred up over Bud's death, and every one quit work to tell each other what a noble little fellow he was; and how his mother hadn't deserved to have such a little sunbeam in her home; and to drag the river between them. But they couldn't get a rise.

Through all the worry and excitement the Widow was the only one who didn't show any special interest, except to ask for results. But finally, at the end of a week, when they'd strained the whole river through their drags and hadn't anything to show for it but a collection of tin cans and dead eel-bait, she threw a shawl over her head and went down the street to the cabin of Louisiana Clytemnestra, an old yellow woman, who would go into a trance for four bits and find a fortune for you for a dollar. I reckon she'd have called herself a clairvoyant nowadays; but then she was just a voodoo woman.

Well, the Widow said she reckoned that boys ought to be let out as well as in for left price, and so she laid down two bits, allowing that she wanted a few minutes' private conversation with her. Bud, Clytie said she'd do her best, but that spirits were mighty snifty and high-toned, even when they'd only been paid white trash on earth, and it might make them mad to be called away from their high jinks if they were taking a little recreation, or from their high-priced New York customers if they were working, to tend to estate business. Still, she'd have a try, and she did. But after having consultations for half an hour she gave it up.

Reckoned that Bud was up to some customer's off somewhere, and that he wouldn't answer for any two bits. Then the Widow was badly disappointed, but she allowed that that was just like Bud. He'd always been a boy that never could be found when any one wanted him. So she went off saying that she'd had her money's worth in seeing Clytie throw those fancy fits. But next day she came again and paid down four bits, and that that ought to fetch Bud sure. Some ways though, she didn't have any luck, and finally the Widow suggested that she call up Bud's father—Bud Williams had been dead a matter of five years—and the old man responded promptly.

"Where's Bud?" asked the Widow. "Hadn't laid eyes on him. Didn't know he'd come across. Had he joined the church before he started?" "No." "Then he'd have a look downstairs for him." Clytie told the Widow to call again and they'd get him sure. So she came back next day and laid down a dollar. That fetched old Buck Williams' ghost on the jump, you bet, but she said he hadn't laid eyes on Bud yet. They hauled the sweepy and by with a dragnet, but couldn't get a rap from him. Clytie trotted out George Washington, and Napoleon, and Billy Watson, and Ben Franklin, and Captain Kidd, just to show that there was no deception, but they couldn't get a whopper, even from Bud.

I reckon Clytie had been straining the old lady along, misapprehending that Bud spoke as a sort of red-fire, calcium-light, grand-march-of-the-Amazonian-climax, but she didn't get a chance. For right there the old lady got up with a mighty set expression around her lips and marched out, muttering that it was just as she had thought. Said that they had looked in the river for him and that she had looked beyond the river for him, and that they would just stand pat now and wait until she had the next word. Allowed that if she could once get her hands in "that lost lamb's" wool there might be an opening for a funeral when she got through with him, but wouldn't be till then. Altogether, it looked as if there was a heap of trouble coming to little Bud if he had made any mistake and still alive.

The Widow found her "lost lamb" hiding behind a rain-barrel when she opened up the house next morning, and there was a mighty howling and sniffling scene between them. In fact, the Widow must have touched him at least a hundred times, and she was using a bed-slat, which she had picked up at the market, to make a boy see the error of his ways. And it was a month after that before Bud could go down Main street without a few Indian scalps, and that he came home with a little fellow, or a bright, many little chap, while he was drownded, reaching out and fetching him a clip on the ear. I reckon he was a little bit of a fellow. No one except the Widow ever really got at the straight of Bud's conduct, but it appeared that he had come to get his was; and how his mother hadn't deserved to have such a little sunbeam in her home; and to drag the river between them. But they couldn't get a rise.

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ARE YOU A MISSING HEIR?

Better See if Your Name is in This List. The solicitor to the English court of chancery informs the public that the following persons, or that next of kin, are entitled to funds lying undivided in the hands of the court:— Florence E. Ring, who left England in 1850, is an heir at law. H. H. H. notified that his parents are dead. George C. Page, who was a partner in the firm of Page & Co., is entitled to a considerable sum of money. J. W. H. notified that he has a share in the estate of a deceased person. W. B. Payne, formerly a partner in the firm of Payne & Co., is entitled to a share in the estate of a deceased person. W. B. Payne, formerly a partner in the firm of Payne & Co., is entitled to a share in the estate of a deceased person. W. B. Payne, formerly a partner in the firm of Payne & Co., is entitled to a share in the estate of a deceased person.

American Lawyer in Trouble in London. London, Oct. 4—Henry Shackelford Davis, an American lawyer, was remanded in a police court here today on the charge of obtaining money by means of a worthless check. Davis declared he had just arrived from South Africa. The magistrate said the check was taken from a stolen check book.

Bob Lynch's Another Negro. Columbia, Miss., Oct. 4—Utt Duncan, a negro, was taken from jail here this afternoon by a mob and hanged.

AROUND THE TOWN.

St. John men are hard to beat, and when a couple of Halifaxians cornered a lone drummer from the Winter Port in the Halifax Hotel the other day, they drove him to desperation with their taunts directed against his beloved town. Goaded beyond the point where prose could serve his purpose, he hurled at their defenceless heads the following ditty. It may be defective in its metre in spots, but its sentiment is undoubtedly strong:—

YOU CAN'T GET INTO HEAVEN FROM HALIFAX. Some things are impossible, yet if you will try. The heaven you'll possibly attain may easily be high. But there is one thing it's vain to try. That is reaching Heaven from Halifax. There are preachers by the dozen. Who'll be the first to get to the top of the stairs and evangelize all are on the run. For the sinners there'll be fun. When they say at the gate "We're from Halifax." Second Spasm.

I had a bosom friend who passed away last week. Arriving at the gate he to St. Peter had to go. But the Saint thought my friend too flush with his check. Who'll be the first to get to the top of the stairs and evangelize all are on the run. For the sinners there'll be fun. When they say at the gate "We're from Halifax." Third Spasm.

Said St. Peter to him "Don't hurry quite in the Bible 'tis written 'the first one shall be the humblest, the proud, however, shall be where in this place you call Halifax." Said my friend then to St. Peter "I was the latest place created. 'Twas late one Saturday evening and remains unfinished still. And called in the geography 'Halifax.' St. Peter he looked puzzled and took a look at his watch. 'Twas late one Saturday evening and remains unfinished still. And called in the geography 'Halifax.' St. Peter he looked puzzled and took a look at his watch.

I don't name the man. You must guess the county too—but he shot a moose. It was as big as a lion, and had antlers that looked like the Cantilever bridge, when he first saw it. "Shoot it behind the shoulder," said the guide. "All right," said the sportsman, his rifle. "I will, if I can, but it's not a broadside shot." He fired and the moose dropped—drilled clean through the brain. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the sportsman. "Good shot," said the guide. "Yes, but I haven't any license," said the sportsman. "The moose is enough to feed a regiment and get ten men like me into jail!" They hauled it out of the swamp and ere now his head is being mounted somewhere—but not in St. John, for though the young man went moose hunting, he never expected to shoot a moose, and hadn't thought it worth while to get a license. So when he came back to town he moved furtively, and hit only the high places when he struck the trail for his home in the west.

They were criticising a Caton-Woodrille picture, a large steel engraving, in which doughty British warriors were engaged in engaging certain of Kruger's cohorts. The picture was realistic, it breathed the crimson horror of the battle field and presently brought this remark from one of those who gazed: "We cannot realize how dreadful actual warfare is to depend upon the small boy for assistance. It was just at that and to the traveler the depot suited about five miles away, more or less." "Is this the way to the depot?" was the query put to a couple of boys who were lingering around the deserted village. "Yes, but it's a long way, and say, if you want to catch the train you ain't got much time. I'll show you the way so's you won't lose yourself!" This offer was gladly accepted and the stranger promised financial reward that seemed to please the guide. The next five minutes was enlivened by the juvenile's comforting assurance that the stranger might catch the train, but the boy wasn't just sure how it could be done. After some time the stranger put a question as to just how far the depot was away now. The boy named the same distance as at first, much to the other individual's surprise.

"Well, then, I think I shall have to ask your escort all the way," was the reply. "Now I suppose you couldn't make it any shorter if I gave you a quarter for coming, could you?" "Oh, yes," was the prompt and obliging response. "I'll go all the way for that, and besides, now I come to think of it, I ain't so far after all. Mebbe we ain't more'n a quarter of a mile away from the station. No trouble 'bout catching the train; you'll do it all right!" CHATTERER.

CANADA WANTS A SHARE. Anxious to Sell Horses, Cattle and Sheep for Restocking Boer Farms. Ottawa, Oct. 3—(Special)—It is understood the Canadian government, through the Canadian high commissioner, is endeavoring to have the trade in live stock for the purpose of stocking the Boer farms in South Africa directed to this country. Lord Strathcona has represented to the imperial authorities at the colonial office, that Canada is ready and able to supply the best classes of horses, cattle and sheep for stock purposes. Now that there is a direct steamship line, it is probable the colonial office may see its way clear to patronize Canada.

Wanted: Good hustler Agents in every unrepresented district to sell The Dai Telegraph. Here is chance for wide awake to make some money. Write for particulars to Telegraph Pub. Co. St. John, N. B.

A Bargain in Dining Room Furniture

We are now offering some special values in Dining Room Suits, and quote one of our leaders: This suit, though low in price, is not of the cheap variety, but is well made, substantially built, of excellent finish, and thoroughly reliable. The Mirror in Sideboard is not the wavy class but is a perfect Mirror plate. This suit will give perfect satisfaction.



Table listing furniture items and prices: Sideboard - \$15.50, Extension Table - \$6.00, Six Chairs at \$1.85 - \$11.10, Dining Chair - \$1.35. Total suit price: \$28.60.

We have a very large variety of Dining Room Suits. Write for illustrations. Manchester Robertson & Co. Ltd. DOWLING BROS. The largest retail distributors of Ladies' Jackets, Caps 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. For \$2.00. Heavy Black Beaver Cloth Jackets, 21 to 23 inches long. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Silk and satin linings. Worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Now... \$3, \$4 and \$5.

DOWLING BROTHERS, 95 King Street.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Cold Asthma, Bronchitis. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. Sept. 25, 1894, says: "I was 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 have never travelled without it, and 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 soothes PAIN OF EVERY KIND, affords relief, refreshing sleep, WITHOUT HEADACHE, and integrates the nervous system when exhausted.

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Wanted: Good hustler Agents in every unrepresented district to sell The Dai Telegraph. Here is chance for wide awake to make some money. Write for particulars to Telegraph Pub. Co. St. John, N. B.

Coughs, colds, croup, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

Canadian Made.



Price complete as per cut above, three sizes, \$35, \$38, \$43. 30 styles and sizes—\$23 to \$43. See this Range before buying.

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