

ROBBER SUSPECTS DENY EACH OTHER

Trio of Prisoners at Fredericton Disclaim Companion-ship.

CHOOSE TRIAL TUESDAY.

Boston Detective to Have a Look at Man Suspected of Robbing Distinguished Tercentenary Visitors—T. B. Winslow Was Relieved of \$15.

Fredericton, N. B., June 26.—(Special.)—The three men arrested on the Boston express Friday evening on a charge of robbery and brought to this city, declined to be tried before Police Magistrate Marsh, on Saturday, and their preliminary examination will commence before him on Tuesday next.

It is understood that the local authorities are in communication with the Boston police and expect a detective here from that city on Monday to have a look at the prisoners.

After their arrest by Officer Gardner, the prisoners, although they were travelling together and had been seen conferring, pretended not to know one another and in the authorities hope to gain possession of it, however, and expect that its contents will throw some light upon the case.

H. E. McLeod has been retained to defend the prisoners.

Pickpockets evidently operated upon T. B. Winslow, secretary to the board of works, while he was en route to the tercentenary celebration in St. John. While entering the city he took a roll of \$15 from his pocket together with a change intending to tip the railway porter.

On reaching a hotel he found the money gone. He contended that he had dropped the roll, but reading in the papers about the theft from the French consul's secretary and his companion, recalled that when he had displayed the roll about the main men had passed him. Mr. Winslow will appear at the trial of the three men now in Fredericton jail, on the charge of pickpocketing, in the hope that he can identify some of them.

NEW PRINCIPAL FOR HORTON ACADEMY

Prof. Sawyer Chosen to Succeed H. L. Brittain—C. J. Mersereau of Deaktown to Be House-master.

Wolville, N. S., June 24.—At a meeting of the board of governors of Acadia University on Thursday evening last, Prof. Everett W. Sawyer was appointed principal of Horton College Academy in succession of Prof. Horace L. Brittain, who had recently retired to pursue post-graduate studies at Clark University.

Prof. Sawyer is a graduate of Acadia in the year 1880, also of Harvard University, and has been connected with the institution at Wolville for twenty years past in various capacities. For a number of years he has taught classics in the senior year of the Academy and has been assistant professor of Latin and English in the college. He is a highly efficient teacher and experienced educationalist, and a man with a thorough understanding of the work and life of the academy and college, and of the inter-connection of the two institutions. He is also thoroughly familiar with the denominational life and work in the denomination's esteem.

He is a man of executive and public qualities and of high Christian character. Indeed he is in all respects conspicuously qualified for the important position to which he has been appointed. He will not reside in the academy residence, but will occupy his private residence in town. It is believed by the board that this arrangement will have distinct advantages.

The new arrangement, however, necessitates the appointment of a strong and experienced man as house-master in the academy residence. This man has been found in C. J. Mersereau, M. A., of Deaktown (N.B.), son of Inspector Mersereau. Mr. Mersereau graduated from Acadia with the class of 1900. His record as an undergraduate was very high as respects both scholarship and character. Since leaving college he spent one year as adjunct in the Military College at Fredericton. Later he spent two years as teacher in the Baptist Grammar school, and is at present first assistant in the Chatham Grammar school. His record as a teacher and disciplinarian is very high and his strong, manly Christian character and influence are very highly commended. It is felt that the combination of Professor Sawyer as principal, and Mr. Mersereau as house-master is a very strong one. With the academy at its present high standing, which it attained under Prin. Brittain, it is expected great things will be heard from it as the days go by.

Clement Scott, Dead.

London, June 25.—Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, died this morning, after a prolonged illness. A matinee, which was given at His Majesty's Theatre Thursday for Mr. Scott's benefit, netted \$2,000 for Mr. Scott, who was in somewhat straitened circumstances.

"Prizes" with common soap are being paid for on the expense of clothes and hands.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

A BICYCLE TRIP TO BELLEISLE BAY.

As Satisfying in Its Scenic Beauties as Could Be Wished.

Several Routes That May Be Taken, Each Having Charms of Its Own—And It Doesn't Take too Much Time.

The tourist who comes to St. John and goes away without having paid a visit to the beautiful Belleisle Bay, which is one of the most charming spots within easy reach of the city, is certainly missing an opportunity of his life. The roads to that point are all excellent and when it is remembered that they skirt the St. John River which is famous throughout America for its wonderful scenic beauty, passing through the most fertile and highly cultivated districts in eastern Canada, it will be seen that the fascination of the journey are of no ordinary kind and will well repay exertion on the part of the traveller.

Leaving the city early in the morning by way of the Marsh Bridge over an excellent macadamised road, the run to Torriburn is soon accomplished. The village of Rothney where the overworked mechanics of St. John have their shops and homes and which is an ideal spot for rest is next reached nine miles from St. John city. Here the Kennebecis widens to two miles, and right opposite is Long Island from which a remarkable conformation of the solid rock which has been dubbed the "Ministers Face." This is 150 feet in height and has received its name from the expression of rigid decorum which rests on it. Delightfully artistic glimpses of the river are caught under these shade-trees which are clustered around the dwellings.

After leaving Rothney we turn to the left and make for Gondola Point where the river narrows down to one mile. On the opposite side rise the hills of Clifton, notable among which is the remarkable peak of the Sugar Loaf and many others, all clothed with their undulating covering of early summer leaves, stretching down all the way to Hampton. Near white farm houses cluster here and there on the sides of these hills, each surrounded by thrifty fields and orchards. Sweezy pastures are in evidence and in the season many crates of the luscious fruit find their way from these slopes into the St. John market.

Looking back from Gondola Point you see Hillhurst on the south bank of the river, while a little farther west lie several islands one of which Mr. Mathew's orphan boys rusticate every summer. The whole range is a long island with its sharp outlines standing clear against the western sky. Below these islands the Kennebecis joins the St. John, forming the magnificent sweep of Grand Bay through which in years long past Champlain, La Tour and Oliver Cromwell's fleets ploughed their way on voyages of discovery and conquest.

At Gondola Point, fourteen miles from the city, we hoist the signal and warn old Capt. Pitt to come across in his ferry, which lands us very near Hugh McCorrick's summer hotel. Here, under the shadow of the Kennebecis hills, and seeing from our window the river we sit down to one of those delightful dinners which Mr. McCorrick knows so well how to serve.

We are now about sixteen miles from the city and after a smoke under the shade trees we start again about 10 o'clock along the narrowing valley, making for the peak in the hills where lies Kingston, the old shrine town of King's county. Only four miles of a fair road on our left, we make a lake about two miles in circumference and then slowly climb the hills to the village. On either side of the road stand houses which show their half-century or more of existence, while many tall, careful elms which skirt the thoroughfare bear witness how the settlers of 100 years ago loved to decorate their homes.

On the top of the hill is the large consolidated school house, built through the munificence of Sir W. O. McDonald, the first attempt by New Brunswick to gather several schools under one roof and save the children the toil of walking miles over the country roads to receive the benefits of education. Close to the school is the church, which is nearly a century old and in the graveyard that surrounds it may be seen several tombstones which are still older.

We cannot go much farther tonight and so we hire rooms at Mr. Chaloner's, and after supper set out to climb Foster's mountain, only a mile away. Was there ever such a walk before? The road rises on each hand are gay with flowers while patches of bluffs, one to three yards in circumference, make the pasture fields bright with color.

From the top of Foster's mountain we see below us the waters of the far-famed Belleisle. This is our first glimpse of that waterway by which up to fifty years ago all freight and passenger traffic came and went to the city of St. John. Southerly the spires of the city itself are clearly seen while the Kennebecis hills loom up in the middle distance. In all the beauty of their spring dress. Half a mile away are lakes which might tempt any disciple of Isaac Walton, while in the bosom of the hills near at hand several brooks take their rise and flow into the Belleisle four miles away.

After the luxury of feather beds and a good breakfast we are off again. The two roads that lead from Kingston to Belleisle. One is eleven miles to Squire Gray's, near the head of Belleisle Bay. The longer, which is also the more beautiful of the two, takes you past the church on your left and skirts the deep cleft in the hills, which is called Kingston Creek. Looking back from the first rise you see good views of Kingston, a village in which there yet linger memories of the notices of Henry More Smith, the mysterious stranger. One old lady, ninety-one years of age, who treasures in her home a walking stick on which is carved the date 1700, is still fond of relating stories of the strange doings of the celebrated horse thief. Liberally in religion though might not be looked for here and yet many still living remember Parson Scovill, who one Sunday in summer seeing a storm coming up cut the service and told his congregation to go out and gather in their hay.

And so we speed along Kingston Creek up and down the hills, stopping now and then to look at the slopes opposite till we come to the two bluffs which guard

the entrance. The Kennebecis is now four miles wide and its turn sharp to the north east, sometimes rapidly along the southern side of Belleisle Bay.

The St. John River here joins the Belleisle and off to the northeast we see Teanant's Cove. Several grassy islands and also Mistake Channel where years ago a vessel lost her way. On the high sides of the Belleisle the farms are cultivated to the very top and here again strawberry patches are greatly in evidence and give a prolific crop in this fertile soil. The road winds close to the edge of the bay, on the right rise the Belleisle hills clothed with fir, spruce, maple, hemlock and an occasional pine woodland.

Close to the roadway and in some places quite overreaching it and keeping it damp and gloomy are cedar trees, the perfume from which is quite heavy at times. Three miles farther on we begin to catch glimpses of the bay through the trees. At last we turn to the right to Ebb's Cove, where the R. K. Y. C. yachts anchor over Sunday in the summer time.

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STILL TALKING AND SMOKING.

Pat McNulty, Weary of Boston, Will Return to St. John—Some of His Racing Contests.

The Boston Herald says: Within the next few weeks, probably just after July 4, one of the most famous jockeys of the world, Pat McNulty, will leave the place at the foot of Chestnut street, where he has lived for years, and will no longer occupy his old quarters. During 20 years, from early spring until the fall, he has been the householder of Pat McNulty has been a familiar sight to the people who have happened to be in the city.

Pat is known intimately by every carman who works on the river, and there is not one of them whom he cannot call by name, and tell you his real name and in fact, in fact, Pat is a walking encyclopaedia on racing matters, having at times been a prominent factor in equine and even to this day, though nearing 70 years of age, can pull up to a trot in a shell which was once owned by the famous Wallace Ross.

Pat is a very proud of the shell which he uses, and is a visitor at his house can leave behind him a long history of it, for Ross and Pat were cronies.

Took to Riding While He Was a Small Boy. Though an Irishman by birth, Pat still claims St. John as his home, for when he was a boy he served in the city, and for years made it his home. When a small boy, he was with many others who later became famous in the racing world, took to the sport, and when 12 years of age won his first race in St. John's bay.

In 1880 he came to this city and rowed his first race on the Mirage River three years later, with Pauline, Mike Foley and Andy Rogers in a four-oared boat.

During the same year, on the Fourth of July, the same crew rowed and won, and later in the season rowed with a four-oared crew, for a purse of \$100. Pat's crew was made up of the following: Pauline, Mike Foley and Andy Rogers in a four-oared boat.

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MUCH PUBLIC WORK IS BEING DONE.

Hon. Mr. LaBillette Has a Good Deal of Bridge Work Under Way.

SOME IN ST. JOHN COUNTY.

Upper Loch Lomond and Fraser Mill Structures Included—Grand Falls People Pleased With Work Done There—Public Meetings Arranged.

There is a good deal of public work being done under direction of Hon. C. H. LaBillette, chief commissioner of public work. A. R. Wetmore, government engineer, was week before last, with A. B. Copp, M. P. P., examining bridges in Westmorland county. The place of Forks bridge over a branch of the Tantramar river, in Sackville parish, he recommends a new structure. As Mr. Whately bridge, Westmorland parish is on the Missisquoi river, which forms the border between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Nova Scotia government is supposed to look after the structure.

Plans are also being prepared for rebuilding Rees' bridge, Northfield parish, Sunbury county.

Messrs. Riddick, of Chatham, contractor for Ward's Creek bridge, Sussex, have placed the steel superstructure and are now placing the false work at River Charles bridge, Restigouche county, and will begin placing the steel superstructure there this week.

Elsewhere repairs have been made to the suspension bridge at Grand Falls and the painting of the bridge will be begun as soon as the work is very much appreciated by the people of Grand Falls.

Hon. Mr. LaBillette's department is also arranging through requests to the Minister of the Interior, Edmund J. Dugas, to have the bridge in the parish of St. Jacques, Madawaska county.

In St. John County. Instructions are being given for repairs to the bridge at the head of upper Loch Lomond on request of Dr. Riddick, M. P. P.

Mr. Carson, contractor for rebuilding Fraser Mill bridge in St. John county, is progressing well with the work.

Hon. Mr. LaBillette and Hon. L. P. Farris, commissioner of agriculture, are arranging a series of July meetings at which the former will explain the highway act, and Mr. Farris will speak on the establishment of a sample orchard in each county by the government, and on fruit growing in general.

During July they will address meetings at Woodstock, Newcastle, and Grand Falls, New Brunswick and Edmundston.

MR. HODSON HERE. Dominion Live Stock Commissioner Arranging Fall Meetings and Other Departmental Matters in Maritime Provinces.

E. B. Elderkin, president of the Maritime Live Stock Breeders' Association, and P. W. Hodson, Dominion live stock commissioner of Ottawa, registered at the Royal Station, Mr. Hodson, when seen by a Telegraph reporter, said he was down here trying to arrange for the winter meetings and incidentally for a course of lectures to be delivered at the farmers' meetings from September 15 to November 15. The lecturers will be Andrew Elliott and Duncan Anderson, of the Dominion staff, and W. J. Stevens, of Trout River, Quebec. All these men are experts in live stock raising and the cultivation of the soil.

CHAMPLAIN.

By Dr. William Henry Drummond, Author of L'Habitant, Johnny Courteau, etc.

"Where'll we go?" says Pierre de Monts (de Mo) To kiss as he walk de forwar' deck For I got me share of Trois Rivières (Riv-Yar) An' I never can stan' Kebek— Too moche Nort' pole—maudit! it's cole. O la! la! de win' blow too. An' I'm sure w'at I say, M'sieu' Pongrave (Law-grav) He know very well it's true.

But here's de boat an' we're all afloat A honder an' fifty ton— An' look at de lot of maid we got, No better beneat' de sun— Provision too for all de crew An' prie' for to say de prayer So me chers am' dey can easy see De vessel mus' pass some w'ere.

If I only know de way to go For findin' some new place an' far But just as he spik he turn roun' quick An' dere on de front, air, stan' de Man. "You was callin' me I believe," says he, An' here as a lion—Tern!

W'en we reach de sea an' de ship is free You can talk w'it' Samud de Champlain.

So de sail's set tight, an' de win' is right For I'm bound de way to de capital An' dey say dey pray, for God knows w'ere De anchor will come to rest— Aft to de shore dey may see no more— De girl dey love an' de star above Kipin' watch on de lan' de France.

Den it's "Come below, M'sieu' Pierre de Monts" Champlain he say to de captain An' I'll tell to you w'at I link is true De girl purty hard too I understand— I dream a dream an' it always seem De God heaf if he was say to me— "Rise up young man de quick you can An' sail your ship on de western sea."

De way may be long, an' de win' be strong An' we're sweep over de leete boat— But never you min', an' you're sure to fin' If you trust in me, you will kip aloft. "An' I lak dat ship an' I'm lak de trip All on de dream I was tellin' you An' I'f you see w'at appear to me I wonder w'at you was a tinkin' too.

I come on de lan', w'ere dere's no w'ite man I come on dere w'ere dere's grass is green An' de air is clear as de new-born year— An' of all it was see, dis lan' de Queen— So I'm satisfy if we only stay here An' if de're anythin' on ma dream— An' I'll show de way, Champlain is say— Den Pierre de Monts he is answer heem.

All right young man, de de bes' you can So long you don't bring me near Kebek Or Trois Rivières, not moche I care, An' I hope your dream's comin' out correct— So de brave Champlain he say, "T'es bien." An' soon he's boss of de ship an' crew An' pile on de sail, wedder calm or gale— O dat is de feller know to do!

Don't I see heem dere w'it' hees long black hair On de win' blowin' out behin' Watchin' de ship as she rise in' dip An' alway follerin' out de sign— De day after day I can hear heem say "De sailor man loose for home an' frien'— "Cheer up me am' for soon you will see De lan' risin' off on de ocean."

Well, de tam go by, an' still dey cry "O bring us back de fam'lie's sake!" Even Pierre de Monts fin' it leete slow An' I'm mabe somebody mak' mistake— But he don't gear in, for hees bound to win: De young Champlain an' hees heart grow strong W'en de voice he hear say, "never fear You won't have to suffer for very long.

Alone on de bow I can see heem now W'en morning in May, w'en he sun was rise, Smellin' de air lak a bloodhoun' dere, An' de light of de Heaven shine on hees eyes— A minute or more, he is wait here Han' de lak' off de hat an' raise hees han' Den down on de knee sayin' "Dieu merci!" Hee hos' best' dere, an' I understand— "Ho! Ho! de Monts! are you down below Sleppin' so soon on de bed somev'ere? If you're feelin' well come up an' tell W'at kin' of a cloud you be seen' dere." Den everyman shout, w'en de voice ring out Of de young Champlain on dat summer day, "You can hear dem holler ten mile away.

LIGHTNING STRUCK YORK COUNTY HOUSE PARTY

The dwelling house of George Slipp, a prominent farmer, of Queensbury, was struck by lightning during the storm on Tuesday afternoon, and both Mr. Slipp and his wife had narrow escapes from death. It seems that they were entertaining some friends at their home on the afternoon in question, among the number being Mrs. W. A. Burrows of this city, Mrs. Slipp's sister, and Rev. Mr. Manser, a Free Baptist clergyman.

They were all sitting in the house enjoying a social chat, when the lightning bolt struck the roof and, following the chimney, passed right down through the room in which they were so the cellar. All were partially in the cellar and attic, but the lightning promptly extinguished by Rev. Mr. Slipp's action before a great deal of damage had been done. The lightning bolt struck the roof and, following the chimney, passed right down through the room in which they were so the cellar. All were partially in the cellar and attic, but the lightning promptly extinguished by Rev. Mr. Slipp's action before a great deal of damage had been done.

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Cellulose Attach Never sticks Requires no boiling

Cancer Tumors