

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Four Men Instantly Killed by Being Struck by an Express Train.

Were in Covered Wagon - The Accident Occurred Upon the Concord Division of the Boston and Maine Railway.

LEBANON, N. H., July 21.—The worst grade crossing accident for 30 years upon the Concord division of the Boston & Maine railway occurred here at the Bank street crossing, near Rivendale Park, shortly after mid-night. A one-seated top buggy containing James Goodwin of Hildale, Mass.; Wm. Thurston of Perry, N. H.; Thomas Burns of Winslow, Vt., and Eddie McCabe of this town, was struck by the Montreal night express, due here at midnight, and the four men were instantly killed. The buggy was demolished, while the horses escaped with but a few slight bruises.

Goodwin and Burns were weavers employed by the American Woolen Co. Thurston had just finished work as a farmer for G. M. McConnon. He was married, but his wife's address is unknown. McCabe was 19 years old, was employed by Carter & Rogers of this place, and leaves a widowed mother and sister. The train was hired by Goodwin at Peter Stone's stable about 7 o'clock for a drive to Enfield, and he was seen here with Burns about 9 o'clock. It is not known where Thurston and McCabe joined the party, which returned from Enfield just in advance of George Benjamin, who reports them as singing loudly. The train was on time and was making its usual speed on entering the yard. There is a long stretch of road over which they drove from which the train could be plainly seen, but no attention seems to have been paid to the usual crossing whistle, which was heard by Benjamin and others. It is evident that the party tried to cross in advance of the train, the horse alone clearing the rails. The train, which was in charge of Conductor Austin and Engineer Warren Emerson, both of Concord, was quickly stopped. The bodies were all on the left side of the track, the largest man being 12 feet from the point of collision. The horse was thrown about 70 feet against the culvert fence and but little injured. Two trainmen were left with the bodies, and Dr. F. Goodrich Smith and Selectman H. P. Goodrich were called. Examination showed that death in each case was instantaneous, the skulls of all being crushed. The examination by the coroner revealed that all had been drinking. No blame whatever attaches to the trainmen.

AT ST. HELENA.

Capt. Fishley Tells About the Boer Prisoners on the Island.

NEW YORK, July 20.—The British steamer Reading, now lying at Jersey city, has just arrived from St. Helena and Ascension. Captain Fishley of the vessel, speaking of the Boer prisoners on the island, says: "There are about 4,700 there. Of these 17 per cent are Transvaalers and Orange Free Staters. The remaining 83 per cent is made up of other nationalities in this order: Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, a few Russians, Irishmen and even Englishmen, a handful of Scotchmen, a few Americans, a few Greeks, and scatterings of other nationalities. The number of Scandinavians is surprising. I found that many of the Scandinavians held masters' and mates' certificates. There were many desertions from Scandinavian ships in South African ports. "At the St. Helena club, Jamestown, where the Boer officers write, play billiards, drink and smoke and lounge, I talked with Colonel Soehle, the German military expert. It is difficult to judge of his age. His hair and moustaches are snow white and his countenance ruddy and healthy. Colonel Soehle is disgusted with his long imprisonment and has offered his services to the British. He told me that in his opinion the Boers should have surrendered after the capture of Pretoria. "General Cronje is also weary of his detention, but says little. I was told that the proportion of native Boers are representative of their entire army."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Woodstock Man Gets Letter From His Brother—Roughing It In Column.

WOODSTOCK, July 19.—W. Hill, employed in Dent's bakery here, has received a letter from his brother, in the 6th battery, Royal Field Artillery, South Africa. He says: "We are out on a column, and I am writing this letter ready to go out when there is a convoy leaving. We are at Stynsdorp at present. We started away from Middelburg on the 8th of May. I don't know how we are doing much. "There are not many Boers knocking around. What there are about in parties of twenty or so, and we keep capturing a few at a time, and one can't last much longer. We dare not leave our guns, for we are apt to be made prisoners in case we do. They are very strict on us. I suppose you are enjoying your summer months. We are in the middle of winter here. It is very cold in the night and in the morning, but in the middle of the day we have it pretty fair. We have had some terrible nights since we have been out on this column. We have no accounts and we had to sleep out in the open, unless we like to rig a bit of a cover up with one of our blankets. We have only one to put up, and one can't last much longer. I don't care how soon we get back to Middleburg. I think this is the last column we shall be on. Anyway, I hope so, as I think I have had a good share of it. From Nov. 12, 1899, when we left England, I think it is about time they sent us home, the sooner the better."

MRS. KRUGER DEAD.

Pretoria, July 21.—Mrs. Kruger, wife of former President Kruger of the South African Republic, died yesterday afternoon of pneumonia, after an illness of three days. She was 67 years old.

PRETORIA, July 21.—Mrs. Kruger's long separation from her husband, combined with the death of her favorite daughter, Mrs. Smith, last week, had completely broken her spirit. Mr. Kruger and many other members of the Kruger family were at her bedside when she passed away.

LONDON, July 22.—Owing to the Sunday telegraph hours in Holland, says a despatch to the Daily Mail from Hilversum: "Mr. Kruger was not informed of his wife's death until Tuesday night, when the Cohen presented her husband with triplata. And as if this distinction were not sufficient, the fond parents have sent the newborn child to Buffalo, where, in an incubator at the Pan-American Exposition, all the world may see them thrive."

NEW YORK, July 19.—After waiting twelve years for the stork to appear, there was joy in the family of Morris J. Cohen, at No. 54 Pike street, Tuesday night, when the Cohen presented her husband with triplata. And as if this distinction were not sufficient, the fond parents have sent the newborn child to Buffalo, where, in an incubator at the Pan-American Exposition, all the world may see them thrive.

THE advent of the Cohen triplets was unexpected and the family physician, Dr. G. Fishel, had planned to remain in Buffalo until September. He was started on Wednesday when a telegram was handed to him announcing the arrival of the little ones.

LEIUT.-COL. DENT Coming to New Brunswick Next Month to Buy Horses.

Hon. E. P. Farris, Commissioner of Agriculture, Fredericton, N. B., says: "I purpose going to New Brunswick the latter part of August, dates to be hereafter fixed, to buy horses for the H. M. government as remounts for the army. I should be greatly obliged if you would inform me of the most likely places in New Brunswick to find horses and the names of men who would collect them for inspection. My time will be limited, and I can only visit two or three principal towns. The classes of horses I am buying are: Artillery horses, 15.1 to 15.2 1/2 hds., stout, blocky, active horses, quiet in harness; Cavalry horses—15.1 to 15.2 hds., quiet to ride; Infantry Cobs, 14.3-1.2 hds., quiet to ride. "I will esteem it a favor if you will make my visit as widely known as possible, so that the best horses can be secured quickly when my dates are fixed. I am, sir, Your obedient servant, H. S. DENT, Lieut.-Col. Remount Officer, Canada."

IT parties having for sale horses answering the above description will notify the Department of Agriculture, Fredericton, at once, they will be put on the list of horses to be inspected at the different points, which will likely be Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John, Moncton and Chatham. L. P. FARRIS, Commissioner for Agriculture.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumford's Headache Powders.

A MEETING IN AFRICA. (Youth's Companion.) Bennett, Burleigh, the English war correspondent, is authority for the following strange story: One day last autumn two officers, newly arrived from different parts of country, met at Cape Town. Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner hour came they agreed to dine together.

BEWARE OF OLD POTATOES. A timely note of warning may be given at this season of the year in regard to the use of old potatoes, says Leslie's Weekly. It has always been known that new potatoes partly or wholly turned green by exposure to the sun while growing are poisonous. The most serious poisoning has been discovered in old potatoes, especially when they begin to sprout. The substance is known as alkaloid solanine. In 1892 and 1893 there were almost wholesale poisonings among the troops of the German army. The symptoms were frontal headache, cold, diarrhoea, vomiting, weakness and slight stupor, and in some cases dilation of the pupil. Meyer investigated the matter and found in old potatoes kept in a damp place and beginning to sprout twenty-five times as much solanine as in new potatoes.

THREEFOLD JOY Came to the Cohen Home, Childless for Twelve Years. To Grow in Incubator—Taken to Buffalo, Packed in Hidesdown, to Thrive Before the Eyes of Pan-American Visitors.

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DEATH OF MOLLINS.

Of the South Africa Constabulary at Mlandsfontein.

The Hillsboro, Albert Co., Weekly News of July 19th published the following particulars received by John S. Mollins of the death of his son, Edward Mollins, of the South African Constabulary, which took place at Mlandsfontein, May 31, from enteric fever.

Sister H. O. Inckle, A. U. R., wrote to Mrs. Mollins from the Mlandsfontein general hospital as follows: "Dear Mrs. Mollins—I hardly know how to write to you, yet I feel I must send you a few lines to tell you about your son, Trp. E. Mollins, 1587, S. A. C. "I do not know if you have had a letter from your son since his arrival. He was admitted into the hospital on the 24th of May, 1901, and transferred to my care on the 25th, with enteric fever, and pneumonia. Mollins had a very severe attack from the beginning, and though everything that could possibly be done for him was done, I regret to say he passed away today at 1.50 p. m. quite quietly."

"I cannot tell you much, as he has been so delirious. On Wednesday he was asking for you, and I explained to him where he was and he was contented when I said I would write to you as near as I could, and he was all at home. Otherwise he has not been able to talk much, as he has had so much delirium."

"Trp. Ayles was a friend of his, and he has been in to see him, and has promised to write to you as well. With sincere sympathy, etc."

Lieut. J. T. R. Alwater, O. C., No. 14 Troop, C. Div., S. A. C., wrote to Mr. Mollins as follows from Heidelberg, Transvaal Colony, June 2: "Dear Sir—It is with a feeling of deep regret and sincere sympathy that I write you of this very sad calamity, notice of which reached me today. Your son Edwin, who was sent from here to general hospital at Mlandsfontein on the 24th of May, suffering from an attack of enteric fever, passed away at 1.50 p. m. on the 31st last."

"As his commanding officer, I must say of him that he always did his duty faithfully and well, and as a brave man and an exemplary soldier. Like a soldier he died, having sacrificed himself for the welfare of King and country, while his name goes to swell the long 'roll of honor' of Canadian brave sons who have sacrificed their lives to the upbuilding of our glorious Empire."

"Your son's effects, together with the balance of pay due him, a matter of eight or ten pounds, will be forwarded through the proper channels."

CORPORAL GEE. How He Captured Four Boers Single-Handed. (Toronto Star.)

The day was hot and sultry—so hot that the rifles barrels scorched the soldiers' faces. But there was work, soldier's work—only a little forage. It was better than another day of monotonous garrison duty. "I was away from the little foraging party only eight men and two wagons—in search of the provender. The wagons were almost loaded and the sun was declining. "Across the velvet moving figures were seen four mounted men! An incomprehensible thought flashed through my mind, but there was a man on foot behind. What was it? A Boer carried over his mount, most likely. "But the man behind carried his rifle and a Boer weapon at hand—as if he were his best friend. "A little nearer he came and the men at the wagons set up a cheer. Ahead rode four Boers, a sheepskin, crestfallen group. Behind came a Canadian with a Boer rifle and the men were his prisoners—captured single-handed."

"The man with the rifle was Corporal G. of Pickering, a member of Strathcona's, and his exploit is one of the most remarkable of the South African war."

Mr. Gee is now visiting at the home of Mrs. Emma Gee of 24 Elliott street. It is not often that he relates the story of that little adventure, and when he does, he does not forget to impress the fact upon his hearers that he was as badly scared that day as he ever was in his life. Corporal Gee is a big, tall fellow, a typical Canadian from every point of view. "It was about the 20th of September that it was too cold to expose her offspring to his inquisitive gaze. At this point the old lady, who was dancing around in a perfect ecstasy of rheumatic fever. "We were then at Spitz Kop, 22 miles from Lydenburg, and I was sent back to the hospital at that place. I recovered at the end of two weeks and in order to make room for others who were more in need of the doctor than I was, I applied for a transfer to the 6th Lancers, then in garrison there. I secured leave to go out with the foraging party, which consisted of eight men and two wagons, and left town in my shirt sleeves, taking only my revolver with me. The party stopped at a deserted Boer farm about four miles out, and I, for curiosity's sake, rode out to a ridge about half a mile away from the wagons. I could see nothing from there, so I went further to a small kopje. Another half mile away from there I could see moving figures. At first I thought they were some of our fellows, and sat down to watch them. When they came nearer I saw they were Boers out scouting. They came down to the edge of the ridge I was on first, and from there sighted the foraging party. They were now about half a mile away from me. "It was within range of their rifles and knew if I made a bolt for it they would get me, so I concealed myself in the grass and waited. I was not in a happy frame of mind. I was scared, but determined to give them a scrape before I went under. The Boers, in order to snipe the foraging party, came along behind the kopje I was on and the party. Their intention was to get to the infantry end of the ridge, where they would be within easy range of the party. As they came out of range of my revolver and picked me off. I knew then that only a

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GENERAL GORDON'S BIBLE. In the corridors at Windsor stands a little show window and in it a splendidly bound and gilded Italian work, with sides of engraved rock crystal. Within this gorgeous setting lies wide open, on a satin cushion, a little well-worn book. It is General Gordon's Bible, and it is open at the Gospel according to St. John. Below a little plate bears an inscription recording the fact that the Bible was presented to her majesty by the sister of General Gordon after his death. This was one of the most prized possessions of Queen Victoria, and she never failed to point it out to visitors.

KUMFORD'S HEADACHE POWDERS are safe, pleasant and effective. They contain no opiates or any harmful drug. They create no habit from continued use.



SURPRISE SOAP. It is Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. Economical in wearing qualities. Most satisfactory in results. Gives the whitest clothes, clean and sweet. You make the best bargain in soap when you buy SURPRISE.

big bluff could save me. When they came opposite me I shouted 'Hands up!' They reined their horses up so sharply that they were almost thrown over the animals' heads. It was laughable but I did not appreciate the joke at the time. Up went their hands, but how to get rid of their rifles was the problem. I knew no Dutch, but I shouted to them to drop their rifles. They made no move, and I shouted again, still no move. So I threatened to fire if they did not drop them instantly. Their rifles, which they had been carrying over the pommels of their saddles, dropped to the ground in a hurry. I came out from the grass, and still covering them with my revolver, picked up one of the rifles. The magazine was full and I had them at my mercy.

"Where are the rest of them," said one of them, who understood English. "There are no more," I replied. The about ten minutes, but I had the best of them with the rifle in my hand, and ordered them to rise toward camp. I alone the valley, they followed a sheep path, and I saw that this would bring them within range of my revolver. I could hardly hope to escape discovery, and without a rifle was under a disadvantage for they could have remained followed on foot. They made no trouble. I remained about twenty-five yards behind them, and at that distance they knew I could pick off two or three before they could run me down.

"After they were secured, we went back and got my horse, which was tied behind the kopje, and the rifles." Mr. Gee was wounded at Waterfall on July 30. A bullet which passed clean through his horse lodged in his leg just below the knee. The surgeons refused to remove it, and the wound healed in three weeks, and he rejoined his regiment. He was taken ill again with the rheumatic fever at Johannesburg and was invalided home. He arrived in England in the 19th of December where the bullet was located by the "X" rays and removed. The bullet had worked its way down to the ankle, but had caused him no trouble. He arrived home on the 17th of February.

The story of Corporal Gee's capture was related last September, but the news of the exploit came by cablegram and lacked detail.

What is Life to You? If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly it relieves the inflammation, heals the ulcers and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

ECONOMY? A story comes down river today which illustrates the old proverb that the clever man is not the one who earns much money, but he who saves it. A well-to-do citizen of Hampton had a carriage coming down river by the Star line and wished to have it taken from Indiantown to Hampton. He enquired what the freight would be on the carriage and was told that it was a dollar and a half. Then he asked the cost of bringing his horse from Hampton to the city, and found it was one dollar. He decided to bring the horse in and haul the carriage to Hampton, thus wasting the greater part of a day in order to save the difference between the freight on the horse with his own fare added and the freight on the carriage—Star.

A Blue Book, just issued, giving a return of the navigation of the United Kingdom, shows that British inward shipping has decreased in 1900 by 2,318,243 tons and outward shipping by 2,965,600 tons, while foreign inward shipping increased by 3,452,113 tons and outward shipping by 3,478,575 tons.

"We have had three shows of appendicitis in the past three days," says a rural exchange. "That shows how the town is improving. All we could boast of a few years ago was ordinary measles."—Atlanta Constitution.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The healthiest and most effective.

P. E. Death of the

The Killing of Electric Light town—Electro town—News No

CHARLOTTETOWN. J. W. McConnell Young have gone to land, France, Italy before returning. Among former returned here for care: John McLeod, Mrs. Vaucourt, Cambridge, Mrs. G. Bell from St. John, Cornell, Mrs. Ch. daughter from Ch. and Mrs. McPherson, R. N. Taylor from Martin, accompan. of Montreal; Albert G. S. J. T. Sec. A. D. Frances Caley; G. M. Jan. Eddie Bulpit; G. G. A. Sec. Beattie Joseph H. Baker; G. M. Wm. Kamesing was held in the largely attended. His Lordship B. Martin, re-elected. Rev. Henry Carter, W. H. Beer, endorser; G. S. J. Sec. A. D. Frances Caley; G. M. Jan. Eddie Bulpit; G. G. A. Sec. Beattie Joseph H. Baker; G. M. Wm. Kamesing was held in the largely attended.

Austin Hewitt for a violation of the regulations. He had been on the island left a few days ago. He was accused of T. McLean, Ben. J. McLean, and others, who intend taking military school. Colin Ferguson, E. Ferguson, who after Ferguson, his home in Marshfield connected with the insurance Company.

Many readers of the death of the daughter of the O. W. form the son of P. E. Island, at Hon. L. C. Owen, G. A. Sec. Beattie Joseph H. Baker; G. M. Wm. Kamesing was held in the largely attended. His Lordship B. Martin, re-elected. Rev. Henry Carter, W. H. Beer, endorser; G. S. J. Sec. A. D. Frances Caley; G. M. Jan. Eddie Bulpit; G. G. A. Sec. Beattie Joseph H. Baker; G. M. Wm. Kamesing was held in the largely attended.

John I. Weather over by a train and side on the evening was a native of Lot carpenter, and resided Mass, for the past one daughter and t. Island. What rend doubly as the just arrived by the from the United States to board the train visit his only daughter. He was about 80 years not visited the island when a train in his him. He had been the annual Orang at Freetown on the exceptionally success standpoint. The news were delivered by Sumner, O. B. paud, and Henry Eleanor's.

Mary Millman fit, both of Burlington in St. Stephen's churchings ago by Rev. A. Percy Hobkirk, a fishery vice, has been appointed public money at the The vacancy was due of P. P. Barclay, at Charlottetown. Order of Railroad Test Saturday evening a for the coming year president, J. A. B. erald; first vice, J. Charlottetown; sec. Trainor of Bedford W. Clarkin of the ass. dire to grand gomery of Alberton. Rev. J. H. McLean First, Congregatio Princeton, Illinois, ter, Mrs. Charles Laren is a native of the island about 15 Oswald Hornsby; Royal Bank of Can visiting his old home.

The name of Dr. O. S. N. Dawson, the Maritima Med. Prowse is a son of Murray Harbor. H. of bachelor of medicine from Edinburgh in 1888 Dr. Prowse low of the Royal Co. of Edinburgh. S. N. Dawson, a horseman of Tryon tune to lose his many days ago. This and cord was a fine circles. She was a Dawson two years. John P. Gordon Moore & McLeod, a day morning to an est daughter of this city. The case of Rev. D. B. M. Rev. G. P. Raymond Fullerton. The gre by his brother, P.