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At the Majestic

TO-DAY

A FOX SUNSHINE COMEDY & A FOX NEWS.

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TWO D. W. Griffith's And BIG ONES "Dream Street." "Perjury" NEXT WEEK

An Old Newfoundland Retired

Recalls the Days of His Illustrious Father.

(H. F. SHORTIS.)

In the public telegraphic dispatch published in the Evening Telegram last evening it is announced that Mr. F. H. Gisborne is retiring with leave of absence after forty years' service with the Canadian Department of Justice. Mr. Gisborne was born in Newfoundland in 1853, and was educated in England and Nova Scotia. He is a prominent lawyer at Ottawa, and is the author of "The Duty of the Parent in Relation to Education," and other papers. I am not acquainted with Mr. Gisborne, but I think I am safe in saying that he is the son of the famous F. W. Gisborne, who in conjunction with Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Marshall Roberts, Wilson G. Hunt and Chandler White, were the promoters of the greatest scientific work and public benefit in modern times—the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, connecting the Old World with the New, and in which the illustrious Bishop of St. John's, Rt. Rev. J. T. Mullock, took such a prominent part. To my mind, the wonderful achievements of F. W. Gisborne were never fully appreciated. He always had full faith in the successful completion of the great work, and in the carrying out of his ideas he practically ruined himself financially, and was compelled to dispose of all he possessed to meet his liabilities. The young operators of the present day have no idea of the hardships, adventures and escapes of the old-time operators and repairers; in some cases resulting in the loss of life. It would take too much space, even for the Telegram, to go into details, and instead I shall publish a letter from the veteran operator of Black River, Placentia Bay, in answer to a request from the Assistant Superintendent of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company (T. D. Scanlan) that the old telegraphers would give an outline of personal recollections of the very earliest days of telegraphy in Newfoundland. I am sure it will be perused with the greatest interest by the hundreds of telegraphers who are at present busily employed in manipulating the keys with dots and dashes, and who will be surprised to learn that an "Old-Timers' Association" existed before the majority of them appeared on this sublimity sphere.

GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING.

The following is Mr. Blackadar's reply to the request of the Association:—

Black River, Newfoundland, October, 1893.

To Old-Time Telegraphers' Ass'n., New York.

My old friend, T. D. Scanlan, Asst. Supt. Anglo-American Telegraph Co., kindly presented me with a Badge of "The Old-Timers' Association" with the request that according to a Resolution passed at our meeting, February, 1888, each member was requested to give a memorandum of personal recollections from the time he first entered the Telegraph service.

I have been in the Telegraph service in Newfoundland for the last 35 years without a break. Four years previous to my entering, a line was built through this Colony from Cape Ray to St. John's, 380 miles. And to build a line through a hilly and watery, unexplored country like Newfoundland, was no small undertaking, but an army of men and mules completed the work in two and a half years.

The pioneers of this gigantic undertaking were Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Marshall C. Roberts, Wilson G. Hunt, Chandler White and F. W. Gisborne, Esqrs., under the names of "The New York, Newfoundland, London Telegraph Company." This object was to extend the line to the most eastern points in America (Nfld.), with a view to connecting the two hemispheres by cable across the Atlantic. In the opinion of the general public at that time a wilder scheme was never contemplated and was the subject of very hostile criticism.

OF IMPERISHABLE MEMORY.

They have now all gone to their reward, but their memories are imperishable. While building the line the Company's subs had their eyes about them for any minerals that might crop up, and were rewarded by spotting and securing LaManche Gas

lena vein on the isthmus dividing Trinity and Placentia Bays—which was leased to Major Ripley—late Confederate Agent in London during the Civil War—Matthew D. Field and dear old Alex. McConochie, merchant of New York. That was in 1856, and this station was at Eastern Nook—otherwise "Drury Lane" Piper's Hole, head of Placentia Bay, where the operator in charge waged a daily and nightly war against insect life, viz., black flies, mosquitos, nippers, horse and sand flies—and for humanity's sake and to prevent further consequent ornamental language, the religious directors removed the station here, eleven miles eastward. Local business was not lively in those days—LaManche Co. being the largest patrons. But they were 20 miles off from where Ripley came weekly in a small boat. He was a large man, with large allmentiveness and on several visits the operator was at an adjoining settlement. Thirty-six hours was not considered an extended absence at that time, and Ripley was obliged to force in and eat the artist out. Eighteen months previous to this, A. M. MacKay was appointed Superintendent and in order to learn the geography of the interior and become acquainted with his subordinates and their surroundings, decided to travel through from Cape Ray to St. John's in 1858, I was then in the employ of Lord & Taylor, Grand Street, New York, and though my position was good, it did not enable me to provide for a rainy day—and I concluded to look round—calling at St. John's en route. When I told my friend, the managing man of L. & T.'s house that I was leaving, he asked me where I was going? I replied "to Newfoundland." "Nfd., Nfd., Nfd., where is that?" I said it was a colony between here and England.

AN INERADICABLE IMPRESSION.

"Oh, then you are going back to Canada again." At that date I presume only those who were in the fish business knew, or cared to know, anything about Newfoundland, and until the landing of the Atlantic Cable, probably comparatively few could tell its latitude and longitude. When I arrived in St. John's, A. M. MacKay, in company with the late John Waddell and John Murphy, was on his way through the country, and when he heard I was "in town," wired me to "hold on," and I held. En route he visited LaManche, and agreed to remove this station to the mine, and send an operator, who would also keep the books. He and party arrived in due time, and I am free to say, they did not look prepossessing after running the gauntlet through the interior during spring months. But, thank God, they were sound and healthy and received a hearty welcome. I was told off for the LaManche "job" immediately and began my dots and dashes. And how well I remember 35 years ago (June, 1858) when poor John Waddell and I were stationed at a side table, with lone keys, pecking away from a morning paper, while MacKay was taking business and listening to our labours and remarking from time to time, "Blackadar, that is 'S' you make instead of 'R', increase the space, and dwell on the L's, Waddell, there is no violent hurry, you make P's of them, etc., etc."

THE FIRST CABLED MESSAGE.

Two weeks after, Ripley reached St. John's and took this old-timer under his wing as Secretary and operator to be—and we left for the mine in the Telegraph steamer "Victoria," Captain Stephen Sluyter. The passage was a pleasant one of thirty hours, and when we entered the Bay, Sluyter kindly pointed out some of the notable harbours on the route—Pinch Gut, Pamish Gut, Haystack and Cock-Eye. Arrived at LaManche 8 p.m., and were boarded by 20 Cornish miners, in full forehead and sidelights and giving off a full perfume of genuine Jamaica. In three weeks after, John Murphy (Capt. John of Cape Race notoriety) had the branch line built and office in working order. Things worked very satisfactorily and checks were large. About 9 a.m. August 5th, 1858 three gents of the Cable Staff, Knight, Smythe and Hoyer, arrived from Bay Bulls Arm, laden with telegrams, for the cable fleet had arrived there the evening before. Capt. M. D. Field hugged each in turn, and

God blessed his brother Cyrus, while mammoth tears of joy rolled down his good-natured countenance and dropped off the end of his big red nose—and while the messengers of glad tidings were being refreshed, Capt. John Murphy pegged the news west. First was:—

To the President of the United States.

Dear Sir.—The Atlantic Cable on board the United States frigate Niagara, and H.B.M. steamer, Agamemnon, was joined in mid-ocean July 29th, and has been successfully laid, and as soon as the two ends are connected with the land lines, Queen Victoria will send a message to you, and the cable will be kept free until after your reply has been transmitted.

With great respect,
I remain, your obedient servant,
CYRUS W. FIELD.
(To be continued.)

Piles

are usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering, but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

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TOOTON',

The Kodak Store, : Water Street

'Phone 131

Dividing Up Dollar.

Percy Smith, a Boston book-keeper, paid 25 cents for a peck of potatoes delivered at his apartment. That was at the rate of a dollar a bushel, and the Massachusetts department of agriculture undertook to trace that bushel of potatoes back to the grower in Maine, and find out who got how much of Percy's dollar. Here it is, reduced to its simplest form:

The farmer got for the bu. of potatoes \$.48
The country shipper got04
The railroad company got17
The wholesaler or car lot receiver got05
The jobber got05
The retailer got21

\$1.00

It would be hard to say offhand that anybody received too much pay for his services in handling this bushel of potatoes, and it is even doubtful if the farmer himself could have shipped the potatoes to Boston, stored them and delivered them in one peck lots to Percy Smith on demand at a lower price. Some of the closest students of co-operation have decided that the "co-op" society must do something more than act as a middle man, if it is to be worth while to the farmer—Farm Life.

White fur is successfully used to trim little jackets and longer cloaks. For instance, a black cloth coat has bands of white fur around a high collar and cuffs and down the front, and stripes of it running from hem to the hips.

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Navy, Browns, Sage, White and Greys. Fullness is distributed by means of elastic at waist and knees. Price \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.40

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Green and Browns mixtures. Pair 35c.

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sept19,22

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