

DOUKHOBORS GIVE UP MARCH.

IMMIGRATION AGENT HAD NO TROUBLE WITH THEM.

Will Start from Yorkton for Their Village Today - Dominion Police Officer at Ottawa, Who Was Suspended, Shoots Himself Near First Wife's Grave.

Ottawa, Nov. 9.—(Special)—A telegram was received tonight from Frank Podley, superintendent of immigration, who is at Yorkton with the Doukhobors. He says that all the pilgrims were extricated at Minnedoula without difficulty and Yorkton was reached at noon today.

W. W. Watters, a member of the dominion police force, was found dead in Beechwood cemetery with a bullet wound in the region of the heart, at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Watters, who was 45 years of age, was on the police force for 19 years.

He did not return, and about 5 o'clock a man named Wallace was driving through the cemetery and saw Watters lying dead. He notified the cemetery caretaker and the coroner. The latter said that Watters must have been dead about half an hour.

While there is no doubt that Watters committed suicide, the revolver which was found in his pocket, was not his. It is supposed that as Watters was brooding over his suspension this caused him to take his life. He was married twice and was found a few yards from his first wife's grave. He has left a son and a daughter to the first wife. The revolver is likely lying among the leaves. It was almost dark when the body was found.

Watters had the reputation of being a good officer and was a sober and industrious man.

At the instance of the minister of the interior, arrangements have been made for the prolonging of the season of navigation on the upper lakes in order that every possible facility may be provided for transportation of the enormous crop of Manitoba and the territories. Mr. Sifton has received a wire from C. O. Cassie, warehouse commissioner at Winnipeg, regarding maintenance of the upper Lake Superior light-house till December 12, and it pointed out that the navigation season must be prolonged or the loss to farmers would be enormous. Mr. Sifton at once took up the matter, the result being an arrangement by the minister of marine on the lines suggested by Mr. Cassie.

Get Rich—Quick. The chance of a life time has arrived. People who have \$500 have a chance to buy a little stock and in six months to get up and push J. Pierpont Morgan off the map.

The idea is evolved by a New York man who sends out a circular in purple ink to Canadians. The Canadian Pacific Railroad he tells us is the greatest enterprise in the world, and "the future possibilities of the company are almost too great to be grasped by the ordinary mind."

And now in regard to the proposition: He proposes that the gentle reader should invest \$500 in C. P. R. margins, buying 100 shares at 135, sell at 175, make \$4,000, and buying one hundred shares at each five point advance between 155 and 170, thereby clearing in all \$18,000.

What's the use of people laying bricks, alaving in the factories soap factories, banks and newspaper offices when with \$500 they can collect a wad of \$18,000 in the next few months on an investment of \$500?

HARRY BRIGGS, SUNBURY COUNTY BOY, DROWNED.

Boat Filled and Sank - Two Companions Managed to Reach Shore.

Fredricton, Nov. 9.—(Special)—A drowning accident occurred at Lakeville Corner, Sunbury county, Friday afternoon, the victim being Harry Briggs, the 15 year old son of Emery Briggs of that place. It seems he left home to go shooting birds and afterwards got into a boat with a man named Skid and a colored boy who were out fishing.

They were rowing through the thoroughfare connecting Maquap and French Lakes, when the boat filled with water and sank. Skid and the colored boy managed to reach shore but Briggs was drowned. The body was not recovered until this morning. Coroner Albert Ferguson, of Sheffield, has empanelled a jury and will hold an inquest tomorrow.

WOMAN SENT TO JAIL UNDER THE CRIMES ACT.

Mrs. Annie O'Mahony, Proprietor of the Waterford Star, Sentenced to Two Months.

Dublin, Nov. 8.—Mrs. Annie O'Mahony, the first woman imprisoned under the crimes act during the present campaign, was arrested at Waterford and sent to jail, where she will undergo a two month sentence. Mrs. O'Mahony, who is the proprietor of the Waterford Star, refused to furnish bail to cease the publication of seditious notices. H. P. Lyman, editor of the same paper, was also sent to jail for a similar term.

WEDDED ON DEATHBED; LEAVES WIFE \$1,000,000

Death of John McCormick Gibson; Was Married One Week Ago.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 8.—John McCormick Gibson, of this city, who on Saturday last at Ashville (N. C.), was married to Miss Henrietta Wolfe, on what was considered his deathbed, died at Ashville today. He had made a will, leaving his estate valued at \$1,000,000, to his bride. Mr. Gibson's first wife was a victim of the Windsor Hotel fire in New York city.

MAINE HAS ANOTHER HUNTING ACCIDENT.

Bath, Me., Nov. 8.—While gunning in the woods today, Walter King, 14 years old, was accidentally shot not fatally shot by a friend, William Ois. The bullet entered the left cheek. King says his companion is not to blame.

North Vassalboro, Me., Nov. 9.—While gunning this afternoon, Willie Donnelly, aged 17, was probably fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of his rifle. In attempting to push the rifle through a fence with the muzzle toward him the weapon was discharged. The bullet entered the left breast half an inch below the nipple, passed between the ribs, and struck the lungs. The boy was alive at a late hour this evening but there is but little hope for recovery.

NEPISIGUIT MOOSE HUNTING DESCRIBED BY NEW YORK WRITER.

The Allowance of Game to a Licensee - Comparison of Guides of New Brunswick With Those of Maine - Fishing at Pabineau Pools En Route - The Life of the Wilderness - Killing a Moose.

If there is any sporting instinct whatever in a man, now is the season in which it bursts forth. Men comparatively hibernating during the year now dash abroad with tomsons recklessly crumpled into their boot-lees, seeking to kill in the woods of northern New Brunswick these periodic hunters are allowed to run free at \$30 a week, and in their hands are one moose, one caribou, two deer, and as many bears as their previous reputation for veracity will sustain.

For the instruction and protection of these hunters is issued a class of permit to be called "guides" has sprung up and flourished; not, indeed, on the huntsman's spoils—that, after all, would be all too meagre a subsistence—but on his cash and credit. And, lest a guide should by chance read this and feel that an injustice is done his profession, let me hasten to add that he is not only justified in availing himself of this means of livelihood, but he is, in his peculiar way, a credit to his country in that he is able to put into circulation notes no other human agency could extort!

The guides of Maine are of a type well known to the world. Sturdy, intelligent, large-hearted, capable, they take their "sports" through the course of sports known as a hunting trip with all the dignity and firmness of a school matron initiating her pupils into the routine of the boarding school.

"This, my dear, is the land; you are to help yourselves, attend the teachers, at dinner and at bed."

"This, my dear, is a moose track. Stand here while I go 't'other side the lake, and don't shoot 'till I do whatever ye see."

Guiding in New Brunswick is somewhat different. A little less omnipotence on the part of the guide is balanced by a shade more of self-confidence in the hunter. This, however, may be hourly checked, for on the Nepisiguit the guides are for the most part Bretonmen or Indians, although if it pleases them to use the language of the English, they are still good men of marked individuality—you must expect that. There are also certain things you must not expect. For one thing, you must not expect to be taken to a "home" where you were not born in New Brunswick for the purpose of raising through anything.

A young politician and a banker, each with a healthy wife and a family, were set all one long, unending day in the pleasant hotel at the mouth of the Nepisiguit learning this lesson. After that the guide would not be taken to a "home" where you were not born in New Brunswick for the purpose of raising through anything.

Hunting on the Nepisiguit is no pleasant pilgrimage from one sumptuous lodge to another along well-marked roads. When you are hunting, you take with you your sleeping-bag, your bacon and eggs, meat, beans, pork and canned fruit, for you are leaving all opportunities to civilization behind you. You must hunt what you carry. If these fall you, there is no alternative but retreat.

One, the head guide, it appears, is a Bretonman, a sturdy, earnest fellow, not quite steady on his legs from the unaccustomed "jeetle drop" he has been persuaded to take "for the good of his health" and because of a "some break" these people invariably designate any chest symptoms. He is dressed in a natty, though soiled, suit of gray, obviously a gift from his landlady, and with a watch, a pocket square, and a pair of glasses, he is a disappointing object, looking all the picture-book traits of one familiar with "the heart of the ancient wood."

By noon, however, all this has changed. The Bretonman's eye has become lincant, the gray tweeds have been laid away, and in their stead clothes have been put on that might be mistaken for the national uniform of the sea. The Bretonman is now, in all respects, a sportsman, and a sportsman of the first order. He is dressed in a natty, though soiled, suit of gray, obviously a gift from his landlady, and with a watch, a pocket square, and a pair of glasses, he is a disappointing object, looking all the picture-book traits of one familiar with "the heart of the ancient wood."

The start for the Hunt. The long, narrow express wagon in which the first 20 miles are to be covered is drawn by the horses ready for the start. The Indian lad, who, with the payment of \$2 a day, has been persuaded to go as Joe, the guide's helper, is kept jumping to catch a strap here, haul a bundle there, to take to the saddle for an extra leather for the bags, or to the grocer for more of the favorite brand of "tobacco," until everything is in a list in place. The driver, who is to return with the horses when the party take to the canoes at Grand Falls, shouts "Get up, along!" and cracks his whip; the hot keeper emits a wailing "Well, you'll have a fine day, whatever," and returns to his patient dispensing of long and short drinks; the tourist agent and game warden gives a final tug to the harness, slips the ramp of the near horse, and, with mischief lurking in his jovial face, warns the hunter not to mistake the first heading he meets for a bear; Joe smiles humbly, as if his own days of jeering at ignorance were over, and the start is made.

RAILWAY OUTLOOK IN CANADA; SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S OPINION.

New Lines Are Much Needed for Trade Prospects Are Great.

C. P. R. Chairman Interviewed by New York Paper—More Outlets for Exports Required—Good Prospects for Next Year in the Dominion—The C. P. R.'s Position.

Sir William C. Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is now in New York, was asked today to explain the lack of elevator facilities and the difficulties which the Canadian farmers experience in getting their wheat out of the interior to the market, especially to the Montreal outlet.

"Canada," he said, "has been adding sides to her hopper for a long time, but has neglected to enlarge the spout. She has for years been spending millions generously in the development of the interior and her railways, but has neglected her outlet at the Atlantic. Her crops and industries have grown and the hopper is simply full to overflowing, but the outlet at Montreal is not large enough. Her exports take the easy routes by the great lakes and the Erie canal to Boston and New York, simply because Canada sits comfortably by and does not see what she is losing.

"Our folks have not come to the point yet of realizing the fact that to get out of the gross earnings of a people's railway or ship lines are paid back within a month as current, for fuel and materials, in the immunity in which they operate; or that the other 30 per cent, which goes for interest and dividends, establishes credit so that the company may borrow money and spend it as it pleases, by branching out and enlarging. They do not realize that every dollar paid for transportation or elevator facilities in the States is that much taken from Canada, and that the more they spend in the States the more they lose in time. The Montreal outlet will be developed, and while I don't know how much wheat and flour England uses, it seems very probable that Canada may lose a million more a year within a few years."

"What are the prospects for the next year in Canada?" he was asked. "Canada never attains the exuberant heights of prosperity which are noted periodically in the States, nor does she sink so low in the trough of depression as the American type. She is a questioner who is an even temper and prospers indifferently all of the time. We are expecting a good year."

William was asked what effect the building of the projected trans-Canadian line would have upon his road. He replied: "The position of the Canadian Pacific Railway is absolutely unassailable. For that reason, it is our policy never to oppose anything. The trans-Canadian road has started with better prospects than the Canadian Pacific had once. When the Northern Pacific road was built, everybody thought it was way up north beyond the woods. Then the Great Northern was built, and people promptly forgot the road of the Northern Pacific as far north. Then came the Canadian Pacific, and that seemed to run through the Arctic regions. We would have built a parallel route for Atlantic to Pacific to help us develop the country. There is enough of it up there for us."

"Why did your road contract in Scotland for a large order for locomotives recently?" he was asked. "Because we must have them within three weeks. We could not get them here in America. We have bought all we could get here, and must have engines to provide for the traffic, which is growing with the development of the territory almost beyond comprehension. The original engines with which our road was equipped were made in Scotland. The last order in the American type, were made in Scotland to give them a trial over there."

"Lowery's Claim." The following speaks for itself: Lowery's Claim is published every month at New Denver (B.C., Canada). It is a novel of trust list, but is sent free to all persons over 100 years of age. It is a Sham Crusher, and will light all frants to a red finale. It costs \$1 a year in any part of this world, but lack of mail facilities prevents it being mailed to Mars, Hades and other out-of-the-way places. All agents can make 25 cents upon each subscription obtained. Advertising rates are \$2 an inch each insertion, and no cut is made for time or position. If you desire this journal do not depend upon your neighbor, but send in your whole or green dollar before the thought grows cold. The same editor above the pen on his behalf and The New Denver Ledger, so do not confound your orders when sending in your collateral.

New Denver, B. C. R. T. LOWERY.

Memories. He strolled along the grass-grown lane and looked at the landscape over. His heart had turned his feet-grown lane. Where he had stood strolled before. The shade from a tree above his head. A canopy of green. And youth throbbled in his veins again. To see the Syrian scene!

At last he passed beneath an oak. And to his mind flashed thoughts. Led there by memory. He searched the bark with eager eyes. No longer young was he. And youth throbbled in his veins again. To see the Syrian scene!

JACK THE SLUGG CASE PRESENTS NEW POINTS.

Young Colored Man Arrested as the One Who Pawned the Time-pieces of Clara Morton and Agnes McPhee, Who Were Brutally Murdered - Identifies Boston Society Man.

Boston, Nov. 8.—The strange case involving the murder of Agnes McPhee and Clara Morton and the murderous assaults upon many others, was a step nearer solution tonight for the police were given the custody of the man who sold or, as he thought, pawned the watches which were taken by the so-called "Jack the Sluggers" from the bodies of his victims. He is a light complexioned negro, 18 years old, George L. O. Perry.

How the discovery of the night will ultimately affect Alan G. Mason's connection with the affair is problematic. It apparently clears Mason of having been the man to dispose of the watches.

The police assumed tonight that the man who gave Perry the watches was the "Sluggers" but they keep in mind the man who, as Mr. Perry, might have received the watches from a third person.

The statement that Perry has given to the custody of the police exactly presents the situation. The contents of Perry's statement substantiate in a measure the statements of Joseph Nemeser, the West End jeweler, who long has been waiting which were taken from Miss McPhee and Miss Morton. Nemeser has apparently made some contradictory statements which he had along in mind that on last Saturday night a man entered his store and tried to dispose of a watch but was not successful. Mr. Perry, who has a light colored negro entered his place and offered for sale the same watch which on Saturday night had been in the possession of another man.

Boston, Nov. 9.—After having given out last night a confession made by the young negro, George L. O. Perry, with reference to selling the watches taken from the murdered women, Miss Clara A. Morton and Miss Agnes McPhee, the police admitted today that Perry declares Alan G. Mason is the man from whom he received these articles.

This admission of the police was made just before young Perry was taken to the jail in East Cambridge, where Mason, a Jew, who long has been waiting for the man from whom he received these articles.

"I do not know this man; I never saw him before."

During the day, Chief Ryan and Officer Argy of Belmont had a conversation with him. Later state officers took Perry to the jail for the purpose of identification.

Points Finger at Mason. The officers were shown into the room where Mason and six others were in line. Perry walked straight to Mason and pointing his finger at him, said: "This is the man who gave me the watches to pawn."

He was about to leave the room when Sheriff Fairbank asked him if he would not like to talk with Mason that he might make himself sure that Mason was the man.

Perry replied there was no need of that, as he knew who the man was and had known him for a long time. He said he did not want to talk with Mason, anyway. After the negro had been brought back to the city and was closeted with the officers at police headquarters, Clement G. Morgan, a Cambridge lawyer, said he had been retained by the boy's mother to represent her son, and made a forcible protest against the methods employed by the officers.

LITERARY AND OTHERWISE

THE "CONFESSIONS" WHICH ZOLA WROTE SOME YEARS AGO IN A LADY'S ALBUM AND WHICH WERE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE REVUE ILLUSTRÉE, HAVE BEEN REPRINTED BY THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE. HERE ARE A FEW OF THE STATEMENTS MADE IN THE "CONFESSIONS."

The way I should like to die—Suddenly. My favorite occupation—Work. What would be my greatest misfortune—To be in doubt. What I should like to be—Always in good health. My favorite prose authors—Those who see and express clearly. My favorite poets—Do. My favorite painters—Do. My favorite composers—Do. My favorite heroes in fiction—Those who are not heroes.

Mr. Owen Scamman, who is the cleverest living parodist, has just published a book called Borrowed Plumes, in which he hits off the mannerisms of various contemporary authors. Here, for instance, is Marie Corelli:

Oggi! Oggi! cry the ice cream waiters from far Campanian hills. Today! Today! How true! There is no time precisely like the present. The past is over; the future yet to be.

We are as swimmers, cast upon the dilemma-horns of two swift currents. Each stroke for the turn bears us upward and onward; each surmounted rung of the ladder makes the next but easier, especially if we help others with us. And here is Mr. William Watson:

On a Rooster, shot in mistake for a Cock-pheasant. Count no man monk because he wears a cowl! Had I but cloaker looked thou hadst not passed! I took thee for thy better, timid fowl! And there thou liest, irrevocably grassed!

Barrie's New Book. Mr. James M. Barrie, the creator of "Sentimental Tommy," has given his readers something entirely different from his previous works, in his new story, "The Little White Bird, or, Adventures in Kensington Gardens." It seems a misuse of terms to call it a novel, for while it is fiction, it may be said to be without plot—is simply a story, beginning in a club window and ending nowhere in particular. But it is one of the most delightful bits of fancy that ever came from this author's pen. So light is the touch, so dainty and fanciful the conception that seems as if it must have been thrown off without effort, and yet it displays art of the finest quality.

Those who recall the pictures of childhood presented in the earlier chapters of "Sentimental Tommy" do not need to be reminded that Barrie is wonderfully gifted in that sort of fictional portraiture. In this latest production of his pen he has apparently permitted his imagination to run riot. Between the lines are found evidences that it has been well held in check. The hero of the story is an orphan named David—at one time there was a fictitious Timothy, but he passed to the heaven of dream children at an early stage in his career, his fitting going made accessible because of the actuality of David and the practical nature of his requirements. In the background are David's gentle little mother, Mary A., and her artist husband, the man with the "how-law-haw laugh." There is also Portios, a big dog, who evidences the possession of an unusual character. Much of the action takes place in Kensington Gardens, and the only illustration in the book is a map of the Gardens as they are presented to a childish imagination, familiar with the legends and folk lore attached to that pleasure ground. The story is supposed to be told by an elderly bachelor, sometime connected with the military service, but now spending much of his time at a certain club where the window of the smoking room gives a view of the thoroughfare in Pall Mall and of the post office opposite—Brooklyn Eagle.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT NAMED AS PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

London, Nov. 9.—With the exception of some possibly significant decorations to Portuguese and Japanese officials, the long list of his majesty's birthday honours is rather uninteresting. Some promotions in connection with the coronation ceremonies and the South African war, and because of services rendered to commerce and in parliament, are announced. No new peerages have been created. R. J. Cartwright, Canadian minister of commerce, Lord Revelstoke and Sir Joseph G. Dineen are among the new privy councillors.

Among other noteworthy honors recorded in the list is the conferring upon the Japanese Prince Arisugawa, coronation visitor, the decoration of Knight of the Order of the Garter and Companion of the Bath. Sir James L. MacKay and Count Matsugata, ex-Premier of Japan, are made Knights of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. Colonel Michudo and Captain Pereda, of the Portuguese navy, and Viscount Castro are made Knights Commander of St. Michael and St. George. General Gerjojo, governor of St. Georges, made a Knight Commander of the Bath. R. J. Lampton, R. N., is appointed extra equerry to his majesty.

BIGGEST ELEPHANT KILLED.

New York, Nov. 8.—Big Mandarin, an elephant of the Barnum & Bailey circus, was executed by strangulation tonight in his cage on the main deck of the steamship Minneapolis. The cage containing the body was hoisted from the ship by a crane and loaded on a barge, in which it was towed about 20 miles out to sea and sunk. Mandarin was the largest elephant in captivity at the time of his death and had been with the Barnum & Bailey circus for 24 years. He weighed five tons and stood nine feet 10 inches. The elephant had recently become unmanageable, rendering his destruction necessary.

WILLY YOUTH NOW WANTS TO SHOOT A SENATOR.

Climax to a Career Which Has Included Elopement and Being Driven from Home.

Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 8.—A man about 25 years old, who says he came to this city to shoot United States Senator Keane, is locked up at headquarters. He says he is Fred H. Robinson, and that he comes from Corning (N. Y.). He reached here today, and after he had loitered about railroad station for some time, a policeman asked him what he was doing there.

The man replied that he came from New York for the purpose of shooting Senator Keane, but refused to talk any more, except to say that he was a reporter.

Corning, N. Y., Nov. 8.—Fred H. Robinson, threatening to shoot Senator Keane, is the son of Orlando J. Robinson, a prominent bookbinder in this city. He is a graduate of Yale and was an unusually bright man at college. He figured in a series of escapades, among which was an elopement with a wealthy girl at Albany. His father has disowned him, and he has not been heard from in this city for several years.

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