

WOMAN SLAIN NEAR WINDSOR

Had Been Beaten Over Head With Blunt Instrument - Body Hidden.

WINDSOR, Sept. 10.—Shortly before 8 o'clock last night, the body of a well-dressed woman was found hidden in a corn field near Old Castle, 1 1/2 miles from Windsor, with all indications pointing to murder.

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assortment of Biscuits, fresh. Peas. in Tins and Glass. Oil. Strained. are the best.

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ATURE

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BRANTFORD DAILY COURIER

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

BRANTFORD, CANADA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913.

ONE CENT

MAYOR GAYNOR DEAD IN VOYAGE ON ATLANTIC

Famous Head of New York Affairs Suddenly Succumbed to Heart Failure—He Had Been a Great Fighter of Vice in His Day.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York, died in mid-ocean on the steamer Baltic at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon of heart failure.

News of his death was received here in a message sent by wireless and cable to Robert Adamson, his secretary.

The message read as follows: "Father died Wednesday at 1 o'clock, due to heart failure. Notify mother."

Mayor Gaynor sailed suddenly from New York, a fast failing man on the morning of Sept. 4. An hour before he sailed, but one man, his secretary, knew of his plans, outside of members of his immediate family.

The Baltic was due at Queenstown today. The mayor died as he was morning the other side. News of his death was sent by wireless to Cuxhaven by Rufus W. Gaynor and relayed to Cuxhaven to New York by cable.

He left New York at a time when the city was in the midst of one of its longest municipal political campaigns in its history. The day before his departure he was notified in the city hall steps by representatives of independent political organizations that they had chosen him for their standard bearer in the mayoralty campaign.

A throng that crowded city hall park assembled to hear him accept. He had prepared a speech of acceptance, but was so weak that he was unable to deliver it.

Before the mayor sailed his secretary issued a statement denying reports of the Mayor's serious illness.

The recent attack on the old throat trouble, due to the wound inflicted him on August 9, 1910, by James J. Gallagher just as he was about to leave this city for a brief vacation in Europe, had entirely disappeared, according to Mr. Adamson, and the mayor expected to return and enter the campaign with his old time vigor.

William Jay Gaynor was born on a farm near Whitestown, N. Y., in 1831. He had to help the family there in his struggle for existence and in this fight he had to take time for his own education. He graduated from the Whites town seminary, went to Boston to teach school and afterwards studied law in the office of Ward Hunt of Utica, who later became a justice of supreme court of New York.

In 1873 young Gaynor went to Brooklyn and became a newspaper reporter. Two years later he was admitted to the bar.

From that moment until his death, Gaynor had lived in the midst of continual political warfare. He started it with an attack upon the unlicensed saloons in Flatbush a section of Brooklyn and won. Ten years later he led a successful fight against the so-called McLaughlin ring in Brooklyn. He was elected a justice of supreme court of New York in 1893 on a nomination given him by Republicans and Independent Democrats.

He was elected mayor of New York City in 1909.

His career as Mayor of New York bore the imprint of his personality in many striking innovations. As he expressed it, he never quarrelled with the organization leaders because I was too busy. I simply went on and did my work from day to day, and I kept their hands out of the public treasury.

Mayor Gaynor was a writer of many letters and attracted national attention by these and his policies. Prior to the Democratic national convention at Baltimore in June 1912, the mention of his name was frequent in connection with the Democratic organization in this state however, was not an active candidate for the honor.

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CENTURY MORE AND WE STARVE

So Says Scientists Gathered Together at Convention To-Day.

(Canadian Press Despatch) BRIMINGHAM, Eng., Sept. 11.—The annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, which began its sitting last night in the inaugural address on the subject of "continuity" was delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge was resumed here.

The scientists assembled in Central Hall listened to speeches delivered by the presidents of the various sections.

In the address delivered by H. N. Dickinson, to-day he said the day of striking geographical expeditions passed with the finding of the earth's two poles; the geographer of the future will have as his field the vital question of supplying and distributing the food and clothes to the world.

Foremost of these questions, Mr. Dickinson believes, will be that of growing wheat enough for the world's need. A host of problems of the future are marshalled behind this, among them being the questions of obtaining power and energy enough sufficient to operate the needed increase in factories, the fuel question and distribution of population. Within twenty years, he estimates the resources of the world will be taxed to their full capacity.

"Civilized man is, or ought to be, beginning to realize," Mr. Dickinson said, "that in reducing more and more of the surface of the earth to what he considers a habitable condition he is making so much progress and making it so rapidly that the problem of finding suitable accommodation for his increasing numbers must become urgent within a few generations. We are getting into the position of the merchant whose trade is constantly expanding and who forces that his premises will shortly be too small for him. In our case removal to more commodious premises elsewhere seems impossible—we are not likely to find a means of immigrating to another planet so we are driven to consider means of rebuilding on the old site and so making the best of what we have that our business may not suffer. In the type of civilization with

(Continued on Page 8)

TAYLOR CAME FROM THE BAY OF QUINTE

He is Not the Son of the Late Nathan Taylor as Reported.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor called at the Courier this morning, James Taylor, the murderer, is not the son of the late Nathan Taylor, but is the son of Abraham Miracle, of the Bay of Quinte, Mrs. Taylor, the mother, has been dead about 9 years.

A RECEPTION

Rev. T. E. Holling, pastor of Colborne street Methodist church, who returned on Saturday after spending two months in England and France was accorded a reception by the congregation last night, about 300 in the lecture room, and a very pleasant social time was spent. Mr. James Harley occupied the chair. The evening was opened with prayer by Mr. John Greet. Miss Ada Rounds gave a short talk entitled "Friendship in the church." Mr. F. W. Thompson extended a welcome from the Brotherhood; Mrs. J. E. Baker from the Women's Missionary Society, and Mr. John Mann from the Sunday School. Dr. Linscott also spoke.

Rev. Mr. Holling, while replying spoke considerably about his trip.

Solos were rendered by Mr. Stewart Sanderson, Miss Verna Heaman, and Miss Agnes Butler. During the serving of refreshments a piano duet was rendered by Miss Irene Turnbull and Mr. G. C. White.

Damage to the extent of about \$250 was occasioned by a fire which broke out in the stockyard at the farm of Ballochindrie, near Bannockburn.

Three children, playing in a yard in Bridgeton, Glasgow, found a bottle of belladonna and drank some of the contents. They were taken to the infirmary in a serious state, but it is believed they will recover.

City News Items

At the London Fair

A large contingent of Brantfordites left for London this morning to attend the Western Fair. The band of the Dufferin Rifles will play a concert on the Exhibition grounds this afternoon and evening.

WAS NOT DRUNK

Latest Development in Taylor Case Today--Witnesses Say He Had No Liquor--Revulsion of Feeling All Over Community Against Prisoner--It is Hoped He Will be Hanged, and Right Soon.

That James Taylor's plea of drunkenness Monday night, is earnestly resented by his captors, the police, was the statement made last night by both Sergeant Wallace and High Constable Kerr. Taylor was not drunk, the officers assert. He was not drunk at the livery stable when he secured the rig, and he was not drunk when he called at the Metropole cigar store.

Mayor Hartman, himself, waited upon Taylor at the counter, and Mayor says that Taylor was absolutely sober.

"What do you think of me now?" asked Taylor of the Mayor, when he first came in, pointing to a nice blue suit.

"Why," said Mr. Hartman, "if you keep on picking up that way you'll soon nook a whole lot better."

"I guess so," said Taylor, who then asked for some cigars. After he was served, he said he wanted a package of cigarettes as well, and picked up a package of Players' Navy Cut.

One cigarette from this package was gone when the package was found in the boys' possession.

At the livery stable, when Taylor took the horse and rig at 9 o'clock, he was not drunk, and had no liquor with him.

Here is a Question.

The question all decent-minded people in the city of Brantford are asking to-day is: How long will the powers of justice provide a free boarding house to James Taylor, the fiend and perverser. If a wife were taken to-morrow among high and low, rich and poor, of the citizens of this county, Taylor would swing from a tree right in front of the County of Brant jail, and his summary punishment, so it is felt by an outraged community, would be no more than deserved.

The question also centers into the situation, will Taylor's sanity or insanity, have anything to do with

the final outcome of the trial. Taylor fear many who are afraid that Taylor will escape the gallows on the ground that he is mentally deficient. On the other hand, officers of the law state emphatically that Taylor's cunning classifies him as a criminal only. His fiend, while not what an ordinary man would boast of, knew what right or wrong was. Hence came his desire to kill Charlie Dawson in cold blooded fashion, to back the boy to pieces, lest his self-confessed sodomy came to the light of the world. Taylor knew he would have been severely punished if Charles Dawson escaped his clutches and gave information regarding the unseemable nature of the man's indecency. It just occurred to the fiend that punishment would be his if the boy ever uttered a word against him. He decided suddenly to do away with the boy, to close the boys' lips forever. He did so, with one foul gasp of his jack knife. Worse than all, the boy was dead, and he still lacked him.

When handed a large print Bible he said he could not read. "The Ensign," then told him he would get him an illustrated Childs Life of Christ and he could at least look at the pictures and he would also read to him.

He told the officer of the army about his early days. "Did you attend Sunday School?" was asked. "Yes," replied the prisoner, on West St. 16 years ago. "Do you remember the minister?" "Yes, his name was Mr. McKenzie I think," he replied. "Who were your teachers?" was then asked. "There were different ladies. I don't know their names," he replied. "And what do you remember about the Sunday School lessons?" "Well I learned the 10 Commandments and knew them off by heart."

James Taylor, the murderer of the little Dawson boy, and the first self-confessed murderer in the history of crime in Brant County, awaits trial in the county jail while his victim lies in the cold grave. Taylor occupies the northeast cell during the night, and spends the day in the corridor, sitting most of the time upon a bench, his shoulders somewhat stooped, and exhibiting no concern about his future. He will talk when spoken to, but does not talk about his case with his keepers. His attitude is practically the same as it has been since the arrest. He sleeps quite well and eats like a fiend. He is attired in the same black pair of overalls, which are without a bib, and the greenish colored shirt in which he made his appearance in court yesterday morning.

There is no special guard placed on him, and Jailor Brown anticipates no trouble at all with the prisoner. There will not be especial guard placed over him until he is found guilty, unless his actions become of such a nature as to require a guard.

This morning, several parties with special privileges, were allowed to see the prisoner. In fact the jail authorities are receiving all kinds of requests, even from young girls who want to have a look at the fiendish murderer. It is the sordid curiosity of the human species.

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CHARLIE DAWSON, THE VICTIM, WAS BURIED THIS AFTERNOON --SAD CHAPTER IS NOW CLOSED

This afternoon Charlie Dawson, the young lad so foully murdered about 9 o'clock Monday night, was laid away in Mount Hope cemetery, while those near and dear stood sadly by the grave. It was a sad sight indeed to see one, who only a few days ago was among his playmates and enjoying life to its fullest extent, lowered into the grave.

The services at the grave and at the residence of the parents, Echo Place, were conducted by the Rev. Lewlyn Bowen, pastor at the First Baptist church.

Early this afternoon, hundreds gathered in the vicinity of the parents' residence and remained there long after the hearse, bearing all that was mortal of the little boy, followed by many marriages, was well on the way to the last resting place. A large number went to the cemetery. As the hearse, followed by the carriages, moved slowly along the Hamilton road and through the city to the cemetery, hundreds looked sadly on, and mourned the death of the little fellow, snatched from the world when so young.

The services, which commenced at 2.30 at the house, were of a private and very impressive nature. Miss Edna Phipps, during the services, rendered that beautiful solo, "Some day the silver chord will break."

Rev. Mr. Bowen delivered an address which was highly suitable to the sad occasion, and which is here given:

Rev. Brown's Address

We stand face to face to-day with a grief that has plunged the whole city into sorrow and it is my privilege at this time to convey to the parents and to the other members of this family the heart-felt sympathy of the entire community. A great sorrow as well as a great joy unites hearts and this great sorrow has certainly drawn out the compassion of the people far and wide. In my ministry of 15 years I have never come in contact with a more tragic crime than this. As a parent I feel for those who have been called upon to bear this heavy stroke. We pray that the God of all comforts may strengthen and support you one and all in the midst of this great trial.

There are some lessons that come to me at this time that I think we should learn even from such a tragedy as this and the first that I mention is

1. The Supreme Value of Life--A single life went out, a boy under 15 years of age, a little lad who had scarcely known the meaning of life, too young and too innocent to be suspicious and too brave to know fear

THAW AT HOTEL AND IT'S LIVE CONVENTION

American Authorities Are Holding the Famous Harry Under Arrest--Courier Has All Latest Details of the Great Case.

(Canadian Press Despatch) COLEBROOK, N.H., Sept. 11.—Harry Kendall Thaw, thrown out of the Dominion of Canada yesterday and arrested near here after a mile flight in an automobile, spent the night in a hotel room here under guard. Lawyers kept him up until a late hour, laying plans to resist extradition to New York. In another part of the hotel, William Travers Jerome, deputized by the state to get the fugitive back to Matteawan, conferred with Thaw's new captors, Sheriffs Holman and Drew over the court procedure to be followed to-day.

Mr. Jerome, accompanied by Deputy Attorney-General Franklin Kennedy, of New York, reached town last night on a special train. He had had no supper, so he chose as his conference room the kitchen of the Manadock House, where he ate and discussed the situation.

At first merely detained, Thaw was subsequently arrested on a complaint charging him with conspiracy in connection with his escape from the asylum, and it was upon this charge that he was to be arraigned to-day before Justice Carr in the police court. New York was prepared to ask that he be remanded, pending the receipt of a requisition warrant.

The Thaw lawyers yesterday took preliminary steps to swear out a writ of habeas corpus in the prisoner's behalf. It was said this morning that they might not press this further, and like the Canadian counsel, who tried hard to keep Thaw in the Sherbrooke jail, they considered their client safer as a prisoner than at large. If freed, Thaw might be seized by James Lanyon, a private detective, who has been working with Jerome, and hustled across the New York state line as a lunatic. Lanyon was due to arrive here to-day.

Both Messrs Jerome and Kennedy were indignant at the action of the Canadian authorities, who put Thaw over the border yesterday.

"We had no inkling of it," said Jerome to-day. "To say the least, it was a high handed piece of work. It was neither fair to Thaw, a lunatic, nor to the state of New York. Moreover, it upsets the principles of justice based on the habeas corpus act, and I do not doubt that it will result in more or less of a scandal in Canada."

Mr. Kennedy was more emphatic. "It was contemptible and cowardly," he said. "If those who put Thaw across the line thought they were giving him an even break in setting him down with no American officers in sight, they failed to look at the other side of the case. Here was Thaw, a lunatic, turned loose with only the clothes on his back, short of funds and with no means of transportation save the automobile he commandeered from a newspaper man. Thaw's not a sane man. That has been proven time and time again. This made it the more pitiable. It was a terrible thing."

Thaw retired before midnight, and far from objecting to the presence of Deputy Sheriff Burley H. Kelsea, insisted that other guards too, sit near the door. Two armed deputies dozed in rocking chairs just outside the room, the door was left ajar and a light was kept burning in the hall all night. Thaw was fearful of what he called strong arm work. After his experience at Coaticook yesterday, nothing would surprise him. Jerome's presence filled him with terror. The unwelcome taste of liberty yesterday with its incident thrills and responsibilities, left him trusting eagerly to counsel and making few suggestions. Thaw himself does not know, except in one case, the identity of the three men who saved him from the Sherbrooke jail lines.

The hotel corridors here had the appearance of a convention town this forenoon. The Manadock House lobby, headquarters for the pro-Thaw and anti-Thaw forces, were crowded.

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WHAT AMERICAN PRESS THINK OF KICK TO THAW

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Commenting editorially on the action of the Canadian immigration officers yesterday, in deporting Thaw, The Tribune says:

"This country must take off its hat to Canada. It has found a way to put a summary end to the Thaw game of trading with its courts. While the Thaw lawyers were talking bravely of fighting the issue up in a leisurely way through the Colonial courts and thus to London, the immigration officers suddenly cut the whole tangle of technicalities and dumped the bewildered lunatic across the border, leaving a lot of attorneys, alienists, sorrowing for the loss of vast prospective fees.

"The Canadian swiftness dazzles us, untried to the worship of legal rape. But it has this to commend

it: Justice has been done, and done promptly. The result which would have taken months, and perhaps years, to accomplish, has been accomplished at once. The Canadian legal system is spared the disgrace which would have sprung from seeing its process employed to defeat justice.

"The scene shifts. If any one has reason to be ashamed of what will follow, it will be this country. What a pity that the public cannot look with confidence to any such swift and sure handling of the case in this country as in Canada."

The World says: "Thaw and his money bedevilled the administration of justice in New York seven years. A little more than three weeks of them proved enough for Canada."

The Times says: "It is a satisfactory result. It is a satisfaction to see justice done."

(Continued on Page Five.)

and yet his going from us has startled the whole countryside. His in the final analysis is traceable to the fact that human life, one human soul, is of transcendent importance. It cannot be reckoned or estimated in value by any human standards. What a single life is worth no one knows but the giver of that life even God himself. If this is true then we should pray daily. Lead us not into temptation or abandon us not to temptation. Let us keep as far from the pathway of danger as we possibly can for then and then only do we walk in the pathway of safety.

Third lesson is the Supreme importance of safeguarding our young. We who have children of our own must cling a little closer to them after this awful tragedy and if we have not children of our own then we must try and safeguard somebody else's.

There are compensations even in the deepest sorrows and these compensations we see to-day, at least some of them. This lad will never grow up to bear the burdens and the sorrows of life, to know its deeper sins but early in life while the dew of youth was still upon his cheek was

plunged was not reached in a moment. The man who had committed it came slowly up to it and in a dark moment was pushed over by the spirit of evil within him. Surely we should learn from this the supreme importance of suppressing even the very suggestion of sin, for first cometh the bare thought and then the desire and later the deed. Surely we need to pray daily. Lead us not into temptation or abandon us not to temptation. Let us keep as far from the pathway of danger as we possibly can for then and then only do we walk in the pathway of safety.

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See Last Edition For Late Details