



NEIL MUNRO AT THE BRANDON FAIR.

Another Excellent Letter by Scotch Writer Who Toured Canada This Fall—His Impressions of Northwest Life Nicely Given in the Glasgow News—The Red Man and His Successor.

Winnipeg fair was over before we reached the prairie city; we missed, therefore, the interest, maddest time of all the Manitoba year; but Brandon fair, the second in importance in the west, gave us the opportunity of seeing the men and women of the west at play. Life is strenuous enough there, for even on the numerous miles of the prairie, nature cannot be cheated out of a livelier "quicker," as Canada calls the man who gladly abandons the day's task on any excuse in winter, when the world is bound in frost, and again at times in summer, before the patent reaper-and-binder—un- known, apparently, to the majority of the men looking at the rotary of the golden fields, and spits out sheaves behind it, there are days of leisure. Far back on the frontiers there must still, of course, be lives of tragic loneliness, but within reasonable distance of any Manitoba town the life of the farmer from the social point of view has verily improved of late.

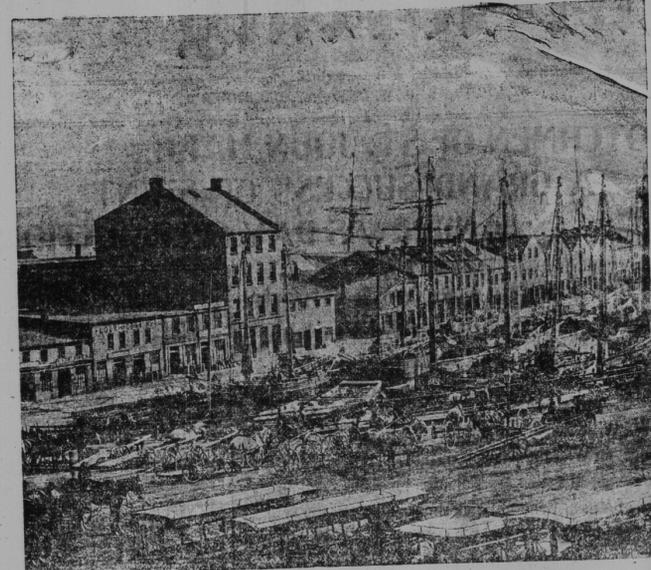
Telephones on Farms. On quarter-section farms I found the telephone, and a regular mail delivery, and a circulating library to keep them up-to-date with the outer world and the works of Ralph Connor. With a gramophone, a piano, and an evening paper giving the latest results, they would have been as well off and cultured as you and I in Glasgow. And there is, on the part of the immigration agent, an intense desire to make the most of the work that begins here. He begins to realize that men and women emigrate to a new world, not to enjoy life primarily by any promise of fifty bushels to the acre and com- parative wealth as a reward for innocent toil, but because they want a fuller and more generous life than they have at home. To nourish such a hope, he writes, "The life of the farmer is no longer hard about with the difficulties, the labor and the worry that surrounded it a few years ago."

Nobleman's Sons Farming. "On the prairies of western Canada are to be seen the sons of titled nobility of the old country, the university graduates, and the educated and cultured literateur. As a consequence of some of the most cabins and cottages that dot those prairie lands, men whose parents have wished considerable influence in the literature and the arts of the best novels of the day." These liter- ary phenomena must have been seen by you at our approach, for we were not surprised to see any of them, and the only sign of a noble English rose we saw in Canada was drunk at a broncho-buffet- ing show at Calgary. He was a head, but though all may not be culture and the game of bridge in Manitoba, as the gifted pamphlet suggests, the settler depicts himself there on off-days, as he might do at East Kilbride or Siriven.

Brandon Fair. "Fair, it seems, are very much the same over the Anglo-Saxon world, and in its essential Brandon fair was very much like a fair at home. You felt some sense of familiarity in the air long before you came within sound of the piano-organs and the megaphones. Between Winnipeg and Brandon the railway runs through rolling park-like prairie, with woodland scenery in patches, and for 130 miles is bordered by the River Assiniboine, deeply bordered by trees.

Portage la Prairie, Burnside, McCreary, Malbour, Carberry, Douglas, Chatter- sion, succeeded station at intervals of five and six miles, many of them surrounded by bright little towns, all wood and shingle, as is the universal way of towns in most of Canada, and at every station the platform were thronged with people bound for the fair. Sometimes a train came down and boarded our train and the well-wishers were irrepressibly shattered by the strains of The Good Old Summer Time. Brandon streets, when we came to them, were jammed with traffic—with

OLD TIME VIEWS OF ST. JOHN—No. 3.



The South Market Wharf, Foot of King Street, in 1865.

This is how South Market wharf looked a dozen years before the great fire, and from its general appearance you will be able to see that business in 1865 might have been as brisk as it is now. Teams crowd, and there are schooner- men, and the wharf trade must have been a living or thought he could. The ship is almost choked with shipping—a condition you don't behold at all times in these piping days of winter port sequestration.

Men, who at the time this picture was taken, were making notable efforts to be known as affluent citizens; and who to day with cooled blood, frosty beards, and closely adjacent can be seen the signs of B. J. Goding and A. R. Taylor. Then comes C. Bent, and adjoining in that im- portant stone edifice, with the steep roof and tall chimney, is where Messrs. Hall and Fairweather flourished in '65. Their business corner are still in Ward street, and on the opposite corner was the firm of DeForest & Perkins.

That squat, wooden building about the end of the wharf is where F. Tait's shipping business grew and flourished, and closely adjacent can be seen the signs of B. J. Goding and A. R. Taylor. Then comes C. Bent, and adjoining in that im- portant stone edifice, with the steep roof and tall chimney, is where Messrs. Hall and Fairweather flourished in '65. Their business corner are still in Ward street, and on the opposite corner was the firm of DeForest & Perkins.

He had fled for north before the prosaic pale-face invasion, leaving his war-torn to be the white man's bound- ary, preferring—so you shall blame him—the vast unpeopled wide, the solitudes of Mackenzie and Athabasca, the Indian schools wherein the boys and girls boarded in the reservation at intervals, to stand at the railway station or the corner of the unfenced, unfenced, and decid- edly slow, to gaze and amazed on the evidences of a kind of life of hurry and worry in the West is not red; he is simply unimpressed, a little more so than his white brethren, whom we saw—thick faces like a brick wall—in the sunset glow that fell on the Brandon grand stand. And now the air was like cool wine, after the heat of the day, a bene- diction from the earth and from the demure blue sky.

SMALLPOX SITUATION SERIOUS IN CAPE BRETON

Meetings of Representatives of Towns and Municipalities Called. Sydney, Nov. 26.—The smallpox situation in the country districts of Cape Breton is becoming very grave and a meeting of representatives of the different towns and municipalities of Cape Breton was held here tomorrow for the purpose of discussing ways and means to prevent a general spread of the disease. Big Pond and Loch Lomond districts are the worst affected, and an epidemic is feared unless stringent measures are put in force to keep infected persons under quarantine. A great many of these ill persons claim that it is not smallpox at all so mild is the type, and as a result they go about from house to house with- out regard to quarantine regulations.

Navigation Closed at Chatham. Chatham, N. B., Nov. 27.—(Special)—Although the river is frozen across, the ferry made several trips today. The up- boats did not run.

Perhaps it is not generally known as it should be that salt put in the mouth will in- stantly relieve convulsive movements in the either of children or adults.

Cardinal Moran has issued a new edition of his book, Irish Saints in Great Britain.

THE OLD FORTS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Historical Notes Concerning Fortifications in St. John, on Partridge Island, in Fredericton, St. Andrews, and Other Places—The English Occupation of St. John—Popular Misconception About the Martello Tower.

W. O. RAYMOND, LL. D. Inquiries are often made by tourists and others concerning the age of old fortifications, or remains of fortifications, found at various places in the province. The variety of answers given shows that extraordinary misconceptions exist in the minds of many people who ought to be better informed. One of the most glaring is the identifying of the Carleton "Martello Tower" (built in 1813), with the celebrated "Fort la Tour" of 1635.

Not long since there came into the hands of the writer an interesting old document, of which a copy is here given in slightly modified form. As the document is an official report, the dates, etc., may be relied upon. Report of all the Barracks, Batteries, Block Houses and other Government Buildings in the Province of New Brunswick in the year 1826. AT ST. JOHN. Johnston's Block-house, built in 1808; a wooden structure in good repair with four guns, will accommodate 50 men. Prince Edward Battery, built in 1808; two 24 pounders, now in ruins. Graveyard Battery; old fortification put in thorough repair in 1813, has three 24 pounders. Mortar Battery; put in thorough repair in 1813, has four 24 pounders. Dorchester Block-house and Battery; put in thorough repair in 1813, wooden structure, three 24 pounders, will accommodate 50 men. Eastern Battery; date of construction 1813, has four 24 pounders, now in good repair. Fort Frederic; battery, in ruins, wooden building will accommodate one officer and 20 men.

Drummond Block-house; built in 1813, wooden structure occupied as a magazine, will accommodate 40 men. Martello Tower; built in 1813, stone building in good repair, has four 24 pound- ers and two 12 pounders. Soldiers Barracks; built in 1820, in good repair, wooden building with slated roof, accommodates 300 men. Cook House; built in 1820, wooden building in good repair. Hospital; built in 1820, wooden building in good repair. Orderly Room and Guard House; built in 1822, wooden building in good repair. Officers Barracks; built in 1824. Free stone building newly built, will accommo- date four captains and eight subalterns. Provision Store; built in 1819, wooden building in good repair.

AT PARTRIDGE ISLAND. Partridge Island Battery; built in 1813, has seven 24 pounders, requires repair. Block-house Magazine; built in 1813, requires repair, wooden building and cov- ered with tin, contains 20 lbs. powder. AT FREDERICTON. Soldiers Barracks; two stories 22 rooms, built in 1785, will accommodate 306 men, is out of repair. Main Guard-room; built in 1780, out of repair. Artillery Barracks; built in 1790, in good repair, will accommodate 24 men. Powder Magazine; built in 1791, contains 100 lbs. powder, stone building, bomb proof, in good repair. Engineers quarters; built in 1791 to accommodate one captain, is out of repair. Storekeeper General Store; built in 1791, out of repair. Provision Store; built in 1791, in good repair. Cook-house, Orderly Room, Guard House, Solitary Cells, etc.; built in 1805, now out of repair. Officers Barracks, two stories, 20 rooms and 10 kitchens; built in 1810, wooden structure in good repair; will accommodate one field officer, 16 other officers and 200 men.

AT ST. ANDREWS. Block-house Barracks on Tomkins Hill; built in 1813, wooden building in good repair, will accommodate 200 men. Store Magazine; built in 1813, in good repair, stone building, bomb proof. Joe's Point Battery and Block-house; built in 1813, in good repair, wooden structure, four 24 pounders and 20 men. East and West Battery Block-houses; built in 1812, six 18 pounders, wooden building out of repair. Officers and Soldiers' Barracks, etc.; built to accommodate six officers and 118 men; wooden buildings now in ruins.

AT WORDEN'S. Worden's Battery and Block-house, 30 miles from St. John, built in 1813; wood- en building, now in ruins. Notes on the Above. 1. FORTIFICATIONS AT ST. JOHN. The English occupation of Saint John dates back to the year 1758, nearly a century and a half ago. It was on the morning of the 20th September, in that year, that the British landed on the shore. (Continued on page 6.)

HOW WORLD'S ONLY BILLIONAIRE STRUGGLES FOR A GOOD TIME.

Just now New York is laughing over the story of John D. Rockefeller's private golf links. The links is surrounded by a high fence and guards are plentiful. But as the man who contrives a billion ceases being at the sixth tee with a friend, a stranger sneaked past the sentries and, suddenly appearing at Rockefeller's el- bow, said in a deep bass voice: "Mr. Rockefeller I—"

The bald millionaire galloped for the underbrush followed by his friend and the caddies. They had seen a bottle in the stranger's hand and suspected it was a bomb. An attendant finally collared the intruder and dashed the bottle to the ground. Then the fugitives emerged and heard the stranger saying with great em- phasis: "Thank it all, you've gone and broken the simple bottle of Groomer's Hair Restorer."

He Needs Six Caddies. The New York World tells how the poor billionaire, attended by six caddies, struggles to have a good time on the links: Cleveland, O., Nov. 19.—It takes six caddies to help John D. Rockefeller play a game of golf. Where the average golfer has one caddy to carry his bag of clubs and hunt for lost balls, Mr. Rockefeller won't lift a brassy or swing a putter unless he has his regular caddy.

And Rockefeller has a steady golfer ever started the hair growing on the top of his shining, bald head. He has two homes in Cleveland, one downtown and the other out at Forest Hill, surrounded by fifteen acres of valuable land, which Mr. Rockefeller's money has turned into one of the finest private golf links in the country. It was out there that Mr. Rockefeller paid \$50,000 for a house in order to tear it down.

"It keeps out my morning sun," declared Mr. Rockefeller when he made his offer for the property. The links he has laid out would delight the heart of any professional. Amateurs try at the long, smooth greens, the art- isticly contrived bunkers, the keen put- ting greens and the perfect tees. But few have received an invitation. Mr. Rockefeller takes golf as he takes everything else in life—seriously. When he plays golf he doesn't do anything else. And he only wants to play with men of his own age,

who feel about the same as he does. He demands the same of the caddies as well. No skulking for John D. Rockefeller, no siren! "Where a Travis or a Douglas is forced to see his caddies shying stones when they ought to be hunting lost balls, or shun- ning a tree for clematis when they should be running up with the proper club for the next shot, Mr. Rockefeller draws the line. He won't permit anything of the kind. The six are supposed to act like a squad of trained soldiers, each casy in his own place and attending strictly to his own business.

Has Trouble With the Boys. But even with all his millions Mr. Rockefeller has a hard time having his own way with those boys. Only the other day he was playing an exciting round. He had only lost eleven balls, and his score was well under 90 for nine holes. His opponent was Levi T. Scofield, a close personal friend of the Stand- ard Oil magnate. Mr. Scofield is a re- tired architect, a veteran of the civil war, and an enthusiastic golfer after John D. Rockefeller's own heart. As Mr. Scofield tells the story: "We were playing golf together—rather, for the time being we were standing with our golf sticks ready to play. I was telling an incident of the war of 1861, and Mr. Rockefeller was listening. A girl was riding up on a bicycle and Mr. Rockefeller turned to me, saying, 'Ex- cuse me a moment.' "The girl gave him some information; it is usually carefully prepared before be- ing given to him, the whole matter being condensed into a mental pellet. He re- ceived the news and made some remark on earth which brought the influence of that lovely August day at Brandon fair to make us give every credit to the Cana-

field's description, wagged his club for a preliminary swing before the next drive and looked ahead to see that all the caddies were in their proper stations. Oh, the horror of it! "I was playing a course behind an oak tree. The bicycle lay on the ground and the push caddy was matching pennies with the ball caddy. The valet caddy was asleep, and the fore caddy was throwing stones at a flock of crows perched on a dead tree.

"I wish I had learned to paint when I was young," he said: "I have always wanted to do something of that sort or to sing something artistically. But as for drawing, I could never draw anything. And the minister led his congregation in a joyful and significant rejoinder. 'Ex- cept checks,' wailed Mr. Rockefeller, smiled and changed the subject.



PUBLISHERS' LETTER TO SUBSCRIBERS

Dear Sirs.—We take this opportunity of thanking all our subscribers for the very general response they have given to the notices recently sent out from this office, asking for remittance of amount due for subscription, before the date of closing our books for the year.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH. It is published every Wednesday and Saturday at 11.00 a.m. in advance by The Telegraph Publishing Company of St. John, a company incorporated by act of the Legislature of New Brunswick.

A CURIOUS CHALLENGE. Mr. James Gordon-Bennett, who is an enthusiastic and successful promoter of sport of international character, proposes a bloodless duel between American and British squadrons in the Caribbean Sea.

LIBERALS AND THE OUTLOOK. As the time draws near for another struggle between the political parties an impartial and inquiring observer must see that conditions now are by no means the same as existed in 1890.

HEART PALPITATED. FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS. FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS. COULD SCARCELY EAT.

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited. MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or direct from the company.

ed dissatisfaction, and they are frankly expressing the view that the party cannot hope to display its old strength if its managers ask the electors to accept some of the ambitious politicians who are already asking nominations.

WIMAN'S OLD PARTNER. It will be noticed that Mr. Eneas Wiman's old partner in hatching confusion, Mr. "Ned" Farrer, has joined the fiscal-controversy in England.

A WARM NIGHT. St. Andrew's Society always does these things well, and the entertainment enjoyed by its members and their friends Monday may be said to be down as one of the most successful in the organization's history.

A GOOD IDEA. The gentlemen who find themselves penniless in St. John while waiting for the sailing of another cattle ship will neither go hungry and cold or be deprived of charity if the Common Council adopts the sensible recommendation made Monday by the esty board.

NOTE AND COMMENT. The heater is indeed on fire now. Charge at Halifax is evidently not so scarce as Mr. Hugh Allan told St. John men he expected it would be.

CHARGED WITH THEFT. Orlo Gray, of Apohaqui, will be arraigned at Hampton today. John Collins, of the I. C. R. police, returned Saturday from Amherst, where he arrested Orlo Gray, on the charge of rifling a safe at Apohaqui station.

Honesty in Overcoats.

It's the hardest thing in the world for a man to carry values in his eye; he may see an overcoat marked \$15 at one store and \$18 at another, but he can't remember "whether it was just the same thing or not"

- Men's Winter Overcoats, \$5 to \$20. AT \$5.00—Blue and Black Beaver Overcoat, made Chesterfield style, having Italian body linings and mohair sleeve linings.

The above will give you an idea of the Overcoat stock. To fully describe it would take a whole page. Price ranges from \$5 to \$20.

Your Winter Underwear.

You don't want to neglect purchasing your winter supply of underwear longer, for the change in temperature is very apt to cause you to contract colds which a little judgment now in displacing the thinner underwear of Summer will prevent.

GREATER OAK HALL, KING STREET, ST. JOHN. COB. GERMAIN } SCOVILO BROS. & CO.

Boys' Clothing for Winter.

The Boys' Clothing store serves all tastes, and stands for good qualities alike to all. Just a hint today of what, perhaps, your boy wants in his winter outfit, with price ranges.

- Double Breasted Suits... \$20.00 to \$60.00. Norfolk Suits... \$25.00 to \$60.00. Sailor Suits... \$75.00 to \$120.00. Russian Suits... \$35.00 to \$85.00. Reefers... \$15.00 to \$30.00. Overcoats... \$37.50 to \$85.00. Odd Trousers... \$5.00 to \$17.50. Suspensorys... \$10.00 to \$15.00. Underwaists... \$25.00 to \$75.00. Stockings... \$30.00 to \$60.00. Shirts and Drawers... \$20.00 to \$40.00. Night Shirts... \$5.00 to \$10.00.

DAMAGE APPRAISED.

\$3,026 the loss on the Lawrence Building by Wednesday Night's Fire—Contract for Repairs Given—Handsome Donations.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Tightness in the Chest, etc.

NOVA SCOTIA BABY FALLS INTO TUB OF BOILING WATER. Amherst, N. S., Nov. 28.—(Special)—Clarence, the two-year old son of William Gould, living in Hloos avenue, met with an accident last night which today resulted in his death.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It stops that itching in the throat, pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. My E. Bishop and the well-known Gardener writes:— I had a very severe attack of whooping cough and I was in the hospital. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone who is bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.







