POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

EYE WITNESSES

Describe Baisley's Death.

Maxwell Drunk and Ugly—The Vandusen Now at Walker's Wharf—The Murderer Under Arrest.

This city has now become the central point of interest in connection with the crime on the schooner J. B. Vanduser. The vessel on whose deck Capt. George Baisley received his death blow Saturday night, is now moored at Walker's wharf.

Monday morning Coroner D. E. Berryman, Officer Ross and Mr. Charles Harper, the latter representing Peerless Lodge of Oddfellows, of which the deceased captain was a member, went in the tug Dirigo to Dipper Harbor to bring up the body. The tug returned about 5 o'clock, with the schooner in tow. The schooner had left Beaver Harbor and on her way up had overhauled the tug Dirigo which had taken on board the captain's body, Mate Campbell and Seaman McIntyre, and was returning to the city. The tug was hailed and asked to tow the schooner into the harbor. The lines were taken hold of and the two vessels came into port and to Walker's wharf.

There, the vessel whose deckload of deals had been the stage whereon had been enacted a tragedy, was made fast. She was in charge of a crew shipped at Beaver Harbor. These were Capt. Janes of the schooner Speedwell, who was in command; the steward of the Vandusen, Frank L. Snowdon, and three Beaver Harbor men. Mr. Harry Driscoll, representing his father, the agent of the schooner, and Mr. Ewing, who was interested in the insurance, were also on board.

Capt. of Police Fredk. Jenkins and Sergt. Caples were on hand awaiting the arrival of the schooner. They boarded the vessel and the coroner gave instructions to have Mate Campbell, Steward Snowdon and Seaman McIntyre detained that their depositions might be taken at the enquiry he proposed instituting. Accordingly Capt. Jenkins asked the three men to accompany him to central station which they willingly did. They are being looked after by the coroner, and last evening were given supper at a Charlotte street restaurant. They spent the night in the guard room, where relatives called and visited them, though the men themselves might not leave the station. One of them, the cook, Frank L. Snowdon, is suffering with a wounded arm. When they were leaving Beaver Harbor, yesterday morning, Snowdon helped to raise the anchor. He reached over the side with his right arm to catch the shank painter. The pan on the fluke slipped over the vessel's rails and he could not get his arm away before it was crushed between the anchor and the rail. No bones were broken but painful injury was inflicted. Snowdon thought he should have been allowed to go to his home to have it dressed.

The remains of Capt. Baisley, which were in a coffin, were given over to the care of Undertaker I. O. Beattesy, at whose rooms in Carleton they lie. Coroner Berryman has ordered a post mortem examination, which will be made this morning. Pending the result of this and the arrival of the prisoner Maxwell, the coroner is not in a position to say just when he will begin his investigation under oath.

THE TELEGRAPH had a talk with Cook Snowdon at the central station. He and his two comrades, Mate Campbell and Seaman McIntyre, were enjoying their pipes, sitting round the guard room stove and conversing when the reporter entered the station. Mr. Snowdon willingly recounted what he knew of the terrible occurrence on the schooner. He said:—

"We left St. John about 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon and all was well until after supper, which was served at 5.30 o'clock. The captain, the mate and I took our meal in the captain's cabin. McIntyre had his later as did Maxwell who had been asleep and was awakened. He was drunk when he came on board the schooner at St. John. Some men had come on board with him, I think, though being busy in the galley I did not see all that went on. Maxwell had been mate on the schooner on her last voyage, which was to Portsmouth, N. H. On arrival here he had been paid off. Later he shipped as mate for this voyage and came aboard. He stayed one night and went ashore next morning. As he did not return Capt. Baisley shipped Campbell as mate. Maxwell came back to the schooner Saturday and was taken on before the mast at $25 a month.

"When he was awakened Maxwell did not appear ugly. After he had his supper he went into the galley. The captain told me to tell Maxwell to go aft and sign articles. He refused, saying there was plenty of time. Maxwell was then filling his pipe; he had no business in the galley. I had to obey orders and so I returned to the captain and told him about Maxwell's refusal. Captain Baisley came to the galley and asked him to sign. Maxwell replied, 'I'll sign tomorrow.' The captain said that 'tomorrow' would be Sunday and why not sign tonight? Maxwell said, 'no,' he would'nt. The captain asked him if he would turn to. Again he said he would'nt. The captain went out and, I suppose, he went aft on the deckload. He came back and told Maxwell to go to the forecastle, where he belonged; the galley was no place for him. Maxwell said he would not. The captain then grabbed hold of him to put him out. With some difficulty — for Maxwell is an able man — the captain got him out over the door sill and into the forecastle door a couple of steps away. He shoved Maxwell in there and tied the door, by two rings and string. Maxwell wanted to get out, and called the captain harsh names. I could not say he threatened the captain.

"I went aft to get a pan of flour to sift. When I started back to the galley I heard the captain say 'he's got a knife?' Maxwell had got out of the forecastle by kicking the door clear off the bottom sills, so that it hung by the rings and string. He and the captain were forward on the deck load, between the main and foremasts, when I heard the captain's exclamation. They would be a little aft of the forecastle. I could see them, for I was going towards them. Both were down, the captain being on top. The mate came along from another direction and reached them before me, and had almost succeeded in separating them when I arrived. I could see b'ood on the deck load but thought it came from punching in the faces of either.

"I went aft with the flour. Then I came up and the captain and Maxwell were running aft. The captain was ahead and Maxwell about a yard behind him. The captain went aft on the house. I heard neither of them say anything. When I got aft, the captain turned and jumped from the house to the rail, steadying himself by catching the rigging. I went to Maxwell and said: 'Come, Mac, let the captain alone.' He let out two or three oaths.

"I went back to the cabin and told the mate—who had gone below for a marlin spike—to go up and try to get Maxwell away from the captain. The mate did not succeed in getting a marlin spike, but he went out to talk to Maxwell. I didn't hear what he said. I went to the wheel, where the sailor, John McIntyre, was, and relieved him, telling him to go talk to Maxwell. He left and I next heard McIntyre sing out, 'The captain's gone.' By that time the mate and McIntyre had run aft to lower a boat, which they lowered over the starboard side by the mizzen rigging. Just as McIntyre sang out 'the captain's gone,' I heard the captain shout from the water. The voice came from astern. The weather was fine then; the moon was out but was partly overcast, and I could not see the captain.

"The mate and McIntyre got into the boat and I let the vessel come up head into the wind. I heard the captain shout twice and heard the mate and McIntyre reply, telling him to keep up. I lay to for an hour and three-quarters, but could not hear a sound or see a sign of the boat. It looked like a storm then and I could not get back to St. John, for there would be head wind and head tide against me, so I squared away for Beaver Harbor. It was about 8 o'clock then and I reached Beaver Harbor at 11 30 that night. It was snowing then. While waiting for the boat, the schooner drifted with the tide down the bay.

"I stood at the wheel and Maxwell was on the deckload after the boat was lowered. He went into the galley to wash his hands. He came out, then went down again to put on his coat. He said little. We talked of the non-appearance of the boat, wondering about it. One thing he said was 'Baisley ought to know better than to tackle me when I'm full of rum, as I'm ugly.' In sailing to Dipper Harbor I was at the wheel and only once had to touch the mainsail. I then did it myself.

At Dipper Harbor I slept on the lounge in the cabin and Maxwell slept in the mate's bed. He was getting sober. In the morning I hailed Capt. Kerrigan, of the three masted schooner R. D. Sturgess, to come aboard. He did so with two of his men. I stated the case and asked his advice saying that the owners should know. He said he was going ashore and would report it. He went and then three men came off. One went ashore to telegraph Mr. J. M. Driscoll from St. George, and two stayed on board all night. Yesterday morning Chief Clark came aboard and took Maxwell ashore to bring him to St. John. Later we sailed for this port also."

Asked again as to whether Maxwell had not talked about the fight with the captain, the steward said he talked several times but it was mainly speculation as to the small boat. As to the stabbing, Snowden said Maxwell had not denied it; he told Chief Clark yesterday morning that he had hove the knife overboard.

Snowden says he saw Maxwell buy the knife at Por sm uth. It was a big jack knife with two blades, one about three inches long.

Asked as to how the captain went overboard, the steward said there was much blood on the rail where the captain was standing, and in the rigging of which he had hold. It was likely he had fainted from loss of blood, and fallen from his position.

Steward Snowdon belongs to Wood Point, near Sackville, but has been 18 years sailing out of St. John. He has a wife and four children, and his home is at 606 Main street.

Mate Campbell gave a very clear account of the affair on the Vanduser.

Maxwell, he said, came aboard drunk in the afternoon and turned in. He staid below until the boat was off Musquash, when the captain called him to supper. After he had done supper the mate said he saw Maxwell sitting in the galley and asked him how he felt. The reply was: "They stole my rum." The mate asked him how much he lost. Maxwell replied, "Well, I had four bottles of gin." Capt. Baisley then came along and ordered Maxwell out of the galley. Maxwell said he did not know whether he would go or not. Mate Campbell says he left them, but later saw the captain had gotten Maxwell below and fasted him in the forecastle. He had refused to go to work, would not sign the articles and seemed very ugly. In a few minutes Maxwell was heard kicking at the door and later, Campbell saw he had broken out. The captain said: "Hello, you are out for more fight." Maxwell said: "Yes, dam you, you are not going to beat me." Then they clinched and the captain threw him. In a moment the captain called out, "Mr. Campbell, come quick, he's got a knife." Campbell said I ran up on the deck load and saw the captain on top of Maxwell. But in Maxwell's hand, over the captain's back, was a new pocket knife. I got them separated and when Maxwell got on his feet held him saying, "do you know what you are doing?" Maxwell replied, "yes. I'll kill every one in the d—d boat." The captain took refuge on the rail, holding to the mizzen rigging. The captain's head was about on a level with the deckload, and Maxwell broke away from me and again went after him, kicking and striking at him. The captain called several times, "take him away," and Campbell says: "I succeeded in getting him away for a minute. The captain did not climb up on the deckload; he seemed too weak, and as Maxwell was getting ugly again I went to get a capstan bar to knock him down with. I heard some one sing out the captain's overboard." He says he and a sailor, McIntyre, lowered a boat and picked the captain up. They were guided to him by his calls, and got to him in about 15 minutes. He never spoke and died in about 10 minutes. The schooner had changed her course and was standing in shore. She passed out of sight behind a point of land, and Campbell said I thought they had run her ashore.

The compliment consisted of five men —Capt. George Baisley, a Sackville man, who lived in St. John; myself, Alex. Campbell, also of Sackville; John McIntyre, who lives at the corner of Union and Charlotte, St. John; and the cook, Frank Snowden, of St. John, and Maxwell

"McIntyre and I were in the boat, so only Maxwell and the cook were left on board. The cook was too frightened to be of any use. Seeing the schooner had abandoned us we started for the shore, about ten miles away. It was 6.40 when the captain's watch stopped and a quarter past ten when we reached shore after a hard pull.

"After landing we went to the only house with a light, which proved to be that of Mr. John Murry, an acquintance of McIntyre. He aroused the Clarks. We took the captain's body from the boat and Mr. Clark went down to Point Lepreaux with me, from where I sent a telegram to the owners.

Mr. McIntyre said he was steering and did not see the first row, but saw the captain take refuge on the rail, clinging to the mizzen rigging. Maxwell kicked him in the head and then leaned over, holding to a stay, and struck the captain four or five times in the side. It was too dark to see the knife, but at every blow the captain groaned. At the last he lost his hold on the shrouds and fell overboard. I gave the alarm. Maxwell, however, said: "There, he's gone. To hell with him; he's no good, anyhow." The mate and I lowered a boat and got to the captain in about fifteen minutes. He called to us and we to him. We were guided to him by his cries. He is a big man and it was a heavy lift getting him into the small boat. He died in my arms in about 10 minutes, while the mate was sculling toward the schooner. When we saw they were not going to come about for us we started for shore. This was a hard job, as there was only one thole pin in the boat. We whittled others from a piece of board. The mate sculled and I pulled. I have fished off this shore, and knew it well, but we had some difficulty in making Dipper Harbor." The rest of McIntyre's story agrees with that of Campbell. He tells the following which throws some light on Maxwell's character. When Maxwell came aboard, he said to me, "You follow me. There's going to be trouble on this boat. I am going to run this schooner."

When word reached St. John of the tragedy on the Vandusen the insurance men interested, and the owners, made arrangements for a tug to go down the bay. She was to leave at two o'clock. However, at that hour it was so rough, and the storm was rising at such a rate the captain said no sane man would venture into the bay, and the trip was abandoned. A result of this was a long, cold, lonesome drive for two reporters, one from each of the morning papers, who buried rivalry for companionship, and in a pung, with a single horse, started for Point Lepreaux 30 miles from St. John, at 2 30 o'clock in the afternoon. The storm seemed to increase; darkness fell long before Musquash was reached. The falling snow reached such a depth that the horse toiled heavily through the drifts, and when the Musquash hotel was seen with a cheery light from each window and exhaling an appetizing aroma of supper, the temptation to remain was strong. However, trusting in the Providence which watches over erring mortals, particularly reporters, reinforced with a big pair of mittens borrowed from Prop. Dean and directions to follow the telegraph wires, the scribes set out for Point Lepreaux, which lay at the end of fourteen miles of country road not a foot of which was known to either of them, for the purpose of interviewing the mate and sailor of the Vandusen, who came ashore in the small boat with the captain's body. It was 6 o'clock when Musquash was left behind, and eight thirty when Dipper Harbor, ten miles away was reached. There was hardly a house on the whole stretch, and no possibility of obtaining directions or shelter from the howling snow storm, in case of a breakdown. Fortune was faithful until almost the last, but then left for extremely distant parts. At Dipper Harbor the mate and sailor were found, and the story obtained. Mr. John A. Clark's hospitable home furnished refreshment for man and beast. At 11 o'clock the horse was again hitched to the pung and the four miles to Point Lepreaux, the nearest telegraph station, was covered in an hour and the journey was ended. Lighthouse Keeper Thomas was aroused and gave the wandering journalists a hearty welcome. The tired horse was stabled and cared for and at 12.30 St. John was notified that Point Lepreaux had two messages which would make twenty-five hundred words. The answer came back, "Wait a few minutes; I am sending for another operator." That was the last heard from St. John. The wires went down and the story of Saturday evening's crime was "delayed in transmission." Two tired and disappointed reporters went to bed feeling that they were poorly rewarded for a struggle with the storm. In the morning, on the way home, the cause of the break was found within half a mile of the light house. A tree had blown across the wires.

When Captain Baisley's body was taken from the boat it was put on a fish barrow and taken to the fish-house of James O'Donnell, yesterday morning when seen the body looked as natural as though the man was sleeping. The face does not bear a mark and expresses neither passion nor pain. The clothing consists of a pair of shoes, black pants, black vest, unbuttoned and showing a light colored flannel shirt. The stains of blood on the sleeve of the shirt shows where the knife was used. The sea water left few blood stains however, and his garments at the back bear none. Here, however, the cloth is cut, showing the blade must have pierced the kidneys.

Maxwell was brought to central police station at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon by Chief Clark and Sergt. H. Kilpatrick. The officers had a hard and long drive and a rough experience in reaching the place where lay the schooner with their man aboard. They were on the road throughout all the worst of the terrible storm of Sunday. The chief and Sergt. Kilpatrick started about 1.30 o'clock in one of D. Connell's double seated pungs, hauled by a good pair of horses. Also in the pung went Messrs. Harry Driscoll and John Ewing. The sergeant handled the ribbons. They reached Musquash and there Chief Clark sent a wire to Point Lepreaux and one to St. John, so that news from both ends would be forthcoming. The result of the information was that the police and companions proceeded on their journey down the coast. They had an awful time. There was no semblance of a track, for at best of times most of the road is but poor. Once they found themselves driving along the Shore Line railway track, thinking they were on the post-road. Several times they had to take down fences to get back to the road after having by mistake got into fields, yet again they must get out and beat down the drifts of snow so that the horses might get through. It was trying, indeed, and needed some powers of endurance and grit to push on in the face of all the difficulties encountered. Yet none were sorry when it was decided at 1.30 o'clock Monday morning to put up till daylight. They had been then twelve hours on the road and were wet through. They stayed at Mr. Robert Shaw's house at Pocologan, and after giving the horses a good feed and rub-down, and seeing them comfortable, they established themselves, with the host's good welcome, in his house. The chief and three companions lay down to sleep while he sat by the fire and looked after the drying of the men's clothing, for he is not one to take all the easy parts of a piece of work such as this.

They were ready for the road before daylight, and after a meal eaten by the light of lamps, they in sleigh again and off on the last stage of their journey to Beaver Harbor. They reached this place by 10 o'clock Monday morning.

The Chief and Sergt. Kilpatrick boarded the schooner. The sergeant went to the galley where he found a man munching a carrot. He hailed the man as "cook" but was met with the reply that he was not the cook. "Then," said the officer, "your Maxwell." He replied in the affirmative. Chief Clark entered and arrested Maxwell. They took him to the cabin where he was searched. By the chief's orders, the blood-stained shirt which Maxwell wore was taken off him and brought to the city when they returned.

Maxwell said little. He was asked where his knife was and said he had thrown it overboard. He said the trouble was all a drunken row. The police and their prisoner left the vessel and, after a meal at the home of Mr. John F. Paul, they started to drive back to St. John.

The chief sat in the back seat and the sergeant drove. Beside him sat Maxwell, silent. He was not handcuffed, as there was no chance of his cutting clear of the officers. They did not stop till Shaw's house at Pocologan was reached, and then only to feed the horses. The next stage over saw them at Lepreaux about 8 30 o'clock Monday night. They put up at Stafford's and turned in for the night. The chief slept down stairs, and in a room above Sergt. Kilpatrick and Maxwell rested. The sergeant and prisoner slept handcuffed together. This arrangement was a little inconvenient and towards morning the sergeant awoke and took off the bracelets, keeping watch on his man till daylight.

In the morning they started again; stopped at Musquash at noon, and then came on to the city. They drove along Union street and up to central, where the chief took Maxwell in and the sergeant took the rig to the stable.

Neither the chief nor the sergeant is any the worse for their hard experience both being about as tough as pine knots. The sergeant says that he has seen many rough times in his years at lumbering, but this equalled the worst previous experience.

All the way, Maxwell was silent. When he entered the guard room in the custody of Chief Clark, he met his ship-mates, Campbell, McIntyre and Snowdon. He glanced quickly at them and then turned his head aside and looked no more. He was at once taken below and placed in a cell, where he still remains. The charge against him was entered on the books as follows:—

"Arrested on suspicion for the murder of Capt. George E. Baisley, stabbing him with a knife on board the schooner J. B. Vandusen, off Musquash, Bay of Fundy, on the evening of Saturday, November 11, 1899."

Maxwell is described as 28 years old, and belonging to New Brunswick. The arrest entry bears the names of Chief of Police and Sergt. H. Kilpatrick, and the time of arrest is entered as between 10 and 11 o'clock Monday morning, at Dipper Harbor.

Tuesday afternoon, under direction of Coroner Berryman, a post mortem examination of the body of the murdered captain was made by Dr. James Christie and Dr. J. H. Scammell, at the undertaking rooms of Mr. I. O. Beattesy.

LONDON TOPICS.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SAMOAN SETTLEMENT.

Views of a Radical Diplomatist—England's Relations With the United States and Germany—the Open-Door Policy in China—the South African Agreement.

LONDON, Nov. 11—Those who have opportunities of learning the minds of British ministers have been quietly and sagely smiling this week over what seems to them the petty huckstering spirit in which the Samoan deal has been treated in the British, continental and sections of the American press.

I discussed the situation on Thursday with a diplomatist of wide experience and singular penetration, whose inmate Radicalism has in the past brought him into open conflict with statesmen of Lord Salisbury's political faith. I asked him if he thought England came badly out of the Samoan deal. "Well," he replied, "I have not thought much of that, and it really matters very little. When we made ourselves impregnable in Fiji Samoa lost direct concern for us. We stayed on there partly out of sentimental reasons, for which, if you like, you may say that Robert Louis Stevenson's splendid sympathy was in a measure responsible, but chiefly because we felt that by staying there we could give effective help to our greatest friend, the United States, when the inevitable revision came of the tripartite bungle. We have now secured that end, so out we go, and on terms which on the whole are fair to England, and, what in the present imperialistic state of mind of the people of the empire is far more important, on terms commendable to our Australasian partners. But the Samoan deal is after all a bagatelle. What really matters is the stupendous fact which lies behind it and of which it is the first outward and visible sign."

"Ah!" I said, "you are thinking of South Africa and Delagoa Bay."

"Not at all," he replied. "We settled the South African question, so far as European diplomacy was concerned, long before the Samoan question became acute, and as for Delagoa Bay, that bargain with Germany and Portugal was struck and committed to paper last summer. The world will know the terms of settlement when it suits Anglo-German diplomacy, not a moment before. Lord Salisbury and Baron Von B——w are not the types of statesmen who want only to throw a fresh apple of discord into the lap of Europe at a moment like this. For all practical purposes Delagoa Bay is England's, and will remain so. No! It is not in South Africa you must seek the explanation of the Samoan deal, but in the far east, and in those two wonderful words, 'open door.'"

"You don't," I said, suggest an Anglo-American-German-Japan alliance to force the 'open door' upon Russia and France?"

"No; certainly not," he replied. "Alliance is a peculiar word, with very special meanings in the diplomatic world. An alliance with foreign powers would only be the last resort of British diplomacy. What does an empire which rules the seas want with alliances, except among her kith and kin? But we have in the Samoan deal the first published evidence of an even more potent bond between England, America and Germany, namely, a friendly understanding, which must, by the sheer and quietly working weight of moral influence, give international sanction to the policy of the 'open doo' and equal opportunities for all, which will yet preserve the Chinese empire from further disintegration, and prevent there, and wherever else the world has still to be pegged out for commercial expansion, the spread of that selfish exclusiveness which, in defiance of treaty rights, has closed Madagascar and parts of northern and western Africa, and threatens to close northern and southern China to the trade of the world. And, Radical as I am, I say that if, by his unwavering faith in Englands mission in the world, Lord Salisbury carries that programme through in the quiet, friendly and unsensational way he loves, he will crown the Victorian era and the cause to which Cobden gave his life as I never hoped to see them crowned."

Thus the diplomatist spoke on Thursday afternoon. On Thursday evening came Lord Salisbury's speech. The Outlook says today: "The expansion of Europe is the great fact of the closing years of the 19th century. The opening years of the 20th century bid fair to see that expansion founded upon a policy as nearly approaching freedom and equality as can be hoped for in international relations."

Great is the relief of official England at the absence of news of further disasters feared in the Transvaal. They admit that stiff work yet has to be done, but now that General Buller's field force is arriving day by day, and Gen. White and Col. Baden-Powell both show capacity to hold Ladysmith and Kimberly till Gen. Buller comes, they no longer go about with bated breath. For the moment Lord Salisbury, perhaps inadvertently, has turned the whole British press into the angry battle-ground of opposing theorists. What is England to do with the Transvaal and the Free State after the war?

Lord Salisbury said in his Guildhall speech on Thursday, "We want no goldfields; we want no territory." The London Daily Chronicle and the Manchester Guardian figuratively threw their caps in the air. "That means," they said, "that we leave the Boer as he is politically, only exacting the five years' franchise for the Uitlander." "Impossible," reply the ministerial press. "'No more republics,' must be our motto." The real fact is that the cabinet has not been so foolish as to attempt to settle a problem which has not yet arisen. There will be time enough to decide it when Gen. Buller has done his work, and Sir Wilfred Milner has had his say, and the voices of Canada and Australasia also have been heard informally. What is quite certain is that the ministry will never be so mad as to accept the extreme Tory solution by which cherished Dutch liberties will be forcibly squeezed into crown-colony shackles. British sovereignty is now assured, the menace of aggressive internal armaments will be removed, and, with common citizenship established on a basis of absolute equality throughout all South Africa, for Dutch and British alike, it will follow the best traditions of British policy if the fullest liberty is left to each state to create its own form of administration on the freest democratic lines, without interference from outside. Federation would thus be left to evolve itself naturally and spontaneously in South Africa, as in Canada and Australasia, from local conditions.

We are promised more Heine, Baron Ludwig von Embden, Heine's nephew, possesses all the family papers and it is believed that he will personally undertake their editing, making a complete collection of all unpublished correspondence.

P. A. H.

MAKE HENS LAY

No matter what kind of foods you use, mix with it SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. It will increase your profits this fall and winter. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs.

A Nestful of Eggs!

May be obtained in winter if you do as many successful poultrymen do, namely, mix daily with the mash food Sheridan's Powder. Has been used and indorsed over thirty years.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack, 25 cts.; five, $1. Large two-lb. can, $1.20. Book free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Fighting in Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14—The navy department today received the following cablegram from Commander Hemphill, dated at La Guayra, the 13th: "The Detroit arrived today. Land fighting was very severe. Venezuela gun vessels bombarded forts with Hotchkiss six pounder rapid fire guns, unloaded shells, without result. The foreign men of war lay off the harbor during the engagement. On return rendered assistance to the wounded. The Detroit's hospital corps rendered important service. Being no prospect of further trouble at Puerto Cabello, I came here to await the arrival of the Dolphin.

A Sharp Fight.

MANILA, Nov. 14—8 p. m.—The 33rd infantry, in one of the sharpest two-hours' engagement of the war, with an equal force of insurgents, five miles from San Fabian, on Saturday, lost one officer and six men killed, and had one officer and 12 men wounded. The Americans captured 29 Philipinos and a hundred rifles, and found 81 insurgents dead lying in the trenches and rice fields. Many more Filipinos doubtless were killed or wounded.

Liberal Success In Ontario.

OTTAWA, Nov. 14—Full returns from South Renfrew give Latchford (Liberal) a majority over McGarry (Conservative) of about 300.

Nothwithstanding the cry against Latchford of being an outsider, and the fact the riding was filled with opposition leaders, both provincial and dominion, the result is victory for the provincial government.

To Unveil a Memorial Tablet.

TORONTO, Nov. 14—Lord Minto will unveil a memorial tablet to men of the Battleford column killed at Batouche and in other engagements of the last Northwest rebellion which has been erected at the Toronto armouries. The ceremony will take place Dec. 10. The governor general, as Lord Melgund, served in the Northwest campaign.

Cost of the American Navy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14—According to the annual report of the paymaster general it cost $13,983,174 to maintain in commission the ships in active service in the navy last year. For construction of ships and purchase of ready built ships $9,964,475 was expended; while $6,754,974 was absorbed in repairs to ships.

Outsiders Shut Off.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The Eastern Telegraph Company formally announced that, in accordance with the instructions of the postmaster general of Cape Colony, no foreign government despatches, either in secret code or cipher, can be transmitted via the Cape, except messages between Portugal and the governor general of Lorenzo Marques.

The Kind That Lasts

S. H. & M. "Belle" Bias Velveteen.

Piece-velveteen won't wear as well, and never looks so well. S. H. & M. material is made to bind Skirts with, and for nothing else—it is a great deal cheaper in the end.

S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you we will.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St., W., Toronto.