

The Weekly Monitor

AND

Western Annapolis Sentinel.

VOL. 36

BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, AUGUST 12, 1908

NO. 17

Nova Scotia Wool Has An Excellent Name Abroad

Mr. Frank Stanfield Talks Interestingly of Trip to Upper Provinces—Business, Politics the Crop and the Tercentenary.

Mr. Frank Stanfield returned Tuesday night from a business trip to the Upper Provinces, says the Colchester Sun. He went as far as Toronto.

"What of the business outlook?" queried a Sun representative, when he met Mr. Stanfield on Wednesday. "None too good, from the general standpoint," was the reply.

"How about Stanfields, Limited?" further queried The Sun.

"Our mill is the only one of the kind in Canada that is running full time. Recently we have employed people that came from mills that are only running part time. Not only so, but our mill running steadily but we are turning out as many goods, just as many, as we did last year. However, I must admit that the outlook for next year is not so bright, though we are hoping for the best. Well, we must bear our share of the depression. Business men in the Upper Provinces look for a dull winter."

Continuing, Mr. Stanfield said: "Wool is a drug on the market in the Upper Provinces. It is commanding only twelve cents a pound, and dealers are thinking of dumping it on to the Old Country market, where it will sell for fifteen or sixteen cents a pound. Stanfields, Limited, is paying twenty cents cash."

"No other firm in the Maritime Provinces or in any other part of Canada for that matter, so far as I know, is paying that figure. Nova Scotia wool stands high in the Upper Provinces. I do not think I am wrong in stating that to a certain extent at least, the credit for this satisfactory state of affairs, that is, as regards making it known abroad, is due to Stanfields, Limited. During the last ten or twelve years we have spent about \$50,000 advertising our goods, and the words 'made from Nova Scotia wool' always occupy a prominent place in our advertisements."

"Since the beginning of this month five days ago, we have shipped fifteen carloads of goods, valued at \$100,000, chiefly to Ontario. This is the third large shipment we have made this summer."

"By the way, in this connection I want to say a word in behalf of the freight porters and other officials employed in the I. C. R. freight house here. They, considering the circumstances, gave our goods splendid despatch. Mind you, it is no fun to have fifteen carloads of goods dumped in on to you for re-handling in the space of a few hours. Some people think I, C. R. freight workers do not earn their money. I am not one of them. I believe they are a hard-working lot of men—and poorly paid."

"How about the Tercentenary?"

"Don't mention it. Already the word 'grat' is being used in connection with it. The charges were outrageous. Today you hire a room for one dollar, the second day the price is jumped to five dollars, and the third day eight dollars."

"What has become of the money?"

"The appropriations do not meet the demands. There, as I was told, will be a deficit. The affair was not largely attended by the people of the East and West; it was chiefly a Province of Quebec affair."

"Owing to the hot dry weather the crops in parts of Ontario and Quebec are not satisfactory. In that respect Nova Scotia is ahead of any other of the provinces I visited."

Severe Electrical Storm in New England

Boston, August 6.—The electrical storm which developed over New England yesterday was felt with especial severity in the southern and western sections, and much damage was caused there. Many buildings in Connecticut and Rhode Island were struck by lightning and in Springfield, Mass., a lightning bolt struck and exploded a gas tank at the plant of the Springfield Gas Light Company. Telegraph and telephone service in many districts suffered interruption by the storm.

In the spectacular play of lightning over Long Island Sound in the day, the wireless apparatus of the steamer Priscilla of the Fall River line was put out of commission.

In Newport, R. I., and neighboring villages, lightning hit a dozen buildings in the course of an hour's continuous bombardment, and in Wyandham county, Connecticut, the damage was equally as severe.

Twenty barns were set on fire and many cattle killed, while the rain was so heavy as to level standing crops.

It was the most disastrous electrical storm which has visited that section in years. Haverhill, Milford, Clinton and Hudson, in this state, and Concord, N. H., also felt the effects of the storm severely. Much damage was done by lightning.

Death Sentence Committed

Ottawa, Aug. 6.—Three commutations of death sentences in two days was the record established by the Cabinet yesterday afternoon. On Tuesday the death sentence passed upon a Prince Edward man named Barrette who shot his western stepson was commuted on the ground that the killing was not intentional. Yesterday, on the recommendation of the Minister of Justice, the death sentences of the Hamilton Italian, named Grecco, and of Oger Rochette of Quebec, each of whom were to have been hanged this morning, were commuted to life imprisonment.

Grecco stabbed a fellow countryman during a quarrel and the latter subsequently died. It came out in the evidence, however, that death might not have been due to the stabbing, but rather to tuberculosis from which the victim suffered. The trial judge, Sir William Mulock, recommended that the sentence be commuted with the proviso that the Italians of Hamilton should form a society to do away with the carrying of stilettos and other dangerous weapons by their compatriots in this country. This was done and Grecco will not go to the gallows.

In the case of Rochette whose trial excited so much interest in the Province of Quebec last May, the evidence was purely circumstantial and inconclusive. The prisoner has been given the benefit of the doubt.

A New Orleans woman was thin.
Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food.
She took **Scott's Emulsion**.
Result:
She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND 01.00

In Memoriam

MRS. EDWARD E. McDORMAND.

Daily the bell tolls a requiem for the passing of the dear daily the pall is spread and the mourners weep about the streets. Heedless of the availing prayers, ever over the faint scenes hovers the black wing of the destroyer, ever on unwilling ears sounds the beating of the surf along the shore where the silent Boatman waits.

"Thank God we are not left comfortless. Through the darkness reaches out the strong hand of 'Our Father,' touching us with the strength of God. Upon the bruised and broken spirit falls gently the divine voice of the living Christ. 'I am the resurrection and the life—He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live again.'"

On Monday, August 3rd, Mrs. Edward McDormand, of Round Hill, after having for nearly six years been compelled to lay aside the active duties of life, when the "day was done" and the hush of night fell upon the world, gently to her waiting soul came the great call, and the freest spirit, lovely in life and beautiful even in death, beheld beyond the shadows the brightness of an immortal day.

Mrs. McDormand was the only daughter of the late Isaac W. and Amelia Healy, both of whom sleep on the green hillside of the silent city. In 1888 she was married to Mr. E. E. McDormand, of Round Hill, where in her pleasant home, surrounded by much that makes life bright and happy, nearly forty years of happy married life passed all too rapidly away. Then the silent shadow of a wasting disease crossed the threshold, relentlessly pursuing its victim until the end.

Through the wearisome days and nights of those six long years which she bore with unflinching fortitude and sweet submission, the tender and never failing love and care of a devoted husband and children smoothed the wearisome way, going with her to the very verge of the dark valley, now comforted by the thought that in one of the many mansions of the Father's house she rests in the perfect peace of God, and if thought of earth may mingle there with those of the eternal, perchance she watches with them still.

Her kind, unselfish disposition and bright, sunny spirit won for her the warm regard of hosts of friends, who mingle their tears with those of the lonely husband and sorrowing children.

Thus at the age of sixty-two years she passed beyond their loving care, leaving behind her the fragrance of a noble life filled with kindly and unselfish thought for all within her circle, strong in faith in God, serving only for the tears of those who loved her.

Of her children, there are two sons, Robert M. and Chas. of Bridgewater, holding responsible positions, who, in their annual home-comings, will miss a mother's glad welcome, and one daughter, Mrs. L. G. Hervey, whose privilege it was to minister to her with all a daughter's love during the last trying weeks of her illness, and who did so much to help and support the grief-stricken husband.

And so they laid away all that was mortal on the green hillside, beneath the flowers she loved, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection into the immortal life.

"She may not return to us, but we shall go to her." —COM.

Disaster on Lake Winnipeg

West Selkirk, Man., Aug. 7.—The steamer Wolverson, in news tonight of a terrible disaster on Lake Winnipeg, at Warren's Landing where six lives were lost in a fire, which destroyed the steamer Tremier the finest boat on the lake. The ill-fated vessel was lying at her dock there freighted for a return trip to this point, when suddenly fire broke out about one o'clock on Thursday morning, when her 38 passengers, all tourists, were peacefully asleep in their state-rooms. The flames spread with such terrible rapidity that it was impossible to arouse them all, and eight of them met a horrible death. The others escaped in night-robes only.

Exterminator Found for the Codling Moth

It is now believed that the destructive reign of the codling moth is at an end, and that the thanks for it will be due to Clarence G. Gillette, professor of zoology and entomology at the Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.

For more than eight years Prof. Gillette has devoted much time and energy to perfecting a spray which would successfully kill off the codling moth, and at last success has crowned his efforts.

His discovery of a method to annihilate the codling moth is not exactly of recent date, but year by year he has improved upon his solution for an effective spray, and recent experiments have proved his complete success.

Up to within the last fifteen years the dread codling moth has destroyed annually from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the yield of Colorado apple orchards, and its devastations have been proportionately great throughout the entire world. For the codling moth is not a native of this State. It was imported here years ago, just as were other fruit parasites and plant lice, and probably had its origin in Asia.

To estimate the damage the codling moth has done in dollars and cents to the apple orchards of Colorado within a quarter of a century, reaches up into the millions, but in the future this will be saved.

When he first advanced the theory of spraying just after the blossom fall, Prof. Gillette advocated the use of a mixture composed of Paris green and London purple. That brought certain good results, but in many instances the arsenic killed the foliage.

The spray he advocates now is arsenate of lead. It is almost entirely indistinguishable. A person could hold enough of it to cause death in the mouth all day without being able to dissolve enough to do any harm.

But if it were eaten and swallowed the gastric juices of the stomach would dissolve it, and death would follow. This is how it kills the codling moth. It is sticky and will adhere to the tree all the year, and no amount of rain or moisture can interfere with its efficiency, but let the moth nibble on it and he dies.

The discovery of Prof. Gillette could probably also be used in North America to destroy the codling moth and the brown tail moth, which annually play such havoc with the orchards here.

Killed by Saw-Mill Explosion

Windsor, N. S., Aug. 7.—As the result of an explosion in the saw mill at Canoe Lake, twenty miles from here, at seven o'clock this morning, Edward Keith, the engineer was killed and three other employees were severely, perhaps fatally, injured.

The saw mill is owned by the Pattersboro Lumber Co., and had been running a short time, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the heavy boiler burst with terrific force. Keith, who was standing near the boiler, was buried with terrible speed against the wall of the mill, and was killed instantly. Three other workmen, Lowe, Swinhammer and Leary, who were standing near were terribly crushed and bruised. After the first confusion following the explosion, word was telephoned to Windsor, and Drs. Black and Morris, accompanied by Coroner Reid, started at once for the scene of the accident.

Engineer Keith was about forty years of age, unmarried and belonged to Oxford, N. S.

Swinhammer is scalded all over the body, and has a compound fracture of both bones of his leg, and his condition is considered dangerous. Lowe, who belongs to Lunenburg County, is also terribly scalded, and he will probably die. The injured were attended by Drs. Bret, Black and Morris, the latter remaining with Lowe all day.

Sixteen feet of the mill was blown into Canoe Lake, and the second boiler, supporting the one that burst, was also blown in the lake. The explosion was heard two and a half miles away.

Dr. Lavers, of New Ross, will hold an inquest.

A Brilliant Wolfville Wedding

FITZHUGH—STARR.

The Wolfville Baptist Church was the scene of a social event of much interest on Wednesday evening, September 3, being the marriage of Miss Emily Portia Starr, eldest daughter of C. R. H. Starr, to William W. Fitzhugh, Jr., assistant superintendent of a large business house in New York.

The church which was crowded to the doors with relatives and friends of the contracting parties, was artistically decorated. A large screen across the front of the church was of unique design, ornamented with chrysanthemums and white roses, the chancel being a complete bank of greens and ferns. At eight o'clock to the strains of the Bridal Chorus, played by the organist, Mrs. J. C. Ringwald, the bride entered the church on the arm of her father, and preceded by her bridesmaid, Miss Helen Starr, and took her place beside the groom under the wedding bell, the impressive ring ceremony being performed by Rev. A. C. Chute, D. D. The bride looked lovely in an exquisite gown of chiffon over white satin, an train with veil and orange blossoms and carried a beautiful bouquet of roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Evelyn Starr, as maid of honor, who was prettily gowned in a cream point d'esprit, and her friend, Miss Josephine Bostwick, of St. John, who wore a handsome gown of green silk chiffon, both carrying exquisite bouquets. The ceremony was attended by his friend, Mr. Kirkland, of New York, the ushers being Messrs. Richard Starr, brother of the bride, Dr. Avery DeWitt and Mr. Fitzhugh, of New York.

At the close of the ceremony, congratulations were received, after which the wedding party repaired to the home of the bride, Westwood Ave., where refreshments were served and after a social hour, Mr. and Mrs. Starr, left on a trip to the Adirondacks, after which they will reside in New York. The bride's going away gown was of brown rajah silk. The groom's suit was one of the most nicely accomplished, charming and popular of Wolfville's young ladies, was the recipient of a large number of elegant and costly gifts, the groom's gift being a valuable pearl pendant.

Many of the influential families of Cornwallis, Kentville and Wolfville were guests at the wedding.

A Tragedy of Seventy-five Years Ago

The edition of the Yarmouth Herald of seventy-five years ago contains a tragic item of news from Annapolis county as follows:

Wilful Murder.—A coroner's inquest was held in the Dalhousie settlement, county of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, on Monday, the 15th inst., before Peter Bonnet, Esquire, on view of the body of Catharine Inglis. After five evidences had been sworn and examined the Jury returned their verdict—"That she was wilfully murdered by John Gregory."—A coroner's warrant having been issued, Gregory was immediately arrested, and is now in goal at Annapolis, to take his trial in September next. The deceased was a very respectable and aged woman, and has left a husband and four children, and three grand-children, to lament the loss of an affectionate wife and tender parent. The body was brought into Annapolis by rail and there entered with every mark of respect—Much credit is due to Edward H. Cutler, Esquire the High Sheriff, and a number of gentlemen from the town, for arresting the murderer.

Mysterious Camper in Nova Scotia Forest

What Became of Him? Had His Forest Retreat Any Particular Significance in Connection with Disappearance of Prominent Man?

(Special to the Monitor-Sentinel.)

In the fall of 183— I happened to be in Boston and picking up a daily paper I read something like as follows:

"Mr. B—, Cashier of the National Bank, has absconded, taking some \$20,000 of the bank's funds with him. The most careful search has failed to locate him or furnish even the slightest clue as to which way he has gone. He was known to be in the city in August and, as he was in the habit of spending his vacation in the Maine woods, where he has several camps, it was thought by some that he might be rusticated there, but the most diligent search has disclosed the fact, that none of his woods camps have been recently occupied. His whereabouts is a mystery."

I remembered that after reading the above paragraph I thought over the situation and wondered if the detective system that our cousin brag about was all that they claim for it. However, in a short time the incident dropped out of my memory and for more than twelve months it did not occur to me.

A little more than a year from the time of reading the paragraph first mentioned I had occasion to get some information about the level of certain lakes in the interior of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of having dams built for reservoirs for stream driving. There were three or four small lakes that it was thought could be made use of to hold water by building dams at their outlets. I also had to ascertain if water could be brought from one brook to another by cutting a cheap canal.

I had two assistants and had nearly completed the work, and as supplies were running low concluded that we had better try for some trout to replenish our stock of provisions. Leaving one man to keep camp, and taking the other with me, we got in our canoe and were soon at the inlet of the lake, where the chances seemed to be all right to catch a few fish.

Instructing my man to catch some fish if he could, and taking my rifle, I started to look around. I had travelled perhaps half a mile from the canoe, when I saw fresh signs of a bear. There were two of them and they had only been gone a few minutes. Following their trail very cautiously I expected to see them and get a shot. I had only gone a little way when I saw where they had both jumped and run some distance. Feeling curious to know what had started them, I moved very carefully listening all the while. I had moved out of the swamp and was on the edge of a fairly open growth of hardwood, which sloped to the southeast. Looking carefully around I noticed some cutting done very recently; a small fir tree had been cut to get brush. It was quite evident what had started the bears.

Following the trail of the brush over the ridge it led down to a little softwood thicket along side of a small brook, and not far from the cove of a small lake. Here, in an ideal place, was a camp, rather roughly built, but showing evidences of being occupied and particularly so by the small wreath of smoke that was going up from it. Approaching the door, which was open, I heard voices inside; when I got near a man looked out and saw me. He seemed very much surprised and made a movement as if to shut the door but seemed to think better of it and stepped outside as though he did not want me to go in.

He appeared to be a man about forty years of age, somewhat stooped but rather tough and wiry looking. I bade him "Good morning," asked if he were fishing, and was getting ready to ask more questions when some one apparently in distress, called from inside, "George, come in here, quick." George started to go in, and I followed. The camp was built of small logs and well called with moss. The roof was made of slanting poles and covered with bark; a pane of glass in each end let in some light, and a small stove occupied one corner. On one side, in a very comfortable berth, lay a man, neatly dressed, quite fleshy, and apparently slightly older than the first man. He was cleanly shaven and his iron grey hair was closely cut, one foot was bandaged and seemed to be bleeding. After glancing at him, my first question was, "What is the matter?" He seemed quite surprised at seeing me, but after bidding me "Good morning," said, "I was out using the axe and unfortunately have cut my foot. It is bleeding a good deal and pains me." I offered to look at it and assist him if I could in dressing it. He rather reluctantly consented and getting the bandage off I found he had cut it in the instep, but not seriously, with George's assistance I dressed it and he seemed to be much more comfortable.

During all the time we were at work he kept talking, told me his name was—, had been living in St. John a short time, had come there from the West coast, liked the woods and was just resting there, thankful to have me call but would not detain me for anything, did not care much for visitors as George was all the company he wished. In fact showed me in a well bred, but plain, way that he did not want my company. I noticed a number of Boston papers lying around.

After bidding him good day I went back to my man, who had caught a nice string of fish.

Completing the work I had on hand we came home, and I have never seen my strange encounter since.

The following summer I had to send a couple of men into that district. I told them of the camp and where to find it. They went there, found the camp, all right but it was empty. On looking around they found several Boston papers, and nicely folded up itself was one bearing the date September 183—, and containing the paragraph I had read in the fall of that year. Whether this is coincidence or fact the reader can judge for himself.

J. B. W.

SIPPING

SOVEREIGN LIME JUICE

in Sizzling, Summer Weather, Spells Solid Satisfaction.

Seventy-five drinks for 25 cents.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, HALIFAX, N. S.