METHODISM IN FAIRVILLE.

The Place—Early History—Fiery Experiences—The Outlook.

By Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Fairville is the most important suburb of St. John, and should be a sharer in the honors and responsibilities of the commercial metropolis. It is indeed "beautiful for situation," commanding from its lofty eminence a fine view of the city, the bay and the river, and wide sections of the surrounding country. Large milling establishments are in its immediate neighborhood, various other industrial concerns which give employment to the people, and a number of excellent stores in which about everything is to be had that is pleasant to the eye, good for food, or needed for clothing or for medicine. A Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist church furnish accommodation for those who appreciate public worship, while the sick are cared for by competent physicians. The large and well equipped Insane Asylum is here located, and several handsome residences adorn the vicinity. The two magnificent and costly bridges—the suspension and the cantilever—are also at hand, while the almost ceaseless tooting of the locomotive whistle furnishes ample evidence of the great amount of trade and travel that passes through it or is done in it. It should be included within the city limits both for its own sake and for that of the city, in which case its representatives would have a voice in all matters of general interest, and the population of the city would be materially increased— a something of no little importance—for numbers tell.

Methodism in Fairville dates from 1858 and grew out of special revival services held in Carleton during the pastorate of the Rev. Richard Smith, an eminently successful preacher and faithful pastor. Many were then led to the Savior, persons attending the services become interested in the work, and a week evening meeting was started at Musquito Cove. A society was organized at what is now known as Fairville but then generally spoken of as Lancaster, and of which George A. Dill was made the leader. The members of the class were Mrs. Dill, their daughter Georgia, Martha McPhee, a daughter of Mrs. Dill by a former marriage, Wellington Smith and wife, and their daughter Flavilla, of Gardiner, Maine, Mr. and Mrs. Fair, Mr. Fair's sister, Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, and a colored man named Nelson. Mr. Dill was a worthy man and was much respected. During the Civil War he returned to the States, volunteered for service, was sent down south as a nurse, and died in a hospital.

Services were at first held in the house of the minister, and later on in a room over a barn, owned by Robert Fair, specially fitted up for the purpose. Here in the Sabbath afternoons the local preachers from the city held service, and good work was done by Dennis and James Sullivan, John Fraser, Walter Wilson, and others. Of one sermon by Dennis Sullivan we have a very distinct recollection, the text being, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates O Jerusalem." It was an excellent discourse and delivered in a rich Irish brogue was a real treat.

The need of a larger and more suitable place in which to worship soon became apparent in order to accommodate those who attended the services. The proposal to build a church was not regarded with favor by the Carleton people, as it was feared the Fairville folk would no longer go down there on the Sabbath. But the more progressive policy prevailed and the work was proceeded with. As Lancaster was too indefinite a designation by which the place was to be known where the church was to be located, without consulting anyone I called the village Fairville in honor of Mr. Fair, and Fairville it has ever since been called. On the subscription list thus headed, the first name was that of Mr. Lewin at that time belonging to the Centenary church who gave a generous donation. Others lent their aid and the amount promised warranted entering upon the work. Building was begun in 1861, and in the autumn of that year a tea meeting of the old time stamp was held. Grace was sung, tea was served, after which came songs and speeches. The speakers were Mr. Narraway, Mr. Hartley, and others of lesser note. There was neither lottery, grab bag, guessing, nor auction sale, such means for raising funds were reserved for this more enlightened and progressive age. The building was completed in 1862, but the revolution of the itinerant wheel having thrown us elsewhere the pleasure of attending the dedication was denied us, and concerning which no particulars can here be given. The members of the first Board of Trustees were: Robert Fair, John Clarke, J. D. Lewin, G. W. Dill, Alexander Barnhill, John Moore, William Beattie and George Kingston.

For some years the church made considerable progress, a parsonage was provided, and the outlook was very promising when on the 8th of May, 1892, church, parsonage, and many of the homes of the people were laid in ashes by a most disastrous fire. But the spirit that had led a few heroic souls more than thirty years before to erect a place in which to worship, was still alive and steps were promptly taken to erect another and a better building. The old site had been given at a nominal rent by the county council, and an exchange was made for the one on which the present church stands. By this means sufficient land was obtained for a parsonage as well. Owing to the calamity that had befallen the place, it was not deemed advisable to rebuild that season, but arrangements were made to commence operations in the early spring. This was done and on the 16th day of May, 1893, the

CORNER STONE WAS LAID

with ceremonies appropriate to the occasion. There were present the late Senator Lewin, Douglas Chapman, pastor of the church, and Job Shenton, George Steele, Charles H. Paisley, George M. Young, William Tippett, George F. Dawson, A. E. Chapman, Robert Wilson, and Revs. Martell and Hickson of the Baptist church. After the preliminary exercises had been engaged in we were requested to give a history of the church, having been familiar with its origin and acquainted with the men and women who laid the foundation of the cause in this village. At the close of this address brief speeches were made by Messrs. Martell, Hickson, Paisley and the pastor, who in the name and on behalf of the church called upon Senator Lewin to place the stone in position. The trowel which was a handsome silver one bore this inscription:

Presented to
Hon. Senator Lewin
By the
Trustees of the Fairville Methodist church
May, 16, 1893.

In a few fitting words Mr. Lewin referred to the church as he first knew it and expressed the hope it might be rendered a great blessing to the community. In the stone were placed a copy of the conference minutes for 1892, the Methodist Book of Discipline, Wesleyan and Christian Guardian, Messenger and Visitor, Presbyterian Witness, Canadian Voice, the Telegraph, Globe and Sun. A collection of some $25 was taken and the proceeding brought to a close by the pronouncing of the Benediction by Mr. Paisley. The building was completed and set apart for the worship of God on the 13th of January, 1895, the officiating ministers being Dr. Chapman in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Corey, Baptist, in the afternoon, and Rev. Thomas Marshall, a former pastor, in the evening. The collections amounted to $72.08.

A BACKWARD MOVEMENT.

In the earlier years of its history the circuit included Fairville, Westfield, Grand and South Bay, Pisarinco, Musquash, Lepreaux, and for a time St. George. Westfield and St. George have been referred to in previous papers, and of these no mention is needed here. Change of ownership of the mills at Musquash and Lepreaux is given as the reosan for having ceased to care for them, which may or may not have justified the policy pursued. But what of Pisarinco, where we had a church, a good congregation and a warm hearted people. When we think of Mr. Carter, the school teacher, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, Samuel Cunningham, Stephen McCavour, the Tiners, Splanes, Galbraiths, Deans, and others, who felt honored by a call from the minister, and whose pleasure it was to do him a kindness—when we think of such a people being cast off the feeling aroused is one of indignation. Why such a policy was pursued or who was responsible for it we do not know, but the outcome of it has been the loss to Methodism of the entire region from St. John to Saint George. Unfortunately this is not a solitary case, there are many duplicates in the province and to those who have the interests of Methodism at heart, it is, apart from higher considerations, humiliating to have pointed out to them the failure of a church whose success as a whole has been phenomenal.

THE MINISTERIAL RECORD.

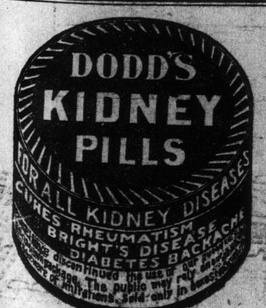
1859-62—Robert Wilson.
62-63—Robert H. Taylor
63-66—Job Shenton.
66-68—Joseph G. Angwin.
68-70—Douglas Chapman.
70-73—Humphrey P. Cowperthwaite
73-74—John Prince.
74-76—Stephen T. Teed.
76-79—John S. Phinney.
79-81—Wilson W. Lodge.
81-84—Joseph Sellar.
84-87—Thomas Marshall.
87-90—Stephen H. Rice.
90-92—Wilson W. Lodge.
92-94—Douglas Chapman.
94-96—John C. Berrie.
96-1900—George W. Fisher
1901-02—Job Shenton.
02-04—William J. Kirby.
04-05—George W. Young.
05-07—Thomas J. Dienstadt.

Three of the above ministers have pased away and have entered upon the rest that remaineth. John Prince, a quiet, but earnest toiler, and very successful as a soul winner; John T. Phinneny, brusque in manner but kindly of heart, and in labors abundant; and Job Shenton, an excellent preacher, a diligent pastor, and who was called to fill some of the most important pulpits in the maritime provinces. He one of the few who went to conference to attend to business, was present when possible, and took a lively interest in all its proceedings. Each of these three were honored by their brethren by being elected to the presidency of the conference, as well as to seats in the general conference. To Mr. Shenton the end came without warning. Sitting at the dinner table with his wife, his head drooped, no word was uttered, no commotion made, and he was not for God had taken him. His wish had been to be able to work up to the last, his wish was realized, and in his case the prayer of the poet became an experience when he said:—

"O that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive—
My body with my charge lay down
And cease at once to work and live."

His removal was greatly regretted both within and beyond his own denomination, and much sympathy was felt for his wife, who thirty-seven years before he had taken to Fairville as a bride, and who now was to leave it as a widow. While we may pray to be exempted "from sudden death," such a departure has its compensations in freedom from the distress and suffering with which the closing scene is generally associated and which are such a grief to those who are unable to afford any relief.

Looked at from the standpoint of the minister Fairville is now and is likely to become increasingly so, a very desirable location. With its attractive and picturesque surroundings, its nearness to the city, its travelling facilities, its neat and well furnished church and parsonage, and with a not burdensome visiting list it will afford a comfortable home to whoever may be appointed thereto. The past year has been one of substantial progress in all lines and the future is full of promise.



BRIEF DESPATCHES.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 6.—Sam Parker, a college athlete of Helenwood, Tenn., was shot and fatally wounded when he alighted from a Cincinnati southern train at Helenwood last night by Judge G. B. Fulton, a prominent attorney and politician of Scott county. The cause of the tragedy is reported to be jealousy over a woman.

ALTONA, Prussia, July 6.—An alleged anarchist named Rosenberg, who is reported to haave left Seattle, Wash., for Germany recently, was arrested here yesterday.

LONDON, July 6.—According to a despatch to a news agency the alleged anarchist arrested at Altona, Prussia, is named August Rosenberg, and he is credited with having designs on the life of Emperor William.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Fifty-one lives thrown away and 3,551 celebrants maimed or injured, some of them fatally, is the record of this year's "Glorious Fourth" as compiled by correspondents of the Tribune up to an early hour today.

BALTIMORE, July 5.—The five-masted schooner T. Charleton Henry, from Boston for Baltimore, light, is ashore off Bodgkin Point, but is in easy position. Tugs are making every effort to float the vessel, which was on the way to this port to load coal for Boston.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 5.—Four men were drowned in St. John's River at a late hour last night in attempting to cross the river in a small row boat. Two men were saved by clinging to the overturned boat.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The barge Vineland, owned by the Rockland and Rockport Lime Co. of Rockland, Me., with her cargo of 1,500 barrels of lime on fire, was beached off Long Island, between College Point and North Beach, today. The vessel and her cargo will be a total loss. The captain and crew of four landed in safety.

DEADWOOD, S. D., July 5.—The mangled bodies of Peter Barrie and Peter Reano were found today on Bald Mountain. They had been missing since Tuesday night. With several other boys they went up the mountain to put off dynamite in celebration of the Fourth. Before midnight the others returned home, leaving Barrie and Reano to put off the last shot. They failed to get away soon enough. Their bodies were scattered over a distance of 100 yards.

CRIPPLED BY KIDNEY DISEASE.

"I was troubled for years with kidney disease and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have entirely cured me. When I began the use of these pills I could only walk from my bed to a chair. Now I can go to the field and work like any other man."—Mr. W. H. Mosher, South Augusta, Grenville County, Ont. This statement is certified to by the Rev. E. H. Emett, Baptist minister of Brockwille, Ont.

A SUCCESSFUL "DEMONSTRATION."

The pleasure of practising medicine comes in when the family kowtow to the doctor and call his name blessed. If Aunt Susie bobs up, with "Science and Health," under arm, there's small joy left. With allopaths the pecuniary detriment rarely amounts to much; Eddyism gets its recruits chiefly from homoeoparhists; but even orthodox physicians get cross when you speak of it. They take revenge by yarn spinning, and here is their latest achievement:

"I've just had a triumph," cried the Scientist. "My little niece brought me five tiny kittens, every one of them born blind. I demonstrated over them, and in less than a week the poor dears received their sight!"—Boston Transcript.

NO FAITH IN HIM.

"Guess that freckled daughter of Thompson's must have a steady young man?"

"What makes you think so?"

"The old man was in here yesterday to buy one of these new fangled contrivances that make a big saving in the gas you burn."

"I don't believe the young man's a steady. If he was they'd save all the gas."

NOT HARD.

"Yes," said one of the victims, "he swindled us, and we considered him such a perfect gentleman too; he had such a gentle, suave way about him."

"Proving," remarked the bright observer, "that the way of the transgressor is sometimes soft."

HALIFAX, July 5.—Henry O. Allen, a young drug clerk, was drowned this afternoon by the upsetting of his canoe on the North West Arm. He and Chas. McDonald were paddling when their canoe turned over, Allen sinking and McDonald keeping himself afloat till rescued.

It is the general opinion that Allen had some affection of the heart, which weakened him. Canoeing on the Arm is very general, and it is considered to be surprising that more drownings don't occur.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders, 10 cents.

MARE BATTLES WITH WOLVES

They Were After Her Colt, But She Held Them at Bay Until the Cowboys Came to the Rescue.

The maternal love in the dumb brute creation is sometimes strongly marked, and I was witness some years ago to an act of devotion on the part of an animal that impressed me most deeply, and if you think the story is worth hearing I'll tell it to you.

Benjamin Armstrong, a cotton classer employed in a Vicksburg firm sat with a group of friends in the corridor of the Grunewald Hotel one night not long ago, and as horses, dogs, cats and other quadrupeds being known to domestic life were the subject of conversation, Mr. Armstrong took advantage of the occasion to relate a rather unusual tale.

"I was reared on a ranch in West Texas, you know," Mr. Armstrong began his story, when the group had chorused a desire to hear the yarn, "and I remember well one of the prize possessions of my father was a bay mare called Brownie. Brownie was cleanly built, with limbs made for running; she had a long sweep of tail and was one of the prettiest horses I had ever looked upon. She was used only for light work, such as bearing my father on her back, when the old gentleman wanted to have a look around at things, and as a flyer her equal I don't believe existed in all the countryside.

PROUD OF HER COLT.

"When Brownie became a mother she was just so proud of her baby that she would hardly allow any one to enter the fenced lot adjoining the stables where she was confined, and if a person—with the exception, perhaps, of my father—dared to approach to inspect the colt, she would prance around angrily, toss her head in the air, work her upper lip, showing a row of solid grinders, and kick up her heels energetically.

"Nemo, the colt, hardly repaid the love his mother lavished upon him, and the little rascal's delight was to slip under the crosspiece of the wide gate and scamper away for a chase on the prairie. At these times Brownie would almost throw a fit in her anxiety, and, trotting about over the lot she would arouse the whole place by her whinnying. Brownie's whinnying always resulted in some of the men being sent out on mettlesome ponies to bring the truant Nemo home again, not that it was feared the colt would be lost, but because of the presence of coyotes on the plains.

"The coyotes were very bad in that locality in the day of which I speak, and roaming the outlying reaches in packs, at times, worked havoc among the stock. A colt like Nemo wouldn't have a chance with the beasts, which, bold and desperate from hunger, were ready to attack anything which came their way.

NO OBSTACLE CHECKED HER.

"One evening in December, after a particularly fierce norther, which had buried the district under a mantle of snow and ice, Nemo, shivering at his mother's side in the stable, saw a chance for a gallop when one of the men opened the sliding door to bring in some straw for the stalls, and bounding into the lot, he loped away under the bar and dashed out to the uninviting plain. Brownie was after him like a shot. But the barrier stopped the mare's course and she could not get out of the lot. But with a wonderful sagacity, and before she could be presented she seized the beam in her teeth and with a quick side-movement of her shapely head, slipped it back in its socket, and the end of the beam, released from one section of its support, fell to the ground, and Brownie, leaping over the bar, gained her freedom.

"The colt had a good start and only its dim outlines could be seen in the distance,moving through the hazy mist which had begun to fall. But Brownie was wise; she knew instinctively the course her unruly offspring had taken and she followed it with uneering precision. By the time the men had saddled up and made ready to go out after the runaway and his mother, both horses were out of sight, but their hoofprints were clear in the snow, and the trail an easy one to take up.

"The cowboys—four of them, as I was told afterward—galloped across the phairie for a good half hour before they came up with the missing horses. As they rode they could hear in the unerring precision. By the time the faint whinny they knew was Brownie's, but there was terror, the suggestion of an appeal conveyed in the sound. Once or twice, when the men had ridden farther, they heard a weaker whinnying, which they took to be Nemo's cry, aend then came to their ears the unmistakable yapping bark of coyotes. "The wolves have got the horses." Bill Springer, an Indian fighter, and an old-time plainsman, who was leading the searchers, yelled above the sob and whistle of the winter's wind, and the riders urged their steeds forward to renewed effort.

"Sleet was falling about this time, and through the flyingspecks of ice and dusk of approaching night the men saw about half a mile off a small patch of timber. The sounds that now came to them were of a most alarming character. The barking of the wolves rose in a chorus, but above this was the wild, piercing neigh of a horse facing death. That's an awful sound. I heard it once when a stable in Dallas was burning, and God grant that I never hear it again. The neigh becomes almost a shriek and conveys an intensity of horror that the human voice can hardly express, and flinty, indeed, must be the heart that that plaint of woe does not touch.

"The riders dashed ahead and in a few minutes came upon a stirring picture. Brownie was over against the trees, and half hidden by the black shadow cast by the timber belt was little Nemo. In low, crouching attitude, with tails dragging in the snow, seven or eight big coyotes were closing in on the horses, and it was from Nemo's lusty lungs that the piteous neighs issued. The mare was activity itself, and with leaps and bounds to the right and left she endeavored to shield her frightened son from the attack of the animals. When the coyote circle was drawn too tight she would dash forward and, with rapid kicks, drive the snarling brutes back, and the only sound emitted was the deep, wheezy breathing noise, the result of overexertion. One of the coyotes lay motionless in the snow, and, as it afterward proved, the animal's neck had been broken by a kick from Brownie's solid hind hoofs.

"The cowboys were afraid to fire at the coyotes, the horses being in range, but knowing that the brutes are cowardly by nature, they drew their big pistols and popped them off in the air. That had the desired effect, and the wolves, with howls and snarls, abandoned their quarry and sped into the timber, where they were lost to view.

"Brownie and Nemo, both evidently glad of the timely intervention, trotted away home in front of the rescuers, and when they were both safe in the stable again, father came out and examined them thoroughly. The only injury to be found on either horse was a long scratch on Brownie's left flank. The hurt wasn't serious and healed rapidly under some liniment that was applied to it. The folks at the house reasoned it out that Nemo, before his mother could overtake him and turn back home, had been scented by the wolves and chased across the plain. Luckily Brownie's mother-love prompted her to rush to the colt's defense, when she had struck the trail, and no doubt both horses instinctively sought the edge of the thick belt of woods as affording the best place for a stand against the enemy.

Although the coyotes didn't get Nemo, the experience was too much for the colt, and contracting a severe case of pneumonia, he died in less than a week. Brownie grieved for months over her loss, and finally she met a tragic end. A freight train struck her and so badly hurt her that one of the men was called upon to end her misery with a rifle ball."

LONDON, July 5.—The Kobe correspondent of the Daily Mail says the Japanese have not yet fixed a date for the opening of Dalny as a free port. Meanwhile great quantities of Japanese goods, especially cottons, are being daily poured into Manchuria by way of Dalny, without the payment of duty, while British and American dealers are compelled to go elsewhere and pay duty. The Japanese mills are working day and night to meet the demand and are combining to export their products, the government virtually guaranteeing them against loss.

The shipping prospects are also gloomy. The Japan Mail Steamship Company, besides opening new lines in all directions, contemplates a systematic campaign to drive Biritsh shipping off the Yangtse Kiang. M. Iwanaga, the company's manager, says it is the company's duty and object to check the arrogance of European steamship owners. The government is also backing the steamship enterprise secretly and openly.

Japan is now amazingly prosperous. Wages are advancing and land values are doubling.

BERLIN, July 5.—Herr Dr. von Bohlen und Halbach, Berta Krupp's fiance, already has practically left the diplomacy and is now hard at work in Essen and other centres of the Krupp industires, acquiring familiarity with the ramifications of his future wife's enormous business.

The late Herr Krupp's will provides that Berta's husband was to assume the position of leading director of the works. Von Bohlen works ten hours a day and is a very brilliant man and most methodical. It is expected he soon will master all the details. He is said to entertain notions about the formation of German steel trust. The salary he will be paid as managing director after marriage will be $200,000 a year.

BIG GATHERING OF MASONS.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Eight hundred Masons of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin, assembled at the Englewood Masonic Temple last night to witness the presentation of the Masonic Silver trowel to the Mystic Star Lodge of Englewood. The trowel, which is to travel around the globe as a smybol of brotherly love and affection in the order, is to remain in the possession of the local lodge for thirty years and then continue on its long journey. The trowel was started on its trip by the Justice Lodge of New York City last October and already has passed to seven different Grand Jurisdictions and states in the United States and Canada. Twelve years will be required for it to go the entire journey. The emblem came to Chicago from Elkhart, Ind.

HORACE'S "PARCUS DEORUM."

(From the Georgetown College Journal.)

Once I held in upstart wisdom that
the great gods lived no more,
And I spurned at all their mysteries,
sauntered past the temple door;
Wandering thus in learned folly, at a
summons from on high,
Back into the faith of childhood does
my soul repentant fly.
For the mighty Father, hurling flashing flame bolts from afar,
Through the crowd swept either drove
his thundering steeds and flying car,
Shook amain the rolling rivers, shook
with might the senseless ground,
Shook the Styx, and hell's dire gateway, and the far Atlantic bound—
Strong is God to lift the lowly, strong
to crush the proud to earth:
Pride and beauty swiftly vanish, rise
the men of nameless birth,
Here and there with fickle flitting
Fortune bears the envied crown,
From this brow will quickly snatch it,
on those locks to lay it down.

BURGLAR TRAMPS BETRAYED BY APPLE

French Gendarme Does Clever and Successful Piece of Sherlock Holmes Work

PARIS, July 6.—A clever capture of burglars has been effected by a gendarme at Fismes, in the Department of the Marne.

The gendarme searched the house which had been robbed for traces of the burglars, and found a basket containing apples, which he examined one by one. One of the apples showed marks of teeth, evidently unusually bad and deformed.

Next day the gendarme met two suspicious-looking tramps on the road, and, asking them where they were going, offered each of them an apple. Before they had taken more than a bite, however, the gendarme snatched the apples frolm them, and to his delight found that one of the apples showed marks of teeth exactly corresponding to those of the apple he had found in the burgled house.

The men were arrested, and confessed that they were the perpetrators of the burglary.

FOREIGN LABORERS EXPELLED FROM GERMANY

BERLIN, July 7.—The government's action in expelling from the country one thousand alien cigarette makers who are underselling German labor has not raised a single voice on behalf of the foreigners who with their families will probably go to England to work in London sweat shops.

In this case the expulsion of foreign workers who accept sweating wages commends itself to the adherents of the Labor party.

Many foreign workers have applied to the diplomatic representatives of their respective countries in Berlin for protection against the German government, but in all cases they have been told that interference is impossible, because the law of the land gives the authorities full power to deal with aliens in this way.

FLIES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY EPIDEMICS.

LONDON, July 7—Dr. Louis Lambon at the Institute of Public Health recently denounced flies as the arch sinners against society of the vermin world.

Flies are the great scourge, he says, being the bearers of the germs of almost every disease, including cholera, enteric, and anthrax. Dr. Lambon showed how plague was conveyed from the rat by means of rat fleas, which take up their quarters on the domestic cat and dog, bringing the plague germ with them.

FINED FOR HAVING A DOG WITH A RED HAT.

HAMBURG, July 7.—Not long ago Saxony was stirred by an action against a schoolmaster for wearing a red necktie, the symbol of Socialism. An even worse case is now reported from Erfurt, the papers of which town publish the following order from the police received by a local gentleman:

"At 10.50 the morning, you were seen leading by a string a dog wearing a red silk hat, thus causing excitement. This was a gross misdemeanor. We fine you one dollar, or one day's imprisonment."

OUTRAGES CHARGED AGAINST GERMAN SOLDIERS IN AFRICA

BERLIN, July 7.—The Vorwarts states that it has received several letters from German soldiers in Southwest Afrcia making serious charges against German soldiers. The Socialist organ states that several negroes taken to Swakopmund were executed there on the charge of murdering a white family. At the execution other black prisoners were ranged in a circle round them, and blacks were compelled to do the hanging.

BURNED TO DEATH

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 7.— Fire early this morning partly destroyed an apartment house at the corner of Rhode Island and Fourteenth streets. Mrs. K. F. Mackinnon, a widow, who occupied rooms on the third floor, was burned to death. The remainder of the family consisted of three boys and two girls. The boys escaped uninjured and succeeded in rescuing their sisters, Isabel and Mary, but not until the latter had been seriously burned. The loss was small.

DIPLOMACY.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you persuade your husband to send you to the country?

Mrs. Bocker—I suggested staying in town on account of the lovely bargains in the shops.

MR. FINK'S NEW VENTURE.

(From the Scarsdale Inquirer.)

Mr. Fred Fink of Tuckahoe road has started in hacking at the station.

Johnson—Some people are continually wanting to know the why and wherefore of everything. They are not content to accept facts as they find them.

Jackson—Yes, you're right. I wonder why it is?

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30-4-8

NOTICE.

The Canvassers and Collectors for the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN are now making their rounds as mentioned below. The Manager hopes that all subscribers in arrears will pay when called on.

EDGAR CANNING in Albert and Westmorland Counties, N. B.

F. S. CHAPMAN in Kings Co N. B

J. E. AUSTIN, in Sunbury & Queens

WESTERN INDIANS GO TO SEE THE KING

Tired of Being Unfairly Treated by White Men.

They Will Ask Protection for Their Fishing and Hunting Rights—Three Chiefs in the Party.

VANCOUVER, July 6. — "I shall shake the king by the hand, and when I return to Vancouver I shall tell you what he says," remarked Chief Joe Capilano to the large crowd of white and red men that assembled at the depot yesterday to see the head of the Caplino tribe off for Buckingham Palace. He is accompanied by Chief Charlie of Cowichan, and August, an Indian of the Coquitlam reserve, who will act as interpreter, seeing that Edward VII. cannot talk Chinook. In his big coonskin cap, like a guardsman's busby, and with the tail hanging down his back over a magnificently embroidered blanket, Joe looked every inch a chieftain as he told the people that he was tired of being restricted by the white men, "whom we did not invite to come here, but who came for the gain they could make out of us and our country."

In the course of an address which the chiefs will present to the King they appeal to his Majesty to prevent them from the encroachments of the white people, who have taken their lands and interfered with their fishing and hunting rights. They say they have appealed to the Dominion, both Liberal and Conservative, in vain. They add: "We have no vote; if we had it might be different; but as it is we are at the mercy of those who have votes, and alas, they have no mercy. We are not even consulted with regard to the appointment of Indian agents. We consider that we would be better off if there were no agents, as we are now civilized and able to take care of ourselves. The Government acknowledge that portions of our land given to white people and other portions were given to us, which is quite true, but they took the very best of our land and give us the rock and gravel. Because we seek our own we are called bad people. We are but poor, ignorant Indians, and know nothing of the white man's law; but we are persuaded that your majesty will not suffer us to be trodden upon or taken advantage of. We leave ourselves in your majesty's hands and trust that we may be able to return to our people with good news. We cannot tell your majesty all our difficulties, it would take too long; but we are sure that a good man or some good men will be sent to our country who will see and hear and bring back a report to your majesty."

JESSE JAMES, ATTORNEY.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

Jesse James, son of Jesse James the outlaw, was enrolled in the Circuit Court as an attorney at law. He passed the examination June 9 before the State Board of Examiners in Jefferson City and made the highest grade in a class of thirty-seven. His average was 91. He said today:

"In two weeks I will quit the pawnbroking business and will devote the balance of my life to the practice of the law."

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