

NOVA SCOTIA.

AMHERST.
Amherst, Oct. 8.—About midnight last night the house of Doc Bent at the Amherst end of the Tyndall road was discovered on fire. Mr. Bowser, with the assistance of a neighbor, put the fire out, which had ignited from a stove. About five o'clock this morning, John Wells, a butcher coming to Amherst with his meat, again found the house on fire and spreading so rapidly that neither it nor its contents could be saved. Doc Bent, the only occupant and owner, was discovered in bed and was barely saved from a frightful death. The outbuildings were also destroyed.

George W. Brush of Halifax, now resident here, was yesterday married to Miss Martha E. Gaetz, daughter of James Gaetz of Tyndmouth, the ceremony being performed at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. D. A. Kempton. The couple arrived here last evening and took up their residence on Crescent avenue.

AMHERST, Oct. 8.—The community this morning was shocked to learn of the sudden death of J. Richard Pipes of Nappan, which occurred about 11 o'clock last night. Mr. Pipes retired in his usual health, but in a short while he sprang from his bed and attempted to light his lamp. He then asked to be helped back to bed, and expired in about fifteen minutes. He was 65 years of age and leaves a wife and eight children. One son, Brown Pipes, lives at Lethbridge, N. W. T.; the other J. McCully Pipes, lives on the homestead. There are five unmarried daughters and one married, viz., Mrs. William Ripley. Mr. Pipes was a very prominent man in the public life of the county, having been the first warden of the county. He served several terms at the council board, and was a prominent member of the old court of sessions. He built several large bridges for the local government, of which the first Palmerston bridge was one. At one time he was very wealthy, but lost considerable in ship building several years ago. He was a prominent liberal and one of the most indefatigable of campaign workers. The funeral will take place on Sunday at 2 p. m.

ANNAPOLIS.
Annapolis, Oct. 8.—The death of Walter S. Buckler yesterday afternoon has cast a deep gloom over our town. He was the junior member of the firm of the Buckler Brick Co., and when in life was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was always foremost in musical and dramatic circles and will be much missed. The funeral will take place at the residence of John Delaney, an old resident of Lehigh, passed away to the silent beyond on Monday.

J. B. Whitman and party of Round Hill have returned with a fine bull moose, the head of which was sent to St. John for mounting. The barkentine Argentina sailed yesterday, but was compelled to anchor off Digby. Wm. Forsythe has paid the captain the demurrage, amounting to \$800, under protest.

Capt. Potter of Clementsfort is pushing on his schooner rapidly to completion. The schooner being built by Pickles & Mills at Annapolis will be launched this fall.

Mrs. Lewis, who at one time lived in Grand Marquis, has rented the McLeod house for a year.

HALIFAX.
Halifax, Oct. 8.—Corp. McKenzie, caretaker of Bedford rifle range, has been dismissed and Major Corbin appointed in his place. This is for alleged political reasons. Major Corbin had been removed in 1892 at the instance of the Provincial Rifle Association. Corp. McKenzie's dismissal is a surprise not only to him but to the officers of the Halifax militia in general. The re-appointment of Major Corbin at the present time is as equally surprising and unexpected as his removal from the city. Corp. McKenzie has been connected with the 63rd for seventeen years. He served in the Northwest, and was not an "offensive partisan," having done no more at any time than vote.

R. M. Whitney, president of the Dominion Coal Co., yesterday afternoon visited the works of the People's Heat and Light company at the arm. He was told by the manager that the works would be ready in a month. Mr. Whitney attended a meeting of the Halifax Electric Tram company. It is understood the line will have further extension.

C. T. LEWIS REMEMBERED.
(Winnipeg Free Press, Oct. 6.)
C. T. Lewis, C. P. R. agent, Stonewall, who was killed by a train on the destruction of the C. P. R. station by fire Sunday, is in the city. Mr. Lewis, while saving the company's books and other valuable property, disregarded the removal of his piano and typewriter, which were totally destroyed. The citizens of the town, in recognition of Mr. Lewis's past courtesy to all who have come in contact with him in a business way, have presented him with over \$500 to partially recuperate him for his serious loss. Mr. Lewis is an old I. C. R. man and well known in New Brunswick.

LUMBER NOTES.
A Stanley letter of Oct. 7 says: The stranded portion of Mr. Gibson's drive, consisting of about 7,000,000 feet, passed the Douglas dam on Saturday.

Mr. Humble is sending men and horses to the woods. He expects to cut about 3,000,000 feet for Mr. Gibson.

Harry Turnbull is making preparations to cut 1,000,000 feet of lumber for Mr. Richards on the South West Miramichi.

SENATOR PERLEY.
Senator Perley of Wolsley is in the city on his way home from Ottawa, says the Winnipeg Free Press, Oct. 7th. The senator says he is much disappointed on account of there being no increase in the estimates for the Northwest session, although the expenditure for the whole of Canada is more by millions than it was last year. The items named for the territories are just the same as those placed in the estimates last spring.

HE SPEAKS HIS MIND.

Rosebery's Reason for Resigning Leadership of Liberal Party.

Could Not Sacrifice National Interests to Personal Ambition.

Turkish Massacres Must Be Stopped and Partial Measures Will Not Suffice.

Edinburgh, Oct. 9.—The Empire theatre here was packed with four thousand auditors tonight to listen to the Earl of Rosebery, the retiring leader of the liberal party. It was his agreement to speak at this meeting which precipitated Lord Rosebery's resignation. In his letter to Mr. Ellis, the first liberal whip, Lord Rosebery said in explanation of his resignation: "When I speak, which I do this week, I must speak my mind without reference to party."

This announced intention to speak his independent view of his country's attitude toward Turkey even aside from the distinction of the speaker, contributed to swell the interest in the address. Among those in the audience were Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, formerly financial secretary, and the treasury; Right Hon. James Bryce, who was president of the board of trade in the Rosebery ministry; Arnold Morley, postmaster general in the same ministry; the Earl of Crewe, formerly lord lieutenant of Ireland; Baron Ribblesdale and numerous members of the house of commons and other leading lights of the liberal party.

Letters of apology and regret at inability to attend were read from Baron Seely, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, formerly secretary of state for the war department, and Sir George Otto Trevelyan, formerly secretary for Scotland, and other prominent liberal statesmen.

Tremendous enthusiasm greeted Lord Rosebery upon his appearance before the audience, the whole assembly singing "He's a jolly good fellow."

Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, member of parliament for the Midlothian division of Edinburghshire (Mr. Gladstone's old constituency) presided at the meeting. In opening the meeting he said that Lord Rosebery was their chosen leader, and they were in no hurry to desert him.

The Earl of Rosebery was pale with suppressed feeling when he arose to make his address. He said in part that he had resigned because he could not sacrifice national interests to personal ambition. He welcomed the national agitation in Great Britain on behalf of the army, because it would convince foreign governments of Great Britain's unselfishness and the integrity of the government's hands of the Turkish massacre.

But the present agitation, Lord Rosebery pointed out, differed from Mr. Gladstone's Bulgarian agitation. Then Great Britain was supported by Russia. Now we are alone and her armies against us. Russia's declaration on this point are absolutely conclusive. Moreover, then we had to force the hands of an unwilling government, while now the government is animated by the same wishes as ourselves. They possessed unprintable details, the speaker said, of crimes in horror surpassing all he had ever read. Their ferocity and cruelty seemed to transcend the imagination of the very devils. By a device of the powers they had first doubted these massacres, but the more recent Constantinople massacres made it impossible to deny them.

In dealing with the various remedies proposed, his lordship said: "The mere deposition of the Sultan would be no remedy, as the asylum and not the man must be tackled. More, this would be impossible without a concert of the powers, and this has been attained. It would be better to call upon it to deal with the larger issue involved. The proposal to withhold the Cyprus tribute is impracticable, as this is paid to the Sultan's creditors and not to the Sultan, and it would be like kicking the tortoise's back to make it laugh."

Regarding the proposal to place the Dardanelles or Turkey in the hands of Russia, Lord Rosebery pointed out that neither of these was the best method to dispose of Russian methods, he said, were not so ideal as to warrant us in acquiescing. He also differed with Mr. Gladstone's proposal to cut off diplomatic relations with Turkey; but they differed, he added, as friends.

A warm eulogy on Mr. Gladstone followed. But, the ex-premier continued, he even deprecated the proposal of such a thing, as it would not only deprive Great Britain of all her immunity, but might bring her into war with Turkey, and its failure would leave Great Britain in the same position, plus the public humiliation of confessing her impotence.

Lord Rosebery also differed with Mr. Gladstone, he said, in his contention that Great Britain was bound in honor by the Cyprus convention to intervene. This convention, he urged, had been a dead letter ever since it was signed, and neither the Sultan nor Great Britain had ever fulfilled their pledges, as they found it impracticable and futile to do so. He cited as an instance in support of this argument the treaty between Austria, France and Great Britain of 1856, guaranteeing the integrity of Turkey. But this had never been carried out.

"I attach no value," his lordship proceeded to say, "strategic or otherwise, to the retention of Cyprus, but to whom should we give the island? Its proper legal possessor is the Sultan. But I do not envy any government attempting to give an inch of territory to the Sultan. With that reservation, however, I should regard the abandonment of Cyprus at a cheap price to pay to secure the concert of Europe on this question."

"I cannot agree with Mr. Gladstone that the possibility of war is a phantom. My knowledge, to a very recent time, was that a firm and resolute agreement existed of all, or nearly all, the powers, to forcibly resist any single-handed intervention by England in Eastern affairs. I earnestly protest against a policy involving the

horrors of a European war, preceded, as this certainly would be, by the extermination of the very Armenians in whose behalf it would be waged.

"Such a war would transcend twenty Flodden Fields and the ghastly phantom of the death angel, which legend says, appeared over Edinburgh on the eve of the battle of Flodden, would appear to every hamlet, village and town of the kingdom to summon the flower of our youth and manhood to sacrifice their lives in a European conflagration.

"Any minister engaging in such a war, except from the direct necessity, would be a criminal to his country. Enlarging further upon this topic, Lord Rosebery expressed the opinion that the British colonies would take the same view of it as does the United States, "which," he added, "although willing to join in diplomatic action, would deprecate invoking the arbitration of the sword on a question not directly concerning their vital interests."

"Peace," Lord Rosebery affirmed, "is a necessity of our empire. For the last twenty years you have been laying hands with frantic eagerness on every available tract of territory. The amount thus brought into your possession or sphere of influence in the last twelve years is 3,000,000 square miles. This policy has produced two results:

"First—The exciting of an almost intolerable degree of envy in the other colonization nations, entailing their malevolence instead of their benevolence.

"Second—The making of an unwieldy empire, almost impossible to defend, until a long period of peace effects its consolidation."

The liberal ex-premier then continued lengthily to argue for his own panacea, namely, the concert of Europe. He was unable to produce the opinion, he said, that the European concert was impotent to Turkey. It was powerful, he thought, a year ago, in a sense opposed to British policy.

"It must be the object of every British statesman," the speaker continued, "to secure the same concert in favor of our policy. Whether the powers act diplomatically or otherwise, they are omnipotent in the eastern question. My hope is that the concert will tend to produce the desired agreement, because it is impossible that they should longer tolerate the Sultan's enormities, and politically and morally the condition of the Turkish empire calls loudly for reform. The writing is plain upon the wall, and the concert cannot much longer postpone action."

After eloquently reminding his audience how Cobden, Bright and Gladstone had been publicly reviled for the advocacy of an unpopular peace policy, Lord Rosebery declared: "Although I am aware that it is unpopular to advocate diplomatic methods, I shall never cease to exert my voice and strength against England engaging in such a dangerous war, of which you can see the obvious commencement, but nobody living can see the catastrophe or the end."

The speaker concluded with a few words of personal explanation. He denied that it was newspaper attacks which had actuated him in resigning the leadership of the liberal party. If this were so he would have retired long ago. He admitted that the position of a peer as the leader of that party was so anomalous that it was impossible to continue in the position unless when absent. He came to receive the warmest and most cordial support and co-operation of the whole party. Then as to having acted without consulting the party, he would say that since the general election his resignation had been in the hands of his colleagues, to put in force whenever they thought fit or the unity of the party required it. Having been previously overridden out of their wisdom and devotion, and against his own wishes, he was determined on this occasion to override them. His sole object has been to promote unity.

Unless his retirement should produce unity, Lord Rosebery said, the speaker would have been made in vain. He advised them to remain. He advised them to remain. He was chosen leader, they should support him loyally, for a united party behind a disunited party behind the best leader. He closed by thanking his colleagues for their kindness, and Mr. Gladstone, who immediately gave him his coup de grace. He predicted that Mr. Asquith's qualities of head and heart would eventually lead him to the highest office in the state.

The speaker was often interrupted by exclamations indicating the confidence and the desire of the audience that Lord Rosebery should remain the leader. When he sat down the entire audience rose and cheered vociferously.

Augustine Berrell, M. P. for the west division of Pite, then moved a resolution requesting that Lord Rosebery should reconsider his resignation. This was carried unanimously.

Mr. Asquith, in his speech supporting the resolution, declared that Lord Rosebery enjoyed the full confidence of all his late colleagues.

Lord Rosebery, replying said that his decision to retire was the result of his reflection, and was absolute, and was taken under a conviction of necessity.

THE QUEEN AND POPE.
They Have Exchanged Cordial Letters on the Sixtieth Anniversary of Her Majesty.

London, Oct. 10.—The Queen and the Pope have exchanged cordial letters upon the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of her majesty's reign. The Pope has congratulated her and sending his best wishes, and the Queen in grateful terms for the freedom of worship enjoyed by Roman Catholics throughout the British empire.

The reply of her majesty was most cordial. She declared her most anxious desire to repeat her former assurance of the perfect freedom of Catholics within her dominions and added that it was her pleasing duty to acknowledge their fidelity and loyalty.

ABOUT ST. MARTINS.

James Bourke Talks About the By-gone Days of Shipbuilding.

Mrs. Floyd the Oldest Resident Native, While James Ross is the Oldest Inhabitant.

A Visit to St. Martins and a Talk With Mr. Ross About His Early Days in Scotland.

One evening last week the writer was in the Kennedy house in St. Martins. It was the day before the exhibition and several persons dropped in. The conversation was discursive, but turned mostly on the ancient glories of the village.

Said James Bourke: "I have seen as many as twenty-eight vessels at one time on the stocks in this place. Others who have been here longer have seen thirty-three ships under construction."

"There was one firm," said another, "which had five large ships on the stocks here at once."

"I suppose that it would cost \$250,000 to launch those five ships," suggested the writer.

"More like \$400,000 or \$500,000, as prices were then," was the reply. "This firm did not launch their ships with the charge for the outfit against them, to be paid from the first earnings, as the custom was. Everything was paid for."

"Do you tell me that build'rs here could pay out a million dollars in one summer for new tonnage?"

"Yes, easily enough. Other ships were sending home money. I have known a ship which was launched here and sent home 10,000 pounds sterling from her first round trip, made in about a year. Deal at 125 shillings and that sort of thing. Now the shipping men are happy because freights have gone up and they can get 51 shillings."

"If the people here had sold out their tonnage twenty odd years ago, this would have been the richest place in Canada," suggested a stranger.

It is shipping never did much for our family. We lost \$30,000 net in vessels that we made in saw mills."

"The failure of one firm in Liverpool some years ago made this village \$500,000 poorer," suggested another, "and there is a good deal of property owned here yet."

Then we began to talk about earlier history. The original grants of St. Martins were given in 1789, and the names of the grantees could easily be given. Most of the names mentioned in the plan are well known in the village. McCumber's Hill preserves the name of one of the original owners. It was there that the oldest living native of St. Martins was born. A Wishart, who knows Mrs. John Floyd, gave this sketch:

She is the daughter of the first McCumber and was born on his grant on the 24th of January, 1787, so that if she lives three months longer she will be a hundred years old. At the age of twenty-eight she was married. There was a lover long before that, the old lady remarks, but he went to sea and never came home again. "My father did not live to be very old," Mrs. Floyd says. He died at eighty."

Mrs. Floyd has had eight children, of whom four are living. She is a lady of more than usual intelligence and has always enjoyed good health. Her hearing is somewhat impaired, but her sight is failing, but her voice is strong and clear and her memory is good. Last year she used to knit, but she has given that up. She is in the habit of going about a good deal when alone in the neighborhood, but she does not venture out now.

Mrs. Floyd likes to speak of the past. In her early days communication with St. John was altogether by boat. Later a path was cut through the woods along the shore. She remembered when the path was first swamped, where is now the main street of the village. The people were very proud of this achievement. Bears were numerous in those days, and they frequently came close to the houses in search of food. One day a woman left her babe on the door step while she went to the well for water. While she was gone a bear carried off the child.

While Mrs. Floyd is the oldest resident native, she is not the oldest inhabitant of St. Martins. That distinction belongs to James Ross, who lives some distance to the eastward of McCumber's Hill, and perhaps two miles from the railway station. His village, which he built himself, some three-quarters of a century ago, stands some little distance from the road to the left as you leave St. Martins. Between it and the road is the residence of one of his sons. The father lives with a daughter and her husband and family. Other sons and daughters dwell in the parish. The cottage is a low building, which must have been an exceptionally good one at the time it was built, and is still appearing very comfortable. The old Highlander was sitting by the window which looks over the bay. There is no documentary evidence of the age of James Ross. There is no doubt that he believes himself to be right when he says: "I be a hundred and six years old next birthday." At present his memory is not clear enough for one to learn whether he kept a careful account of years. The one thing which he impresses on the visitor is the fact that he was twenty-five years old at the time of the battle of Waterloo. He was living at the old Scottish home then. It is possible that Mr. Ross may be a year or two out of his reckoning, but at the age of twenty-five he is not apt to be far astray. There is a little doubt that he is over a hundred.

On the morning after the talk at the Kennedy house three of us went up and visited Mr. Ross. He does not read, and his memory wavers. But with a little patience one could gather a good deal from him. He is a native of Ross-shire in Scotland. He could walk to the town of Tain and back in a day, and Inverness was

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From W. Maclean Fettesburg, M. D., formerly Lecturer of St. George's Hospital, London:—"I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in the treatment of Asthma, Diarrhoea and other diseases, and am perfectly satisfied with the results." The Illustrated London News of Sept. 1885, says:—"If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take along with me, as likely to be most generally useful, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to a large number of ailments has been proved by the most experienced medical men." CHLORODYNE is a powerful antispasmodic, and it is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.

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some twenty-five miles further. His first memory is of a fishing company. He knows to this day exactly how the water used to look, and can picture the old light house near by. On the mountains behind the snow hardly melted all summer, "because," she said, "the sun could not get at it." It was a beautiful country. There James Ross grew up, nourished on Highland folk lore and made familiar with Highland song.

He proved it by telling us a tale of his own country. At the town near by a man had been charged with a crime. He said he was not guilty, but the judges condemned him. On the day that he was to be hanged he told the people that he would give them a sign. If he was guilty a flock of ravens would come when he was dead and fly round and round the place where he was hanging. If he was innocent the pigeons would come. One day a woman left her babe on the door step while she went to the well for water. While she was gone a bear carried off the child.

Mr. Ross speaks good enough English now, but he knew only Gaelic when he came to this country. He remembers his native tongue yet and proved it by counting to twenty. Then he allowed himself to be persuaded into singing a Gaelic melody. The weird strains which he chanted appeared to be a reminiscence of some old hymn tune. Checking himself suddenly, he repeated a word of the song, "That means the Devil," he said, and went on to refer to some Highland preacher known to his early days.

Thirty years ago Mr. Ross was working for the Bourkes about their mill. Before that he was in the employ of another firm long since out of

business. Mr. Bourke says that he pulled edging at the mill as late as thirteen years ago, when, according to his own calculation, he was 33 years old. He had frequently been told that he was too old a man to work, but was difficult to persuade of it. He said to us that he had suffered from a recent fall. "It hurt my leg," he said, and that's what's the matter with me."

There is no total abstinence lesson in his long life. Mr. Ross has always liked a drop of whiskey, so his son says, but it does not appear that he ever drank much. He still loves a quiet pipe.

So he sits there looking out over the headland on the waters of the Bay, to "Isle Hott," which his eyes are still clear enough to see on a fine day, remembering many a search there for Captain Kidd's treasure and many a story of sword and danger on the ledges, over which the water rolls white and fierce enough. James Ross goes out to sea no more, and he long since found his buried spade guinea, without the mineral rod, and mystic circles, and the silent night digging. The coins rolled out from the share of his plough in broad daylight on his own hill-side. But that, as the modern writer says, is another story.

KATIE FIELD-IN MEMORIAM.
(Lillian Whiting in Harper's Magazine.)
Across the world I speak to thee,
Whether in yonder star thou be,
Or in the spirit land thou dwell,
Whither the wind has blown thy hair—
Send thou a messenger to me!
—Edith Thomas.

"Across the world I speak to thee!"
So wrote I, love, a year ago.
And now again the soft winds blow,
The light sea air on shore and sea;
But, with unflinching trust I know,
"Across the world I speak to thee!"
Across the line that just divides
For where thou art they could not time.
Age may leave their traces fading,
And burning scars may run their race,
My life and thine in touch with mine—
Rejoice, my treasure of thy grace.

Across the line that just divides
This world of ours from one more fair,
Through space, the silent ether wide,
I can discern the unseen guide,
And thou with jasmine in thy hair
Art near—our future fate decide.

I see thee in the dawn'g light:
I wake, as at some mystic shrine
From which some subtle form, so fine
For mortal gaze, has just been flown.
Yet leave me haunting touch & tune,
The thrill of passion on its flight!
—Mrs. J. H. H. 1901

Leprosy has appeared at Dorchester in England, the patient being a twenty-year-old boy just back from Singapore, where his father has been working in the government prison. It is another indication that the common impression is wrong that Europeans living in countries where leprosy is common do not contract the disease.