

CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG BY THE ENGLISH IN THE STIRRING DAYS OF OLD.

Rev. W. O. Raymond Deals Entertainingly With an Interesting Part of Local History--The Five Years' War--Failure of French Attack Upon Annapolis Royal.

W. O. RAYMOND, LL. D. CHAPTER X. KING GEORGE'S WAR.

After a long interval of peace from the time of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, war was declared between France and England in 1744. The Indians of the St. John river, who had been fairly quiet for some years, took the warpath with great alacrity. The war that ensued is known as "King George's," or the "Five Years' War."

During King George's war the Maliseet warriors did not, as in former Indian wars, assemble at Medouctie and turn their faces westward to devastate the settlements of New England, the scene of hostilities was now transferred to the eastward, Annapolis Royal, Beauséjour and Louisbourg became the scene of hostilities and Annapolis, not Medouctie, the place of rendezvous.

The Indians Attack Annapolis. Immediately after the declaration of war Paul Mascarene set to work to repair the defenses of Annapolis Royal. The French inhabitants at first showed every readiness to assist him, but they refused to let their habitations, which were the number of about three hundred fighting men, appear before the fort.

Some weeks later the united forces again advanced on Annapolis but after a siege lasting from the end of August to about the 25th of September, they were obliged to retire without accomplishing anything. Mascarene conducted the defense with courage and energy but, honestly admits, in his letter to Governor Shirley, that he was nearly "to the time of expiring" from the Governor of Massachusetts.

After the failure of the French attack on Annapolis Royal, Shirley planned an expedition against Louisbourg, "the Dunkirk of America." This was indeed a formidable undertaking, for the French had spent twenty-five years of time and about six millions and a half of dollars in building, arming and adorning that city. The walls of its defenses were formed of bricks brought from France and they required two hundred and six pieces of cannon.

The capture of Louisbourg greatly relieved the situation at Annapolis, and probably saved Acadia to the English. It acted as a damper on the ardor of the Indians of the St. John river, who, under Marso, a French officer from Quebec, had taken the warpath. They were encouraged in their hostile attitude by their missionary Garin, lately come to Annapolis as Daniel's successor.

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"I could speak French. I told him a little, and asked him concerning one Jonathan a soldier that was a passenger on board of our Schooner when we was taken, and was then at ye River of Saint John's. Ye Priest gave me an account of him, and told me to content myself in ye Condition that I was then in, for I was in ye hands of a Christian nation and it might prove very Beneficial both to my Body and Soul. I was obliged to concur with his sentiments for fear of displeasing my masters. Ye Indians built him a Table against a Large Tree, where he said mass, and sung (Joanage au bon Dieu pour leur conversation just'qu'au present) after they had concluded their mass, &c, the priest gave them 'Permission to commence their making Commens and took his leave of us. This day we was employed in making Commens of Elin and ash Bark."

"God Sent Meat and Ye D-cook Cooks" The Indians with Capt. Pote made seven canoes, and in those they proceeded down the Omsan river to Washadensak lake, thence up the St. John river to Annapolis. On the way several rather curious incidents occurred. For example, on one occasion they caught some small fish, which Pote attempted to clean, but the Indians insisted that he should boil them "alone and blood and all together."

SHAMROCK BEATEN, BUT LIPTON HOPES.

New York, Aug. 22.—In a fine 12 to 15 knot breeze over a windward and leeward course of thirty miles, the gallant ship Shamrock beat the British boat three minutes and twenty-four seconds in the third race of the regatta. The race was a very close one, and the Shamrock's victory was a surprise to many of the spectators.

The race in detail. A snappy southwest wind rising ten knots was blowing when a few minutes before 10 o'clock Shamrock III, followed by the Reliance, reached the usual starting line at Sandy Hook lightship. At 10:20 the regatta committee signalled the start by firing a gun.

The critical point in the race. For thirteen miles challenger and challenged fought out the magnificent duel, sailing the Reliance's bowsprit close to the Shamrock's stern. The wind began to moderate a bit and the Reliance asserted that she had a better chance of winning.

Shift of Wind Helps Defender. They were southwest of the mark and the wind shifted to a southerly gale. The Reliance followed suit only to see Shamrock return to her former course. Plainly it was Capt. Wringe's trick to shake the Reliance's confidence.

Shamrock's Bad Luck. In setting her balloon jib the Shamrock encountered another piece of bad luck. One of the stops would not break out and the sails hung for some minutes like a limp flag on the stay.

When it was morning we had intelligence that there was a priest from the River of Saint John's expected to arrive at this place in a few minutes, ye Indians made great preparation for his Reception and at his arrival showed many symptoms of their Great Respect. Ye Priest was conducted to ye Captain's camp, where after having passed many compliments, the Priest asked ye Capt. of ye Indians who I was, and when he understood I was a prisoner, he asked me if I was Pierre Danielou died at Quebec, May 23, 1744. His successor, Father Charles Germain, came to Canada in 1738 and a few years later, probably in 1740, was sent to the St. John River.

had got there in time to see her finish, eight minutes and fifty-six seconds ahead of the plucky challenger. Summary (official): Start. Turn. Finish.Elapsed. Reliance 11:43.41 1:55.19 3:37.28 3:37.28 Shamrock 11:43.41 1:55.19 3:37.28 3:41.17

LORD SALISBURY DIED SATURDAY.

London, Aug. 22.—Lord Salisbury died peacefully at 9:05 o'clock tonight. During the past forty-eight hours he had been suffering from a severe attack of influenza, which he had contracted in the great games of England's premier being sustained only by the constant use of oxygen and even that failing, he died at 9:05 o'clock tonight.

King Edward's Tribute.

London, Aug. 23.—King Edward's tribute to the deceased Marquis of Salisbury is given in the court circular tonight, dated Monday, Sunday. It is as follows: "The king has received with profound regret the news of the death of the Marquis of Salisbury and his majesty deeply deplores the loss of so great a statesman, whose invaluable services to Queen Victoria, to the king and his country in the highest offices of state which he held for so many years, will ever dwell in the memory of his fellow countrymen."

SARDINE CANNERY AT LUBEC BURNED SUNDAY.

Lubec, Me., Aug. 22.—Factory B of the Lubec Sardine Company was burned today as a result of an explosion of gas from an oven, causing a property loss of \$40,000 and the loss of the lives of two men. The fire broke out at 11:40 o'clock and spread rapidly, burning for three hours and destroying the entire plant.

JOHN JOHNSON BELONGED TO LOWER DURHAM, N. B.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—The parents of John Johnson, who was drowned here yesterday, now live at Lower Durham, York county. The funeral will be under the auspices of the Oddfellows at Hood River today.

SAM PARKS FOUND GUILTY. Notorious Walking Delegate for the First Time in Tomb Cell.

New York, Aug. 22.—Sam Parks was tonight convicted of extortion, and for the first time since he was accused of crime the widely known walking delegate of the house-smiths and bridge-men's union was locked in a cell in the Tombs.

The Tale of the Cow. (A legend of the Shore Line Railway.)

"Cow on the track!" the shore line engineer played the lever, frowned with his gear. "What then?" the trembled cried. "An engine's lighted on our main face, and 'tis a cow!"

"Oh, many a time, in the long years gone, On this same railway did I vainly try To catch the footing cow. Successful, then, was my endeavor, In Shore Line annals had a lasting name. And so my chance came now."

"The cow on the coal; yes, every blessed thing Combustible, upon the furnace fired. No need the wasted fuel. Let the conductor bluster, he will! Or frightened passengers denounce us, still To miss this chance were cruel."

Around the Town.

The event of the week has been the Shamrock-Reliance yacht race for the America cup. What an interesting rivalry that man Lipton is! Whether you regard him as an astute tradesman, seeking to push the great game of the nation's sporting notoriety, or as an ambitious man seeking to enter the portals of society through the entry of a national sporting ambition, or merely as a true sport anxious to place his country first in yachting circles, he is interesting in any form.

The sports who gathered about the editorial rooms of The Telegraph late Friday night and early Saturday morning to observe the result of the yachting battle in San Francisco, talked light and told stories of men who had charmed a place of prominence within that charmed circle. The tales they told about Edie Conolly, Billy Smith, "Yachts" Eberly, Sullivan—both "Twin" and John L.—and many more were very interesting.

It may be stated here that Sullivan is a philanthropist and is susceptible to a touch of "Yonkeritis" realized this. On his way to the station to take the train he was first approached by a stranger who told him that his wife was dying and John would have to go to the hospital to see her.

It is very interesting to hear the comments of visitors on objects of such common local knowledge that the average citizen cannot imagine they can be misinterpreted by a stranger. For example their is the laborer's bell in Market Square which every man, woman and child in St. John knows is rung at 7 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 12 noon, 1 p. m. and 5 p. m. for the convenience of laborers along the harbor front.

"Oh, don't you know me," she answered. "I'm Mrs. — and I used to know you when you were a little boy. And you were so good and such a handsome and nice little boy too, and really, Mister Sullivan, I would never, never have thought that you would turn out to be a prizefighter."

"I think I know you well enough to scold you," said an undeniable pretty little maid in a voice of reverent tenderness to her servant, who was glibly chided by one of the others on the ground that she was being too nosy.

CAUSED BY THE HEAT. A Rash on Baby's Skin That Often Alarms Careful Mothers.

During the summer months a rash often appears on the face of babies and is able to alarm the careful mother. It is due to the excessive heat, and, if not treated, grows, in its character, into a serious condition. It is often mistaken for the eruption of measles, but it is not measles, and it is not a dangerous disease.

"Oh! What an awful fraud!" Dear reader, this explosive observation was not made at the Opera House, nor after a second scrutiny of a bargain counter purchase; it was made in a city church last Sunday evening, at the conclusion of an exceptionally interesting service, or two services. Those who attended had heard a brilliant sermon by one of the most gifted of Canada's pulpit orators, and had heard an organ recital at the close.

"Heaven," said the preacher, in the course of his sermon, "is a development. Verily, he speaks a truth. She was a very tiny little person, of but few years experience in this wonderful world. Each day, therefore, was one of revelation. New discoveries concerning herself, or her doll, or her surroundings, kept her in a mild state of wonder, from time her bright eyes opened in the morning, until they closed at night. She had in some way contracted a cold in her head. It might not have been a new experience, but for the first time she had a realizing consciousness of the effects of it. She got her handkerchief out, put it to her nose several times, then turned in sudden perturbation to her mother, and this was what she said: 'Mamma! What's the matter with my nose? It won't go.'"

This is the story of how a boy laid siege to the heart of a summer cottager, and won a great victory. The boy in question was in the habit of carrying milk to the cottager's home every morning. One day he saw a (to him) very beautiful kite in the cottage. "My," he said, "that's a pretty kite." The lady of the cottage agreed that it was. Next day he gazed longingly at the kite and said, "I wish I had a kite like that." On the third day the cottager himself was around, and the boy said, "Say, I s'pose you could make me a kite like that?"

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Presents at Toronto. Toronto, Aug. 23.—(Special)—Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents have arrived and are being installed at the exhibition grounds. They are constantly guarded by a detachment of Royal Grenadiers.

Manitoba Wheat Crop Good. Winnipeg, Aug. 23.—(Special)—The bulk of the wheat in northern Manitoba is now out. Reports coming in from northern points in Manitoba indicate a magnificent yield.