

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

# COLLINS MUST FACE JURY ON CHARGE OF MURDER

Preliminary Examination Ended Yesterday With His Commitment for Trial at the Next Session of the Supreme Court—His Counsel Criticises Prosecutors and Press.

HOPEWELL CAPE, N. B., Oct. 19.—Thomas E. Collins will have to face the grand jury at the next session of the Supreme Court, for the murder of Mary Ann McAuley, the prisoner having been committed for trial today by the Hon. Mr. Justice. The result was no surprise. While none of the evidence may have connected the prisoner directly with the murder, there was an abundance of testimony pointing strongly in his direction. When court opened at 3 p. m., Clerk of the Peace Dixon, in the absence of acting Attorney General Tweedie, stated the crown had decided to rest its case on the evidence already presented, and asked that the prisoner be committed. J. C. Sherren, the prisoner's counsel, waived the second reading of the deposition and addressed the court, criticizing the crown officers severely for the repeated adjournments. The crown should have known, he claimed, whether they needed further witnesses or not. They said at one time they had important evidence, and then adjourned. He also claimed that the crown should have provided funds for the defense of the stranger, who had against him all the strength and machinery of the government, and who was here without a dollar. The counsel for the defense also considered the prisoner's case had been prejudiced by newspaper and other reports. He did not blame the newspapers so much but thought the reports should have been based on certain reports until the matter was brought into court. He instanced the reported finding of the second valise by Detective Killen, and said that as far as the court was concerned they did not know there was a second valise found yet. The matter went abroad to prejudice the prisoner. Mr. Sherren scarcely thought the evidence warranted a commitment and made a formal application for dismissal, stating that the case for the prisoner would be fought to the bitter end. Mr. Dixon in response, explained that the crown had further evidence, and that it was the intention to present the same, but through the unavoidable absence of Hon. Mr. Tweedie, the adjournments seemed necessary. Magistrate Stuart announced that he would read to the prisoner the information charging him with the murder of Mary Ann McAuley, and asked him if he had anything to say in regard to the charge. The prisoner, who stood composedly, his face somewhat paler than usual, while being addressed, answered in a strong voice, "I've nothing to say, sir." The magistrate then spoke briefly, saying that he was glad that the question of the innocence or guilt of the prisoner did not rest with himself. He thought the crown officers were unjustly censured by the counsel for the defense, and said that he had been informed that it was not in their power to assign funds and counsel for the defense, this being left to the trial judge. The magistrate also spoke in defense of the newspapers, and considered the prisoner was such as to warrant his being sent up for trial. The case will come up at the January session of the court. There was a fairly large attendance of visitors at the proceedings today.

# EIGHTY FIVE POISONED; TWO HAVE SINCE DIED

Guests at Silver Wedding Ate Gelatine Dressing in Chickens Boiled in Copper Pots—Some are Now Near Death's Door—First Thought to be Epidemic of Typhoid Fever.

HAMILTON, Oct. 19.—As a result of eating gelatine dressing in chickens boiled in copper pots eighty-five of the guests were poisoned, and two have since died. The tragedy occurred nearly three weeks ago, but efforts were made to suppress the facts. Hector and Mrs. Foster, old and highly respected residents of that neighborhood, were celebrating their silver wedding and had made great preparations. Ninety guests were invited, chickens dressed with gelatine and boiled in large copper pots were served and not long afterwards eighty-five of the guests were ill. Those who had partaken of the dressing were ill and the other five who had not were untouched. At first it was thought to be an epidemic of typhoid fever until Doctors Maw and Morrison diagnosed it as gelatine poisoning. Mrs. Ferguson died shortly afterwards as a result of eating the dressing, while Rev. Mr. Ferguson, her husband, is critically ill. Mrs. Foster, mother of Hector, is also dead. Hector, his wife and two children, are critically ill, but the other guests are slowly recovering.

## A SAD CASE

Wife of Edward Priddle, Reported Drowned, is Very Ill

Mrs. Hayward Priddle received a telegram yesterday morning from her husband concerning the strange disappearance of his brother. The telegram simply stated that his brother was missing and in his opinion must have fallen overboard and been drowned. It will be remembered that Alex. Priddle, brother of the missing man, was drowned about two years ago at Chatham, Mass., off the "Wentworth." Mr. Priddle's wife and family were drowned with him. Capt. Priddle intended leaving the "Free Trade" in Boston in charge of his brother Edward as he was engaged as captain of the "Island City," which is being rebuilt at Dalhousie. Mrs. Edward Priddle, wife of the missing man, is in a very delicate condition. Dr. Bishop was called in yesterday and strongly advised that nothing be told to excite her too strongly. She is yet in ignorance about the disappearance of her husband.

**PATERSON'S**  
COUGH DROPS  
They will cure

## CAPE BRETON MAN KILLED

GLACE BAY, C. B., Oct. 19.—Edward Carter, a young man belonging to St. Peter's, was killed today by being crushed between a water tank and a steam shovel at the banking station. Carter was coupling the steam shovel and water tank, but missed the coupling and was crushed between the buffers of the two trucks. His back was broken and he only lived for half an hour. The town's new water plant was put in operation today for the first time. The high pressure cracked one of the main pipes, and for several hours the town was without water. By vote of 96 to 42 ratifiers of Glace Bay decided tonight in favor of dividing the town into wards.

## ISLAND MAN DANGEROUSLY ILL WITH BLOODPOISONING

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Oct. 19.—Hon. George Simpson of Bay View, a member of the Provincial Government and nominated this summer as a Liberal federal candidate for Queens as a colleague with A. P. Warburton, is dangerously ill with blood-poisoning, arising from a scratch on the hand. It is expected the arm will be amputated in the hope of saving his life.

## BUCKINGHAM STORY RETOLD

Farmer Swears Rioters Fired First Shot and Identified Some of the Strikers

BUCKINGHAM, Oct. 19.—The inquest in the riot shooting case was continued this morning, the first witness examined being F. Smith, a Buckingham farmer, who was a witness of the riot. He swore positively that the rioters fired the first shot, and that he saw shots fired by George Robinson, Robert Bastien, Thomas Belanger and Hilaire Charrette. Later he identified Charrette positively, and the identification is most important, for Detective Pickard, who followed Smith on the stand, swore that the wound he received in the fight came from a shot fired by this man. Charrette also testified in his own defense, and swore that he was not a rioter, and that he was taking a broad view of our mouths. We will not allow you to move the logs. Pickard advised him to be careful, and warned him that police were armed. Belanger answered, "No logs will go down or we will die stopping them." He then called his chief's attention to the fact that Belanger had a revolver, and advised his arrest, whereupon Belanger retorted that he didn't give a damn for the law. Pickard then saw the rifles being distributed from wagon to strikers and the strikers rush up, Belanger striking Baillet Cummings on the head and falling him to the ground. He described the fight at some length, but was taken faint and a physician reported that he was suffering great pain and unable to proceed. The inquest was thereupon adjourned.

## PREMIER PETERS IS WELL SATISFIED

Pleased With Result of Conference of Provincial Premiers at Ottawa—Matter Settled for Good

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Oct. 19.—Premier Peters was very satisfied last night from the conference of provincial premiers at Ottawa, says he is well satisfied with the result of the conference. He had definite assurance from the Dominion government that the subsidy for this province will be increased by \$70,000. The question of the 80 cents per head of population was discussed at considerable length. Mr. Peters pointed out to the conference that as far as Prince Edward Island was concerned this matter was settled for all time to come. He said that the federal government attempted to reduce the perceptible allowance, but as the terms of union provided for an increase, not for a decrease, the Dominion could not justly make the reduction. After a good deal of discussion the conference admitted the contention of the island and have continued to pay the original amount ever since. It was decided that the matter of in-shore fisheries should be settled independently of the additional subsidy. We have therefore an increase of \$70,000 a year, said Mr. Peters, and our assets, including all our valuable fisheries, are as yet unaffected. Our claim for a share of the fishery award also remains open. It is probable that at the next meeting of parliament in November next a commission will be appointed to investigate these claims. Mr. Peters stated that satisfactory arrangements have been made with Hon. Sydney Fisher for the establishment of an experimental farm in Charlottetown. Dr. Saunders, director of the Ottawa experimental farm, will come to the island and the farm will consist of about 100 acres, and the site will be selected by Dr. Saunders when he is here.

## IN POOR HEALTH; HANGS HIMSELF

SACKVILLE, N. B., Oct. 19.—Henry Estabrooke, aged about sixty, of Mount View, a few miles from here, committed suicide this afternoon by hanging himself in the house in which he was born. Deceased had been in poor health for the past year and it was thought his mind was affected. He leaves a wife and several children, the eldest of whom is a boy about fifteen years old. While being ridden at a gallop to-night by Ralph Ford, the driving man belonging to Chas. W. Ford, fell and broke his leg. She had to be shot.

## A PRISONER TILL MONDAY

TORONTO, Oct. 19.—Tom Lewis, charged with perjury in connection with the London bribery investigation, will be a prisoner until Monday.

## CONSTIPATION

is caused by a weak stomach that will not properly digest food.

## Herner's Dyspepsia Cure

corrects the stomach, and positively cures constipation. Constipation causes piles. When you cure it you will also cure piles. Sold under a guarantee. Price 35c and \$1.00 at all druggists.

# Money Making Possibilities of East Side Saskatoon Property.....

The proposition we are offering in connection with East Side Saskatoon property is unassailable from any standpoint. It is being taken up by Bankers, Brokers, Physicians, Merchants, Mechanics—in fact, by men and women in all walks of life.

By Shrewd People....  
By Intelligent People

## WHY... SASKATOON GROWS

It is the centre of an empire of hard wheat of unexampled area and fertility.

It is the strategic railway crossing of the great Saskatchewan River.

It has now built or building nine railway lines.

It has enterprising business men in City Council and Board of Trade.

It is endeavoring to keep pace with the demands made upon it by its far-reaching and productive tributary territory—the bread basket of the British Empire.

## ..HAS EIGHT BANKS..

and others looking for locations. Managers are living in tents, awaiting the erection of houses...

\$300,000 is being spent in Public Works, and a similar amount will be spent next year.

\$30,000 for a Municipal Owned Hospital, which is probably the only one of its kind in the West, if not in Canada.

The Provincial Government is building a hundred thousand dollar traffic bridge.

The Grand Trunk Pacific and C. P. R. also will erect bridges at large expense

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The Development of Saskatoon and the West Generally is Making Many Fortunes. Your Opportunity is at Hand, Seize it Now.

This is your opportunity to make for yourself an investment that in a short time will yield a handsome return. You wish to make money—rapidly and easily if possible. More-over you do not wish to incur any danger of losing your money. Then make a note of this fact

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More money has been made in Real Estate than anything else. Real Estate often pays form Five Hundred to One Thousand Per Cent in a comparatively short time.

A leading Banking Institution paid recently \$125,000 for a Forty-four Foot Frontage in one of growing western cities. This property years ago was not worth five thousand dollars.

A 50 Ft. Front in S.a.s.k.a.t.o.o.n brought \$10,000 that 5 years ago was sold for farm land at a few dollars an acre.

If you intend to invest do it now. It is a successful road travelled by many. The path is well beaten. You cannot lose your way.

## Take the First Step Now It Will Mean Much to You

\$125 will purchase for you a choice lot in Saskatoon, payable \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

Owing to the recent Railway and Real Estate development on the East Side of Saskatoon these lots will advance to \$150 each on the fifteenth day of November next. Buy now and profit by the rise.

## BETTY: ALIAS NELLIE NEVILLE

(Continued from Story Page.)

The Taylor girls were calling across, from their wagon. "Oh, Betty, when did you come? Awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Henderson; it's the nicest thing in the world to have you all come along just now, for we are going up on the Hog Back, for a moonlight picnic, next Thursday. Oh, it's only twenty miles; what of that? And most of us mean to ride; but they say you can get up there in a buggy, if you like. Anyhow, we've got two fiddlers—and the Hog Back is the only place flat enough to dance. We can have a good old reel up there. The Vale is not far from there, you know, and we are rather thinking of staying all night with the Carters, if we could only hear whether Cousin Sue was quite well again."

"All right, indeed!" said Philip Marshall, riding up. "We wouldn't get there till sunrise, and as we'd sleep most of the day, I don't see how it would bother Cousin Sue. Whoever heard of a Carter minding a dozen or so people coming in? Betty, I am to give you two kisses. This one for myself—and I certainly am glad to see you, dear girl—and this one is for Cousin Sue. Heavily, over yonder. He can't leave his horse, a pair of colts he's breaking; but he wants you and Mr. Henderson to come to Kinloch to dinner today or tomorrow, or whichever day suits you. Do you care for hunting, Mr. Henderson? I've finished seedling today, and I've got two fairly good dogs, and there are half a dozen couple of birds on Hill Top, we might go after. Or, if you like fox hunting, there's a meet day after tomorrow. It's a little rough riding about here—pretty steep and lots of stone fences, you know, but no wire. What do you say?"

Knowing he'd not live to marry me if he did either—since his wildest exercise was golfing or driving his motor car—and being still undecided whether I might want him in the capacity of husband, I thanked him, but declined to have Lesley killed off immediately. He had become stiffer and stiffer as the crowd increased, and I supposed, by the many invitations pressed on him, or by the frank cordiality of the girls, who certainly left in no doubt "to make Betty's new man feel at home." And now, turning to me, he said, quite audibly—

"See here, Betty, if that mail he opened, couldn't we be getting on? I don't want to hurry you, you know."

"Betty"—will you believe it? It surely was a bomb-shell. Nobody but your own blood cousin could call you by your Christian name in Virginia.

I jumped up, to cover the situation, and Phil held out his hands, with, "Let me help you down, Cousin Betty."

I distinctly heard Anne Carter say to Bertie Taylor, "That's the sort of man she allows, is it?—gets it from always running up North."

I had expostulated with Lesley about it, and I know quite well he would not have spoken of me by my name; but to my face—well, it seemed to be customary there, and the other girls permitted it. I know he meant no disrespect.

Little Mary Cary took Mr. Henderson into the back part of the store to the telephone (this post-office was in the front part), to introduce him to her mother over the wire, and to ask if there were further communications.

There were, it seems—two yeast-cakes, and an earnest reminder of her to the cobbler, which, indeed, we had quite forgotten.

Armed with the mail and many parcels, and saying a lingering good-bye to the whole neighborhood, we finally drove up the road to the cobbler's.

Mr. Crosby was not at home, but his better-half was mighty glad to see Miss Betty over this way again, and what could she do for the young ladies?

"We wanted the shoe of Mrs. Cary, of Caribrook. Well, now—she couldn't really say she rightly knew Mrs. Cary's shoe; but wait one minute; and she came out, holding up her skirt entirely filled with a heterogeneous mass of shoes."

"Now, young ladies, here's every shoe in the house, and I'll set 'em out on the tall-gate of the wagon, and you all kin pick out fur yourselves."

Frances and I, having finally recognized a familiar shoe, we bore home in triumph.

Mary Cary, waiting at the gate to receive us and give Mr. Henderson a warm welcome, counted the packages with a jealous eye, and presently demanded—

"But where are the two breakfasts for breakfast? I telephoned you to bring 'em."

"Breakfasts, little Mary, and all we had for breakfast? Chase ensued for minutes; then—'Oh, well, never mind, Lin can broil some chickens just as well, and Mr. Henderson can come help me catch them.'"

IV.

After supper we lingered a moment in the old hall. But already a horseman was seen cantering up the avenue, and Frances hastily inquired—

"Betty, I saw your shawl on a chair here on the porch; is that your chosen spot for tonight? Then you can have the side porch, Little Mary, and I'll take the attic. Come on and let's meet him at the gate."

I stepped through the open window on the back porch, followed by Mr. Henderson, and ensconced myself in the shawl and big chair, and he lit a cigar and tried to make himself comfortable near me. But it wouldn't work. He talked in jerks and spasms, and finally blurted out—

"Betty, do you know you kissed no less than six men in the public road today?"

"But I haven't kissed anybody privately, Mr. Henderson."

"Well, I'm sure you seem promiscuous enough about it. I don't think it's good form, you know."

Then I sat up!

"Not good form to kiss the members of my own family! Why, every man there was an uncle or first or second cousin. What would they have thought of me if I had not received them affectionately? They'd have thought me very affected and very full of airs."

Let them think it, then. I shouldn't allow my wife to kiss a whole lot of men; it's indecent!"

Then I lay calmly back in my chair and looked at him through narrowed lids and said, "I didn't know you had one."

It was enough. But the evening was pretty well spoiled. There seemed a discordant element in it. The next day we all went on a round of visits in the morning, and in the

evening and at night there were a lot of cousins constantly coming in. Mr. Henderson looked bored and disappointed, and I began to relent, because it really was hardly fair when he had come such a distance. So I waylaid him on the stairs (seeing there'd be no chance to talk to him alone) and suggested that he telephone for a buggy and drive me home the next day, since it would be as convenient to him to go north from our station as from Westchester.

"But, good Lord, Betty, it's thirty-five miles, would that be permitted?" He looked aghast, but I began to be a little tired of his attitude.

"Well," I said, "we've all been doing it ever since the Colonies; but no doubt it might be boring, after the first hour."

Mary Cary, who had begun to feel the sincerest sympathy for him, came on the stairs at that moment, and highly approved the plan, assuring him that it was quite the custom, and they went off together to order the buggy and arrange that a man should go over, on the stage, to bring it back.

The next day was clear and crisp, and the drive most beautiful. The horse travelled well. I drove him and I saw that he did, for I—well, I rather think I wanted to reach Tracey by mail-time!

But the village was deserted when we passed through, and I felt disappointed not to see even my old gentleman. I began to tell Mr. Henderson about them, and about our little game, supposing he would be amused.

Far from it.

"Now, see here, Betty," he exclaimed, in the last stage of exasperation, "do you mean to tell me you sat on the road-side playing with a couple of old tramps you never saw in your life before? Why, what could their being important? How do you know they were the men they represented themselves to be? And if they were that, they were idle old tramps by their own showing. Think of two men sitting down to play dominoes all the morning, and then going home to take a nap! That, no doubt, is a pretty fair sample of your old Virginia aristocracy."

And what, pray, of your own Philadelphia club men? Do they lead more useful and noble lives? Is there not that sort of element in every community, where an inheritance of easy living has left some men helpless and idle?"

"That may be true, in a measure; but, Betty, indeed you should not be so hard on them. The country in this unchristianized state and get into such situations."

"Where are the situations? Do you not see that I am sure the best judge of the customs of my own country? Lesley, your suspicions and insinuations drive me quite frantic. It would be simply ridiculous if I tried to introduce the customs of your part of the country into my way of living here. I have no right to."

"But that's that I want, Betty, for I see you can't take care of yourself."

Oh, well, how foolish to imagine we could ever see things from the same point of view! There were generations, centuries of opposite customs and conventions behind us.

I believe he loved me honestly, but I felt outraged by the suggestion of evil, of even imprudence, knowing that our conventionalities were quite as strict as those of the North; only quite different.

It was hard to hurt him. He was a truly honest fellow. But oh, so heavy! It exhausted me to be always that poor little understanding. And it had been talked all one way, till it was quite warped, and dry, and dead.

I found I could not marry him, even if my Unknown was never discovered.

We sent him to his train; and that night I felt mighty blue and forlorn. You get on your mettle and there's a certain excitement about refusing a man, it's a sort of spirit of opposition, I suppose.

But there's a big let-down when it's all over. And sometimes you wish you had him back, and sometimes you just hate the whole creation of men altogether.

I had on a white frock, and I sat recklessly on the rug before the big fire in the dining-room, at Newington, rising chestnut.

The chestnuts were in a pan on the coal, and I stirred them with a long pointed stick. (The pop-corn popper is much better, but I couldn't find it.)

The dining-room is a long, low room with many small windows set back in wide window-seats; and lots of heavy mahogany, and brass, and silver, to catch the fire-light. The big logs were burning brightly and the two setters slept on each side of the hearth.

I was wondering about the notice in the *Borrvillie* paper—wondering if by any chance it might reach the eye of my old, old friend.

Then I heard Uncle Henry bringing some one through the hall, and the door opened—and he was Billy Velford, I thought, but he said—

"Elinor Neville, my dear little Nellie Neville, how could you make me wait all these years for you!"

I didn't get up from the floor, because truly I didn't have a single leg that would hold me! I just sat there and looked at him. And presently he threw himself down in the low chair by me. And he told me that the years had been all made up of thoughts of me; of wanting to come home to look for me; of making himself a man fit for me; of making money to get back the old home for me.

"Nellie, how could you refuse to let me come to you? You know it has been a bitter time waiting—you know."

"I don't know anything in the world about you, except that you are not Mr. Robert Warren—and would you please let go my chin?"

"I always think a man who holds you under the chin has such a mean advantage!"

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